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cents
February
34

MODERN Screen

Max Baer
and
Myrna Loy



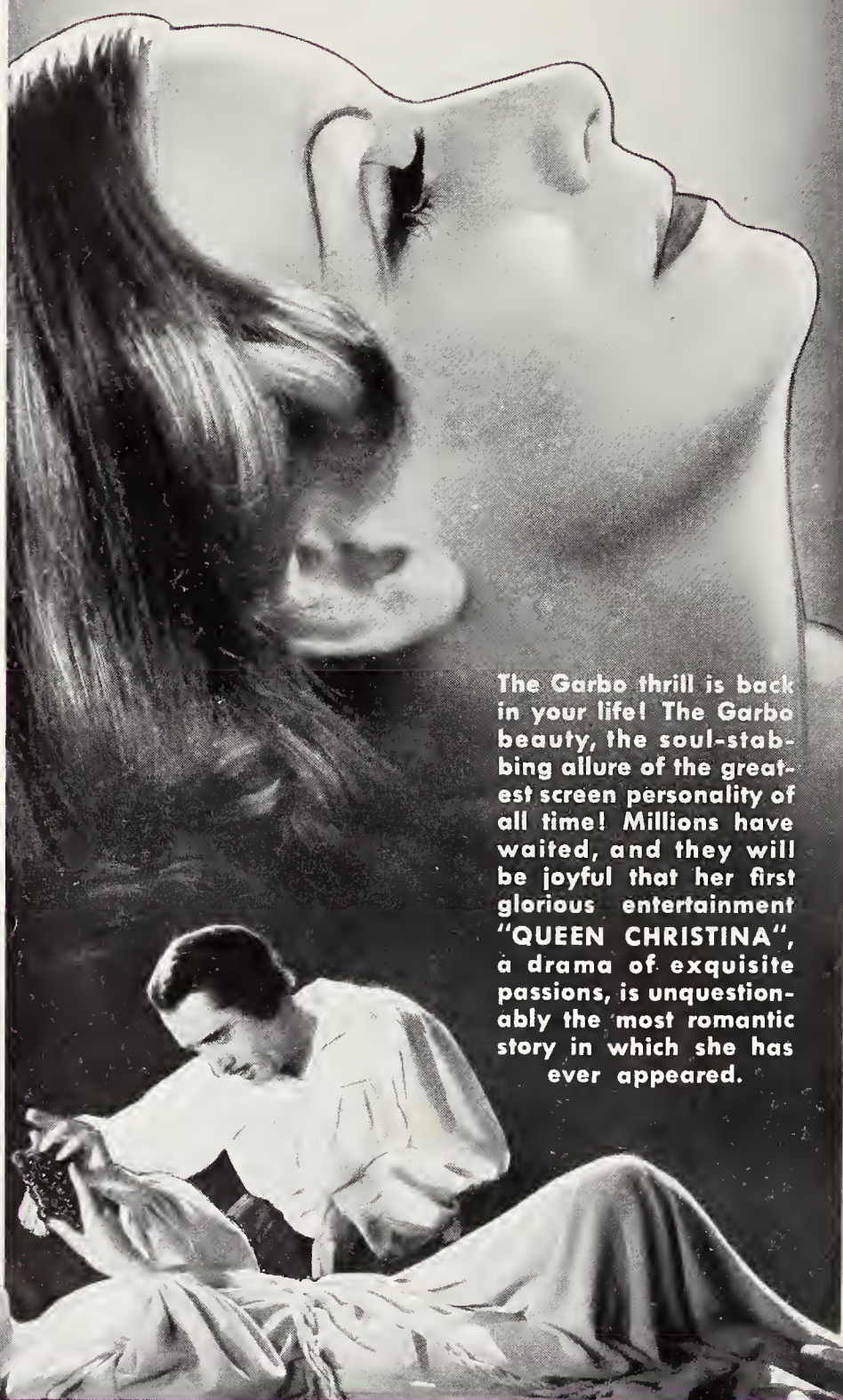
Marriage? Divorce? Scandal? . . . Dareo's' Startling 1934 Pictures for
GARBO • HARLOW • HEPBURN • MAE WEST

and many others—see page 26

• LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE •



GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN



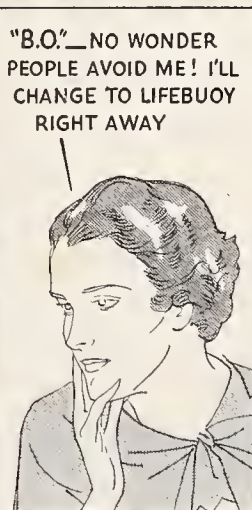
GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

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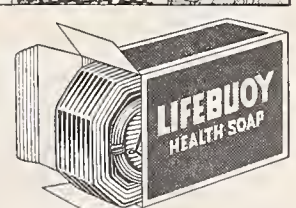


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ITS quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is *extra* cleansing. Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (body odor).

These winter months, watch out! Windows are kept closed; rooms get hot and stuffy. The merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Refreshing, delightful—and it gives *extra* protection.



JAN -2 1934

MODERN Screen

*It can't
be done!*

—BUT MODERN SCREEN DOES IT!

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But—for MODERN SCREEN—Norma has talked about these things. And just how fearlessly she has talked you can discover for yourself on page 14.

Watch for another "It Can't Be Done" story in MODERN SCREEN. The most daring film magazine series in years!

FEATURES

- NORMA SHEARER'S PERSONAL REVELATION**..... Maude Latham 14
A story we never expected to get! Norma talks more frankly about herself than ever before
- BEHIND THE NEWS OF GARY'S ENGAGEMENT**..... Katherine Albert 17
The lone wolf, Cooper, and Sandra Shaw are engaged. But—now what?
- WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN 1934?**..... Harry Lang 26
Some of Dareos' prophecies are almost unbelievable! But see how accurate he was about 1933
- OUR MODERN MARRIAGE**
IT'S A GREAT MISTAKE, SAYS CLAUDETTE COLBERT..... Adele Whitely Fletcher 30
So says this lady of her "separate establishment" marriage
- IT'S OKAY, SAYS NORMAN FOSTER**..... Katherine Albert 31
So says this gentlemen of his "separate establishment" marriage
- NEW MEN! WHERE ARE THEY?**..... Faith Baldwin 40
Oh, yes, there are a few new male attractions. But they lack something. What is it?
- YOU LEARN TO KNOW THEM—WHEN THEY'RE CLOTHES SHOPPING**
You bet you do! And the famous designer has sold clothes to them all! Howard Greer 44
- LEE TRACY'S EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT TO MODERN SCREEN**..... 47
His straight-from-the shoulder opinion about himself and that Mexican business
- THE GREAT GOD STUDIO (Illustrated by Jack Welch)**..... Gladys Hall 54
The demands of this deity are always met—or else!
- WHAT GINGER OWES HER MOTHER**..... Jim Tully 56
What doesn't she owe this devoted pal and parent!
- MYRNA LOY IN MARBLE**..... Jack Hill 59
She was perpetuated in a beautiful monument. And she never said a word!
- BEHIND THE SCENES OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"**..... Jack Jamison 62
One of the sweetest stories that ever came out of Hollywood
- JOE SAYS! A MOUTHFUL!**..... Nanette Kutner 65
Joe E., of the slapstick Browns, is a very different chappie offscreen
- THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A CROONER**..... Walter Ramsey 66
Concluding the adventures, romantic and financial, of Dick Powell
- WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THESE CHARMED GIFTS?**..... Virginia T. Lane 69
It isn't a coincidence when it happens a dozen times!
- DOUBLE-DUTY OUTFITS**..... Margery Wells 72
Make your clothes serve you twice over. It's really easy!

DEPARTMENTS

- BEAUTY ADVICE**..... Mary Biddle 6
Some plain talk about escaping plainness
- THE MODERN HOSTESS**..... Phyllis Deen-Dunning 8
What to serve when the gang drops in after the party
- BETWEEN YOU AND ME**..... 10
What the fans think
- THE HOLLYWOOD TIMES**..... 35
We hold the presses for this news page
- GOOD NEWS!**..... 36
All the Hollywood chatter that's fit to print
- REVIEWS—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES**..... 48
Read 'em before you spend your money on movie-going
- ALL JOKING ASIDE**..... 50
Bet you didn't know these facts before!
- MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS**..... 74
Designs you'll simply ache to try for yourself
- LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD**..... 78
More news from the battle line
- DIRECTORY OF PICTURES**..... 82
Brief reviews—to keep you posted
- DIRECTORY OF PLAYERS**..... 84
Where they work and all the other facts about them
- And also: Portraits, 19; Boy! Are they Happy!, 29; It's Always Summer at Palm Springs, 32; Love Birds, 42; Gallery of Honor, 51; Lovers, 60; What Lovely Clothes, Sylvia! 70.

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GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director—Cecil B. DeMille.*

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director—Leo McCarey.*



"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. *The director—Richard Wallace.*



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



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, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

At our left, we have an illustrated primer of hair beauty. Pretty Irene Hervey shows you the neatest and most efficient way to apply hot oil to your scalp—with a cotton-wrapped stick. Then, she massages that oil well into the scalp. Third, she steams her hair in a hot towel. And finally, after her shampoo, she rinses away every particle of soap with a handy hand spray.

BEAUTY ADVICE

I AM wondering if, maybe, the Mae West vogue and the interest in 1890 attire is going to do anything to styles of headdress. It's just an idea of my own, by the way. I haven't heard anything from Hollywood or seen anything in the papers about pompadours coming back in style. I've just been wondering, that's all . . .

By MARY
BIDDLE

You see, hair has remained about the same for quite a spell now. There have been minor changes—from extreme bobs to softer, more feminine bobs; bangs; foreheads and ears have been exposed to view and covered up again. But there has been no big, radical change in hair style as there undoubtedly has been in dress style. And so, I was just wondering . . .

I was wondering if maybe it wouldn't be smart if we started in to pay a whole lot of attention to our hair. Don't let's be satisfied with a minimum of hair beauty and hair chic. A that's-good-enough attitude. As I have said before, nothing can more easily make a plain girl pretty or a pretty girl beautiful than a really scrumptious head of hair. And vice versa. I know a very pretty girl whose hair usually looked like a golliwog's—and one day I saw her with the old topknot beautifully waved and

groomed and she was a hundred percent more beautiful.

Mark my words: you can have attractive hair, no matter how hopeless it seems at the start, if you'll only keep working at it. And it's much easier to work on than a bad skin or a lumpy figure, too.

You can see "by de pitchers" on this page four fundamental steps toward hair beauty. First, Irene Hervey—a cute new M-G-M player—is applying warm oil to her scalp in one of the two correct ways. She has wound a swab of cotton on the end of a stick. With this she is parting her hair—closely, all over the head—and applying oil to her scalp. The other way is to moisten a sponge of cotton in the oil—quicker, but slightly messier.

Then, the sensible girl massages her oiled scalp with her fingers. She ruffles the hair up so that it stands on end. She may even pull it a little—pulling in moderation is good for the hair and the scalp. Then she ties a hot turkish towel around the old bean and leaves it there as long as there is any heat in it. In beauty parlors, they turn the drier whoozit on your oiled self and leave you to your own devices for ten (Continued on page 112)

HAIR-CHATTER AND SCALP-TALK—AND HINTS FOR GREATER HAIR BEAUTY

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....

AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
Merna Kennedy HENRY KOLKER

in
**"WONDER
BAR"**

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly different conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

From
the Directors of
"Footlight Parade"—
LLOYD BACON and
dance numbers cre-
ated and directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

5
Brilliant New Songs
by "42nd Street's"
Famous Composers—
AL DUBIN and
HARRY WARREN
A First Nat'l Picture

THE MODERN HOSTESS



(Above) You can imagine just how long that famous raisin-squash pie lasts when Dick is in the party. (Right) You certainly better have an extra supply of these little sandwiches on hand, for when your guests once taste them—



Beechnut Packing Company

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

OUR own parents were so imbued with the idea that the hours after midnight are steeped in sin that, whenever their darling chee-ild stayed out after that hour, they had themselves a snappy time pacing the floor while they restrained one another

from rushing out into the night or organizing searching expeditions. While all this was going on, we would be sitting calmly and contentedly in some bean wagon or lunch room, happily consuming scrambled eggs and discussing the night's doings. Really odd, that bean wagon complex—as we've grown older we have frequently wondered why it is that people of all ages joyously sweep into quick lunch places late at night when nothing short of acute starvation could induce them to enter one in the daytime. Of course, there's nothing wrong about it, but there are pleasanter surroundings amid which to satisfy the nocturnal craving for food which inevitably besets one after a dance or the theatre.

So, if you are a parent given to agonizing over the delayed home-comings of a son or daughter, or if you are the one being agonized over, or if you are just one of those sensitive souls who rebels at the unaesthetic atmosphere of a lunch cart, harken to the words of Richard Cromwell whose favorite place in which to partake of midnight snacks is his own home.

As you probably know, Dick has a charming new house up on a mountain top, where his sister Anne keeps house for him. Dick's and Anne's conception of the perfect way to wind up an evening's merry making is to invite the gang up to their house for something to eat. And don't get the notion that there is anything fancy about the food provided, either. As Dick says, "About the only things anybody ever wants to eat late at night are hamburger, eggs or cheese and so Anne's specialties play up these favorites in a big and, incidentally, a slightly different, way. The things she can do with them are nobody's business."

WELL," we replied, "we intend to make them *our* business. And," we continued challengingly, "we want to know what you can possibly do with hamburger except put onion in, or leave onion out?"

Dick smiled pityingly.

"You can make really grand sandwiches out of hamburger by adding other things besides onions—the way Anne does," (Continued on page 101)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for
February, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

..... (City) (State)

Dick Cromwell gives you some swell new ideas for those midnight snacks



"Save Your Hands!"

Avoid careless use of Steel Wool and prevent scratched fingers and infection.

To get the greatest benefit from Steel Wool in scouring pots, pans, aluminum utensils, enamelware, glass dishes, knives, forks—everything scourable, use

SKOUR-PAK

THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Handy rubber holder enables you to use SKOUR-PAK down to the last inch. No waste. A little pack yet it outlasts two packs of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10¢ stores.

RIDGWAYS INC.

60 Warren St., New York City



BETWEEN *you* AND *me*



\$250 for Tom and \$250 for George

EDITH CLAPP of Washington, D. C., wonders what it's all about and writes to ask why:

Maybe I am a little slow—and let's say for sake of argument that I am. But, nevertheless, why do movie companies buy plays and books and then deliberately turn around and produce them in a manner which bewilders the author?

"Design for Living" was a lot of sweetness and light when it reached the screen. They even changed the names of the two leading male characters from Leo and Otto to Tom and George. Why?

(Probably so that some enterprising adaptor could earn his \$500 per. Or are we being too hard, too?)

"Duck Soup" Gets D-Minus

RUTH MILLER of Newark, N. J., turns amateur critic and writes:

Well, as the girl said to the soldier, "I may not know art, but I know what I like!" And "Duck Soup," the Marx Brothers most recent celluloid effusion—or offense—is a dish I could do without. In fact, could I locate those four bright boys en route from Hollywood to New York, I would present a subpoena apiece to 'em by way of a belated Christmas gift. Then they'd have a chance to be presented at court—and believe me, it wouldn't be the Court of St. James—and tell the judge why innocent bystanders should be separated from part of their weekly salaries in exchange for this quartet's "entertainment."

Of all the stupid slapstick stuff replete with hackneyed situations and time-worn gags, "Duck Soup" takes the consomme. It is as unfunny as it is vulgar and elicited so few laughs from the audience that a morbid Russian "meller" might have been being enacted on the screen.

Who Isn't?

BABY LEROY FAN of Connellsville, Penna., is positively popping with adoration:

This is a very sappy letter. I can't say anything except "Isn't Baby Leroy adorable?" And that doesn't make very exciting reading, does it?

Dear Friends,

I've been asked by *Film Daily* to list my choice for the Ten Best Pictures of the Year.

Since I'm limited to films released between November 1, 1932, and October 31, 1933, I can't include "Little Women" or "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Remember that, when you start raking me over the coals. But write me and tell me which of mine you'd have left out, which you'd have added in their place: "Cavalcade," "Private Life of Henry VIII," "Maedchen in Uniform," "State Fair," "Stranger's Return," "42nd Street," "Lady for a Day," "Sign of the Cross," "Farewell to Arms," and "Blonde Bombshell."

Would you have included "I Am a Fugitive"? How about "Hold Your Man" and "She Done Him Wrong"? (I liked them all.) Space prohibits my telling you here why I left out "Christopher Strong," "Topaze," "The Story of Temple Drake" and "Voltaire." I didn't see "Zoo in Budapest," but perhaps you'd put it on your list. Let's hear from you.

The Editor

But *isn't* he adorable? And he's getting so big. I bet when he grows up he'll be a great big husk, don't you think? Oh, my! This letter is so fatuous. But all my friends are getting sick of my raving about the old precious—so I'll just have to rave to you.

(It's okay by us, Fan. We feel the same way. The walls of our office are actually plastered with pictures of 'im.)



From "The Other Side"

PATRICIA BRYANT of London, drops us a line:

I want you to publish this about Alison Skipworth. Isn't she marvelous and can't you imagine how lovely she must have been a few years ago?

While walking down Piccadilly last week, we were thrilled to meet H. B. Warner and he was so very sweet about being held up for his autograph. Rather different from Charles Laughton, whom we saw in Hyde Park. All he did was to rush past saying, "Sorry, darling, I never give autographs."

(That was naughty of him, wasn't it? But these artists must be humored we suppose.)

Just Sweet Enough for Her Taste

LILLIAN RALSTON of Cooghan, N. Y., finds only one incongruity in "Little Women."

I have just seen "Little Women," and it is simply grand. That childhood story with its adult philosophy unreels enchantingly and convincingly. Surely much credit is due the director and scenarist for turning out such a vibrant, vital piece of work that could have gone saccharine and sentimental in the wrong hands. The cast was uniformly excellent, I think, with the possible exception of the mother, who was a bit maudlin and therefore, out of tune with the piece.

However, the one incongruous note in an otherwise perfect production was the scenery of the playlet the March girls put on, and the beautifully printed program. How could they have obtained them? Couldn't possibly!

(We agree with you. The fans generally have criticized this obvious error. Maybe the wealthy Mr. Lawrence sent to the city for "them thar props.")

We Can't Keep the West Letters Out

C. R. DOOLEY of Miami, Florida, is slayed:

I'm slayed. Positively slayed! By none other than Mae West. Just roll Theda Bara, Pola Negri, Clara Bow, Connie Bennett and Garbo into one big roll and start them down the hill

(Continued on page 12)



Banish Faded Color with TINTEX!

These famous Tints and Dyes bring New Color Gayety to your Wardrobe and Home Decorations



HERE'S how Tintex works! It's easy . . . a child can use Tintex. It's quick . . . takes but a few minutes. It's perfect . . . only expensive professional work can equal its results.

Now—here's what Tintex does! It restores the original color to any faded fabric, or it gives an entirely different color, if you wish. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex colors from which to choose.

And—here's what Tintex is for! Use Tintex for dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, underthings, negligees, children's clothes, etc., etc. For curtains, drapes, table-scarfs, dinner-cloths, cushion covers, etc., etc.

There's color-beauty and money-saving in every package of Tintex!



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Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



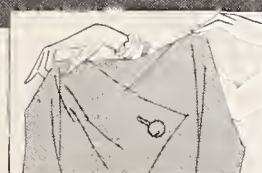
To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 10)

into the discard—or the bay. And give me just Mae West.

Reader Does a Faith Baldwin

MISS JERRY PETTIT of Flint, Michigan, would like to meet:

Joan Crawford—because she is my favorite actress.

Frances Dee—because she's so sweet and pretty.

Franchot Tone—because he's a very good friend of Joan Crawford. (*Friend, sez you? Sister, it's more than friendship!*)

Bing Crosby—because he thrills me so with his singing.

Jackie Cooper—because he makes me cry—and I love it.

Dorothy Jordan—because she has such a sweet face.

Greta Garbo—because I would like to find out for myself just how mysterious she really is.

Mae West—because she makes me laugh, even though she is very naughty.

him by starring him too quickly. They've gone to an extreme in doing this. However, chirrup—chirrup. Clark really gets a chance to do "China Seas" after all this time.)

Just a Few Prejudices

JOHN HENRY of New York City talks out in meeting:

Maybe I'm getting to be an old crab, but, honestly, I'm getting awfully sick of some of the movie people and some of the types of pictures that others continue to rave about. Frinstance: I'm tired of musicals. Never did like 'em much, anyway. I admit the new crop are one hundred percent better than the old, but they're all the same. And I'm tired of Lionel Barrymore. He's always the same. I think he *can* do excellent work—I've seen him do it. But it's time for a change in style now. And I'm not impressed with huge, stellar casts unless the people in them do stellar work. I thought "Night Flight" was a great waste of money.

Who's a Big Bad Wolf? Garbo

JERRY HERR of Philadelphia, Pa., says:

I have just read an article in MODERN SCREEN that human beings frighten Greta Garbo. Well! Isn't that just too bad. If you want to ask me, I think that big bad wolf, Greta, frightens us. Especially when she wore that short dancing dress with her long, lanky legs, and feet like canal boats in "Grand Hotel." And when Garbo did that dance and flitted around like a long giraffe our whole party laughed out loud. I would like to shoot the guy that picked Garbo for that kind of a role, or any role. Take her away, I tank you send her home.

Believe It or Not, She Likes Bow

MARLENE SMITH of Detroit, Mich., sends highest praise:

Orchids to the one and only Clara Bow. Have just seen her latest picture, "Hoopla," and I certainly don't think anyone could have been any sweeter or more adorable than Clara was. She has such beautiful and expressive eyes. But what's the use of description and praise, I couldn't put into words my true opinion of that gorgeous star. If Clara Bow should ever leave the screen, as rumored, I should feel as though I had lost someone whom I loved dearly. Beautiful, adorable, alluring Clara Bow.

Let's Go Natural for a Change

ELLEN HONE of Cleveland, Ohio, storms at us in this letter:

I am just sick and tired of reading praises, praises and more praises for every kind of garden and hothouse variety of actor and actress of the

One of Hollywood's Best-Dressed Men Gets a Rave

GEORGE SWEETMAN, Yonkers, N. Y., thinks Monsieur Powell is elegant:

Here's to Bill Powell! In my opinion, a marvelous actor. Not boisterous, nor one who uses he-man tactics, but the cool, calm gentleman always. I am anticipating with great eagerness seeing his forthcoming picture, "King of Fashion."

Bravos for a New Baritone!

LILLY D., of Astoria, L. I., is glad that America discovered Columbo:

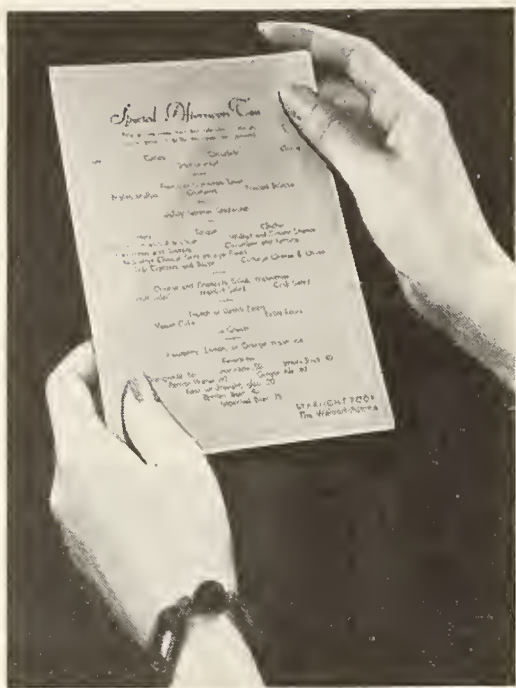
Congratulations and three hearty cheers to the one and only Russ Columbo. Folks, there's a crooner for you. His singing comes straight from the heart. He was a sensation in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

She's Worried About Gable

JENNIE MAY W. of Toronto, Canada, thinks he's had a raw deal:

Up pops the biggest box office sensation since Valentino. He's no second Forbes-Robertson when it comes to acting, but he has appeal, vitality and under a capable director he turns in a good performance. What's most important, he's exciting—after a long, dreary run of namby-pamby movie men. What happens? He gets a few good pictures—then he's pushed into supporting roles. Even those get weaker and weaker. Why, you'd hardly know the old Clark Gable today! It makes me mad. Why is M-G-M wasting this good man in poor roles?

... (There's a powerful lot of truth in what you say, m' dear. We suspect M-G-M wanted to "build him up"—in other words, they didn't want to ruin



...and his eyes are saying— "What Lovely Hands!"

In all the sum total of a woman's charms, what is more alluringly feminine than the soft loveliness of fair, smooth-textured hands!

Now, with Pacquin's, even busy hands may have the beauty men adore and women envy. Because Pacquin's unlike most creams, doesn't vanish—it penetrates, carrying into the skin precious natural softening oils, so necessary to keep your hands youthfully smooth and supple. It counteracts the drying, oil-robbing effect of exposure to water or weather—the chief enemy of hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's for a week. You'll rejoice at the way it softens and whitens your hands—you'll find it different and pleasantly economical, because a little pat goes such a long way. Don't try to hide your hands—use



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to \$1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

screen. Every darn movie fan magazine that one picks up reveals nothing but how wonderful they all are. Really, one would never guess that these people are truly human. That they have any of the natural emotions that are the very opposite of praise begetting. I'll bet plenty of them slap their kids in a fit of anger (that isn't artistic temperament, either) and scream at their husbands and wives. All the pretty-pretty pictures and all the pretty-pretty stories get just a bit nauseous at times.

Wants Serials Back in the Picture Diet

MARY CUSHING of Chicago, Ill., makes a plea:

I have been a great movie fan for many years. I see all the shows. Why not change the movies once in a while? Why not bring back some of those serials, good clean pictures like "Dollar Down," starring Ruth Roland. Let's have a good old serial anyway. The public needs a change. Why not give it to them?

Well, for Art's Sake!

MARGARET TEDFORD of Santa Ana, Calif., thinks a little goes a heck of a way:

Except for the occasional picture, I do not believe in the following out of the expression "art for art's sake." Once in a while a production, such as the unforgettable "Sunrise," is made in which artistic photography, mood and story are perfectly harmonized; art becomes the primary interest and no one would question its right to supremacy. The forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" will be, by the nature of its subject matter, fantastically imaginative and primarily artistic. It is impossible to conceive of its being handled in any other manner.

As a rule, however, I am convinced that art as it is used in motion pictures should not be isolated from life. Rather, it should express and interpret life and be in some way definitely connected with human experience, either physical or mental.

Which Comes First—Star or Story?

LILLIAN CORDWELL of New York writes:

Give us more stories and pictures like "Back Street," real, honest-to-goodness, possible pictures.

Star our own Irene Dunne and Warner Baxter in such pictures. The stars playing in a picture make or mar the whole story.

And This Means Somep'n—When You've Seen 'Em All

C. R. DOOLEY of Miami, Fla., writes us:

Well, suh—I've seen it all! Yes, suh, everything!

When those "can't-be-beat" producers way out there across the continent make more brilliant productions than "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade,"

(Continued on page 116)



Kleinert's DRESS SHIELDS

give all your dresses guaranteed
protection • • •

You—as well as Hollywood stars—will find that any intense emotion instantly increases underarm moisture even in the *coolest* weather.

Kleinert's Dress Shields protect your frocks not only in such emergencies but also from the friction of daily

wear and the deteriorating effects of strong underarm astringents.

It is the truest kind of economy to insist on this guaranteed protection—especially when 25¢ will buy genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields *in the store where you purchased this magazine.*

Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

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Today, she is unquestionably one of the screen's loveliest ladies.

NORMA SHEARER'S *personal* REVELATIONS

FOR several years all of us in Hollywood have known what terrific handicaps Norma Shearer has had. We have known that Norma was not always the beautiful, radiant, glamorous woman you now see on the screen. Her muscular legs and upper arms, her long neck, her crooked teeth and the cast in her eye—yes really!—were things we who know the stars so well had whispered about.

But, of course, it never occurred to any of us that she, herself, would ever talk about these handicaps. Stars are supposed to be perfect. They cringe when their defects are even hinted at. It's supposed to be bad business. Therefore, I want to say that Norma proved herself the courageous, honest, fine person she is when she frankly discussed these things with me. My hat's off to her, for she has talked for what I think is a noble reason. She has talked to me, told me things that editors have said for years it would be impossible to get her to admit, for one reason only. Because I told her that if she allowed me to write about the struggles she has had, with her handicaps and the marvelous way in which she has overcome them, it would inspire others, would show the thousands of women readers of MODERN SCREEN that one should not be discouraged by physical defects and that they can be overcome.

She was anxious that, in quoting her, I did not make her sound sure of herself. She is not sure of herself, not setting herself up as a perfect example by any manner of means. Merely this—she started out in pictures with more physical defects than almost any star has had. She has overcome them with courage and fortitude and, because I think her story told in her own words is a beautiful message of hope, I am going to pass it on to you.

Spectacular as this story is, amazed as other fan magazines will be to see it here, it is printed, I assure you, for one reason only—because it is an inspirational document. Norma would not have talked thus to be sensational. She has told the truth about herself at last because I said that you and you and you would be encouraged in your own daily struggles by it.

So this is Norma's story.

"I don't mind at all talking about the kind of fight I have had, if it will help anybody else with their problems.

"The biggest trouble I have had is that I was an athletic girl. Most English girls are. I came from Canada and I had a brother who thought it was fine for me to match my physical strength against his, and I was proud of the muscles I developed. I played tennis like a fiend. I golfed and walked and ran and skated and swam, which gave me a pair of biceps a prize fighter might have looked

You thought she dare not—but at last this great star frankly discusses her



The teeth she straightened!



The eyes she had to control!

By MAUDE LATHEM

at with envy and the muscles of my legs were all out of proportion.

"In addition to this, I am fairly tall. When I decided to try my luck at pictures I hadn't the remotest idea of what was ahead of me. Of course, I knew I was not beautiful but I thought then, and I think now, that that indefinable something which we call charm is so much more important than mere beauty. I thought maybe I could cultivate charm.

"When I got one look at my first screen test, I discovered as ungainly a sight as you can imagine. It was not so much that the features of my face were magnified into something terrible. There was nothing special about the face one way or another. Of course, it wasn't a stylish face, but I hoped by and by the screen would use more than one type of face—which they now do.

*It can't
be done!*

—BUT MODERN SCREEN DOES IT!

You thought: "It can't be done; Norma Shearer would never talk frankly and fearlessly on the delicate subject of the physical handicaps she overcame."

But Norma Shearer does—exclusively for MODERN SCREEN.

When you and Hollywood say, "It can't be done!" MODERN SCREEN does it. Watch for the next feature in this thrilling series.

"But my figure and walk! I, being the athletic type, love the long stride and easy walk of the athlete, but for a girl who might aspire to ingénue rôles on the screen then, this was out. I wouldn't advise any girl to do strenuous athletics while in her teens, if she plans a screen career later. Of course, if you mean to be an eccentric dancer like Charlotte Greenwood or if you are born with the glamor of a Garbo, that is okay. But I didn't come under either head. I simply had a muscular figure and an ungainly walk—on the screen!

"You may think dieting to reduce weight is pretty bad, and I agree with you, but it is nothing compared to trying to get rid of *muscles* and at the same time to eat a sufficient amount of tissue-building foods so your resistance and vitality are not lowered.

THIS was one of the greatest battles of my life. There were days when I thought I simply could not go on, days when I thought no goal would be worth the fight.

physical handicaps—so that her methods of overcoming them may help you



"You have read the criticisms of my ugly legs, haven't you?" asks Norma—the girl to whom a handicap is a challenge.

Of course, there was never a moment when I was not conscious of gnawing pangs of hunger, but, in addition to this, I could take no exercise except the simplest stretching movements about ten minutes in the morning. I, who had walked miles every day of my life!

"It seemed as if my arms and legs would atrophy from disuse. But I did keep on. If I meant to be a picture player, I must go on.

"When the muscles of my legs were shown at the wrong angle, a storm of criticism followed. You have read the criticisms about my ugly legs, haven't you?"

We were stretched out on the sand by her swimming pool. I turned to look at her in her vivid yellow and blue bathing suit and it occurred to me that I had never seen a lovelier pair of legs than those belonging to Norma Shearer.

"So many of my scenes," she continued, "were ruined because I forgot to cross my legs properly or place them in the right position to hide the muscles from the camera. This was no easy task, because sometimes dresses were short and anyway it was hard always to think about your legs.

"I would tell the director I didn't think I had done my best with a scene, and ask to be allowed to take it over. In reality, I remembered that the legs had probably ruined the scene. Of course, every time there was a chance to wear a longer dress in a scene, I did so.

"My upper arms were large enough to the naked eye, but you should have seen what the camera did to them!

I always planned dresses that had a portion of a sleeve so the upper arm would be covered. I was so sensitive I didn't want to talk to the wardrobe woman about it. I would say I didn't like the color of the dress, or the texture or make any criticism, while I was hastily looking over everything else in the wardrobe (then I was not a star and I took what the wardrobe had) until my eye lighted on one with sleeves or half sleeves. I always begged for that one, no matter what the cut of it was. The wardrobe woman must have known, but she never said a word.

IT was three years before those muscles in arms and legs actually gave way. Three years of almost starvation and inactivity. I had begun to think I would give way before the muscles did. Then as the muscles softened, they had to be gently massaged so they wouldn't sag. After all these years of struggle you can imagine what a thrill it gives me when someone I meet for the first time says, 'My how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.'

"Another great battle I had was with my teeth. As I grew up, I took good care of my teeth and it didn't disturb me that the two little teeth on either side of my front teeth were somewhat irregular. In fact, in real life I rather like a slight irregularity in the teeth, similar to Marilyn Miller's. I think it gives one personality. But when I saw myself on the screen I knew what had to be done. The other teeth had to be pulled back so these smaller teeth could fit perfectly into their rightful places. You know the kind of braces children sometimes have to wear to adjust their teeth. Oh, if I'd only worn braces when I was a child! I was about twenty when I began.

"When you can wear the braces continuously, as the dentists always insist that children do, the pain becomes almost negligible after a few days, for putting in the brace is what causes the hurt. But in my case, I couldn't wear the brace during the day because of working or trying to get work. I could only put them on at night which meant, while I did not lose all of the effect during the day, *each night the pain was as great as the first night I put the brace on.* As I look back now, I know only youth and a good constitution would get one through that. Just imagine putting your head on a pillow and making yourself sleep, with a throbbing toothache every night of your life.

"I started the dental work in New York and came to Hollywood and had a fearful experience. There weren't so many dentists familiar with orthodontia then as now and the man to whom I went put braces on my teeth that just reversed the process. The teeth were actually drawn back together as they were in the first place!

"When I sat in the projection room one day looking at some rushes and saw some peculiar shadows cast across my front teeth which made them look as if they were out, I was frantic. I could endure anything while I was getting results, but when I discovered that all my suffering had been for nothing I was half crazy.

EVENTUALLY I found a marvelous orthodontist who gave me proper braces, but so much harm had been done by that time that I had to wear a brace on the lower teeth as well in order to get best results.

"Eight long years it took me to gain a semblance of regularity. Eight years of terrific pain every night, because the braces had to be removed when I was working!

"But this is just a part of the struggle. I have a funny, long neck. At one time photographers said that kind of neck and shoulders indicated youth. What I saw my neck look like on the screen was enough to make one jump into the river. Every time I had an emotional scene (I will never get over *feeling* my scenes) I found myself becoming so tense that the muscles of my neck became taut and stood out like whipcords. (Continued on page 108)

BEHIND THE NEWS OF GARY'S ENGAGEMENT



Mr. Gary Cooper of Montana and Hollywood. Miss Sandra Shaw of Park Avenue and Southampton. Is their engagement a "hush press" measure?

By KATHERINE ALBERT

MAYBE in a couple of months I'm going to feel so doggone silly for speaking out in meeting like this and telling you exactly what I think about the Gary Cooper-Sandra Shaw romance. And maybe MODERN SCREEN is going to have to do a lot of plain and fancy word-eating, but I do want you to know all of the inside facts in the case and then you can do what I've done—draw your own conclusions.

Despite the fact that metropolitan newspapers carried large, toney announcements of the engagement of Veronica Balfe (Sandra Shaw to Hollywood and Walter Winchell) to Gary Cooper, and despite the fact that said announcements were accompanied by large, toney photographs of Miss Balfe—or Miss Shaw, as you will—I think there's a strong possibility that they may never be married. Gosh! How wrong I may be. But if I'm wrong, I'm in good company. For the famous psychic, Dareos, says in his story on page twenty-six of this magazine that, despite all rumors, Gary Cooper will remain single, at least for another year. And an awful lot can happen to an engagement in a year, when one of the parties is a famous male star and the other is a daughter of Park Avenue.

Now I'll tell you what I know of the behind-the-scenes story of Gary and Sandra.

It's hard enough to get that strong, silent gent, Gary Cooper, to tell you he thinks it's a pleasant day. Imagine, then, how infinitely more difficult it is to make him talk about what lies closest to his (Continued on page 110)

... They're engaged, yes. But will they marry? Hm—well, here's our guess! And what's yours?



YOUTH

ROMANCE

Gene L.
LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!



Lilian HARVEY • GENE

RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX





Portraits

The beautiful Dolores Del Rio is the cameraman's idea of a picnic. She photographs perfectly, you see, from any angle whatsoever. She has the most pampered dog in Hollywood. There's a special trainer, if you don't mind, to keep him physically fit. Dolores wears no make-up off screen. She dresses very plainly, sticking pretty closely to black and white. With "Flying Down to Rio" completed, Dolores is doing "Dance of Desire" with Joel McCrea.



HANDSOME MAN-- PRETTY LADY

The Gable lad, looking quite chipper, informs you that he has gained back the twenty pounds lost during last summer's illness. "Dancing Lady" finished, he made a beeline for Wyoming and a bit of hunting. Flew down every Saturday for the football games. He has sold his henna colored Packard and bought a Ford coupé. Less conspicuous. His next picture will really be "China Seas"—after all this delay. (On the opposite page) Rochelle Hudson, the sort of girl whom young men dream about between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, is in "Mr. Skitch" with Will Rogers—for Fox. Contented to make haste slowly, is Rochelle, who has never been heard howling around Hollywood for bigger roles and more money—both of which, we prophesy, she'll get.

Russell Ball





WHAT SEX APPEAL!

The blond sort—as portrayed by Carole Lombard in "Bolero"—and the brunette sort—as portrayed by Lupe Velez in "Joe Palooka" and "The Hollywood Party,"





Both of these pictures are pictures of Leslie Howard. Really. The beard goes with his role in Columbia's "The Lady Is Willing." Next pictures: "British Agent" and "Of Human Bondage,"





Our motto is: At least one picture of Baby LeRoy in every issue! And when it's a picture like this, with the darling clasped in the arms of lovely Dorothea Wieck—who's allowed to hold him in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"—well!

**GIVE YOUR HANDS
AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION**

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers... reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply smooth, even in Winter? After work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

How enchantingly WYNNE GIBSON'S lovely hands play their role!
With CHARLES FARRELL in RKO's film, "AGGIE APPLEBY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c





RETIREMENT ?



SCANDAL ?



SUCCESS ?



NO MARRIAGE ?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN 1934?

By HARRY LANG

Illustrated by FLOHERTY, JR.

UNLESS Dareos' survey of the planets is all haywire, then 1934's going to be the dizziest year Lil Ol' Dan Cupid has ever had in Hollywood!

Between marriages on the one hand and divorces on the other, Cupid is going to be busy. He's going to score some big shot hits with those marital arrows of his—Carole Lombard, Janet Gaynor, Bill Powell, even Joan Crawford, among others, face new weddings in 1934 or early 1935. *But*—at the same time, the divorce judges are going to give Danny the toughest sledding in all his Hollywood experience.

All that—and plenty more—is part of the 1934 cinemaland prophecy of Dareos, that famous Hollywood fortune-teller whose annual forecasts in MODERN SCREEN for the last two years have been correct to an amazing degree.

By this time, certainly, you don't need to be told who Dareos is—the man to whom more Hollywood stars have gone for advice and predictions than anyone else in movieland. If you want to see how Dareos' past prophecies have hit the ball, take a look at the summary on page 30 of his last year's prognostications in MODERN SCREEN and how they clicked.

And now look at what he promises will happen in Hollywood in the twelvemonth to come:

First, about that marriage and divorce business. He lists in detail in this story some ten to twelve startlingly interesting marriages that will occur, say the planets, either in 1934 or very early in 1935.

But—even the sensational divorce record that 1933 hung up will be utterly eclipsed by the wave of divorces and separations that 1934 will see in Hollywood! Two famous, beautiful stars—one a decided blonde, the other

an equally decided brunette—both of whom have consistently and vigorously denied that divorce is even possible in their homes, will file divorce suits in 1934 against their hubbies. And for a clue, neither of those hubbies is a screen player now. Besides these two outstanding ones, there will be a perfect Niagara of 1934 divorces among outstanding film players, including three other top-ranking female stars, and two male stars of the first magnitude. Hollywood's 1934 divorce total will far exceed 1933's.

(Incidentally, if it interests you, this divorce wave will be not purely a Hollywood manifestation, but will be reflected in a nation-wide sweep of divorce, smashing all previous annual divorce records in the United States, says Dareos.)

SOMEWHERE in this welter of marrying and divorcing, Cupid will have time to conspire with his old buddy, Doc Stork, who will, as a result, visit quite a few star homes. And—if not before the end of 1934, certainly before 1935 is three months old—there will be three sets of twins born to prominent picture people, says Dareos, after his squint at the planets. To whom? To Clara Bow! And to John Gilbert! And to Stu Erwin and wife June Collyer!

What else?

Garbo will retire forever, either in late 1934 or early 1935, and go back to solitude in Sweden.

Jean Harlow hasn't yet escaped woe, and 1934 is cloudy for her happiness.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will quit England and return to Hollywood and picture-making. (Turn to page 28)



FATHER OF TWINS?



THREATS?



ILLNESS?



MARRIAGE?

Some of Dareos' Amazing 1934 Predictions

Twelve interesting marriages

Garbo's final retirement

*Unprecedented number of
movie divorces*

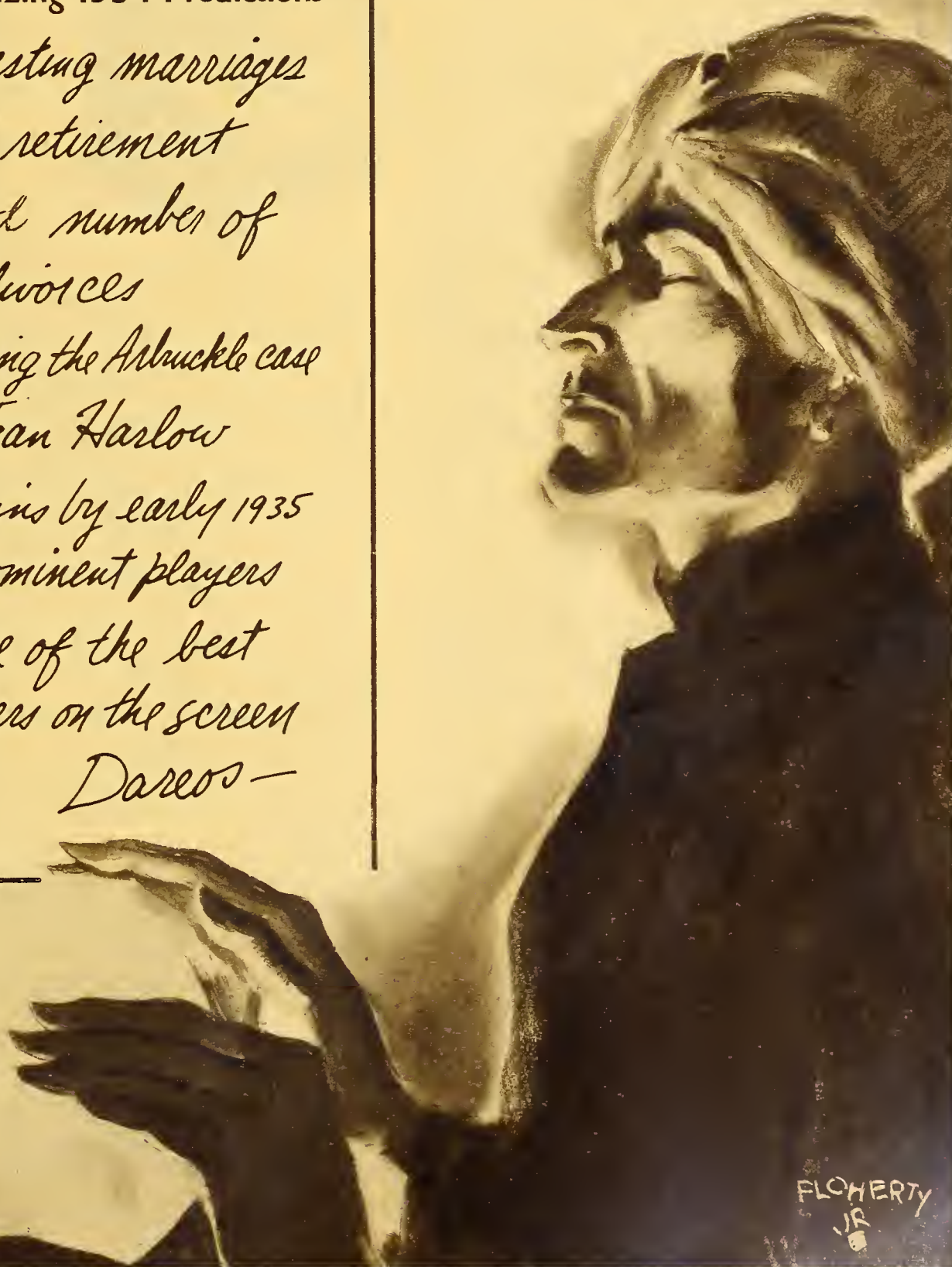
Scandal rivalling the Arbuckle case

Trouble for Jean Harlow

*Three sets of twins by early 1935
to very prominent players*

*Death for three of the best
loved players on the screen*

Dareos—



FLOHERTY
JR

What portent is in the stars for your favorites? This man tells you

Aviation accidents menace Gary Cooper; and Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe face a possibility of being very seriously injured in one plane crash. They can, of course, avoid this by staying out of planes.

Scandal looms hugely, with all likelihood of a scandal-burst that will rival the famous Arbuckle case in that it will center about one of the most famous stars in the industry (the stars don't show now if it's to be a man or woman). It will be as headline-messy as was the Arbuckle case, and with the same result—that the involved star will be forever banned from the screen.

On the business front, 1934 will gladden the hearts of executives, for the year will at last see the return of prosperity to the industry. There will be new companies, new stars, work for many extras who have been starving, black ink in the ledgers instead of red—in short, a tremendous renaissance of the movie industry, after these long, lean years.

But, blackly tragic against that background of business brightness, will come Death, stalking three of the most prominent and best loved



players on the screen today. Also, one of the top-rank producers will pass on.

There in summarized form, is an outline of what 1934 will bring to Hollywood's people, according to Dareos' interpretation of occult signs.

AND now, let's get down to brass tacks, and find out what the prophecies are for specific individuals you all know:

For Carole Lombard, 1934 is a new year of romance. Her love-life is surrounded with good omens. More than one offer of marriage will come to her, one of them from a prominent producer official. However, when she does marry—and it will be in 1934 the stars say definitely—the man to whom she gives her heart and hand will be one whose interests lie entirely outside of the movie game. And Dareos adds a bit of advice to Carole: "By the stars, it is shown that your marriage will be even happier if it takes place during the last three months of 1934, rather than earlier."

And strange as it may seem, 1934 has the (Continued on page 98)

WHAT DID DAREOS PROPHECY FOR 1933? AND WHAT CAME TRUE? COMPARE—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW AMAZINGLY ACCURATE HE IS

What Dareos Prophesied

Two "star" divorces.

At least five other big name divorces.

Two violent deaths of picture names.

One noted star to die.

One movie executive to die.

Two married women to be publicly talked about because of their "goings-on" with male actors. One of these marriages to break up.

Studio fire early in 1933.

Seven scandals, of which hush-up methods might keep all but one out of open court.

Attempt to kidnap female star in middle part of the year.

Change in production line-ups.

Joan Crawford: Continued professional success. Scandal-talk involving actor. Sudden and great trouble. No baby in 1933. No divorce from Doug, Jr.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: year not so good professionally.

Garbo: Return to M-G-M; personal life to continue as is, with no romances. Health in danger. Attempt to kidnap her near the end of the year.

What Happened

Of all the 1933 divorces, two and only two involved "star couples": The break-up between Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and the Lombard-Powell split.

Dareos was right—but too moderate. There were more than five—all involving big names on either side. Dix, Eilers, Nixon, Gaynor, Ayres and Holt, for example.

Not true as this is written.

Correct—but, again, an underestimate. Fatty Arbuckle and later, Renée Adorée died.

Sam Rork, producer of Clara Bow's pictures, passed away.

Connie Bennett was so talked about when she went around with Gilbert Roland that she even sued certain publications which noted it in print. The Adrienne Ames-Bruce Cabot-Stephen Ames triangle did end in divorce—and remarriage for Adrienne.

Universal had a disastrous fire which cost five figures in damages.

Because of libel laws, those in the Hollywood know cannot list the instances which show how right Dareos was. The Claire Windsor scandal broke in open court, however. And you know about Lee Tracy and his Mexican trouble!

Because of kidnap threats against herself and her adopted daughter, Lupe Velez for months was forced to go armed and protected by armed escorts.

Assuredly correct. The most outstanding change involves the formation of Twentieth Century Pictures. Right on success. Much talk about Joan and Franchot Tone. "Sudden and great trouble" was her own characterization of the divorce. No baby. Wrong on divorce.

Correct.

She did return. There is much talk of her romance with Rouben Mamoulian. No danger to her health or person as this is written.

What Dareos Prophesied

Dietrich: Continued success. Much gossip about her. Professional parting with Von Sternberg. Remains Mrs. Rudolph Sieber despite rumors. To visit Germany.

Gable: Professional career okay. Threat of accident. Probability of divorce, with Dareos warning strenuously against it.

Jean Harlow: One new love. Two proposals—one from an actor, one from non-actor. Possibility of wedding late in year. New heights attained in career.

Marie Dressler: Uneventful year, with great necessity of guarding health.

Maurice Chevalier: Complete let-down in popularity. Resentment against him even in his own Paris.

George Raft: To be one of the foremost stars of 1933. To have a big love.

Sylvia Sydney: To have the big romance of her life, to go on long sea voyage. Accident or illness during year.

Gary Cooper: To make good screen come-back after 1932 fade. Heart affairs to be complicated. Danger of being named in divorce case. May wed toward end of year.

John Gilbert: Through as great actor. Danger of domestic stress.

Clara Bow: To make two more pictures because of public demand, even though she'd rather not. Marriage happy. No more scandal headlines.

Janet Gaynor: No divorce. Death of relative or dear friend.

Mary Pickford: No great screen success in 1933.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr.: Health threatened.

Ann Harding: A new romance, the man to be a non-professional. Possibility of marriage. Talk of reconciliation with Bannister, but nothing doing.

What Happened

Almost 100 percent correct. She went to Europe but did not visit Germany—because of conditions in her country.

Right on professional status. Accident may have been his break-down in midyear. No divorce.

Virtually 100 percent correct. We say "virtually" because it cannot be told whether she got that proposal from an actor or not. She probably did!

Correct.

Correct.

Only half right. He didn't click that big professionally. But the romance. . . Ah, there, Margery! Quite correct.

Right on screen record. Varied talk of heart affairs. He was named in print in connection with the Lombard-Powell split. But that was undoubtedly gossip as is self-evident since his engagement to Sondra Shaw. So that may come true, too.

Career still problematical, in spite of break in "Christina." No sign of domestic woe.

Correct.

She did divorce Lydell Peck, Mr. Dareos! Relative in the East passed away.

Correct.

Yes—he has not been well, although there has been no serious illness. (Dareos failed to predict the Pickford-Fairbanks split.)

There was talk of reconciliation and it came to nothing. Ann is rumored that way about a writer. No marriage as this is written.

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1933, there were 68 items. Of these, 48 came true. 8 were incorrect. And 12 are inconclusive as this is written. Dareos' score: 70½% correct; 11¾% wrong; 17¾% inconclusive.



Boy, are they happy!



(Above and right) Marie Dressler's birthday party. Russell Hardie celebrates with Madge Evans and Una Merkel. Miss Dressler getting attention and a kiss from Clark Gable and Joe Schenck. Her two good friends, Carrie Jacobs Bond and May Robson, were there. (Left) Mary Pickford and Charles Farrell at the party given Grace Moore after her appearance in "Pagliacci." (Below) Hey! Hey! Repeal party at the Vendome. Gregory Ratoff with June Gale and Hoot Gibson. Mike Farmer, Gloria Swanson, Jeanette MacDonald and Lila Lee.

Scott



• • OUR MODERN

a great mistake—Claudette

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

BEING a modern woman, being independent financially and socially, maintaining (as she does) a separate establishment from one's husband, Claudette Colbert insists is a mistake. A great mistake. All of it. Or any part of it.

According to Claudette, the modern woman is out on a bad limb . . . and she knows it.

"In our desire to be modern and independent," says Claudette, "we women have given up more than we realized. Actually, we have sacrificed our rightful realm. And now—too late—we're aware, subconsciously if in no other way, that we've made a bad bargain."

I could scarcely credit my ears. This from Claudette, of all people, a modern among moderns, was amazing.

It started like this.

Claudette, her mother, and I were waiting for Norman Foster to arrive for dinner. The living-room in which we sat was very lovely, with its white walls, its pale gray rug, the chairs and sofa upholstered in light grays and champagnes, with white lamps, with white taffeta curtains drawn across the French windows, and a bright fire burning.

It might have been a scene from one of Noel Coward's smart drawing-room dramas. The attractive modern wife waiting for her husband to come from his separate establishment. The correct butler. All that sort of thing. I couldn't help marking what a very delightful and *apparently thoroughly satisfactory* pattern of sophisticated living Claudette had evolved for herself. I marvelled at the

long way the former little French tutor had come.

Where Mrs. Colbert, an extraordinarily beautiful woman, sat, the firelight cast warm shadows on her white hair.

It was Mrs. Colbert who started it really, and innocently enough.

"The new clothes remind me of my youth," she said, smiling, setting her ruby cocktail glass on a little satinwood table and smoothing the folds of her long, flowing black gown reflectively. "Taffeta petticoats. And high waistlines. Boas. Low décolletages."

CLAUDETTE laughed.

"The couturières are very wise," she said. She planted her heels on the edge of her deep chair and encircled her blue pajamaed knees with her arms. "They knew that, fed up with our independent attitude, we women would revel in clothes so romantic that, being the born actresses we are, we'd simply have to forget our efficient gestures and be romantic when we wore them."

"Are you serious, Claudette?" I wanted to ask. "Do you truly think modern women rue their bargain? Do you? Personally?"

But at this moment Norman Foster arrived from his house at the beach, and dinner was announced.

It wasn't until a few days later that I had another chance to talk with Claudette alone.

"Did you mean what you said the other evening while we were waiting for Norman?" I asked. "About modern women finding the independence they were so eager to have, something of a burden?"

"I did," Claudette said emphatically. "None of us go around making nearly as many fine speeches about there being no reason why women shouldn't have the same freedom men always have (*Continued on page 103*)"

MARRIAGE • •

it's O'Kay — Norman



YOU'VE just read Miss Fletcher's amazing story about Claudette Colbert in which Claudette admits, for the first time, that her modern marriage with Norman Foster was a mistake—that she would have been better off had she been completely feminine, less independent and more romantic—that living in a separate home from her husband is nice and modern but that she missed a great deal by so doing.

It takes a big person to admit a mistake and Miss Fletcher has given you an unforgettable picture of the crisp, modern, independent woman—Colbert—who wants more romance in her life than she has.

But what is the other side of the story? What is Norman Foster's side? Does he feel that being a pal to Claudette instead of a cavalier is wrong? Or is he satisfied with things as they are?

Foster and I were speaking one day of travel—a hobby of his—and of the wonderful journey he and Claudette took when, just at the height of their careers, they chucked it all and went on a tramp steamer around the world.

"That's the only way to travel with a woman," said Norman, "just bumming around. And you mustn't let her take too many clothes. They'll drive you crazy—women will—packing and unpacking their damn trunks, if you'll let 'em. When you go on a trip with the average woman, what do you see? A couple of smart bars, the swankiest hotels and clothes, clothes, clothes. They pack all the time. Drives you nuts. I wouldn't let Claudette do that when we took our jaunt. That's what made it so swell.

"We had a grand time. Adventure. Excitement. Seeing new things. Grand. Claudette stepped on a snake once in India. Most women would have yelled their

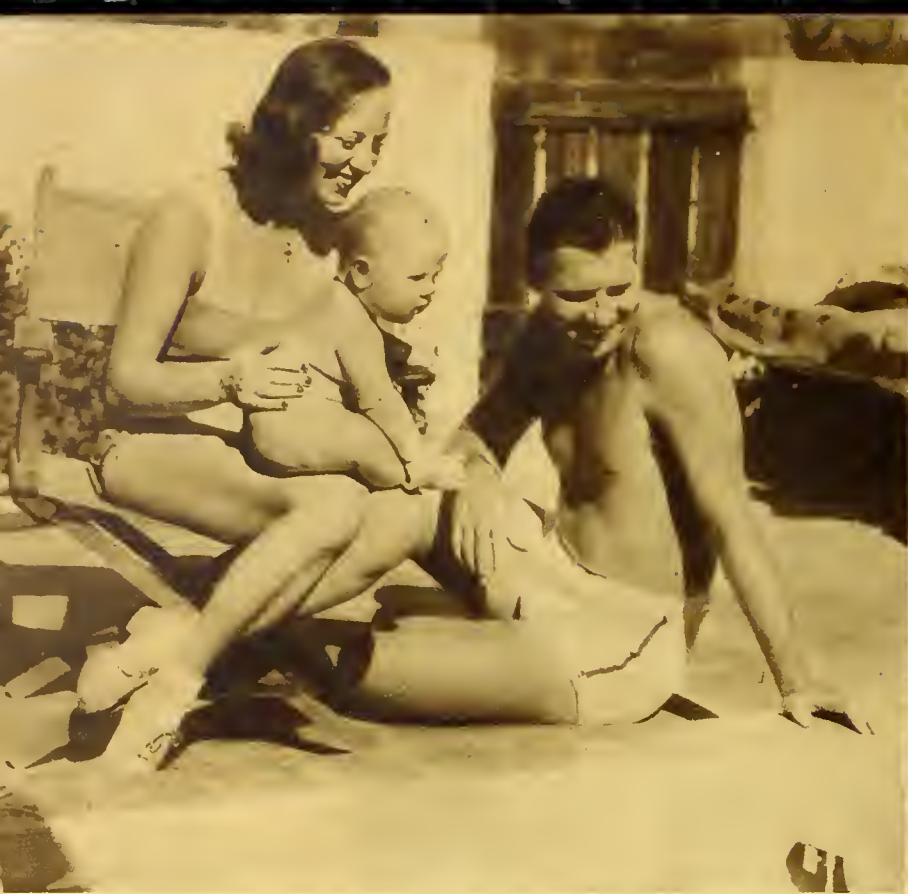
By
**KATHERINE
ALBERT**

heads off and gone into hysterics for an hour. Claudette didn't. She just stepped off the snake again. Later we discovered that it was the most deadly snake known in India. She said it made her a little sick when she found that out, but she wasn't a bit afraid at the time.

IN Shanghai we went to the Zoo. I was looking at one of the big chimpanzees. I got too close. It reached out and grabbed me. Did Claudette yell and make a fuss? You bet she didn't. She just ran and got the keeper of the Zoo to help me. Before they got back I was out of the chimp's arms. He was just playful, that's all. But Claudette didn't know that. Most women would have carried on like hell."

Now what do you get from these anecdotes, told in Norman's own words? Don't you see that while Claudette is languishing by her own lonely hearthstone, wishing that she had leaned upon her husband like the clinging vines of the 'nineties; while Claudette is adoring feminine clothes—the kind you've got to have a lot of those "damn trunks" to hold—her husband is admiring her greatly for the very thing she doesn't want, her independence, her lack of feminine wiles, her modernity in her relationship to him.

Norman is an impatient, decided young man. His hates far outnumber his likes. "I can't stand all the bunk in Hollywood," he said. "Actors—God!—I hate actors, riding around in their swell cars, strutting around in their swell clothes, putting on a lot of ritz they don't know in the least how to use. (Continued on page 87)



IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER



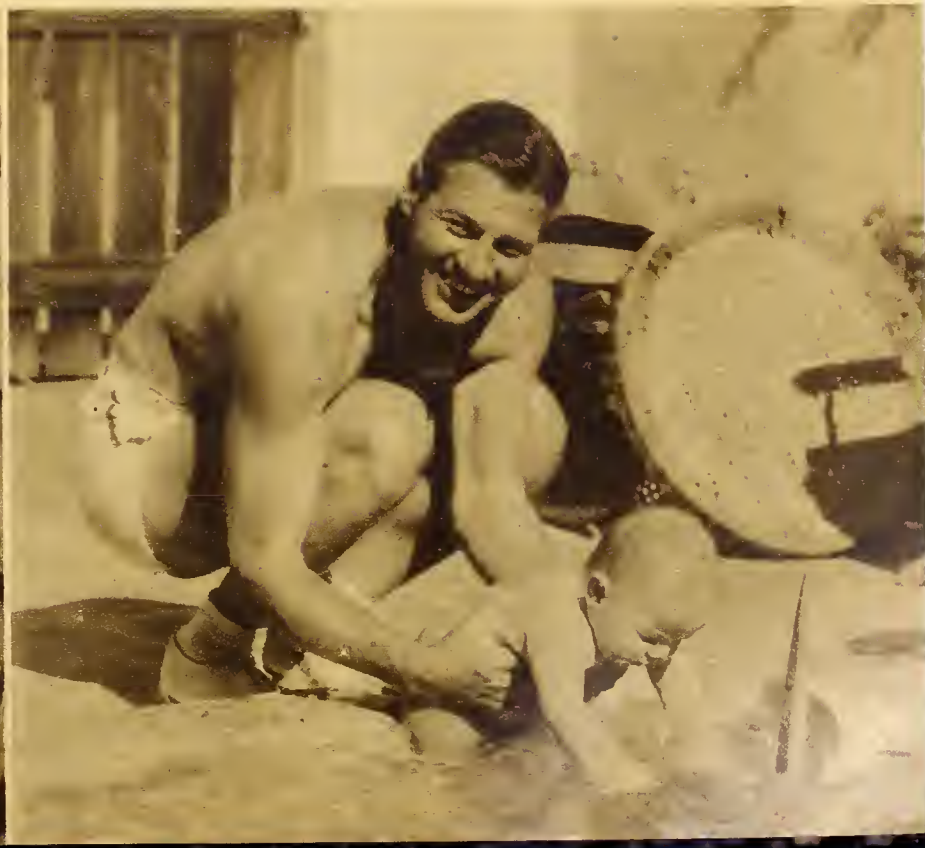
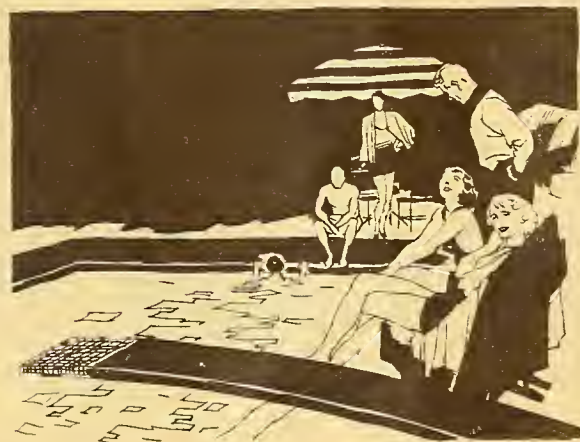
Scotty, our exclusive cameraman, loaded all his traps onto the old bus and popped off to Palm Springs to see what the "between picture" stars were doing. He found (above) the Richard Arlens en famille—Joby, Dick, Jr., and papa—having a swell time in front of their bungalow. Also, Johnnie and Lupe Weissmuller, looking like a staid old married couple. There's a name for you, incidentally. Lupe Weissmuller. Let's hope if they ever have a daughter they don't name her Conchita. (Below) The Harry Joe Browns—Sally Eilers as was—ambling comfortably around, near the Desert Inn, in their ol' clo'es. Also, the Ben Lyons, with Al Jolson at hand to sing a mammy song if necessary. Barbara Bebe gets cuter every day. Do you think she resembles papa Ben or mama Bebe most?





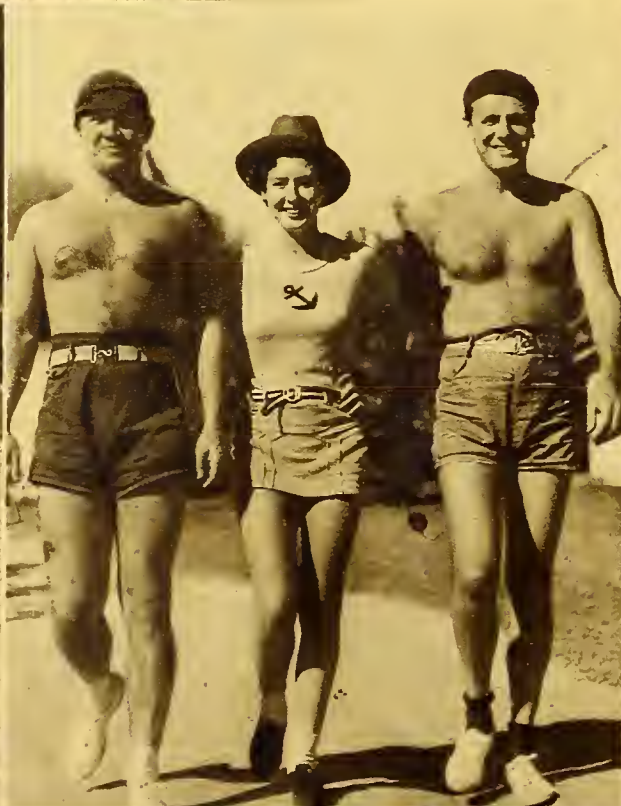
AT PALM SPRINGS

(Above) Just a pair of young, attractive women—but, there, ladeez and gentleman, is a powerful lot of high-C power. Lili Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Jeanette MacDonald, cooing over a couple of armfuls of chow puppies at the El Mirador. To their right, Miss Barbara Bebe Lyon again, with a young swain named Duke Gallagher, son of Skeet. When questioned by reporters, they said that they were very good friends but as for any talk of a romance—well, their parents thought them a little too young. (Below) That charming actor from Budapest—Paul Lukas, holding hands quite unashamedly with Mrs. Paul Lukas. And to their right, Dick Arlen is proudly demonstrating to you that his son isn't a bit afraid of the water. Shouldn't be surprised if he were a second Weissmuller, Dick.





(Above) Well, if it isn't Connie Bennett on one bicycle and Gilbert Roland on another! They had a bungalow apiece at the El Encanto. Connie had Master Peter and his nurse with her. Kept the child closely guarded from reporters, of course. (Left) "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" So sing the three gentlemen under the shower—Buster Collier, Al Jolson and Ben Lyon. (Below) Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. Next, Sidney Blackmer, Mae Clarke and Alan Edwards. And last, the harmony kid himself—Bing Crosby, umpiring a baseball game.



ALICE WHITE AND CY BARTLETT WED IN MEXICO

Alice White and Cy Bartlett have gone and done it. Taken that trip up the bridal path at last.

The tying of this marital knot did not come as a surprise to their intimates, for Alice and Cy have long been that way.

Only one minor rift occurred to interrupt their long-time friendship, during which time Miss White went about with John Warburton—which she later learned to regret—and Writer Bartlett consoled himself in the company of the lovely Boots Mallory, since become Mrs. Bill Cagney.

The newlyweds took the vows in Magdalena, Mexico, with Gov. Rodolfo Calles and Mayor Robert Urias as guests

Joan Blondell and Also Richard Dix Convalescing

A new high in devotion was hit lately when George Barnes rented a room in a Hollywood hospital in order to be near his wife, Joan Blondell.

Joan's appendix became obstreperous at a most inopportune time and, after working with an icebag at her side to complete a picture, an operation was vital.

Richard Dix, too, has been on the sick list this past month. The star has been confined to his home with pneumonia, but is now on the road to recovery.

Lilian Harvey Sues Her Producing Company

Lilian Harvey has a couple of complaints to register against Fox and recently took her grievances to court.

Item Number One is in regard to foreign versions of her films. The diminutive star does not want to make French and German recordings of pictures originally done in English.

Secondly, there is that little matter of billing. It seems Lilian was promised stellar type and didn't get it.



Wide World

The collegiate gentleman is none other than our own Jackie Coogan, all set to make a series of two-reelers during vacations from Santa Clara College



Wide World

Hollywood Boulevard, looking for all the world like Santa Claus Lane, during the exciting Christmas season. This brilliant picture was taken at the height of a nightly celebration

BREAK FOR KATHARINE HEPBURN'S HAIRDRESSER

The Hepburn is a true girl scout for, if she can't get around to doing a good deed every day, she makes up for it by doing a swell one whenever the opportunity arises.

Katie's hairdresser out at RKO has always expressed a desire to see Broadway, little old New York's Main Street. And so, when the star got settled in New York and began rehearsing "The Lake," the stage play in which she is appearing, she sent for the gal who wields the curling iron so expertly. Wotta thrill! And what a considerate and generous action.

Flashes from Here and There

Donald Cook has suddenly found himself in a breach of promise suit for \$100,000. Maxine Lewis claims the actor promised to marry her last August, but now refuses to do so.

Joan Crawford was having a grand time in New York recently, while the folks back home in Hollywood whispered that she was seriously ill in a Connecticut sanitarium.

Sue Carol and Ken Murray are soon to wed; that is, as soon as each becomes legally disentangled, which is to be in the not-distant future.

Sylvia Sidney's real father, Victor Kosow, has dropped his "adoption" suit without receiving any money.

Clara Kimball Young, old-time cinema siren, is to play Jackie Coogan's mother in his two-reel collegiate shorts.

Jack Oakie and his mother are vacationing in Hawaii.

MARY FILES SUIT FOR DIVORCE AGAINST DOUG

It has, as you know, happened at last. Mary filed papers with the Los Angeles Superior Court for a divorce from the man she has loved for thirteen years—Douglas Fairbanks. She charged mental cruelty and desertion, citing the many instances when Doug had left her completely alone for many months and the humiliation and embarrassment she has suffered on his account. It all came out—all the heartbreaking, soul destroying experiences Mary has covered up and gallantly lied about for so many years.

Pickfair is up for auction. Doug, they say, will wed Lady Sylvia Ashley as soon as she can obtain a divorce from Lord Ashley.

Lee Tracy Under "Gentleman's Ban," Hays Office Admits

Lee Tracy is going to take time out to cool his heels and behave as a good boy should. If he comes through this "ordeal" like a little gentleman, all may be forgiven.

Tracy is under what is called a "gentleman's ban" by the Hays office at present.

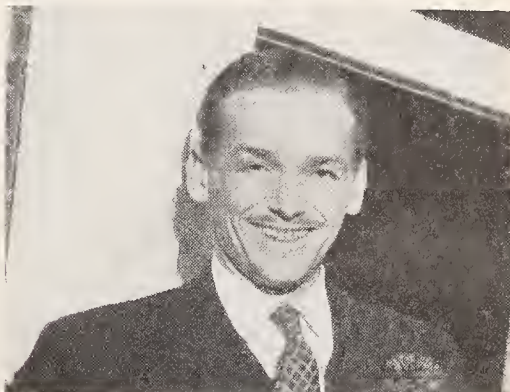
Meanwhile, the rumor that Lee is playing in "The Baby in the Icebox" for Paramount is erroneous. However, his Hollywood friends gave Tracy many cheers and no razzes on his return from Mexico.

Dorothy Jordan, Mother-to-be, Now in Social Register

Dorothy Jordan, who is Mrs. Merian Cooper in private life, has stepped right into the Social Register.

The young lady left her home in Tennessee but a few short years back, joined a Broadway chorus, journeyed to Hollywood, gave a good account of herself in the Camera City, married a wealthy and influential producer and is expecting a blessed event.

Now comes the Blue Book listing.



Wide World

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recently returned from Europe, snapped as the Bremen docked. Doug, Jr. will make "Success Story" for RKO



Good

ONE of the most gallant girls in Hollywood is Isobel Jewel. Maybe you don't even know who she is but she deserves a hand for loyalty. She is Lee Tracy's sweetheart. She had a minor role in Lee's "Blessed Event"—when the romance began. Just before Lee became involved in that trouble in Mexico, she had signed a contract with M-G-M—Lee's studio, as you know. She had longed for that contract for months, but when Lee was severely chastised by his studio and his contract taken away from him, Isobel stood by him, putting her own career in jeopardy.

She has made no bones about how she felt, either. She is for Lee first, last and all the time and his trouble is hers, his heartaches are hers to share. Recently Lee has been ill. Isobel has been constantly at his bed-

side and no film role, no matter how great, could tear her away.

YOU must see "Queen Christina," if for no other reason than to see Garbo laugh. This is the first time the Swede has ever laughed outright in a film and it was only through scheming and planning on the part of the director that she does here.

The scene in which Jack Gilbert's carriage gets stuck in the mud called for a hearty laugh from Queen Christina. However, no amount of persuasion could get her even to chuckle. Finally, Mamoulian, the director, had an idea. "All right," he said to the star, "go ahead with the scene without laughing."

The cameras began clicking. Came the close-up—and lo, Garbo laughed!

It was a frame-up but it worked! Unknown to Garbo, Mamoulian had instructed the ten extras attending the carriage that during the close-up of the Swedish star, they were to start making funny faces at her. They proved so funny that Garbo laughed merrily. She realized the trick but had the presence of mind to go on with the scene, perhaps the best in the entire picture.

THE only reason Mae West did not accept the offer to appear at the San Francisco automobile show for \$20,000 for five days was that



Scott

HE CAME RIGHT OVER.

The lady bundled up in a boa is Suzanne Kaaren. Born in Australia and reared in Brooklyn. She'll be in "Sleepers East" for Fox. (Above) Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale are distinctly bill-and-cooish. 'Dolphe recently defied speed laws for one hundred miles—just because Veree wanted his advice about sump'n. (Right) Isobel Jewel, Lee Tracy's heart, welcoming the naughty boy when he returned from Mexico City. Read how loyal Isobel has been.



Scott

LOYAL SWEETHEART

News!

. . . And hot news—and every single bit of news that's fit to print—from Cinema City!

she had another offer. It was from a civic organization in a small town in California to stage a benefit show (eight vaudeville acts and a picture show) remuneration to be the glory of being escorted all the way from the station to her hotel by a motor-cycle cop.

LUPE and Johnny have the Hollywood photographers to thank for a happy ending to their first fight after becoming Mr. and Mrs. Said fight started the day before Lupe was to go on an Arizona location trip. For two days the fiery Velez raved and ranted, with Johnny maintaining a Tarzan-like silence. The trip to the station was made in stony silence.

Just before Lupe had a chance to board the train, the picture snappers pounced on the newlyweds, insisting they pose for pictures. They posed . . . but looked ever so grim.

"Hey, come on, loosen up," yelled one of the boys. "Johnny, be a sport and put your arms around Lupe—and you, Lupe, how about giving the Old Man a beeg kiss?"

There was an embarrassed hesitation. Then Lupe flung her arms around Johnny's neck. Johnny grinned. And all was forgiven!

WHEREAS those newlyweds, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, still refuse to make a picture together,

those other newlyweds, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, have actually begged the studio for just this chance. "I do my best work when I can be natural," explained Bruce, "and working with Adrienne would give me an opportunity to be that."

PITY the poor press agent who had to explain to fifty or more irate newspapermen, photographers, reporters, etcetera that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell were *not* Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw but actually Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell.

It seems that said press agent had learned that a couple by the name of Bell was on the plane headed for Los Angeles from Las Vegas, Nevada. Following a hunch, he radioed



Scott

PRIVATE PREVIEW

the operator and inquired if Mr. Bell was Gary Cooper. Misunderstanding the word "Cooper" for "copper," and knowing Mr. Bell was connected with a copper mine, the answer came back "yes." Then came the fireworks and the ultimate let-down when the *wrong* couple stepped off the plane at Los Angeles, met by fifty or more disappointed people!

P. S. The boys shot a picture anyway, just for luck.



Scott

DRESSLER PARTY

(Top) Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore—Dolores Costello on her birth certificate—at a private preview of Jawn's "Counsellor-at-Law. (Middle) Polly Moran and Monty Malone, her new husband, at Marie Dressler's birthday party. (Bottom) They say they'll wed. Ricardo Cortez and Mrs. Christine Lee.



Wide World

IS THE DAY SET?

ACCORDING to news rumors, Joan Crawford's reason for going to New York was to meet Papa and Mama Tone. Franchot did the honors.

Meantime: "Are you married to Franchot Tone?" "Are you going to be married to Franchot Tone?" These are the questions Joan Crawford answered upwards of a thousand times while she was vacationing in New York. Well, it did look serious. Franchot spent his vacation in New York, too, and the couple were constantly together, but MODERN SCREEN can answer those questions for you.

They are not married now—obviously, since Joan's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not final until the early part of April and Joan says she has no craving to be a bigamist—it would be so awkward!

Good News!

Lowdown on Tone



Acme



Scott



Scott



Scott



Scott



(Start at the top right picture and read across and down) The now formally engaged Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper—at the Club New Yorker. Next—whadya know? Katie Hepburn poses for our Scotty, sharing the snapshot with Elissa Landi, at the United Airport just afore her trip East. Then, Joan and Franchot on their way to the theatre—in N'Yawk. Fourth, Joan Blondell and husband George Barnes—at the Grove. Fifth, Ann Harding in her cyar, leaving the Domino Club tea. And last, Lupe kissing Johnnie as she took for an Arizona location.

“Are they going to be married?” Well, that’s another question. Franchot frankly admits that he hopes so, that he has proposed a thousand times but that Joan won’t give him an answer. Joan, having been so bitterly disappointed by one marriage, says she is afraid to take another chance. But this much you can be assured of—when they are married, or if they have any definite plans for marriage, MODERN SCREEN will be the first to know all about it and will give you the inside story.

AS this is written, Marie Dressler is seriously ill again. You know, some months ago she had a terrific operation in an effort to save her life. The operation was pronounced successful, but Marie has not been entirely well since. Some folks claim that she dabbles too much in astrology and that she is guided too completely by the heavenly stars. She is in almost daily consultation with a woman astrologer who tells her when the stars say she will be sick and when they say she will be well.

Her birthday party, attended by many loving friends, took place before her relapse.

SPEAKING of Miss Dressler’s party, the most interesting fashion note at the party was Norma Shearer’s unique costume. A gold

cloth dress with high neckline and long tight sleeves, topped by a jaunty, very peaked hat of black with a brazen gold quill that extended several inches into the air. Only Norma could have worn it.

CLARA BOW is still—well, Clara Bow. She was the bright spot at the popular Colony Club t’other night, all decked out in a bright green frock, loud orange elbow-length gloves, and topped by very red hair!

MADGE EVANS wants to notify everyone at large that her romance with Tom Gallery is still on. Madge and Tom have been inseparable for ages. The other night when she appeared at a party with Russell Hardie word went around that she and Tom had phuffed. But Russ was merely “subbing,” Tom being away.

YOU’LL soon see Jackie Coogan on the screen again. Not the little chap of “The Kid.” Jackie’s a big strapping college lad now. He plans to make his come-back in a series of collegiate shorts to be filmed during vacations. He has no intention of giving up college.

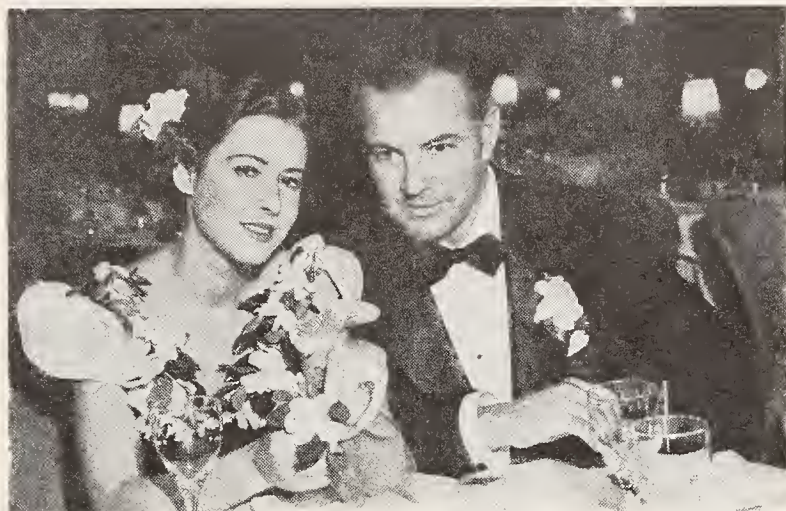
WHEN it comes to love Cary Grant is old-fashioned. Before popping the question to Virginia Cherrill, he hopped over to London to first win the consent of her parents.

and Joan . . . Hepburn's \$10,000 for a day . . . and other shop-talk



Scott

Jean Harlow was hostess at Hollywood's Domino Club tea. There she is with that grand old lady, May Robson, and Anna Q. Nilsson, one of your favorite old-timers.



Wide World

The Thaliens, a toney Hollywood social organization, had their annual frolic at the Coconut Grove. There's Mae Clarke with Sidney Blackmer. They say they'll wed.

NEVER able to get anything but a picture of Hepburn covering her face with her hands, the photographers had a rare treat just before Katie boarded the plane that carried her to New York recently. She posed most graciously for each and every one of the many photographers. Just as they were all beginning to think that the Hepburn gal was all right after all, Katie flung out: "The only reason I'm doing this is because I'll be gone for six months. Just try and get me when I come back!" So you see Katie is still Katie.

And here's further proof. She worked one day over-schedule on "Trigger," her latest. She demanded—and got—\$10,000 for that day.

INCIDENTALLY, Elissa Landi was also at the airport, seeing her mother off. Elissa and Kate looked like twins, almost—both sporting identical brown ermine fur coats cut along swagger lines. Our cameraman, Scotty, snapped the two gals for us, as you can see by the picture hereabouts.

By the way, Elissa will have no more cold, dignified roles now that she's a Columbia star. That studio believes she has all the fire and sex appeal of Harlow, maybe more. They are at present dickering with M-G-M to buy the screen rights of "Congai," which was at one time considered a Jean Harlow vehicle.

And a Jean Harlow vehicle always has plenty of heat!

WONDER what Kathryn Carver (Adolphe Menjou's ex-wife) could have meant when, upon being queried about her romance with Serge Mdivani, she replied: "Oh, this has been going on for years. Poor Adolphe!"

Why "poor Adolphe"? He seems to be getting along very nicely with Veree Teasdale—who, it is stated, will be the next Mrs. Menjou.

Here's a cute story about Adolphe and Veree:

Veree was heard humming in her dressing-room one day. Officials were so impressed they asked her to do some of it before the camera the next day. Never before having lifted her voice in song before an audience, Veree was faint with nervousness. She rang Adolphe Menjou long distance and poured out her troubles.

"Never mind, dear," said Adolphe, "I'll be right over." "Right over" meant traveling exactly one hundred miles during the night. Menjou was vacationing at Palm Springs.

IF his estranged wife agrees, Richard Dix will have his own child appear with him in his next film. This is not at the studio's suggestion but at Dix's own request. He would be thrilled to death, of course,

to have his one-year-old daughter, Mary Ellen, make her debut with him.

LITTLE Anita Louise knows from experience that absence does *not* make the heart grow fonder. She recently made a trip to New York with the result that she almost lost her boy friend, Tom Brown. Jean Parker was the gal who *almost* stole Tom's heart. However, now that Anita's in town again, Tom's more attentive than ever and Jean claims she never was really in love with Tom, anyway.

EVER since that interview with Dick Powell in which he enumerated his requirements for the ideal girl, young Powell has been deluged with bids from gals all over the country. On his thirtieth birthday, he received thirty proposals.

However, it looks like Dick will do his own proposing to Gwen Heller.

ON the heels of the report that Max Baer and his ex-wife, Dorothy Dunbar, may kiss and make up, comes the report that the handsome fighter-actor is contemplating matrimony with Edna Dunham, New York socialite. Following this news, comes another rumor that he is escorting Estelle Taylor (the former Mrs. Jack Dempsey) to the fights. And Estelle used to *hate* fights.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78



NEW WHERE ARE

...Where are the big "box office" successes among today's movie heroes? What is it these new and popular young Romeos lack? Why are there no male Hepburns, Harlows, Sullavans, Wests?

I WONDER if you have noticed, as I have, the amazing dearth of brilliant, sparkling, vital young men on the screen. I wonder if it has occurred to you—as it has to me—that Hollywood is a matriarchy wherein the rulers are decidedly queens instead of kings and where all the glamor and excitement centers around the sleek heads of the women stars.

Of course, there are a few exciting male stars. John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro and, in some measure, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. There is also Gary Cooper and certainly there is Clark Gable, although I think the romantic makings have been lost in Gable's case. He has been cast again and again as male lead for the most glamorous women stars and in this position has shone in their bright reflections. Whether or not he could hold his own in a story in which the male part is the most important role and opposite a more or less unknown young woman, is a question.

However, none of the men I have just mentioned are new. Not since Gable's sudden and electric flash of first popularity has there been any male "box office sensation."

Perhaps you're going to tell me that this is a sterile time for new talent. But consider the women stars. Consider for a moment Katharine Hepburn. And that's something I love to do. Less than two years ago she was an obscure stage actress. Now she threatens Queen Garbo's throne. There are no such threatening male stars. Nor are there any kingly thrones to threaten.

While Katharine Hepburn was climbing that glittering stairway to triumph, Jean Harlow was carving out a niche for herself. She is, in a way, a new star, since it was long after the release of "Hell's Angels" that her full talents were realized. It was in the last year-and-a-half only that she was swept to the dizzy heights.

And, of course, there's Mae West. Voluptuous, tantalizing, sparkling Mae West. Was there ever a greater "box office sensation?" Do you realize that she has appeared in but three films and her name is a household word. Well, maybe not quite anything so prosaic as a household, but certainly her name is more famous—and certainly her face and figure are better known—than Queen Mary's.

And others, too—girls coming up. The lovely Dorothea Wieck and the amazing Margaret Sullavan. Are there any

MEN! THEY...?

By FAITH BALDWIN

On the opposite page, Gilbert, Fairbanks, Sr., the immortal Valentino, John Barrymore, Novarro, Barthelmess, Francis X. Bushman and Wally Reid, all box-office champs. On this page, some of our new men. Good—capable—but, alas! not one of them “box-office” on his own. Bruce Cabot and Preston Foster. Paul Kelly and Cary Grant. Kent Taylor and Victor Jory. Ralph Bellamy and Otto Krueger.

male prototypes? Are there any young men who remotely compare in box office appeal to these women I have mentioned?

Well, let's see. Let's look for new young men.

There are Ralph Bellamy, Bruce Cabot, Bing Crosby, Preston Foster, William Gargan, Cary Grant, Victor Jory, Otto Krueger, Francis Lederer, Douglass Montgomery, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Kent Taylor, Gene Raymond, Robert Young. Should I go on? Should I name any more? I could, for there are plenty of them. There are dozens of handsome, personable young men in Hollywood. And some of them are darn good actors, too. But is there, in that entire list, any for whom you'd wait in line hours to see? Yet in New York I saw a cue of men and women over a block long outside the theatre where Katharine Hepburn is starring in “Little Women.” And it was as much as your life was worth to get in to see “I'm No Angel.”

Of course, Cary Grant was in “I'm No Angel” with Mae. But those people weren't clamoring to see him. Mae West was the attraction. They liked Cary well enough when they saw him, but he wasn't creating the furore.

I wonder why. You can't find anything wrong with these young actors. Both from a standpoint of performance and background they're perfectly okay. They just don't seem to click sufficiently to be box office successes on their own.

THE lives of these fellows are quite as entertaining as the lives of the women. Ralph Bellamy was a Chicago lad who felt the urge for acting so strong within him that he ran away from school to trod the well-worn boards. He has fascinating stories to tell about those troublous and adventurous days.

Bruce Cabot, born Jacques de Bujac, was first exploited in Hollywood as one of the old Boston Cabots—you know, the folks who speak only to the Lowells. His real history is a hundred times more exciting. He is French, Irish and—honest!—Indian. There's an Indian Princess in his family tree. His education was completed in France but he, like Bellamy, ran away to become a ranch hand. He did some professional boxing, broke his nose (which was straightened later) and stopped (*Continued on page 118*)

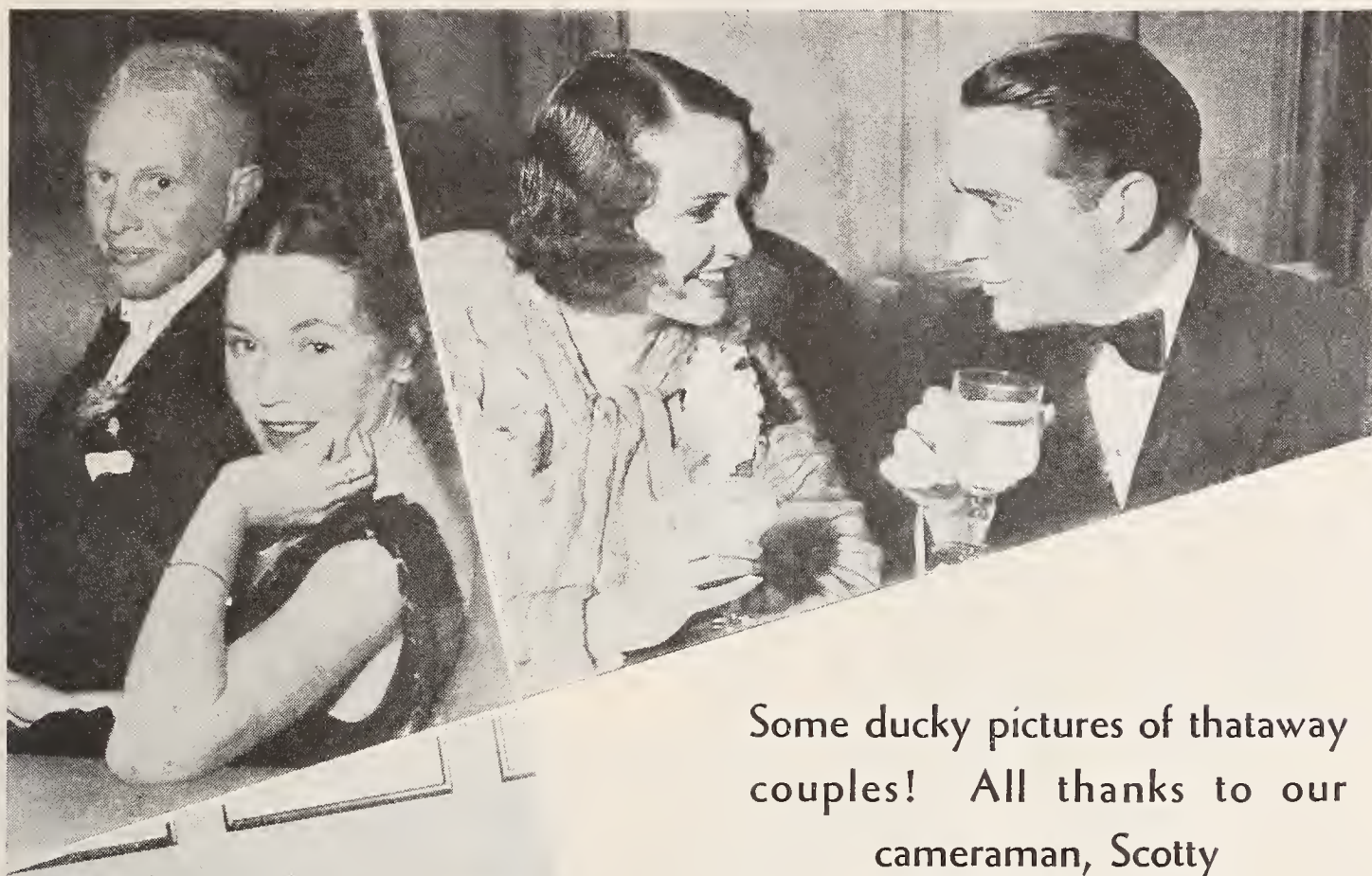




Love Birds

Here, on this and the next page, is more concentrated romance than you'll see for some time to come. (Start above and read around to the right.) First, Dick Powell and Gwen Heller. She's a niece of the brothers Warner. Ver' pretty. Then, Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye—still under the infloonce of Cupid. And Jimmie Dunn with Nora Lane, his latest heart. Then, that devoted Darby and Joan—Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. And finally, who else but Boots Mallory Cagney and husband Bill.





Some ducky pictures of thataway couples! All thanks to our cameraman, Scotty

(Start with the picture above and read around to the left.) Mary Brian and Donald Cook—will she marry him, do you really think?—at the Repeal Party at the Embassy Club. Then, Johnnie Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan. And—very much on fire—Russ Columbo and Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane. George Raft and—who do you think?—Marjorie King. And Hoot Gibson with blond little June Gale who has apparently taken Sally Eilers' place in Hoot's life.



YOU LEARN TO KNOW THEM— WHEN THEY'RE CLOTHES SHOPPING!



(Above) It happened the day that Irene Dunne simply had to have a fitting while on location. Mr. Greer, perched in the tree, certainly suffered that time. (Right) Mr. Greer rid Ann Harding of her inferiority complex about clothes. (Further right) Read about the time Clara Bow nearly gave the fitter fits.

IT is quite unusual to get any star to admit that she doesn't know how to wear clothes. As I look over my famous autograph book of all the stars who have come into my shop and whose clothes I have made either for personal or professional use, I discover that most of them are not only interested in clothes, but feel that they know almost as much about them as the designer.

Not so Ann Harding—whose signature strikes my eye as I sit here thumbing the pages of the book and telling you everything I have learned about the stars I have known.

Ann Harding came into my shop one day in search of clothes for her picture, "The Animal Kingdom." After awhile she said, "Oh, what's the use! They're all lovely, but I'm just not a clothes-horse. I never have been, I never will be, and the clothes won't look as they look on the mannequins when I wear them."

We tried to encourage her and I must say that the fittings went very well. We were careful to keep her in dark colors and simple lines—she cannot wear anything extreme—and she began to be enthusiastic about the



... A further installment in the fascinating series, "I've Dressed Them All." See your favorites' fads and foibles revealed by one of Hollywood's ace designers

By HOWARD GREER



(Above) Can you imagine Lil Tashman being nervous? Just because she had to model some wonderful gowns? Lil who adores clothes—and wears 'em like nobody's business? Well, she was nervous. In fact, she was petrified. (Left) A girl who honestly and truly doesn't give a whoop for clothes—Barbara Stanwyck. Which doesn't prevent Mr. Greer from liking her a whole lot.

clothes and to lose her inferiority complex about them.

As soon as the picture was finished she came back to the shop and bought a great many things for her personal wardrobe. Some time later she called me one noon and said, "I've just found that I have a ten-day vacation, so I'm going to fly to Havana. If you can possibly finish the navy blue polka-dot with the hat and gloves to match, I'd like to wear them on the plane this afternoon."

We had had two fittings and there was very little finishing to be done. Miss Harding came in about three o'clock. We dressed her and she left the shop very gay and cheerful, little suspecting that during her holiday her life was to be endangered when—for hours and hours—she, her secretary and Alexander Kirkland drifted on a wrecked fishing boat upon a sea infested with sharks.

In fact, it was one of our dresses which made the unfortunate trip with her on the fishing vessel. Perhaps you remember the account of how Kirkland had her take off her skirt so that he could wave it and signal a passing boat. It was this signal that brought their rescue. And had this been a theatrical drama instead of a real one

the program note would have read—"Gowns by Greer."

Years ago, when at Paramount I made a great many of the clothes which Clara Bow wore in her earlier pictures, I shall never forget the first time she came on the lot. Then, she was comparatively unknown, and Victor Fleming was testing her for a part. She went on the set and Fleming gave her instructions. Instead of doing what she was told, she raced before the camera, vaulted a chair, ran her hands through her wild hair and acted like a real tomboy.

THE rushes of that test were thrilling. They caught the spirit of the Bow that was to be—and Fleming was one of the first to realize what could be done with her.

Years later, after all her troubles, when she was attempting a come-back in "Call Her Savage," we made clothes for her. The appointment was made for a Saturday afternoon. The shop is always closed on that day, but it was the only time during the week that Clara could give us. My fitters were in the workroom waiting and I was in one of the upper salons. I had left the front



POLLY MORAN—YOU'RE A BAD GIRL!
ANNA MAY WONG — YOU'RE SMART!



door open so that Clara could get in without difficulty.

Suddenly I heard a deep bass voice calling, "Is anybody here?" I leaned over the balcony rail, peered down into the darkened foyer and asked, "Who's there?"

"Mrs. Bell," the voice answered, and it was a few seconds before I understood that it was *Mr.* Bell announcing Clara. It always seems strange to hear an actress, whose name is known the world over, called by her married name. Yet Ruth Chatterton is called Mrs. Brent and Kay Francis is known as Mrs. McKenna to a number of people.

During the following week we had occasion to go to Clara's house for another fitting. It was a huge estate, situated in vast lawns and avenues of trees high above Hollywood. The interior of the house did not live up to the exterior by any manner of means. It was heavily and ornately furnished, for Clara had rented it "as was" for a few months.

The scene and I were taken upstairs to Clara's bed-

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the only time I had a mannequin than my girls that afternoon was when Lilyan Tashman modeled at one of my openings. I begged her to appear only for the one "grand opening day" and she graciously consented.

One of my regular mannequins had a slithery black evening dress and I duplicated it in white for Lilyan. The two of them appearing on the little stage together and the effect was as startling as it was novel. There was also a street suit of black and white on a mannequin and on Lilyan I did the same model in white and black. She wore, in all, eight different gowns during the performance. At the opening were not only all of the big stars, but my Pasadena and Santa Barbara customers as well.

When the salons were full, I went backstage to tell the girls that they could begin and I found Lilyan walking the floor in an agony of stage fright, with her teeth chattering violently. Imagine Lilyan Tashman—the poised, the sophisticated, the woman of the world who has faced hundreds of cameras—behaving this way. Never in her entire career, she confessed, had she ever known such terror. No stage or screen (Continued on page 90)

Lee Tracy talks to you frankly, honestly, about that much publicized "insult" to Mexican cadets. I think, because of the great expense to M-G-M in scrapping work done on "Viva Villa," the actor involved should have a chance to "talk up." Thank you, Lee. —*The Editor*

LEE TRACY'S EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT TO YOU

To the readers of
MODERN SCREEN:

I have no apology
to make to anyone.

In the first place,
Mexico has forgiven and
forgotten my hilarious
conduct while a guest
in their country. Mex-
ico actually is unable to
understand the unfor-
givably bad publicity meted out to me
by uninformed members of the press.

Hollywood, however, is not quite so
charitable. Making mountains out of mole-
hills, creating rumor stories out of thin air
seems to be the favorite indoor sport of
our best gossipers.

I have always considered Hollywood a
town of fair, regular people, willing at all
times to come to the aid of a fellow
associate and friend. I have changed my
mind about that now but to my few
staunch friends and the readers of



MODERN SCREEN I
want to make the fol-
lowing statement.

I did nothing shame-
ful or disgraceful while
in Mexico. I was fully
clothed. There was no
balcony.

I was in a hotel room
seven stories above the
ground, peering over
an iron grating that reached to my chest.

Thanks to MODERN SCREEN for their
usual gesture of fairness in allowing me
this opportunity of thus speaking my heart
to their large body of readers. I hope
I have assured my friends that my actions
while in Mexico were the careless and
natural actions of a hilarious young fellow
who should have known better.

Reviews

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES



By WALTER RAMSEY

•• ROMAN SCANDALS (GOLDWYN-U.A.)

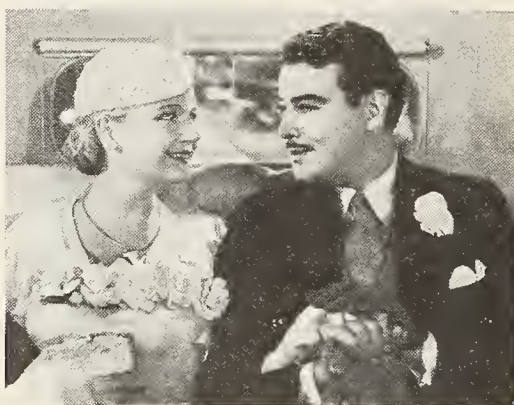
Eddie Cantor, Verree Teasdale, David Manners, Gloria Stuart.

TREMENDOUS: This picture cost \$1,000,000—and it looks like a million dollars. Give producer Sam Goldwyn credit for going so far out of his monetary way to give us such an expensive and beautiful picture in these times. A bouquet for Eddie Cantor, too, for taking a chance with such a departure from the usual routine in musical comedy. He did a swell job!

Beautiful girls (in fact a million dollars worth of them alone), gorgeous backgrounds, exceptional photography, funny situations (instead of gags), a new slant on ensembles, a whole company of creole cuties (the real thing) and two hit songs: "Build a Little Home" and "Young and Beautiful." That's what you are going to see when you pay your money for "Roman Scandals" and the laughs are so good they will tide you over for a couple of weeks.

Of course, it takes place back in B.C. and the action is all done up in those cute around suits the gents used to parade around in plus the flowing robes of the gals. And a chariot race! There's something you'll be sure to remember for a long time.

Eddie does an even better job than his last smash hit, *The Kid From Spain*



(Above) Eddie Cantor and Gloria Stuart in "Roman Scandals." (Left to right) Joan Crawford, star of "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone. Ann Harding and Nils Asther are to be seen in "The Right to Romance." Robert Young is also in the cast. Next, our own Jimmy Cagney with Mae Clarke in "Lady Killer." Rowdy, but funny.



—and those of you who laughed through that picture will know what we mean. Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale and David Manners contribute their bits in swell fashion.

We can't recommend this one too highly. It merits your patronage and we're sure it will get plenty of it. See it!

•• COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (UNIVERSAL)

John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Onslow Stevens, Melvyn Douglas, Isobel Jewel.

EXTRA SPECIAL: "Better than the stage play," seems to be the opinion of all who see this exceptional picture. That's saying a lot. The story was brought to the screen by Elmer Rice, the author of the stage version, and he does himself proud.

John Barrymore as the "Counsellor" is superb. The story shows the reaction of the lawyer, who started from the lowest of beginnings, to his sudden power and riches gained from his legal practice. The action takes place in the expansive suite of offices in which Barrymore and his partner welcome the rich and poor alike. The story is about

the various clients, some fabulously rich, others terribly poor, gangsters and crooks.

The Counsellor has married into society (Doris Kenyon) but his natural tendency towards the people of his former background turns her against him. She plans divorce. Not being able to face the defeat (after his other successes), the lawyer attempts suicide. He is saved by his secretary, Bebe Daniels, and in the end it really looks like the middle-aisle for them.

Universal has done a fine job on this picture, sparing nothing to make it a real success. The actors are all perfectly fitted for the story (even to casting Lee Tracy's girl friend, Isobel Jewel, in the role of the switch-board operator, the part she played on the stage in Los Angeles) and we're sure



(Above) Bebe Daniels and John Barrymore appear in "Counsellor-at-law." (Right to left) Lionel Barrymore and Alice Brady in "Should Ladies Behave?" Joan Blondell, Gordon Westcott and Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City." Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, and Charlotte Henry is the heroine in "Alice in Wonderland."



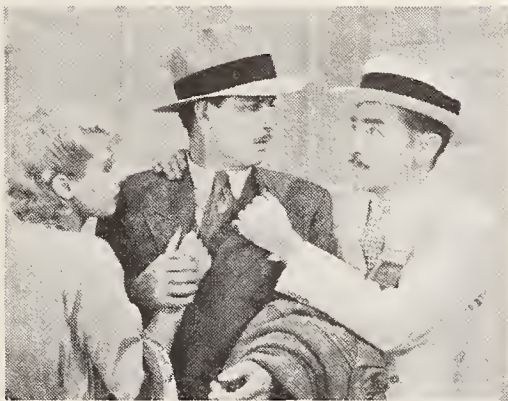
you'll remember her fine performance. You're a cinch to like this one. It has everything to make it top-notch entertainment. Don't miss it.

•• CONVENTION CITY (FIRST NATIONAL)

Adolphe Menjou, Guy Kibbee, Joan Blondell, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Dick Powell.

SCREAMINGLY FUNNY: Here's a picture that will drive away the depression blues. It's a laugh riot and the situations come so fast that you hate to see "The End" flash on the screen.

It seems that all the salesmen for the Honeywell Rubber Co. are going to Atlantic City for a convention, the



main business of which is to elect a new sales manager. Guy Kibbee *might* have gotten the job if his wife had been allowed to stay and watch over him, but Menjou sends her a fake wire and that leaves Kibbee the "prey of the dames!" It looks as though the job is all sewed up, but when the announcement is made by the president, Frank McHugh is given the job. The reason he is promoted is so funny that we wouldn't want to spoil your evening by revealing it here.

Menjou, Kibbee and Joan Blondell divide the honors. The story and the acting, the laughs and the situations will give you one of the most enjoyable hours you've had at the movies in a long time. Run, don't walk!

• SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Alice Brady, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Carlisle, Conway Tearle.

MARVELOUS ENTERTAINMENT: Alice Brady at her very best, excellent dialogue, a story that will send you from the theater still smiling over the hilariously funny situations and delightful performances.

DON'T MISS—

Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"

John Barrymore in "Counsellor-at-Law"

James Cagney in "Lady Killer"

Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore in "Should Ladies Behave?"

Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in "Dancing Lady"

Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City"

Joe E. Brown in "Son of a Sailor"



Married to a man much older than herself, Alice Brady is hoping that she can save her daughter (Mary Carlisle) from the same fate. Mary, however, happens to have a falling-out with her youthful boy friend just as Conway Tearle arrives on the scene. It appears, for a time, that daughter will fall for Conway (mean-old-mans) Tearle and thus do a repeat on the Brady-Barrymore "May-and-December" business.

While not quite as sophisticated as *When Ladies Meet*, we are sure you will find *Should Ladies Behave?* just as entertaining. Actress Brady is even more gushy and brimming over than she was in her former sensational performance. You'll really like her a lot.

We advise you not to miss this one—and you can even take the kids if they are old enough to enjoy it.

• DANCING LADY (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Fred Astaire, Ted Healy

GOOD MUSICAL: When one finds Clark Gable and Joan Crawford together with Franchot Tone in the same picture, it looks like a "natural." Add to this, however, May Robson, the dancing genius of Fred Astaire and the fun of Ted Healy and his stooges and you have a string of naturals. It's the old back-stage theme, but *Dancing Lady* has so much more honesty than most of its predecessors that it all but heads the list. You have a hunch you
(Continued on page 80)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



LIKE EDISON, VICTOR JORY ONCE WORKED AS A NEWSBUTCH ON A TRAIN.



MARIE DRESSLER NEVER WENT TO SCHOOL.

(IT IS VERY SIMPLE FOR HER TO COUNT UP TO 3,000 A WEEK NOW, THO.)

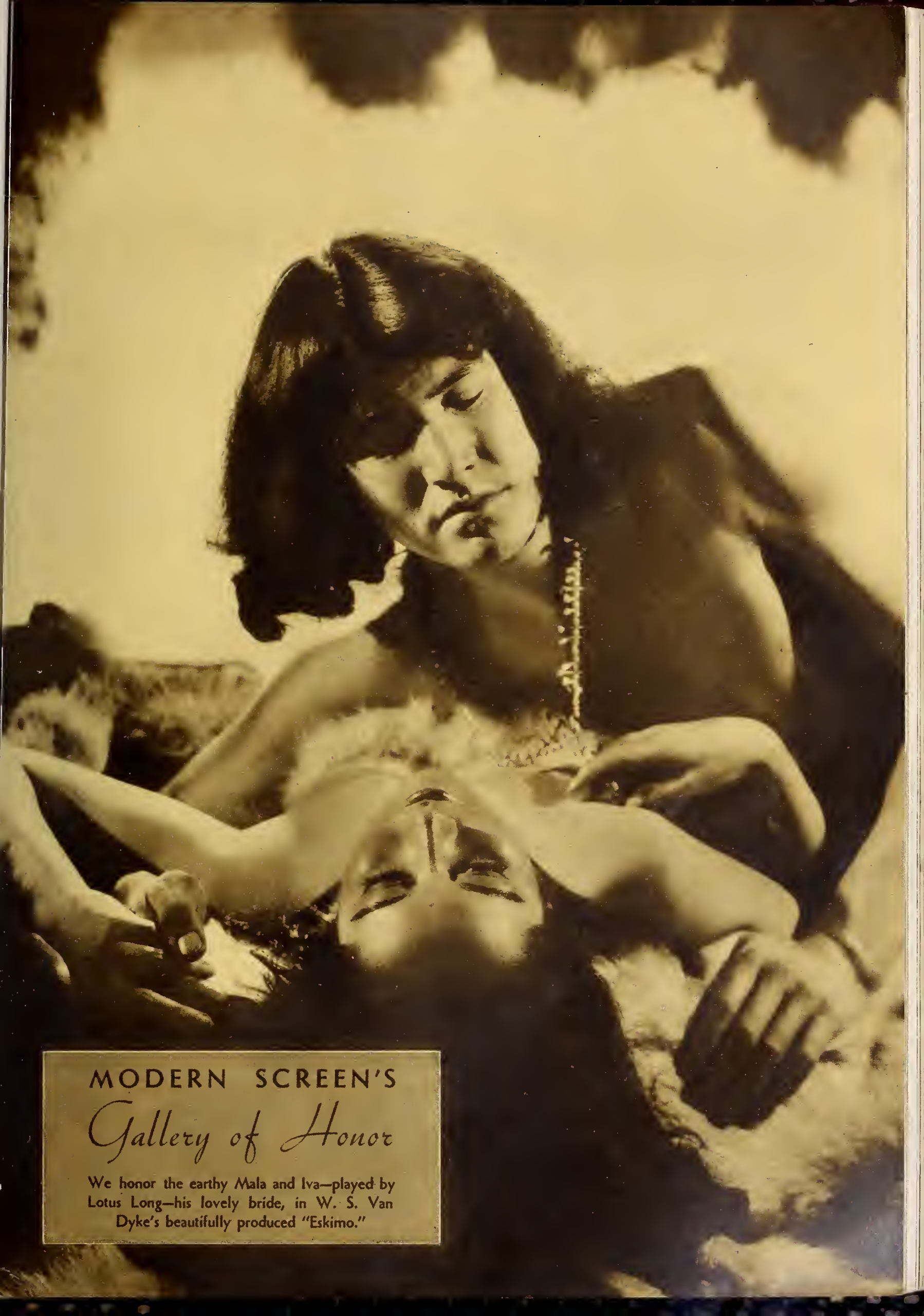


BUSTER FIELDS, 6, LEARNED TO SPELL OUT HIS NAME FROM SEEING IT IN LIGHTS.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A MINOR STREET ACCIDENT TO GET MARLENE DIETRICH'S ATTENTION WHEN SHE IS OUT FOR A WALK... HER EYES ARE ALWAYS STRAIGHT AHEAD.



JAMES DUNN MADE \$10,000 SELLING LUNCH WAGONS IN NEW YORK — AND LOST IT IN 10 MINUTES IN THE STOCK MARKET.



MODERN SCREEN'S
Gallery of Honor

We honor the earthy Mala and Iva—played by
Lotus Long—his lovely bride, in W. S. Van
Dyke's beautifully produced "Eskimo."



(Above) Gloria Stuart, you're lovely. Eddie Cantor, you're so amusing. Congratulations too, upon movie-conferencing with President Roosevelt. Ruth Etting, you sing so beautifully. We honor you all—you've made "Roman Scandals" a rare treat. (Below) We haven't seen Katharine Hepburn in "Trigger." But we hear tell she's as magnificent as she was in "Little Women."





(Left) John Barrymore, we're glad you were given the role in "Counsellor-at-Law" which Paul Muni played on the stage. It's the "take-the-stage and steal-the-scene" sort of part you deserve. And you're swell in it. (Right) And you—Alice Brady — everything you've done has been gorgeous. "Broadway to Hollywood." "Stage Mother." And now you're grand in "Should Ladies Behave?"



THERE was once the Great God Baal. His demands were rapacious, omnivorous—and always gratified.

Today—we have the Great God Studio.

His demands, too, are rapacious and omnivorous and sometimes very strange. He, too, is always gratified.

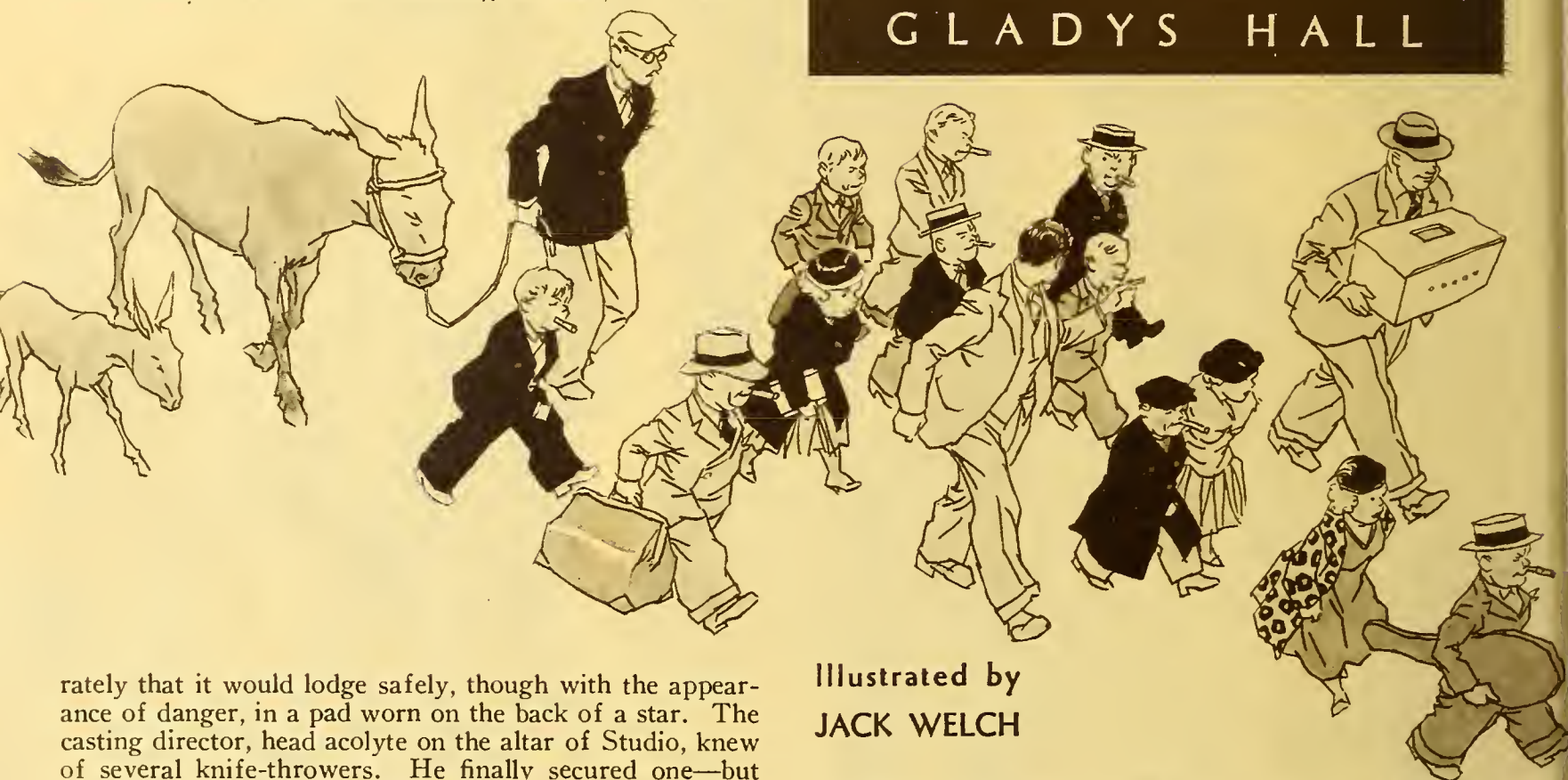
Sometimes the demands of the Great God Studio are amusing. The god is in a playful mood. As when M-G-M was making "Today We Live" and an order came through for cockroaches, for *giant* cockroaches, for cockroaches that would not require the extra footage of close-ups to disclose their identities. The prop men, who are among the acolytes on the altar of Studio, were hard put to it. Cockroaches of easily photographable dimensions are not prolific.

It then occurred to one bright lad to breed for a bigger and better race. The cockroach family reproduces rapidly. Two specimens of Herculean proportions were acquired. And only two. These two were bred. The Mendelian theory, or what have you, worked correctly. In no time at all a strapping family of cockroaches sprawled, with gratifying prominence, before the cameras.

Came the day when Studio demanded a gentleman who could throw a knife with unerring accuracy. So accu-

THE GREAT GOD STUDIO

By
GLADYS HALL



rately that it would lodge safely, though with the appearance of danger, in a pad worn on the back of a star. The casting director, head acolyte on the altar of Studio, knew of several knife-throwers. He finally secured one—but not at the price his budget allowed. You see, knife-throwers use a fine discrimination as well as a fine blade. They suit the price to the person knifed. They will throw knives at a stunt man, or stunt woman, for five dollars per day. They will throw knives at an extra for ten dollars per day. But they charge from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day for throwing knives at a star. And the price that they demand for knifing a star depends upon the importance of that star. Their reasons are sound as well as purely psychological. They figure that a stunt man has iron nerve; that he will neither wince nor swerve to one side, thus running the risk of the knife lodging elsewhere than in the pad he wears for that purpose. They figure that extras are hardy stock, desperate for work and liable to follow directions explicitly. They also figure that if any extra should be injured production would still go on. But if a star should wince or swerve to one side—then woe to the knife-thrower! Woe, also, to the cost of production. And they figure that a star is the worst risk because of the sensibility and delicate fibre of the stellar race.

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

SOMETIMES the sacrifices demanded by the god are sacrifices indeed. As the time when he felt a yen for a man with hair all over his body, like a bear's. The casting director and all of his assistants thumbed their call books in vain and in pain. They sent forth their emissaries upon the face of the earth. They found, after weeks of fine-combing, such a man selling groceries in an open air market. They spotted him first because of the air of great dejection he wore and also because his limply open shirt collar revealed bristles of hair that, surely, answered their god's demand. This man was about to lose his job, he told them. He had his mother to support. He also had a sweetheart, it was revealed, of a most romantic turn of mind. She favored such smooth and golden lads as Phillips Holmes. He had long kept the secret of his bearish hairishness from this fair maid of his heart. If he appeared in a motion picture—Well, he had, then, to make a choice. He must sacrifice his personal vanity and his sweetheart or he must sacrifice his mother's comfort and peace of mind. He succumbed to the god and pride bowed to filial duty.

Along about the same time came a call for a man who, when sitting on a chair, would resemble any man of normal proportions but who, when he rose from a chair, would tower some six foot six or seven in the air. He had to have, you see, abnormally long legs and an abnormally short torso. Such a man was found, amusingly enough, in the collection department of a large department store. By such a simple psychological feat were recalcitrant customers frightened into paying their past-due bills. They would be summoned to the collection department to account for their delinquencies. They would find an average looking man seated behind the desk. They would attempt to bluster and brazen it out. Then, silently, the man would rise and a giant would tower formidably over them. It appears that the trick was sound. The startled customers would open their purses and check books and offer up the arrears to the Gargantuan man.

There was the time when the god called for a man who would be a crack shot. He must be able, rumbled the deity, to shoot a cigarette from out the mouth of a star at any given number of paces decided upon by the director. Such a man, said the acolyte, was easily procurable. He had the best to be had right in his call book.

The acolyte telephoned the crack shot. Only to learn that he had just shot a cigarette out of his wife's mouth that very morning—and had (Continued on page 96)

"Bring me some pigs who will not grow!" cries the god. And, lo! The pigs appear. Or it may be a man with a body all covered with hair, a double of Lloyd George, or three Negroes with Harvard accents. He gets them!





WHAT



(Opposite page) Lela and Ginger.
(Above, left and right) Ginger at seven.
When she and her mother were living
in Kansas City. The other picture
was taken when she was three—just
about the time of the kidnapping.
(Left) Sitting pretty for "Sitting Pretty."



GINGER OWES HER MOTHER . . .

By JIM TULLY

. . . Cheerfully—almost blithely—Lela Rogers fought the world for Ginger. It was a battle which demanded brains and good old-fashioned grit

HER right name is Virginia Rogers. She is called Ginger. Her father's parents were aristocratic slave owners in Missouri. They disapproved of their son's marriage to Ginger's mother.

The inevitable happened.

Seven months before Ginger was born, her parents separated. Lela, her mother, was under twenty years of age. A country girl from Iowa, she decided not to return home, but seek a living elsewhere as best she could.

With ten dollars and a battered valise, she left quietly one evening at dusk. Her destination was Independence, Missouri, fifty miles away.

The car stopped in front of the court house, and the expectant young mother left her valise in the care of a kindly cigar store attendant, and walked about the small pastoral town until she came to a small, quaint house that had a "for rent" sign near the door. It was owned by the lady next door, and the rent was \$20.00 per month.

The young mother of the future screen star paid \$5.00 to bind the bargain, and went to purchase her few necessities, and obtain her valise.

That night there was a terrible storm. The rain lashed against the windows, and when it abated, the young woman heard a scratching at the window. It was a black

cat. Lela opened the window and took it in. The cat purred in gratitude. She called it Ebony. They began life over again together. It was present in the house seven months later when Ginger was born, and became jealous of the baby; but that, as Kipling would say, is ahead of the story.

WHEN the girl went in search of work next morning, she passed a newspaper office and asked the owner for a job.

Surprised, he at first refused her. Later, as they talked, he offered her the position of soliciting advertising, and reporting the stray activities of the little town. Her salary was to be \$8.00 per week.

Overjoyed, she went to work.

None of her family knew what had become of her. As her marriage had become impossible, neither was her husband aware. She often thought of telling her mother, but by some strange quirk, decided to fight it out alone.

She became a favorite in the town. The owner of the paper and his wife treated her as a daughter. As month followed month, and the time for Ginger's birth drew near, no one asked questions. Fine tribute to the chivalry of the inhabitants of that little Missouri town.

Six weeks before the child was born, the mother was sent to cover an art exhibit in Kansas City. While waiting for a street car she accidentally met her father and mother. They accompanied her home, where Lela remained until the child was born. Complying with her mother's entreaties, the young wife consented to a reconciliation with her husband.

He came to Independence. Through his wife's influence in the town, he was given a position, which he held eight weeks. In the five years of their married life, he had twenty-eight jobs.

Soon her life in the little town was over. With tearful farewells she accompanied her husband to Texas, where he had been given a job as strike-breaker.

Daily, the mother lived in fear that her husband might be killed by irate strikers. At last, when Ginger was three years old the mother again left the husband and went with the child to Dallas, Texas.

In a few days she made a bargain with the owner of a hotel. He would allow her a room and board if she did the stenography and book-keeping for the hotel. Given credit for a desk and typewriter by local merchants, she was soon established in the lobby of the hotel as a public stenographer. Ginger played for hours in the lobby, while her mother worked.

A year passed and the young woman was again making a success of life alone and all unaided.

ONE day her child was stolen from the lobby of the hotel. The frantic mother did not know which way to turn for help. When all efforts to find the child had failed, the mother received a letter which said, "Surely you are not the bad woman your husband paints you, or your baby girl would not cry for you all the time." The letter was unsigned, but it told where the child could be found.

The mother engaged an old man as driver of an automobile, bought a revolver and went in search of her child.

Arriving at the town and locating the house, she waited patiently nearby until her husband left. Then, after a desperate struggle with her husband's mother, she obtained the child by force, and hurried in the waiting automobile from the town.

Hiding in a secluded place by a river, she bathed and soothed the child, and pondered on her future.

She would leave the Texas town, and hide herself and child somewhere else.

But first, she must return for her few belongings. As she arrived in the town at dusk, an evening newspaper carried a photograph of mother and child, and the story of its being retaken by the mother.

Late that night, with the help of a few friends, she left

secretly for Kansas City, where, save for some months in Washington during the World War, she remained with Ginger until the future actress was about eight years old.

When word came that Ginger's father was quite ill, and the young girl pleaded to see him, the mother forgot all her fears, and took the child to him. It was not for long. Within a week, with his wife and child again near him, he was dead.

Strengthened by the impulse of her daughter, and by having helped her wandering husband in his last hours upon earth, the mother decided to return to Dallas with Ginger.

She sent a letter to the hotel proprietor who had been so considerate years before. And the mother and child boarded a train, which was to take them not only to Dallas, but to a destiny undreamed.

They were met at the station by two men and a woman, the hotel proprietor and his wife, and the aging man who had helped Lela to recover Ginger.

Mrs. Rogers returned to her stenographic work in the hotel. She had always loved to write, and now, with Ginger in school, she tried her hand at short stories. After constant effort and much discouragement, the young widow sold a story to a national woman's magazine.

In the meantime, she had gathered the threads of her life together. The editor and his wife who had been so kind to her in Independence still corresponded with her. The editor read her story, and wrote to his friend, the

editor of a Dallas newspaper, telling of her ability and of her work while in Independence.

Much to her surprise one day, she received a letter from the Dallas editor, offering her a position as reporter.

DURING the years of stress, a great comradeship had grown between mother and daughter. That night they discussed the future. Should Lela take the newspaper job or not? She was happy in her work at the hotel.

"I'd go to see him, mother," said Ginger, "you can never tell what's around the corner."

Just then the bell rang. The friend who had helped Mrs. Rogers find Ginger entered. The woman and the girl discussed the problem with him. He looked kindly at Mrs. Rogers.

"You ain't losin' your nerve, are you?" he asked.

The question settled the matter.

She accepted the editor's offer.

In eighteen months she was promoted to the position of dramatic editor of the paper.

In this new work, Ginger accompanied her mother to the theatre whenever possible.

Then a vaudeville dancer of no great ability, whose name is now unknown, (Continued on page 86)



Quite a contrast, these two pictures—what? The small one was taken in 1926 when Ginger was thirteen—and a Charleston contest winner.



MYRNA LOY IN MARBLE

The fascinating revelation of one star who is immortal—because of a great monument. An unusual story which you cannot afford to miss

By JACK HILL



The "Spirit of Education" group outside the Venice Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles. The lovely central figure was modeled by Myrna Loy—five years ago. (Above) A head of Myrna Loy, done by H. L. Winebrenner, the sculptor of the "Spirit" group.

A BEAUTIFUL screen actress in classic marble! For five years, her figure has been the central figure of California's one and only allegorical group—admired by countless thousands—and she has never said a word about it.

And Hollywood, which believes that publicity is more important than the vitamin family—A, B and C combined—is stunned. The cinema village is accustomed to secrets—secrets about engagements, marriages and divorces—yet expects even these guarded facts to find their way into print. And they do!

That any Hollywood-broken star or featured player would deliberately, and for five long years, conceal material that would merit center position in rotogravure sections the world over, seems incredible to the picture boys and girls who consider first page photos better art than Mr. Rembrandt's very best and most famous efforts.

"Why, Myrna!" gasps Hollywood. "Why did you—how could you?"

And in answer, Miss Loy smiles calmly, enigmatically, and goes serenely upon her mysterious way.

And if Hollywood is stunned, consider the officials of the big celluloid factory where Miss Loy faces the grinding cameras. For five years the beautiful statue has stood almost within the shadow of the studio—so close in fact, that one could have batted a golf ball from the statue through the windows of the publicit department. And never a word about it—because no one knew.

Which just isn't like Hollywood.

MISS LOY'S silence might be better understood if other screen favorites had been perpetuated in classic Carrara. But she alone enjoys that distinction. Any other actress would have (Continued on page 91)





Lovers

Lovers, we hasten to add, for screen purposes only. For otherwise, it wouldn't be quite right for Johnnie Weissmuller to let Maureen O'Sullivan, in "Tarzan and His Mate," cling to him in such a way (on the opposite page) while (above) his new wife, Lupe Velez, is evidently having a high old time in "Joe Palooka" with James Cagney's brother, Bill. To Lupe's right, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March are considering seriously the import of the picture's title—"All of Me." (Right) Mae Clarke is doing her best to vamp Jimmie Cagney for the purposes of "Finger Man." (Below) George Raft and Helen Mack in "All of Me." And Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in "Trigger."



BEHIND THE SCENES OF



... Come backstage into fairyland! Get the surprise of your life when you see "big names" delighted with bits! And marvel at the sweet and friendly spirit "Alice" has brought to Hollywood!

By JACK JAMISON

THERE is a story behind every picture, but what a sweet story—what an *unbelievably* sweet story, for hard-boiled Hollywood!—lies behind "Alice in Wonderland"!

How did a studio ever happen to decide to make a sentimental, fantastic, nursery tale picture like "Alice"? A story written by an English mathematician and scholar, Charles Dodgson, sixty-odd years ago. Written out painstakingly, in longhand, for a little girl who was a friend and neighbor of his—a little girl really named Alice.

Gangsters, musicals, comedies, sex appeal, yes. Eddie Robinson, the Marx Brothers, Mae West, yes. But—a delicate, sweet story, all whimsy and fancy and delicate nonsense.

"I was interested in the possibilities of making a picture from the book for years," Louis Lighton, associate producer for Paramount, told me, to my surprise, when I asked him. "I had brought up the idea before, and this time I kept at it until it was finally accepted." Nobody was sure just how the picture ought to be made—a musical, an extravaganza, or what. About making it, in one shape or another, there was no doubt. A dozen hard-boiled studio business men, sitting around a conference table, all *wanted* to make the picture!"

And, as soon as they decided to go ahead and make it and lose their money, it turned out that there were simply dozens of people who had dreamt of a movie of "Alice" for years and years. Norman McLeod almost got down on his knees to beg them to let him direct it. Norman McLeod, who turned out Marx Brothers comedies! But fully ten years ago, when Norman was a struggling artist drawing the little cartoons that used to appear on the old Christie Comedy subtitles, he pleaded with the Christies to make "Alice in Wonderland." The Christies came within an inch of doing it, too. And no sooner was Norman given the chance he begged for, his life-long ambition, than the studio got another surprise.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"



On the opposite page, Charlotte Henry as Alice. (Below) Mr. E. E. Horton gets a kick out of his role of the Mad Hatter. Across the top of the two pages: Charles Ruggles as the March Hare. Ford Sterling as the White King. Roscoe Ates as the Fish. Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty. Louise Fazenda, swathed in inner tubes, as the White Queen. Baby Le Roy—the lamb!—as the joker, with May Robson, the Queen of Hearts. Two pictures of Gary Cooper—you'll have to take our word for it—as the White Knight. And Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie—we don't know which is which, either—as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee.

THE casting office announced that there would be no starring part in the film—only bits. What big-name actor or actress would play a bit? And then they got their surprise! They were simply flooded with requests. There were sixty-eight hundred applications for the part of Alice. Every famous actor in the country, who could get free, volunteered for smaller parts. They stormed the studio. They volunteered to take any salary to do anything. Dick Arlen, for instance, drove in four times from Palm Springs, a hundred miles each way, to land the part of—a cat!

And when they *got* their parts, you'd have thought they were a lot of kids on the last day of school! You should have seen them, as I did, getting their costumes—Roscoe Ates a fish, W. C. Fields Humpty Dumpty, Skeets Gallagher a white rabbit, Mae Marsh a sheep, Polly Moran a dodo bird, Ned Sparks a caterpillar! Kids! Whooping and yelling at each other! Even the wardrobe department and the make-up men caught the spirit of the thing. The costumes follow the original illustrations of the book down to the tiniest detail. The make-up is the most miraculous you've ever seen.

Alison Skipworth swept out of the wardrobe in the cumbersome robes she wears as the Duchess, her face hidden under a grotesque, heavy, airless mask. Charlie Ruggles—looking equally silly as the March Hare—laughed and gave her a poke in the ribs.

"What d'you think of it, Skippy?" he asked her.

"Young man, it's Hell. H, E, double L! But"—she glared at him—"just you let me see somebody try to take this part away from me, now that I've got it!"

I don't think I will ever forget the first day on the set. The scene was the interior of Alice's room, where she falls asleep and, in her dream, steps into the magical world of wrong-end-to, behind the looking-glass. The huge lights blinked on, and the director called for places. The scurrying grips and propmen hushed their clatter. Behind the cameras, out of the way, stood dear old Alec





(Top, left) On the set. Jackie Searle as the Dormouse. Alice. Make-up expert Wally Westmore touching up Mad Hatter Horton. And Charles Ruggles without his March Hare head-piece. (Top, right) Alice walks through the enchanted forest, with Baby Billy Barty in her arms. (Circle) Alison Skipworth offers her Duchess mask some refreshment.

B. Francis, Edna May Oliver, and Ford Sterling, watching. They were all in costume. Alec, as the King of Hearts, wore the robes you can see on any playing card. Ford and Edna, as the White King and the Red Queen, were toggled out as chess pieces. The cameras rolled. Alice stepped through the looking-glass, into a room in which—because it was on the other side of a mirror, supposedly—everything was backwards. The titles on the books ran backwards. The clock ran backwards. Everything

—just as the gentle Charles Dodgson, who called himself Lewis Carroll so his fellow scientists wouldn't laugh at him for writing fairy-tales, thought it up for his little friend Alice, in England so long ago. And Alec, and Edna May Oliver of slapstick humor, and Ford Sterling, who started as a Keystone Cop, hardly breathed! So delicate was the creation being wrought before them, they were afraid to move for fear of shattering it. Their eyes were far away, looking back into the years of their own childhood. Only when the scene was done did they stir. And then white-haired Alec Francis sighed, and whispered:

"Beautiful!"

Just that one word.

YOU have probably heard about how little Charlotte Henry got the coveted role of Alice. A small part in a picture called "Courage," and another in "Huckleberry Finn" made the sum of her Hollywood experience. She is seventeen. (She looks fourteen.) There were not only the sixty-eight hundred applications, but six hundred interviews and fifty-two screen tests already made. Other tests were coming in from England and Canada. She came into the studio, and the production staff took one look at her and gasped. They thought the Alice of the

book was coming to life right before their eyes. After they saw Charlotte, there was never any question as to who would get the part—and that's a fairy-tale story, too.

The picture took two months to finish—two months of work that went on day and night. So unusual were the trick shots called for by the script that even Paramount employees were barred from the vast, cloth-roofed arena where most of the scenes were taken. Two policemen stood at the door, always. I spent several days with the company, and I should

like, here, to thank the studio for its courtesy to MODERN SCREEN's readers. I consider it a privilege to have come in contact with one of the finest things Hollywood has ever done—for "Alice in Wonderland" is all of that!

Everybody in the company felt—just as I did—that they were being granted one of the rarest experiences they had ever had, or ever would have. I visited the set again in the fourth week, after a month of gruelling work had been done, and made the rounds. I chatted with person after person, asking them what they thought of it. They were tired—terribly tired—and there was still a full month to go. But May Robson told me—she was celebrating her fiftieth year on the stage at the time—"This is the nicest anniversary present I've ever received." Gary Cooper said, "Playing the White Knight is the biggest thrill I've had since I've played in 'Wings.' No matter what I ever do, from now on this is it!" Louise Fazenda was positively glowing. "I would have turned down ten pictures for this. Everybody has caught the spirit of the thing. It's marvelous, the way we're working together." The wife of Hal Wallis, production chief at Warners, Louise doesn't need to act for a living. She was playing the White Queen because she loved it; had loved the book ever since she was a little girl. Everybody was like that.

Including the set-designing (Continued on page 113)

JOE SAYS A MOUTHFUL!



. . . The first time he saw his mouth on the screen, he shouted, "It's a lie!" But it's made him rich and famous

Joe E. Brown with one of his lovely little daughters, Mary Elizabeth, and their pups.

By
NANETTE
KUTNER

JOE BROWN, not any Joe Brown, but Joe E. Brown, invited me to breakfast.

Over the telephone, his manager delivered the invitation.

"He'll be there, right on time," said the manager. "You'll recognize him, won't you?"

"How can anyone help but recognize him with *that* mouth?" I retorted.

The manager laughed. At the time I did not know why. I know now. You see, I failed to recognize Mr. Brown.

The restaurant where we planned to meet is one of the oldest in Chicago. I sat near the front tables. Only one was occupied. I watched for Joe E. Brown. Presently, my eyes wandered over to the sole eating occupant.

He was a neat-looking young man. His brown suit was neat. His dark hair was neatly parted in the center, and plastered down upon his head. His mouth was a long neat slit above his chin.

A cashier, standing near-by, and seeing me stare, smiled. "I wouldn't have known him in a thousand years," she said.

Then, suddenly, I knew. The neat-looking, pleasant-

faced young man was none other than Joe E. Brown.

But where, I wondered, where in the world was his mouth?

Later, I asked him that question.

THANKS for the compliment," he said. "The first time I saw myself on the screen, I wanted to get up and holler, 'It's a lie!'" He winked, and continued seriously. "I get my effects by playing up to my mouth, by exaggerating it. I twist my mouth, in fact, I twist my whole personality to fit whatever part I'm playing. I know that sounds trite, and perhaps it's silly, but it's true. I once did a sketch in the Greenwich Village Follies. It was an adaptation of that O. Henry story—the one about the man who wants to go to jail and can't get arrested. Up to the last bit I clowned around, but at the final curtain, when I was supposed to be out in the street and cold, I paused for a silent second, the lights dimmed, up went my coat collar, and believe me, I actually *felt* cold! It's just as important to feel a funny part as a dramatic one, and don't kid yourself about that!"

"How did you happen to capitalize your mouth?" I wanted to know.

(Continued on page 105)

The Private Life of a Crooner

By WALTER
RAMSEY



DICK POWELL, who puts an end to the idea that a man can't have curly hair, a high tenor voice and play "romantic juveniles" without looking silly, was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, long enough ago to make him twenty-eight years old last November 14. He began to howl the second he was born and kept it up for the early years of his life. As soon as he stopped howling, he began demanding money—for chopping wood, for singing "Casey Jones" to the aged station master, for anything and everything he did.

The Powell family (there were two brothers—Howard and Luther) moved about Arkansas during Dick's early life, finally settling in Little Rock. Dick went through the usual boy phases—the bad phase, the thoughtful phase, the movie-struck phase, the studious phase. Ending with the sheik phase. And what a sheik he was! It was while he was out a-Romeoing one night that he first became conscious of his voice. A little blonde re-

marked about it in admiring terms. So, when Master Richard was kicked out of high school, he forestalled paternal wrath by hastily announcing that he'd kinda like to study—er—singing.

It worked—and Dick joined the choir, sang at weddings and funerals and made out pretty well. He bought a sax and played in the local hotel orchestra. He organized an orchestra of his own—the Peter Pan. It was, he says, terrible. The "big chance" came—an offer to go to St. Louis to sing in a real professional theatre. He went—and his act flopped colder than yesterday's pancakes. The audience, it seemed, had been judging singing contests for three weeks. But it was all very depressing, just the same.

THE return to Little Rock, after the disastrous appearance in St. Louis, was a blow to the Powell pride as well as his glowing ambitions. It was the first real opposition to his plans he had encountered, and it temporarily soured him on the artistic career of a tenor. He was glad enough to accept the \$125 monthly job with the local telephone company in the commercial department. He began to have definite ideas of eventually rising to the vice-presidency of the Amer-

In his Toluca Lake home, where, believe it or not, Dick Powell spends more evenings than he does in the night spots of Hollywood.



... Dick Powell as a young business man. And as a young husband. The big break—and the break that was bigger still. Good-by to romance! And tips on keeping one's head in Hollywood

ican Telephone and Telegraph Company from this lowly beginning. He preferred the vice-presidency to the presidency as it had always seemed to him a more high-falutin' title.

At the age of twenty, Dick was hitting the high spots of Little Rock night life pretty speedily. His income from his job plus the added boon of his choir and solo work (which he had kept up in spite of the St. Louis fiasco) netted him a pocketful of spending money every thirty days. He considered himself, and was considered, quite the Man-About-Town with his vivid, low-swung roadster, his elaborate and colorful wardrobe and his speaking acquaintance with every *maitre d'hotel* in town—both of them. Though his world was not, perhaps, the sensationally successful existence he had planned before he took off for St. Louis, it nevertheless had a definite oyster flavor. He was satisfied, if not exactly exuberant.

It was with a perfectly clean and untroubled outlook that he started out one Spring evening to the monthly P. I. E. (Perfect In Everything) dance. How was he to know that before that fateful evening had passed, disaster would set in; that an armful of calamity named Mildred Maund was due to

completely upset his peace of mind and his happy, self-centered existence?

HE saw her the minute he entered the room. He couldn't have missed her. In the first place she was a stranger in the group, and as such, stood out like a beacon light among the familiar local debbs. But far more important, she was the most gorgeously beautiful girl he had ever seen. It was typical of the Powell confidence, that as king bee of the stag line, he cut in on her long before someone got around to formal introductions. She raised her dark, soft eyes and drawled, after the manner of Southern belles, "Aren't you a little previous?"

"No," he replied, "I'm years too late." He added the popular slang phrase of the hour, "Where have you been all my life?"

It turned out she had been in Louisiana—that she was in Little Rock visiting her aunt—and that he could call her Mildred. But such statistics were irrelevant and unimportant compared to the antics of

During the Richard E. Powell, Tenor, phase. When he was singing at the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville. And a young wife was being very lonely.





the Powell heart. He had heard of love at first sight, but he'd never believed in it. Now it had happened to him like a ton of bricks...like an earthquake...like an internal volcano.

No one else danced with Mildred Maund that evening. By some improper maneuvering he even talked her original escort out of taking her home. Long before he left her at her aunt's modest little cottage, he knew he was completely torpedoed.

The next three weeks he was worth about \$.25 of the \$125 the telephone company paid him. Out of office hours he was constantly with Mildred and during office hours he conversed with her over the telephone. It had been a source of great irritation when he discovered she was on a party line. With his pull in the company he had it switched to a straight line immediately.

Just three months before Dick turned twenty-one they eloped!

It was all as romantic and glamorous and exciting as their whirlwind courtship had been. Dick's pal, Jimmy Burnett, had been going with Mildred's girl friend. And one night, over ice cream sodas, the four decided to make it a double wedding the next afternoon. But when it came right down to the time and hour, Jimmy and the girl friend were not so sure. Dick and Mildred were. They were sure that this blinding infatuation, this electric attraction between them, was the sturdy stuff which bound lives together—forever. Whether or not they were temperamentally suited, just what plans they had for their life, where they were going from *there*—all those matters were of no importance compared to the ecstasy of their emotions.

In the late afternoon of May 28 they were married in the court house at Benton, Arkansas, by the Justice of the Peace. No one knew of the marriage—not even their families. They returned to Little Rock the same afternoon and were so anxious to keep the Big Step a secret that they didn't see each other for three days.

But this was not the Powell idea of a honeymoon and at the end of the third day he told his family of his marriage, fully expecting the roof to fall on his head. It didn't.

(Above) The Royal Peacock Orchestra, which was responsible for taking Dick away from the Little Rock Telephone Company into the Big Time. Dick is 'way over on the right, nursing a trumpet. (Right) Dick, with Mary Astor and Adolphe Menjou, in "Convention City," Dick is delighted with his chance to do other than singing roles.



His father said, "Well, son, you know best about that."

And his little mother said, through a misty smile, "I should think you'd bring my new daughter home to me."

For the first time in his life Dick became aware that his mother and father were *persons* as well as parents. And pretty darn sweet, understanding persons, too.

With this expected hurdle of family opposition safely and calmly passed, the young Powells decided to go on a honeymoon. Dick had \$150 in cash and a brand new Ford roadster. Their destination was Memphis, Tennessee; where they planned to visit Mildred's relatives.

THEIR first night at a hotel along the way, Dick, a blushing groom, signed the register with his name only. The clerk looked at him oddly. "Well, what about the girl?" Red with embarrassment, Dick added "Mrs." to the book. It was his first realization of being truly a married man.

They never reached Memphis. It was clear in the second stop-over that their \$150 would never stretch that far. Neither of them had ever before tried to make \$150 reach anywhere. They decided to use their remaining \$35 for the return trip to Little (Continued on page 94)



Dot Wilson, ex-typist, has one.

... Just a long black cigarette holder. The late Edgar Wallace would give one to a person he liked. What magic is in them that they should have affected their owners as they did?



Joel McCrea's was thrice-lucky.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THESE *charmed* GIFTS?

By VIRGINIA
T. LANE



A miraculous escape, Mr. Dix.

AT first, of course, all of us thought it was due merely to coincidence. But you don't have the same coincidence happening eight, nine and ten times.

What is back of it all? I can't tell you. I can only relate what actually happened and let you judge for yourself.

Some time ago, an amazing man came to Hollywood. He set every writer agog by casually turning out during a single week-end four of the best scenarios ever handed a producer. Edgar Wallace was noted for being the most prolific scribe in the world. Imagination? I've heard him spin yarns that would raise the hair on the back of a rhinoceros. He had the reputation of being able to dictate three different stories to three stenographers during the course of a morning's work. He would tramp up and down the room, switching from one story to another without a break.

I suppose he walked from ten to fifteen miles over that carpet every day. Pacing . . . pacing. And always puffing at a cigarette. He never took time to brush away the ashes and, so that they would not fall on his vest, he had black cigarette holders made, eighteen inches long. Hundreds of them. If he liked you, he'd give you one as a memento. Here in Hollywood he must have given away fifteen or so. After his sudden death they became the treasured possessions of the friends he had

made around the studios. He had a knack of making friends, this bland, mild-mannered Englishman. Looking at him, you would never suspect him of being the author of those grand keep-you-awake-at-night books. Nor would you think of him in connection

with mysterious adventures in Africa and breathtaking Arabian escapades. But he could scent out adventure even on the most prosaic corners in the world. He was that type. He had a flair for living, for bringing good fortune to those with whom he was associated.

And after his death this quality lived on. Every person who received one of those long ebony cigarette holders experienced some marvelous piece of luck during the year following his death.

IT sounds fantastic. But it's the truth. Each holder has become a sort of talisman that you couldn't get the owner to part with for thousands.

There was Dorothy Wilson's strange case, for example. She was called in to do typing for Wallace. A neat, personable girl, Dorothy. But not essentially different from millions of other stenographers. She was careful with her work. She took pains with it. Wallace, in appreciation, gave her a tip—and a black cigarette holder. At the time, she thought nothing of it. Just tucked it away in her dresser drawer. (Continued on page 88)



WHAT *lovely* CLOTHES, SYLVIA!

Sylvia Sidney is a living and pictorial example of the girl who wears her clothes to perfection. Her taste is beyond reproach. 1. Attired with all formal dignity in one of the long, Victorian looking, sheer wool wraps. 2. A cocktail or dinner dress in velvet, trimmed with a simple row of rhinestone buttons. 3. Sylvia's frock of dark red nubby wool, caught quite simply at waist and neck with heavy gold cording, is a strictly daytime dress. (On the opposite page) 4. A velveteen suit in dark red with a Queen Elizabeth collar setting off Sylvia's piquant face. 5. Now see her change her character completely in the Grecian evening dress of silver-shot blue crepe, girdled with a long dark red sash. 6. A black velvet hostess gown brings out all the demure qualities in Sylvia. Finally, in pictures 7, 8 and 9, you can see other views of the gowns Sylvia wears at the top of the page—other views which show the great variety of charm which each well chosen costume is capable of creating.



DOUBLE-DUTY *outfits*

By MARGERY WELLS



(Above, left to right) Jean Muir, one of the new Warner players, wears a blouse of flat crêpe. You can see at a glance that it is adapted from the 1890 shirtwaist which gave the girls of that day their historical distinction. There is the jabot, the high neck (not too high) and the—well, you know—regular shirtwaist sleeves. Much of the old charm remains and even much more of modern fascination is added. Then Margaret Lindsay does her satin blouse in more tailored fashion. She'll wear it with a tailored skirt or suit. Now Ruby Keeler, once and for all establishes the beauty and smartness of the shirtwaist formal frock. Silver brocade bodice with black velvet skirt—and that's just all there is to it except the dash and newness of the cut.

(Below, left to right) To make the silver brocade bloused evening dress into a truly acceptable restaurant dinner dress, Ruby Keeler has had the taste to add a jacket of velvet specially designed so that the ends of the scarf fall through large buttonholes. Then she adds a wide belt of velvet to give the jacket form and shape. Joan Blondell adapts the blouse idea to an informal plaid sport coat worn over a brown silk blouse and with a tan flannel skirt. Again, the shirtwaist idea comes into its own with strictly classic tailored togs as worn by Mary Brian. Her suit is composed of a striped gray skirt and solid gray jacket, while the top coat is one of those gray tweed mixtures. And the whole covers a blouse which has an ascot tie for a finish.



Some elementary clothes arithmetic! One skirt multiplied by two blouses plus one jacket equals three or four costumes

TWO dresses where originally but one bloomed—maybe three dresses, even four. That's the way a blouse has with a costume. And it comes like an angel bearing gifts just at this season.

For haven't the prices of dresses soared? Then juggle your blouses in combination with a skirt and, behold! you are presenting a new appearance each time you step out.

Don't think for a moment that economy is the only factor. Not at all! The blouse and skirt combination is high, high style. Better to break your color and material in the middle for any outstanding style of the day than to let it flow in an uninterrupted line—unless you are too, too rotund.

The accepted procedure goes like this: buy a two-

piece dress or a single skirt. See that its fabric is beyond reproach, guaranteed for a long life and a hard one. For this time of year—yes, almost any time of year, the fabric should be a light-weight woolen of some dark or neutral tone—black, brown, gray or tan.

Now, go creative on your blouse combination with this self-same skirt. The possibilities are limitless. You can be restrained and inconspicuous in the mornings with a blouse of rough crepe, to match or to contrast, simply made; giddy in the afternoons with one of satin in a lighter tone; flamboyant toward cocktail and dinner time in one made of glistening brocade. You can even be sporting in a blouse of striped or plaid cotton—all with the original skirt.

Take the black beginning (Continued on page 92)

Patterns

(Right) Una Merkel's most useful swagger suit. We have had a pattern of this suit cut for you.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

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—coin preferred. 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, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



4004

4004—Here you are—Una Merkel's tweed suit with its very tailored little blouse. Good for sports or street wear. Use the blouse material to face collar and cuffs. Sizes 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.

4005—The simple frock of bright tanned silk or light wool is just right for wear under a winter coat now or a spring one later. Sizes 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.



4005

4006—Blouse and skirt—accepted lines for spring shirtwaist attire. In silk, cotton, linen or wool it makes up beautifully. Try it in necktie silk for ultra smartness. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19.



4006

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of

their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

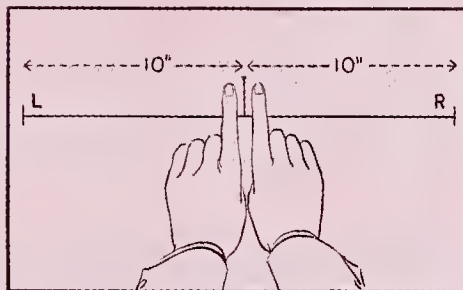
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

**CAMEL'S
COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**



HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE
YOUR TASTE



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The most human picture of Garbo that we have ever seen! What is making her look so serene? Is she that glad to be back at work? Is the talked-about romance with Rouben Mamoulian flourishing? It's good, Greta Garbo, to see that tragic look gone from your eyes!

TWO-SKIN treatment solves age-old problems

*Wrinkles now known to
begin in UNDER SKIN*

*Dryness corrected by
treating OUTER SKIN*

You have TWO SKINS!

That's the surprising fact which explains where skin faults really begin. The skin faults you dread most. Lines. Wrinkles. Dryness. Roughness!

In your *under* skin, lines and wrinkles have their earliest beginnings. By the proper care of this skin, you can prevent them.

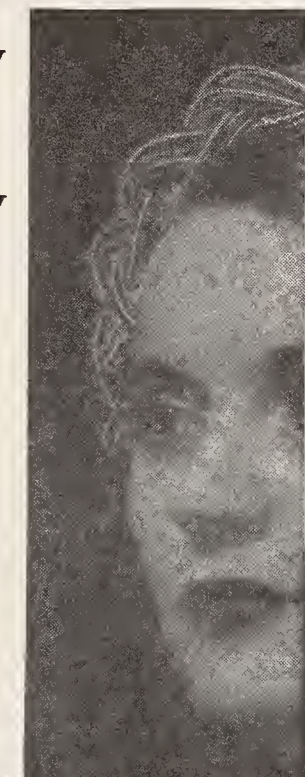
In your *Outer* skin come dryness, roughness, chapping. You can keep this skin moist, satin-smooth by using a cream made especially for it.

Here's the way:

Oil Cream for the Under Skin—Because your under skin shrinks when its oil glands fail, your outer skin falls into little lines and creases—eventually *wrinkles!* For this under skin Pond's Cold Cream was made. Oil rich. And penetrating! This glorious cream sinks deep, reaches the under skin. Supplies the oils it lacks. Soon your under skin grows firm. Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

Because this cream is rich in oils and penetrates so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser. Your skin feels wonderfully fresh and clean, as well as toned after using it.

Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin—To keep your outer skin moist and smooth, an entirely different cream was made—



UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START



OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS

Mrs. Henry Field of Chicago. Thrillingly beautiful, one of Society's smartest women, Mrs. Field uses Pond's Creams. She keeps her under skin firm with Pond's Cold Cream, her outer skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream. Quite greaseless, this cream contains a marvelous substance which actually *restores* moisture to the skin. It smooths away roughness in one application, and is a godsend for preventing or healing chapping. Being greaseless, it makes a heavenly overnight cream. It is the most delicious founda-

tion cream—holds your powder beautifully.

Use these wonderful creams day and night just the way beautiful society women do. Soon see your complexion glowing with life and vitality—satin-smooth and free of lines!



For your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream. *For your Outer Skin*—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless, corrects dryness.

SEND FOR 3 DAYS' TREATMENT

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. B, 136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Three Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name

Street

City State

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



SMOOTH—GLOSSY

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



SOFT—SPONGY

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.



WRINKLED—DISCOLORED

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunk under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!



MRS. F. COOK
of Verona, N. J.,
writes:

"Baby's Cough soon stopped— thanks to the Doctor's advice!"

● "My poor little baby coughed night after night," writes Mrs. Cook. "It was awful. Then doctor said to give her Pertussin. I did—and it was wonderful how soon the hard cough stopped."

THE tissues of your throat and bronchial tubes are kept moist and healthy by millions of glands—like tiny water faucets. But when you "catch a cold" these glands clog up.

Thick mucus collects. Your throat feels tickly—dry. You hawk and you cough, but nothing is "raised."

To stop a cough, you must get these little moisture glands working again. And Pertussin does just this!

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin, doctors have found, stimulates the glands—starts up the flow of their natural moisture. Germ-laden phlegm loosens—your throat feels soothed and relieved. Nature, with the help of Pertussin, has started to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for years, even for the worst of all coughs. It won't upset the digestion. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs.

Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin right away?



BABIES NEED PERTUSSIN when they cough. And it's so safe! "I use it for my own family," one doctor writes. "It always does the work," writes another. Try it—you'll like its taste!

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors
for 30 years . . . It works safely!

Let's Talk About Hollywood

Sylvia's "parent" trouble . . . Diamond Mae's heart of gold . . . Mr. Arliss' synthetic furs . . . and other camera coast news and chatter and such

BARBARA STANWYCK is fighting desperately against permanent lameness as she prepares for her next picture, "Gambling Lady."

Although Barbara absolutely refuses to talk about her present trouble—and few, if any of her friends are aware of her battle against pain and the possible lasting effects of two studio accidents—it is known that she is in possible danger of having to sacrifice her career to lameness.

Two years ago, while making a picture, one of the huge studio overhead lights fell and struck her on the head and her back was injured when she was accidentally dropped while being carried to the studio hospital. Shortly after that, she was thrown from a horse while making another picture. This also affected her back. These two injuries have kept her in constant pain ever since and recently she suffered further from a complete collapse while on personal appearances in Boston.

Being a great little trouser, however, Barbara is making a valiant attempt to regain her health so that "the show may go on." She sleeps strapped to a specially-designed board which relieves pressure on the injured bones and spends four hours daily under special lights and X-rays. It is generally understood that unless the injury is carefully treated, it might result in a shortening of one leg and a permanent lameness.

Those who know of her painful injury and her game fight to overcome the handicap are praying that she will not overdo in making this picture. We're pulling for you, Barbara. We want you to keep on making swell pictures for a long time to come.

Baby LeRoy's vocabulary, which up to now consisted of the word "Nuts," now includes "Oh Boy" and "Hot Dog"!

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S real father, unheard of for over fifteen years, recently turned up to haunt her successful days with demands for money, a new home for his present wife and children OR ELSE!

Sylvia was born "Sylvia Kosow" one year after her mother married Victor Kosow. The marriage lasted only a few years when Mrs. Kosow sued for divorce. In 1919, Sylvia's mother married Dr. Sigmund Sidney and in 1922 they adopted little Sylvia as their own daughter.

"The first time I met my father since I was a small child was in 1932," says Sylvia, explaining her present position.

"I came to New York to see his attorney. Father was late to the appointment and we greeted each other coldly. Father said that I would have to help him. He wanted a home, said that I could buy him one for about \$15,000. and I refused. I offered him sums of money to be paid from time-to-time, but he refused even this.

"All during the time that my mother and I were in desperate need of help. Mr. Kosow was nowhere to be found. Not once did he offer any help or even come to see us. Now, that we are rather successful, he comes to haunt us with threats to set aside the adoption on the grounds that he was never served with the proper papers. He told me that if I didn't 'come through' that he would make it hard for me, saying that he had several friends who were newspaper writers or columnists. I don't think I owe him a thing. My real father is Doctor Sidney as he is the only one who has ever treated me like a father should."

Sylvia won the suit.

Five years ago Joan Crawford said, "I wish I could really wear clothes in a smart, nonchalant manner." Look at her now!

MRS. BING CROSBY isn't tempted to do any professional singing these days—by request. Indeed, by her crooning husband's request.

When last the popular pair visited New York, the former Dixie Lee entertained a friend by playing a record she made for an important phonograph company. During the process, Bing's heavily lathered face emerged from the bathroom.

"Listen, Dixie, are you going to do the singing for this family," he demanded, "or am I?"

"You, Bing dear," replied the little woman who, like all little women, has a way of knowing the right answer.

"Very well," quoth her lord and master, who forthwith raised the record over his head and brought it down on the victrola in a hundred pieces, "I guess that settles it!"

It did.

WHERE are those pictures you were going to send me?" wrote Mrs. Harvey to her famous Lilian recently. Which request concerned the star greatly, for the "still" department had received orders to send a copy of each photograph taken of her to England.

Investigation proved that the instructions had been carried out. Lilian wrote (Continued on page 122)

"Her headaches and tired feeling disappeared—"

reports the famous
DR. OLIVIER TAILLANDIER
of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris

● Dr. Taillandier is consultant at l'Hôpital de la Salpêtrière, Paris. He describes a typical case from his own practice, below.

● Dr. Taillandier—gastro-enterologist—noted contributor to the French "Bulletin de la Société de Biologie". . .

Below, this authority describes a typical case from his practice. He then adds:—

"When intestines grow tired, poisons seep into the blood. The effects are often noticed in headaches, loss of energy . . .

"We have at hand a remarkable food—yeast—with an astonishing effect on constipation. Yeast stimulates Nature to do her own work in purifying the system . . . Improved general health results."



● "This patient had headaches and tiredness. The whites of her eyes were yellowish..."



● "Her tongue was coated. She confessed to me that she had been using cathartics..."



● "Manual examination and X-rays showed she was constipated. I prescribed yeast..."



● "It restored her elimination to normal. Her headaches and tired feeling soon disappeared."

"It did me more good than all the pills and laxatives I'd tried—"

"I'd always lived an active life," writes Mrs. Lee Steil, of Seattle. "Then, marriage—and home duties. I lacked exercise. I developed sick headaches. My skin was bad. I read what doctors said about Fleischmann's Yeast, and started to eat it. My appetite picked up. The headaches stopped. My skin cleared."



DID you know that headaches—like indigestion, bad skin, a coated tongue, that "tired feeling"—may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your *intestines*?

If your head aches often, go to see a doctor, by all means. BUT—if you are at all constipated—don't wait to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Probably it's just what you need!

Eaten regularly—3 cakes a day—

Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and stimulates your "tired" intestines. It also softens the wastes that have accumulated there.

Then, as your bowels start to function normally again, you feel so much better. Digestion improves. You have more energy. You *look* better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestines be-

gins to reflect itself in your skin.

Isn't it well worth the effort? Then do try it. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and each cake is rich in *three* health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

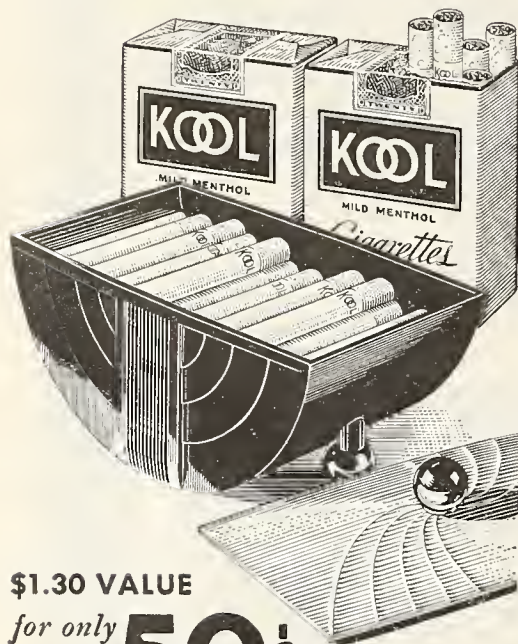
Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water. Starting now!



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

STUNNING NEW
CIGARETTE BOX

and

TWO PACKS OF
KOOL
CIGARETTES

\$1.30 VALUE

for only **50¢**

THIS cigarette box is a beaut! Sleek lines, dashing color combination. It's an eye-catching ornament in a living-room or on an office desk. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes.

It sells for a dollar in high-class specialty shops along Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Body lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite; lid contrasting jade green; legs and knob silvery chromium-plated balls. (Lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh.) Makes a wonderful gift. No advertising on it.

KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a special process that actually cools the smoke to prevent throat dryness, but doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. And **KOOLS** are cork-tipped; won't stick to lips.

The supply of boxes is limited. You will save 80 cents if you act immediately.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
Dept. I., Louisville, Kentucky

Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money-order or coin—if latter, please protect) for which send me—postpaid—KOOL Cigarette Box (no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES.

Name _____
(print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____
Good in U. S. A. only

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 49)

are getting the "lowdown" rather than a flock of hokum—more humor and realism than ever before.

Joan plays the young dancer who places her career ahead of marriage. She starts as a "strip-tease" in a burlesque and works up by sheer hard work and courage. Gable is the stage producer, who finally gives her a break after she has pestered him almost to death. Joan doesn't know that playboy Tone is really backing the show and so promises him that if she fails in this opportunity she will marry him. He shuts off the supply of money and of course the show can't be produced. Gable finally pulls the game out of the fire by putting his own money into the deal.

Joan looks gorgeous and dances and acts well enough to make you forget her last few attempts. Gable, whose illness almost kept him out of the picture, brings a note of realistic irritability to the tired and harassed producer. Franchot does well, especially with the Crawford love scenes, and you're sure to like him.

Of course, you'll go to this one (who would miss a chance at Joan and Clark). It's good!

• BLOOD MONEY (20th CENTURY)

George Bancroft, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler, Judith Anderson
Blossom Seeley.

GOOD ENOUGH PROGRAM-MER: Here we have George Bancroft—back again after a too-long absence—in a story that just misses being a great one. It has action, comedy and everything to make it click big, but the audience is left to figure things out too much for itself.

Bancroft is a bail bond expert, a "front" for the underworld. Your peep into the inside of this racket will leave you with the feeling that you've "been places." He has always been in love with a gambling Queen, Judith Anderson, but along comes a society gal, Frances Dee, and through her love for excitement and her penchant for stealing and lying, she puts Mr. Bancroft's heart behind the eight ball. In fact, he almost loses his head, heart and body behind the eight ball!

The Queen's brother, however, sticks up a bank and George is asked to put up bail. He does and while Chick is "out" he takes George's new society gal away from him. There is where the fun starts. Bancroft quits the underworld, turns to the law and starts to clean up the town. The way the gang finally tries to put him on the spot is thrilling and when the Queen saves him, you're glad they've got back together again.

This little picture won't start any conflagration, but we have a hunch you'll enjoy it just the same. It's not particularly for the kids. See if you're

not wondering where Frances Dee has been all your life, she's that surprising!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (PARAMOUNT)

All-Star Cast

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT: The press preview of this little "epic" was too long drawn out and a final cutting may help a lot. As it stands however, everyone works hard, gives their "all" and you feel like saying: "So what?"

It seems that we've had so much ballyhoo on this picture that we are expecting a lot. Maybe too much! Anyway, in the form we saw it, it isn't what we'd call good entertainment because, while many of the individual scenes are swell, the complete picture is rather gawky and trying on the nerves!

They say they "tested" 10,000 girls to get Charlotte Henry, that they were using every star on the lot (they did use Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth, Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, Polly Moran, etc.) but it didn't seem to make any difference! They all work hard, do their stuff well, but the results left us cold.

What we saw was a jumble of cartoons, parts of *Alice In Wonderland*, and a lot of other things mixed together. Nothing convincing at all. Those few incidents that were sure to go over big were too drawn out to result in anything but yawns! The parts about *Humpty-Dumpty* and the *White Knight*—the story of the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter* all suffered alike.

We understand that they have cut this considerably since we saw it and improved it tremendously. So we hope you'll have a better time than we did.

• RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO)

Ann Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza

GOOD ACTING: The theme of this picture doesn't measure up to the fine acting and the excellent dialogue, but we think you should see it.

Ann Harding, as the over-worked plastic surgeon who is "seemingly never out of her uniform," yearns for romance. While on a vacation, she allows youthful Robert Young to fall in love with her and then tries to halt the romance by returning to her job in New York. You guessed it! Bob follows her by airplane and they marry. The marriage breaks up Bob's romance with Sari Maritza and Chemist Nils Asther, who has been silently in love with Ann for years, is flabbergasted. Bob, however, is too "hey-hey" for surgeon Harding and the marriage fails to take. Harding looks particularly levelly and does a fine job. Robert Young is good and Sari Maritza is gaining ground. The only false note in the casting is Nils Asther. He's all

too romantic for a "silent lover type."

If you can pass up a fairly skimpy story in favor of good acting, we advise this one but the kids won't like it.

SITTING PRETTY
(PARAMOUNT)

Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers, Thelma Todd, Gregory Ratoff.

THIS movie of a couple of song writers in Hollywood has, as its chief merits, some swell songs and a really marvelous fan dance number staged against a background of mirrors. There is little else. The cast is hampered by the poor story. You may find this a bit dull.

• **SMOKY** (FOX)

Victor Jory, Irene Bentley, "Smoky."

THE star of this picture is a horse, "Smoky." We meet him first as a colt and follow him through his tragedies and his final wind up at the slaughter house. The story is well told and the picture beautifully handled. Even the most hard-hearted will shed a tear or two. Cast consists of Victor Jory, a cowboy, Irene Bentley and Frank Campeau. Children and horse lovers will enjoy this immensely.

THE FRONTIER MARSHALL
(FOX)

George O'Brien, Ruth Gillette, Irene Bentley

DIFFERENT from the usual horse opera in that there's more down-right enjoyable and very competent acting and less cross country gallops. George O'Brien is the young "dude" who, by a flash of courage, becomes marshal of the little hamlet, "Tombstone." He starts a general "cleaning-up" and winds up by exposing the real villain, the town mayor, of all people. Ruth Gillette is the heart-throb, Irene Bentley the vamp, Berton Churchill the mayor, Alan Edwards the meanie and George E. Stone the owner of the town Emporium. O'Brien followers will want to see it.

MASTER OF MEN (COLUMBIA)

Jack Holt, Fay Wray, Walter Connolly

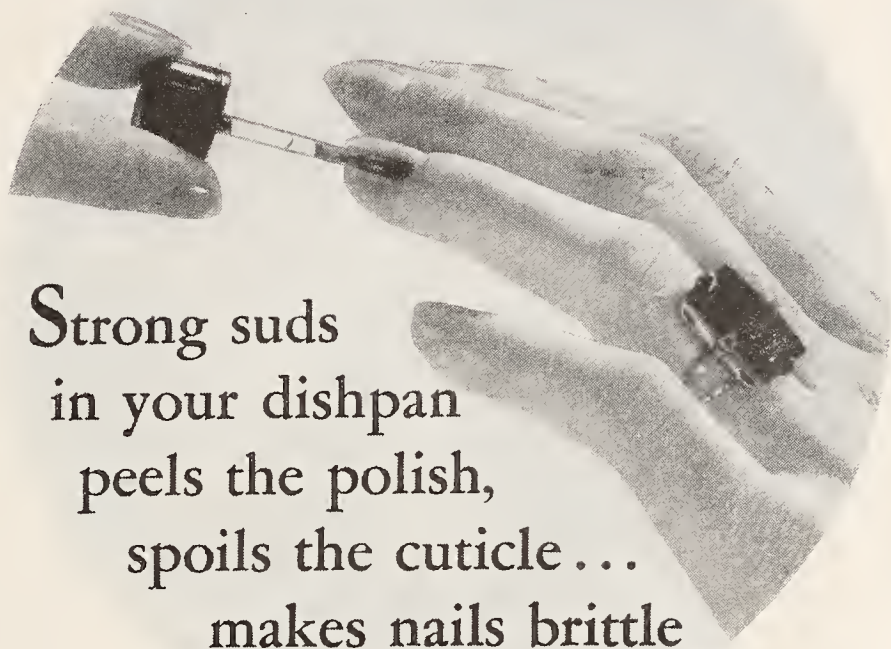
IN his latest picture, Jack Holt portrays an ambitious steel worker who gains success through hard-hearted tactics, even robbing his friend of his business. Fay Wray, his wife, and Walter Connolly finally make a human being out of him, after first causing his financial downfall. Outside of Walter Connolly, the players are stiff and unreal. Story is old stuff.

• **DUCK SOUP** (PARAMOUNT)

The Marx Brothers

ANOTHER goofy Marx Bros. comedy. This time the locale is a mythical kingdom, the Republic of
(Continued on page 115)

"Why doesn't my MANICURE last longer?"



Strong suds
in your dishpan
peels the polish,
spoils the cuticle...
makes nails brittle



Ivory Soap
costs so little
to use...Why spoil
your hands with
strong suds?

Try Ivory Soap for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week. See how much longer a manicure lasts, how smooth your hands look. Ivory is kind to busy hands because it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

YOU WILL FIND OUR BRIEF
REVIEWS ON THE NEXT PAGE

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline



NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT* a DYE, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



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DIRECTORY of PICTURES

Movie-goer: "Is the feature any good?"

Ticket-seller: "We suggest that you read MODERN SCREEN'S Directory—and find out for yourself!"

● RECOMMENDED ● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **AFTER TONIGHT** (RKO)—A romantic war love story in which Connie Bennett is a Russian spy and Gilbert Roland an Austrian spy. **Good**—though not the usual Bennett style—**young folks under 16 will be bored.**

● **AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN** (RKO)—Rowdy little comedy of a gal with a flare for rough-neck sweeties. And if they aren't rough and ready she makes 'em that way. Wynne Gibson is Aggie, William Gargan, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts complete the cast. **Good amusement—the kids will think it funny, too.**

● **ANN VICKERS** (RKO)—Sinclair Lewis' novel adapted to the screen. Irene Dunne as the ambitious prison reformer and Walter Huston as Judge Barney Dolphin. **Excellent—not for children under 16.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—A tense little triangle of a determined young bride, her husband, and his interfering and dominating mother. Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and the late Louise Closser Hale. **Quite good—young folks under 16 will not think so, however.**

● **AS HUSBANDS GO** (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—The picturization of Faith Baldwin's novel which proves again that it pays to have ideals. Action centers around a young beauty operator, a successful business man, and his neurotic wife. Madge Evans, Otto Kruger and Alice Brady. **Good—for those over 16.**

● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—From this imaginative picture you find out how you would feel if you suddenly were transferred to the 18th century. Just that happens to Leslie Howard. Heather Angel is the fragile little lady of that century with whom he falls desperately and tragically in love. **Exceedingly delightful—youngsters under 16 will be bored.**

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Hilarious and boisterous beer comedy. Joe Cawthorne, Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. **Amusement for everybody.**

● **BITTERSWEET** (United Artists)—A young and beautiful English gal elopes with her music teacher. **Not so sweet and plenty dull.**

● **BLOOD MONEY** (20th Century—United Artists)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **THE BOWERY** (20th Century)—A vulgar and rowdy, yet nicely authentic, picture of the tough districts of New York in the Nineties. Wallace Beery, George Raft, Pert Kelton, Fay Wray, Jackie Cooper and others make up an excellent cast. **Good if you can overlook the rawness—not for children under 18.**

● **BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE** (20th Century)—Winchell is the author of this one. A narrative of a gangster who buys his chum a night club. And then, when she falls for a crooner, the gangster magnanimously steps aside with congratula-

tions instead of bullets. **Good—but leave all the kids at home.**

● **BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS** (Warners)—About that interesting but little known part of the police department. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell. **Good—but no interest for young folks under 16.**

● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A gripping war love story. Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay. **Very good—not for children under 16.**

● **A CHANCE AT HEAVEN** (RKO)—Vina Delmar's little story transferred to the screen. Boy and girl love that is almost wrecked by a wealthy city gal. **Good—take the kids along.**

● **CHRISTOPHER BEAN** (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler plays the role of a faithful servant in the Hackett family. When a dead Hackett's formerly despised paintings turn out to be valuable, the family is thrown into an uproar of greed and hatred. Lionel Barrymore is Dr. Hackett, Beulah Bondi his wife, Helen Mack and Russell Hardie carry the love interest. **Very entertaining for everybody.**

● **THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER** (Columbia)—Murder mystery in the big tent. **Good if you go for this kind of pix—too exciting for youngsters under 16.**

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of these comedy series with Charlie Murray and George Sidney. **Good—kids will think it great.**

● **COLLEGE COACH** (Warners)—A football yarn all about an unethical coach, hired players and bribed profs. Lyle Talbot is a cocky player and Dick Powell a goody-goody. Pat O'Brien is the coach and Ann Dvorak, his wife. **Exciting—particularly for kids.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—A college campus entertainer. Plenty of pep, wise gags, laughs and crooning. Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle. **Routine—but good. Take the family.**

● **CONVENTION CITY** (First National)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW** (Universal)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **DANCING LADY** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **DARK HAZARD** (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **DESIGN FOR LIVING** (Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins creates a new design of life for women in this picture. Learning to love more than one man, she discovers life far more happy and exciting when she lives with a couple of them rather than tying herself down to one. Gary Cooper and Fredric March are her lovers. **Sophisticated entertainment.**

● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (Fox)—A highly sophisticated drama about the guests invited to a fashionable dinner party. An all star cast including John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips



A "simply must see" picture for you all. "Little Women." With, of course, Frances Dee as Meg, Spring Byington as Marmee, Joan Bennett as Amy, Jean Parker as Beth and the superb Hepburn as Jo.

Holmes, Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone and others. **Excellent—not for kids under 16.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Horse racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. **Fair—youthful folks will be bored.**

● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—A swell gal (Ann Harding) almost loses her man (William Powell) when he discovers she tricked him into marriage to make a successful business man out of him. But love plays a little trick on both of them. **Excellent—not for children under 16.**

DOCTOR BULL (Fox)—Story of a much criticized country doctor. His career is nearly wrecked by a lot of petty gossip when he defies conventions. Will Rogers is the doctor. **Slow-moving but good—okay for tots.**

DUCK SOUP (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—A baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown. **Good—kids will go for it.**

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Hospital story. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. **Good—dull for children under 16.**

● **ESKIMO** (M-G-M)—A story of the simple and primitive life of the Eskimo and how it can be wrecked by the coming of the white man. The cast is all native as is also the dialogue. The subtitles are in English. **Excellent shots of Arctic scenery. Very informative and educational.**

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)—A gripping little drama of an American girl and a German boy whose marriage is sacrificed to the World War. An inevitably tragic ending. **Good if you go in for tragedy—send the kids to a Western, though.**

● **FEMALE** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a big factory executive who forgets her sex in the daytime but when the boys come around at night—George Brent plays opposite. Johnny Mack Brown, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Ruth Donnelly are also in the cast. **Good—but not for young folks under 18.**

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy detective. **Good Western—take the kids.**

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)—An exciting picture all about an airport built in mid-ocean. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. **Different. You might like it—tots will be bored.**

● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners)—Another grand musical. You will like this one better than ever. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and James Cagney and others in an excellent cast. **See it by all means and take the youngsters along.**

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—That's what happens to gamblers—sometimes. A good race track yarn. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. **An entertainer for the whole family.**

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—And people are still talking about this musical. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. **If you've seen it once, see it again—and take the youngsters.**

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Warren William, Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin in that stage hit of the brilliant author, his blond secretary and his ex-pansion. **Sophisticated comedy—put the tots to bed that night.**

● **HAVANA WIDOWS** (Warners)—All about two blond gold diggers (Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell) out to grab a Havana millionaire. When they grab Guy Kibbee, you get plenty of fun and complication. Frank McHugh and Lyle Talbot are also in the cast. **Good comedy—take the family.**

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—Yarn about the hectic and exciting life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. **Good of its kind—children will like it.**

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount)—Dick Arlen as a waterfront garbage collector who picks up a pretty dance hall chorine (Judith Allen) in his shore nets. She had tried to commit suicide. Little Robert Knottles plays the founding who figures in their lives. **Only Arlen's acting recommends this pix—nothing in it for the youngsters.**

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A snappy little story about a pretty chorine gold digger whose sugar daddy employs a bodyguard for her. He expected to keep her all for himself that way. But the bodyguard is Eddie Lowe. **Peppy entertainer for everybody.**

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville teamed again. **Darn good comedy for the whole family.**

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—Story about a war veteran down on his luck. Only Dick Barthelmess' acting recommends this one. **Very depressing.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—It takes Jean Harlow to do it when Gable is the man. **Good—but send the youngsters under 16 to a Western.**

● **THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET** (Warners)—Kay Francis, a chorus girl, is brought as a bride to this old family house of her husband. Through tragic circumstances, she is torn from her husband and baby and convicted of the murder of a former suitor. Twenty years later, under a very strange coincidence, she returns to this house and makes a supreme sacrifice for the child that has never known her. **Very good—not for children under 16.**

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of an idealist (Edward G. Robinson) who becomes a ruthless business baron under the influence of his opera singing mistress (Kay Francis). Genevieve Tobin plays his wife. **Quite good—youthful folks under 16 will be bored.**

● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox) Sophisticated love comedy. Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **I'M NO ANGEL** (Paramount)—Mae West is the whole show. This time she is a lion tamer and a burlesque queen. Men just come natural to her and she finally ankles to the altar with a millionaire—but it is for love and not his dollars only. **Sizzling and rowdy and very good if you go for Mae—but be sure to put the youngsters to bed that night.**



staged by WANAMAKER'S,
New York, with the caution:
"Wash lingerie with
IVORY FLAKES"

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions above!

And Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely.

"Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will

keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

Ivory Flakes are curly flakes of pure Ivory Soap. They dissolve quicker than ordinary flat flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs you too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you more soap!



(Continued on page 107)

Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap • 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

Good-bye COLD!

*When You Take This Complete
Cold Remedy*

A COLD is too serious a thing to trust to a half-way measures. Remember, a cold is an internal infection and must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the thing to take because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.



*Now—20% More
for Your Money*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to exploit you.

**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal Treatment**



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Mavetane City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Sonto Manica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radia Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mock Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Californino.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Warners. Free lance. Featured in "Song of Songs," "Three Corners Moon," Paramount; "The House on 56th Street," Warners.

ALLAN, ELIZABETH: Married to William J. O'Bryan. Born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, April 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "No Marriage Ties," RKO; "Solitaire Man."

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Bruce Cabot. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced," "The Avenger," Monogram.

ANCEL, HEATHER: Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Berkeley Square," "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Three Corners Moon," "Golden Harvest," "Hell and High Water." Working in "Alice in Wonderland."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "Blind Adventure," "Above the Clouds," Columbia. Working in "Joe Palooka," United Artists and "Search for Beauty," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Right to Romance," "If I were Free," RKO; "By Candlelight," Universal. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO player. Featured in "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Alice in Wonderland," Paramount.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room," "Solitaire Man," M-G-M. Working in "Nana," United Artists.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Fox star. Starred in "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "My Weakness," Working in "Cross Country Cruise," Universal.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight," "Counsellor at Law," Universal. Working in "Long Lost Father," RKO.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Stranger's Return," "Christopher Bean," "One Man's Journey," RKO; "The Vinegar Tree."

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Heroes for Sale," Working in "Massacre." Next is "A Modern Hero."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," "Penthouse," M-G-M; "As Husbands Go."

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Tugboat Annie," "The Bowers," 20th Century. Working in "Viva Villa."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Blind Adventure," RKO; "Ever in My Heart," Warners; "House of Murder," Columbia; "Trigger," RKO.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Bed of Roses," "After Tonight," RKO. Working in "Moulin Rouge."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox; "Little Women," RKO.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "This Day and Age," "White Woman," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "Havana Widows," "Convention City." Next is "Hell's Bells."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "Only Yesterday," Universal. Working in "Beloved," Universal.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in the elegant costume of the London Film production of "Catharine the Great." Not the same picture, it is needless to say, as La Dietrich's "Catherine the Great."

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage," "Hoopla."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. RKO player. Featured in "Emergency Call," "Flaming Gold."

BRADY, ALICE: Divorced. Born in New York City, November 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Broadway to Hollywood," "Stage Mother," "The Vinegar Tree."

BRENDEL, EL: Married. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail," "Olson's Big Moment."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Lilly Turner," "Female," "From Headquarters," "Trigger," RKO.

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal; "Fog," Columbia. Working in "The Criminal Within," Columbia.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Midnight Club," Paramount; "If I Were Free," Working in "Gallant Lady," 20th Century.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Ehmer the Great," "Son of a Sailor."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. RKO player. Featured in "Three Corners Moon," Paramount. Working in "Wild Birds."

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Penthouse," "Hollywood Party," "My Weakness," Fox. Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

CABOT, BRUCE: Married to Adrienne Ames. Born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, April 20. RKO player. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "Ann Vickers," Working in "The Criminal Within," Columbia.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Mayor of Hell," "Footlight Parade," "Lady Killer." Next is "Heir Chaser."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid from Spain," "Roman Scandals."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal; "Four Frightened People," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Malloy. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man."

CAVANAGH, PAUL: Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, England, December 8. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Kennel Murder Case," Warners. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner," "Female."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. M-G-M star. Starred in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Next is "The Merry Widow."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Penthouse," "Lady Killer," Warners. Working in "Nana," United Artists.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man," Working in "Sitting Pretty," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Three Corners Moon," "Torch Singer," "Four Frightened People," Working in "Night Bus."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Jennie Gerhardt," "Torch Singer," Paramount; "Queen Christina," M-G-M.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Brief Moment," "Fog," "Fury of the Jungle," "The World Changes," Warners.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "One Sunday Afternoon," "Design for Living," Working in "Alice in Wonderland." Next is "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Broadway to Hollywood," "The Bowers," 20th Century; "Lone Cowboy," Paramount.

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Paramount star. Starred in "The House on 56th Street," "The Shakedown," Warner Bros. Working in "Mandalay," Warner Bros. Next is "Wonder Bar."

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, Calif., February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "To the Last Man," "The Thundering Herd," Working in "Search for Beauty."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live," "Hollywood Party," "Dancing Lady."

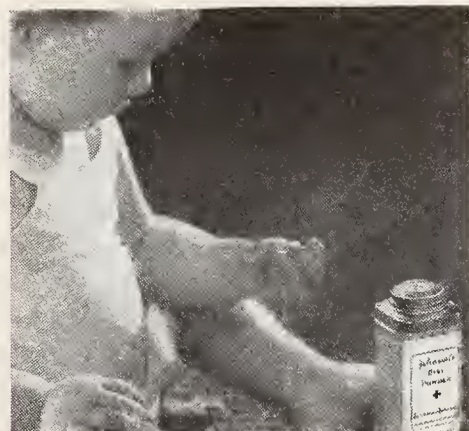
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "This Day and Age," Paramount; "Above the Clouds," "Hoopla," Fox. Next is "House of Connelly," Fox.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "We're Not Dressing."

● "Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"



● "Wheee—right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me—I've got a tip for all you Mothers..."



● "Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids—but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder—Johnson's!"



"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger, just like this. Some of 'em feel gritty—but Johnson's is soft as silk! And our doctor told my mother, 'There's no zinc-stearate in Johnson's—and no orris-root.'"

Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 131, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, **Johnson & Johnson** NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



STOP CONSTIPATION THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves

and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!



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1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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

What Ginger Owes Her Mother

(Continued from page 58)

fascinated the daughter of the newly appointed dramatic critic by doing a dance called the Charleston.

Next morning Mrs. Rogers discovered her daughter trying the different steps which she had seen.

Months passed, and the girl became more interested in the theatre than school.

The old man who had helped Mrs. Rogers recover her child had an unused barn on his small ranch at the edge of Dallas. Ginger had told him of her ambition. He constructed a stage in the barn. There, for months Ginger practiced many difficult dance steps. The old man had a crony who had danced fantastic steps as a clown with the Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Circus on Earth." For ten years he had been unable to travel with the big tent show, and so, for months he eased the loneliness of wanderlust by teaching the ambitious girl the many dancing steps he had learned and seen in his wandering life.

When too tired to dance more, the girl would sit between the two old men in the shade of a large cottonwood tree by the side of the barn, while the ancient clown told of things he had seen in Europe, South Africa and other far places.

"You'll be a great dancer, little un," he used to say, "then you kin see all them places while I'll be pushin' the clouds."

The old clown's name was Barney Casey. As Ginger and her mother say, it deserves a place in the story.

When Ginger was thirteen, the manager of a Dallas theatre announced a Charleston contest.

Barney Casey, too crippled with rheumatism to walk, went to Mrs. Rogers' home one evening, driven there by his old friend.

"We want your permission," said he, "to enter Ginger in the contest."

"Why? Why?" The surprised mother was at a loss for words.

"There's no why about it, Mrs. Rogers," said the ancient clown. "She kin shake a mean pair of feet."

Mrs. Rogers gave her consent.

Three hundred and more had entered the contest.

Barney Casey's protégé came unheralded. "Your mother's not to be here," said Mr. Casey. "We want her under no strain of cryin' if you lose."

FROM miles and miles around the hundreds of contestants gathered. The city of Fort Worth sent fifty.

The Dallas contestants entered last, as a courtesy to those from other cities.

Barney Casey had asked that Ginger come on near the last.

One by one the hundreds shook their feet. The judges made notes.

A certain woman dramatic editor, disobeying all orders given by a circus clown, sneaked in to see the contest from an upper box.

At last, when over two hundred and seventy-five had danced, a smiling young girl led the Dallas contingent. She bowed, and the contestants from Dallas began.

When Ginger's name was announced, she shook hands with her ancient teacher, and went, graceful as a fawn, to the centre of the stage.

A stillness, as of death came in the audience. Then her feet began to pound, rapid as machine gun fire.

She finished amid wild commotion. Old Barney Casey was in tears. His crony, hiding in the wings of the stage, could not believe that the child who had danced so magnificently before him was the same that he had dared so much to recover.

Another wave of applause followed. Ginger was dancing again. Barney Casey, his rheumatism forgotten, was living over again his days of circus glory. His feet tingled as they tapped the floor.

Her dance over, Ginger rushed to his arms, where she remained, while another silence came over the theatre.

The winners were about to be announced. Unable to endure the silence while the judges decided, the audience talked in low murmurs.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the judges, their deliberations over, walked to the center of the stage.

The chief judge held his hand up. Old Barney Casey pinched Ginger's arm nervously.

Feet stopped scraping, voices were still as the judge said—

"We nominate for the winner of this contest," he stopped, while Barney Casey found himself unable to breathe, and Ginger swallowed fast and often—as her name boomed—"Virginia Rogers."

Not for this moment would old Barney Casey have traded all his circus memories.

Before long, a woman dramatic editor rushed upon the stage.

Barney Casey frowned at Ginger, saying, "You knew she was here all the time."

And Ginger answered, "So did you, Barney."

And—well, the rest is history.

In a few years Ginger was famous as the leading dancer of her type in New York, appearing in "Girl Crazy" at \$1000 a week for forty-five weeks.

Film offers followed and she came to Hollywood, where, after appearing in a half dozen films, a check-up of her screen popularity was made by RKO, and as a result she was given a long-term contract.

Barney Casey has long since left Texas. He watches the sun sink in the blue Pacific from a California bungalow. His old crony is with him.

When a Ginger Rogers film is previewed, those two old men attend together.

Ginger and her mother remember!

"It's Okay!" says Norman

(Continued from page 31)

"I live just as I did before I made any money. A *little* differently, perhaps. Once in New York I very nearly starved to death. I'm not starving now. But I only keep one car and one servant. That's plenty for anybody. What's the use of all the show?"

"I've got to get away from Hollywood every now and then. I like Honolulu. Go around dressed any way you please. Lie on the beach. Talk to a lot of army men about war. That's grand. I can't stand actors."

"Once, in New York, Katharine Hepburn was an understudy in a play I was in. She used to stand in the wings and watch us mugs on the stage—with those big eyes. You know, just as she did in 'Morning Glory.' Once I asked her why she didn't go down to her dressing-room and rest, why she stood there all the time and watched us so eagerly."

"I'm trying to learn to act," she said. I laughed at her. "Then don't watch us, kid, if you want to learn," I told her. "You can't learn anything from an actor."

"I'm always getting into fights on my lot. I hate acting. Want to direct. Gee, I'd love to direct. I think Claudette's good on the screen, but I wouldn't want to direct her. We'd fight like hell the minute she pulled some actress trick."

If you will stop to consider for a moment you will realize that "some actress trick" means "some feminine trick" since feminine women are all actresses at heart. It is just that—all the little feminine tricks—that Norman Foster hates. And it is just that—all of the little feminine tricks—that Claudette wants to use.

In Miss Fletcher's story she tells you that Claudette says, "Norman has often assured me that his attitude towards me would be very different if I'd permit it to be, if I wouldn't act so darn independent all the time." Claudette is right. His attitude would be different—he would probably ignore her completely, for if I have quoted him accurately, surely you see that here is a man who has no patience with a beguiling woman—a man's man, in other words—who will tolerate women as companions only if they behave like men.

It seems to me, therefore, that Claudette's and Norman's problem is not so much a question of the modern and the old-fashioned woman as a matter of individual tastes and temperaments. Claudette has shown herself as feminine as she says she wants to be by moulding herself to suit Norman, by being what he wants her to be. When you know Norman Foster you realize that if a woman were in love with him she would have to accept life and the marriage relationship upon his terms.

He's that kind of guy. He treads heavily upon life. He is impatient of

MILLIONS END UGLY SKIN FAULTS

with this famous "miracle cream"

LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILY SKIN
RED ROUGH HANDS

YOU can be smartly dressed—you can have the most appealing personality—but if your complexion is blemished, coarse-textured, oily—or if your hands are red, rough and chapped, then much of your charm is lost!

That's why *over one million* of the smartest women in America today use Noxzema Cream regularly—on their faces and on their hands. For Noxzema is a "skin medicine" in cream form—designed especially to correct skin



troubles and to restore the skin to normal, healthy beauty.

When you suffer from pimples, oiliness, large pores or blemishes, the trouble usually can be traced to *poisoned pores*. Ordinary creams cannot help this condition. A *medicated cream* is needed to purge the pores of clogging, festering impurities—to soothe tender, irritated skin—to refine and soften rough skin. That's where Noxzema and Noxzema alone helps.

Noxzema Skin Cream was originally prescribed by doctors as a greaseless, stainless remedy for skin irritations like sunburn, chapping, itching, etc. Nurses discovered how wonderful it was as a *corrective beauty cream* and for badly chapped hands. Today *10,000,000 jars* of Noxzema are used!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night before retiring after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water—then apply cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema when you powder as a protective powder base. For hands—see directions at left. If hands are very chapped apply Noxzema several times, as much as skin will absorb. With this scientific treatment every day—in *10 days* you'll note a big improvement—and soon you'll glory in a skin faultlessly clear and lovely—hands delicately smooth and white.

Special trial offer

Get an inexpensive jar of Noxzema today at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 52, Baltimore, Md.—and you will receive a very generous trial jar of Noxzema—enough to make a real improvement in your skin.



WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

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



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar



NO MORE DATES WITH HER
—SHE DOES NOTHING BUT
POWDER HER NOSE
ALL EVENING

Pretty As a Picture... But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her “eternal powder puff.” She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was—well, not well cared for!

Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. B-202, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock Face Powder

whatever he doesn't like. He's not sure that his way is always right but it's *his* way and if you want to string along with him, you'll play the game by his rules. If you don't like those rules you don't need to play. But he won't change his ideas.

AND although Claudette may take as much of the blame—if one calls it blame—as she likes for their modern marriage; although they both talk until they're as blue in the face as Walt Disney's wolf, everyone who knows them realizes that it was Norman's idea that they live as they do and that they continue to live that way.

It was because Norman couldn't stand to have a woman fussing around all the time, because Norman—whose constant companion is the wanderlust—wanted to pick up and go wherever he chose, whenever he chose, without making any explanations, that these two decided to live in separate establishments. Had Claudette not agreed, had she not decided to play the game by his rules, I'm sure there would have been a divorce. But Claudette loved Norman and would accept his terms to keep his love.

Now that she wants the peace of a staple fireside, the romance of a great and a tender love, gestures of chivalry made toward her—she thinks that she has made a mistake. But there was no other way, if she wanted to keep Norman.

For the only role a woman can play in his life (except a very fleeting one) is the role of pal, companion, good scout. He hates anything that smacks of feminine girlishness. He admires

Claudette for this independence she has worn all these years for him. He thinks it is real.

“Claudette is a swell scout, a great pal. I like her.” It is what he might say of his best man friend. It's a swell compliment, I think.

Norman has been kicked around too much; the realities of life have depressed him too long. He couldn't “go soft” now. For he can never forget those eight months in New York that he spent looking for a newspaper job—eight months of walking the street, wearing shoes the soles of which grew thinner by the day until he had to cover the holes with cardboard—eight months during which he considered himself lucky if he got a meal a day—eight months of dodging and stalling the landlady and sometimes sleeping in the park.

He wanted to become a journalist and his temperament is much more that of a newspaperman than an actor's. But he discovered an opportunity to go on the stage and—much as he hated it—it was easy and profitable and he took it.

Norman Foster is a man who bursts with virility. He is pleasant and thoroughly charming, but he likes man's talk and man's independence. If a woman is to string along with him, she must play the game his way or not play at all.

There is no way for Claudette to solve her problem. She may rave against modernity as much as she likes. It won't do her any good as long as she is married to a man like Foster—and as long as she stays in love with him—which is likely to be forever.

The Secret of These Charmed Gifts

(Continued from page 69)

Less than three months later Dorothy was transported from the typewriter to stardom.

You know her startling story. Selected for the lead in “The Age of Consent” by the merest chance. Hollywood's newest Cinderella. People said it was a fluke of fate. *But was it?*

And there was Merian C. Cooper, hailed today as one of the younger geniuses of filmdom. Just over a year ago he was known chiefly for his adventure pictures. I remember hearing him and Wallace concocting part of the “King Kong” tale at luncheon. It was to be a radical departure from ordinary films. Would it succeed? Radio was spending quantities of money on it; it was Cooper's big opportunity. You know the answer to that one . . . what a tremendous box office sensation the picture was, and how Cooper became the head of all Radio productions. It seems as if the movie world became Cooper-conscious over night. Everyone was talking of his sudden rise. . . . And among his cherished possessions you'll find a certain ebony stick.

And Richard Dix. He received one of the holders, too. And while Dix has

been through a rather bad time with his marriage, in one very grave moment the genial spirit of Wallace seemed to be watching over him—to turn what might have been a tragedy into a lucky escape.

Dix told me about it.

“Driving up to Santa Barbara one week-end in that antique roadster of mine, I had a mishap that could have been bad. Still had the old set of tires on, you see, and I was doing around sixty-five when a rear tire blew out. The bus careened like a crazy thing and for an instant I thought she was going to tip over. By a miracle she righted herself just on the edge of a ditch.”

“Did you,” I asked irreverently, “ever know Edgar Wallace?”

“Why, yes,” Rich looked surprised. “Great fellow, wasn't he? I've got a cigarette holder he gave me right here in my pocket.”

WHEN celebrities come to California the first person to greet them is usually a publicity man. One of the most efficient of the “public relation” chaps was Ben Marksen. Not at all the mile-a-minute talker, but quiet

and unassuming. We all like Ben. So did Wallace from the time he stepped off the train. Five days before he died he presented Ben with a complete set of his books, autographed—and one of the famous black sticks.

Now here's the odd twist to *that*. About two years ago Ben wrote a play. A clever play. I read it sitting in his office one morning and wondered why nothing had been done about it. The day after Wallace's funeral I was again in his office.

"What about your play, Ben?"

"The boss has it." The "boss" at that time was David Selznick. When I went back later in the week Ben had moved.

"Sure," grinned the information clerk, "he's in the scenario department now." So he was—at about five times his former salary. What's more, he was adapting his own play, "Is My Face Red?" for the screen. Ben has been hitting the high spots on the road to success ever since.

It goes on unbelievably, this tale of fortune attending possessors of those ebony cigarette holders.

Indeed the good luck charm has yet to fail its owner. In each instance, latent luck has aroused and asserted itself for the possessor of the gift.

The first day Wallace was on the Radio lot, he met Joel McCrea. He had not yet been assigned a place to work and Joel proffered his dressing room without knowing exactly who Wallace was. When he returned at the end of two hours, the writer had a story ready for Constance Bennett. That was the way he worked. Joel and he became boon companions, went everywhere together. And he gave young McCrea not only a black stick but a good many of his fascinatingly striped London ties.

What happened? Three things. Three of the most important things that *could* have happened to Joel. First, he was signed to a starring contract. And secondly, he achieved the ranch that has been his dream for five years. And third, he fell in love with and married one of Hollywood's loveliest girls, Frances Dee.

You're probably familiar with his passion for outdoor life. He has had this special 160 acres of land north of Malibu Beach spotted since he was a lost contract player. (Lost, because Joel was under contract to a major studio for a year without playing a single role.) In the beginning he didn't have the money for it. And after he could afford it, the property was tied up in litigation. It looked for a long while as if the estate never would be settled, or if it was, that the ranch would go to an heir who didn't want to sell. Joel had about relinquished all hope when his bid was taken up—and he was able to buy it at a bargain such as he never dreamed in his wildest fancies.

Strange? Yes, it's more than that. There's something uncanny about the way these charmed gifts work. As if, through them, Edgar Wallace was bestowing a farewell benediction on his friends to aid and help them.

“Keep colds and grippe *outside* by proper home disinfection”



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Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus, leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.

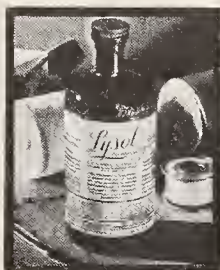


"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science . . . kill thousands . . . cost millions.

"Yet it is amazing how people still neglect *one simple measure* that fights off pernicious germs . . . that helps check dangerous epidemics . . . that makes the home a health resort instead of a hospital.

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(Signed) DR. MARGARET B. C. MANUS



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... at our expense!

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You Learn to Know Them—

(Continued from page 46)

performance had ever thrown her into such a state of nerves. When she made her first appearance, one could tell how tense she was. It was not until she had worn three dresses that she began to be at all calm. I never thought I should ever see Lilyan Tashman attacked by timidity.

One of the people who completely upsets my shop every time she enters it is Polly Moran. Well as I know her, I've never made any clothes for her. She always wants things in a great hurry and since we always ask at least ten days for the making of a dress, we have never been able to take her orders. But Polly is one of the most amusing women I know. Her humor at times smacks of the Barbary Coast, but it is humor.

ONE night at a party I put on an impromptu fashion show. Some of my guests, entering into the fun, were playing mannequin. I lined them up in an adjoining room and announced them by various names other than their own. Norma and Constance Talmadge put all the mannequins in Paris to shame with their undulations and exaggerated postures. May Sunday, Peggy Fears and Vivienne Segal were others who posed. I saved Polly Moran for the last.

It's just as well that I don't remember how I announced her, and probably better that I've forgotten what she said in answer, but I do know that in the midst of her posing she broke into a can-can and won the vote as the best mannequin of the evening.

It is a far cry from Polly Moran to Irene Dunne—but here's Miss Dunne's name and I must tell you about her. She often comes to us for clothes. One day she was on location in Pasadena and the only chance we had of fitting a dress which she needed for scenes the following day was on the location between shots.

A small temporary dressing room had been erected for her under a tree, but since it was too small for her to be fitted in, one of the property men stood a high mirror against another tree and we worked right out in the open. It occurred to Irene Dunne that this was a novelty worth capturing for a publicity picture. It is quite unusual for a star to think up her own press agent "gags," but she asked one of the still camera men to set up his camera and take her photograph in the act of having metal pajamas fitted under a spreading oak tree. And you can see the picture for yourself on page 48.

Miss Dunne stood before the mirror, the fitter knelt at her feet and I was told to perch in a fork of the tree, which brought my knees on a level with Miss Dunne's shoulders.

The camera man had some difficulty with his camera and I imagined that I felt something crawling across my lap. I stopped "posing" for a moment,

looked down and there—like all Hannibal's soldiers crossing the Alps—I discovered six million black ants crawling across my trousers. I jumped down immediately, for by this time they were inside my trousers, and began to do a wild dance that no camera could record. Miss Dunne stood there and howled with laughter. "You're the first man I've ever seen literally living up to an old Hollywood expression," she said—which, it seems to me, shows that she has much more humor than she's given credit for having. And you can also see that being a Hollywood designer does not mean that one does nothing but design clothes.

One of the most curious jobs I've ever had was the making of a court dress—and I don't mean a white satin with a train and ostrich plumes in which to take a formal bow at Buckingham Palace. Sue Carol came in the shop one afternoon and asked to see the collection.

"I am having trouble with a contract which was made a long time ago," she explained, "and I have to go to court to get a release. I want something nice and refined which a lady would wear at court when she wants the judge to take her part." Nothing ever daunts or amazes us. We made her a simple olive-green crepe dress, without any adornment, and a small hat. Miss Carol appeared in court a few days later and, after a short interval, was released from the contract she felt was unfair. Apparently the dress—and Miss Carol—had done their stuff.

BARBARA STANWYCK'S name reminds me of a most disastrous—from a financial standpoint—experience. One afternoon she came for a fitting accompanied by her husband, Frank Fay, Ricardo Cortez, a chap named Eddie Kane (one of the wits of Hollywood) and another lad whose name I don't remember.

While she was being fitted, the four men sat in the large salon watching the mannequins displaying clothes. They were all in swell humor and made the most riotous wisecracks at the appearance of each dress. They reduced the mannequins to hysterics and two stately Pasadena dowagers—fearful of what the boys would say next—fled from the shop without making any purchases. That cost me plenty in un-made sales.

Barbara Stanwyck is a very calm girl—most of the time. She is almost entirely bored with clothes and is another of those cinema beauties who goes about in flat-heeled shoes and rolled-down socks. More than once I have had to fit long formal velvet evening gowns on her and had the shock of looking at the floor to discover, peeping out from under the velvet, dusty sports shoes and white woolen socks.

And now just one more thing before I end this installment. (I've more stories for your next month.) I want

to tell you something about Anna May Wong. She hasn't gotten any real picture breaks lately, but I want to tell you how she selects clothes—just as a bit of advice to all women. Anna May is a dressmaker's holiday. She adores clothes and spends days making up her mind about a thing before she orders it—which is an excellent idea. But here's the real trick—she plans a coat that will not only match her suit but several dresses as well. She has jackets—often reversible—that can be worn over more than one dinner or evening dress. She keeps to a certain set of color schemes and suits her accessories to several costumes. She had a dozen changes where the average woman would have but four—and it's all because she uses her head and gives real thought to her clothes—something which every woman should do.

Not long ago she left Hollywood, Europe-bound, discouraged by the casting of Occidental players in Oriental parts.

"What's the use of being Chinese," she once said to me, "when they never pick a Chinese girl for a Chinese part? Instead, they take some girl in pictures, draw her eyebrows up with tape, put a black wig on her and expect her to be convincing. When she turns her face sideways to the camera, the illusion is always gone; for while you can make eyes look Oriental with make-up and tape, you cannot change a good old American profile!"

Next month, Mr. Greer concludes his fascinating series. He'll tell you many interesting and amusing anecdotes about the "old timers." The Talmadges. Corinne Griffith. Dorothy Mackaill. Betty Compson. Florence Vidor. And others whom you used to adore and have wondered about in late years.

Myrna in Marble

(Continued from page 59)

distributed autographed pictures of the statue with the same liberality and restless energy that Will H. Hays hands out statements. In fact, so beautiful is the "Spirit" of the marble group and so much admired that any woman in the world would be proud to be known as the original.

Los Angeles has long pointed to the beautiful marble group "Spirit of Education," which graces the broad campus of the \$1,000,000 Venice high school. In the allegory are three figures, one typifying the "mental," another the "physical," and a third the "spirit" of education. Famous art critics have praised the central figure, the "Spirit" for its graceful poise and delicacy of outline. Throughout the art world, the allegory is well known, but Hollywood, busy with clothes, contracts and night clubs, hasn't had time to consider it. Besides, so far as any one knew, the group had no connection with motion pictures. But now, the cinema boys and girls are rushing down to look it over with the utmost enthusiasm.



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A mystery has always surrounded the alluring "Spirit." Often has the sculptor, H. F. Winebrenner, an artist of national renown and head of the Venice high school's art classes, been asked the name of his attractive model—the original of the "Spirit"—and just as often he has shaken his head and replied, "Some day she will tell you."

"In planning the group," says Mr. Winebrenner, "I had little difficulty in selecting the first two models. A football gladiator posed for the 'physical' education and a comely miss with high scholastic standing was the 'mental.'"

"But the 'Spirit' was not so easy. It required a girl with a beautiful body, and from more than a thousand girls in our school we had many to choose, but the 'Spirit' had to be idealistic—it had to reflect spirituality—intelligent understanding—beauty—grace.

"While viewing an interpretative dance program, I discovered in Myrna Loy, one of my shy students, the model I was looking for. It required some persuasion to induce her to pose for the statue and then only upon a promise of secrecy until after the group was unveiled. For that reason the modeling was done in my home studio.

"On an autumn afternoon, more than five years ago, the 'Spirit of Education' was dedicated. Unnoticed—alone—on the edge of the throng attending the ceremony stood the quiet, thoughtful Myrna. She heard a dignified president of the University of California praise the statue's beauty and grace. But her real thrill came, she told me, when the venerable educator emphasized the high ideals the 'Spirit of Education' was to reflect: an inspirational message to youth—nobility of thought and purpose. And the young girl was impressed. She resolved to be worthy of her marble self. From me, she exacted a promise not to reveal the 'Spirit's' identity until its original had achieved something worth while in the big world she was about to face.

SCHOOL days completed, Myrna departed, the 'Spirit' still her guiding influence, so she told me. Other pupils came and admired the beautiful marble that guarded the campus. Many young

girls emulated the 'Spirit's' graces and wondered if anyone so alluring had really lived. But to their questions I could only shake my head—I must keep the faith.

"The first recognition Myrna received was in a Hollywood theatre. On the screen was Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." Critics raved over the beauty and grace of a central figure in Mr. Grauman's prologue—a dancing elf, garbed in a bewildering cloud of white and shimmering silver. And Myrna was thrilled—for again she was a spirit—this time the Spirit of the Northern Ice! And it was as a spirit that Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, first saw the girl. So impressed were they by her grace and charm that they became interested in her future.

"This was her first step toward an ultimate goal. The road was long and the detours many, but success finally came. Gate men at the studio gate now bow as she passes in. And I feel that Myrna's ambitions have been realized, so I am brushing aside the years and revealing the statue's secret—my marble Spirit is Myrna Loy."

"I don't mind admitting it," smiled the actress when told what the sculptor had said. "In fact, I feel honored when Mr. Winebrenner identifies me as the 'Spirit' of his group. Many see in her only a marble figure, but to me she has always been a living, pulsating thing.

"Recently, I signed an attractive contract. That evening I told my 'Spirit' and my good friend, Mr. Winebrenner. I presume he feels my ambitions have been sufficiently realized for him to reveal the secret—I think, though, he should have waited. Before, the 'Spirit' was herself—now, alas, she's only me."

And Hollywood—see-all, know-all Hollywood—refuses to understand, probably couldn't understand.

Today, on the sight-seeing buses, the megaphone men have changed their travel talks. Formerly, passengers were told they were passing California's million dollar high school. Attention now is directed to the allegorical group of statuary, "The Spirit of Education."

"And, ladies and gentlemen," say the lecturers, "the central figure of allegory, 'the Spirit,' is the celebrated screen actress—Myrna Loy."

Double-Duty Outfits

(Continued from page 73)

—a soft homespun material or a slick broadcloth. For sports, a red and green plaid cotton blouse; for shopping, a green, Royal blue, or mustard colored crepe; for afternoons, one of eggshell satin; for later on, a red and gold or silver and white brocade. You can think up combinations as fast as you can write them down. Not so easy to attain? Well, one this month, one next, and so on, will string out the foundation skirt over a whole season—even longer.

And here are other color possibilities:

Ensemble with brown:

Brown and green striped linen
Green flat crepe
Beige satin
Green and gold brocade

Ensemble with gray:

Dark blue linen (plain)
Brown flat crepe
Pale yellow satin
Cloth of silver

Ensemble with tan:

Yellow and brown plaid cotton
Flat crepe to match
Beige satin
Cloth of gold

SCREEN stars, always sensing the ways of fashion, with quick, sure instinct, have taken up the blouse ensemble idea with gusto. Here we have Margaret Lindsay in a perfect example of the satin blouse, good for afternoons, and a wonderful thing, too, to wear with a suit.

Also, Jean Muir in one of flat crepe, with its touch of the 90's in a soft jabot, illustrates the possibilities of ever so simple a shirtwaist idea.

Joan Blondell carries the same idea into the realm of the little coat and skirt. Underneath the gay plaid jacket, a light blouse with the skirt makes still another costume.

Even the three-quarter coat over a waist and skirt combination is perfect in style. On the pattern page—page 74—you will see one worn by Una Merkel. We have had a pattern of this cut especially for the readers of MODERN SCREEN, knowing that they may want to make themselves something that is right up to the minute in style and sponsored by one of the most popular of the movie actresses. That dress and coat could be done from two plain materials or the coat and skirt could be made of one material with a contrasting sweater or blouse. The possibilities of combining it in various ways are enormous.

Ruby Keeler's ensemble is an outstanding example of the way in which this combination blouse and skirt idea has been carried right into the field of formal clothes. It is not going too far to say that the most effective dinner dresses of this season are those constructed on this principle. And by the same token, variety in formal dressing can be economically achieved. One black satin or velvet skirt, reaching the floor, can carry a satin blouse, one of metal cloth, one of brocaded velvet, if you wish, and also a tightly fitted Victorian coat of heavy, corded bengaline, with long fitted sleeves.

It's really about the smartest thing you can do, if you go about a lot after dark, for you are obviously dressed for a party and still you have all the look of the most modern and sophisticated young person.

A little coat can cover the blouse as shown in Ruby Keeler's costume. And these jackets are quite as fascinating in their way as the blouses that grow underneath them. More possibilities for varying the look of the foundation dress.

Treat it all as a game—and use your head while you are playing the game. Plan before you shop—and you'll be surprised how varied and complete your wardrobe will become for a very modest financial expenditure.

In such a way, you can avoid the bugaboo of wearing "the same old thing" for one date after another. And do so without going to heart-breaking expense.

For there is nothing more important than being properly and appropriately dressed—and good taste and a cultivated clothes sense can accomplish more in this direction than money. Develop an interest in what you wear and, ten chances to one, you'll always look your best.

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS



She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness
without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

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Don't be switched!

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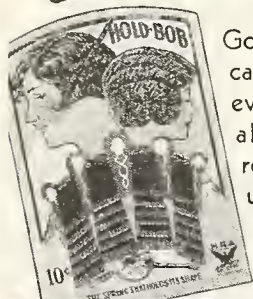
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The Private Life of a Crooner

(Continued from page 68)

Rock. Mildred felt so blue about it she went out and bought two pair of new shoes. Which reduced the bankroll to \$18.75. The prodigals arrived in Little Rock minus a few meals, but happy.

They lived with Mildred's aunt for three weeks and with Dick's folks for two months.

On July 4, the Royal Peacock Orchestra from Indiana came to Little Rock for a five-week engagement. The event had been advertised weeks in advance. The Royal Peacocks were being paid plenty of money and it was up to them to deliver—and deliver something good. In fact, the boys of the band got so excited that exactly five hours before the grand opening number, the tenor soloist took down with an acute case of alcoholism. Some pickle for the Peacock leader, even if he was cold-and-worried sober! Like a frantic hen, he began scratching for local talent and what he dug up was Mr. Richard Powell.

He could have done a lot worse. As the evening and the enthusiastic hilarity wore on, it became evident that he couldn't have done better. The local boy was a hit with the big league orchestra. He was even better than that: he was a minor sensation. It was not a surprise to anybody when the Peacocks offered Dick a contract which called for a long engagement at one of the big hotels in Louisville, Ky. The magnificent sum involved was \$60 weekly.

On September 21, Mildred and Dick left for Louisville, leaving their debts behind them. They were young, in love, and in the money.

As a full-fledged professional singer, he had calling cards made with the imposing name: Richard E. Powell, Tenor. He sang popular songs, sang over the radio and two weeks after the opening of the Louisville engagement, he became a crooner by the simple process of lifting a megaphone to his lips.

It was inevitable that before the year was out, the marriage of the popular little belle from the South and the music struck kid from Arkansas should begin to feel the strain of divergent tastes. Mildred had been petted, admired and rushed with more dates than there were evenings in the week. Now, as Mrs. Richard (Tenor) Powell, she lived an existence of lonely nights spent in hotel rooms, movie shows and visits to the circulating libraries. Dick's orchestra job kept him occupied from seven in the evening until one in the morning.

When the Peacocks suddenly found themselves minus an engagement, their life became even more of a spotty affair, with Mildred growing more and more miserable.

EIGHT vagabond months went by. Dick played the banjo and sang songs (for two weeks) in an Ohio theatre. There was an offer from a traveling "Student Prince" company

that he didn't accept because he didn't like the looks of the chorus boys. Then a short Columbia Club engagement in Columbus, Ohio. Once he teamed up with a piano player with vaudeville in mind. They landed in Chicago, played a week and nearly starved to death for six. In a burst of discouragement Dick permitted Mildred to talk him into joining her uncle in the real estate boom then in progress in Florida.

But before they could arrive in Florida, the boom was over.

There were odd jobs, such as making victrola records at \$50 a recording. They helped. One record, "Beautiful," was responsible for an offer which led Dick to a master of ceremonies job in Indianapolis. He was also to sing. With the \$150 weekly salary that went with it, this was the best break for the young Powells since the Peacocks hit Little Rock. He had never master-of-ceremonied before, but it was not long before Dick and his megaphone were points of local interest in Indianapolis.

Good masters-of-ceremony are not born to blush unseen. There are too many theatre scouts on the look-out for them all the time. And when a certain scouting gentleman from the Warner Brothers Theatre chain just happened to drop into Indianapolis and heard the peppy, personality kid doing his stuff through a megaphone—that was the end of the Powell career in Indianapolis.

He went into the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh at a salary of \$450 weekly, marquee billing, and an advance splurge of publicity that would have warmed the heart of Paul Whiteman.

Here was success in a big way. He was writing his own ticket; he was drawing more money than he had time to spend. But married life was growing more and more difficult.

Being a sensationally successful master-of-ceremonies in the "big time" took even more of his attention than he had devoted to his barnstorming days. He did six shows daily at the theatre. Now and then he donated the services of his band to charity activities. He loved it and it was good business. They'd heard of Crosby and Vallee in Pittsburgh, but the natives rated them bad seconds to Richard Powell. Mildred's unhappiness was the only hitch in the otherwise smooth oil of his existence.

"It was a terrible life for a girl," Dick explained. "It wasn't fair. Yet Mildred realized as well as I that there was no turning back from this line of work, now. It was definitely my field." They grew farther and farther apart. Eventually, though they remained friends, Mildred left on an extended visit to Houston, Texas.

Every week Dick was called into conference on the program of the build-up for the movie show that was to follow. He learned not only all the tricks of the trade—which included a "strong stage

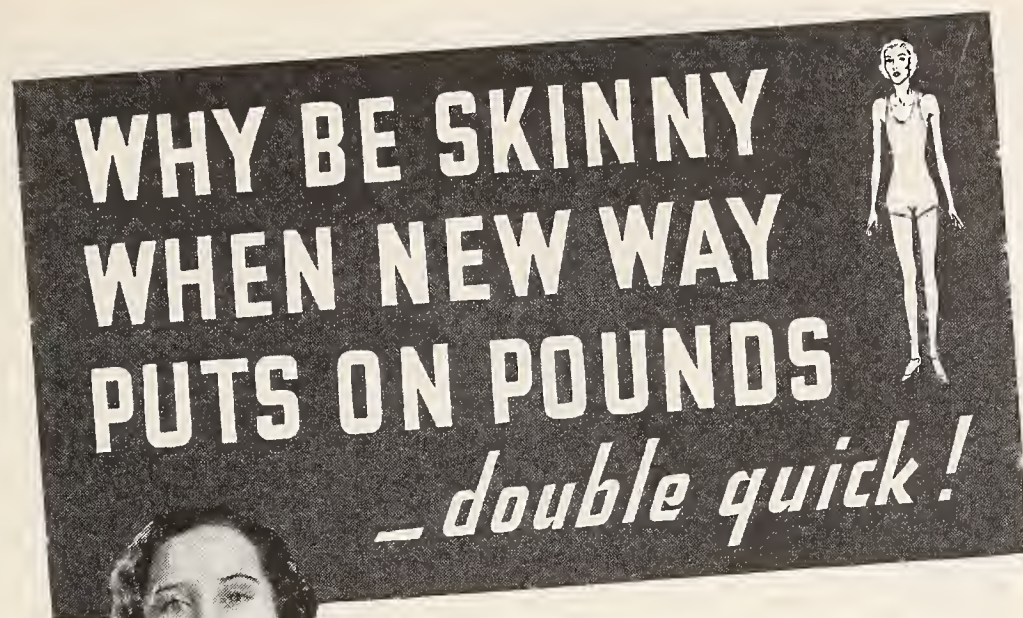
show for a weak picture" and a "take-it-easy stage show for a strong picture"—but he also learned Hollywood secrets that would have knocked several Hollywood stars for a loop. He learned that Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler and Wally Beery and Constance Bennett were hotter-than-hot—would fill a theatre every hour of the day or evening. But there were many other gilded and precious pets whom he knew to be drawing salaries way into the thousands who could be put over only by the finest vaudeville and stage shows. Mr. Powell and the Stanley Theatre management could rake up. Long before Hollywood actually knew him, Dick Powell had Hollywood's number.

HE particularly enjoyed his work during "personal appearance" weeks, which brought Hollywood personalities to the stage of his theatre. He came to know Alice White, Jimmy Dunn, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Jean Harlow and Lupe Velez as they appeared in Pittsburgh to say hello to their public. Jean Harlow's appearance was sensational.

"We did eight shows a day with Jean," Dick says. "The girl was a riot. I'll never forget her, either. It just happened that Pittsburgh was the first appearance she made on her tour. She was as nervous as could be. She showed up at the theatre at about eight o'clock the morning of her debut and showed me the little speech she had written. It was the old stereotyped stuff 'Hello, folks. . . I'm so happy to be here . . . hope you'll like me,' etc. I suggested that we work out a little act together. Something different . . . something new. She was as tickled as a kid. So we got out the old joke book and began to fashion the cracks into new twists. I'm telling you the girl panicked 'em. I was very flattered when she told me she was going to follow the routine we had worked up all through her tour . . . and she did!" Incidentally, in the week Jean played Pittsburgh she broke a seven-year record held by Jack Dempsey.

It was colorful and exciting work and Dick began to have a hunch his reputation was getting beyond local bounds. He knew he could ask for, and receive, as much as \$750 from the theatre. But ideas for bigger and better things were beginning to blossom in his fertile mind. If he asked for an increase, and got it, he would have to sign a contract. He had a hunch there was a better contract for him somewhere in the offing. While he was waiting, he played the stock market with such success he could have retired and lived nicely on the income from good investments. *But he forgot to sell out.* He awoke one morning to find himself financially flatter than a pancake, except for his salary.

It was the spring of 1932 the Warner Brothers Studio executives wired their Pittsburgh theatre manager they wanted to borrow Richard Powell for a movie test for "The Crooner." Inferiority never had been, and was not now, one of the Powell complexes, and he'd had



Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run down people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists: Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.



MODERN EVE BEAUTY AIDS

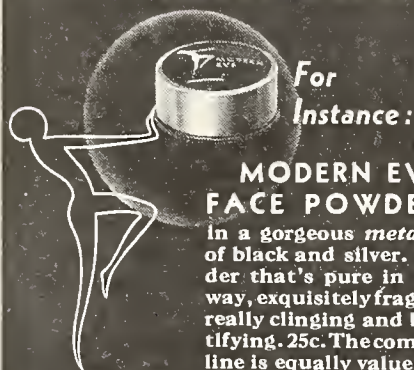


Dollar Quality and Quantity — for 25¢

If you saw Modern Eve Beauty Aids in drug stores, you'd be willing to pay \$1 each for them. For these are full-size boudoir packages of finest quality creams and cosmetics — at only 25c. They are especially made for your favorite 5-10-25c store—created of finest ingredients in a modern laboratory—and *honestly* priced to give you real quality at one-fourth the usual cost!

Modern Eve Beauty Aids are not miniature sizes—not “cheap” copies of the preparations you need, but genuinely fine, pure toilettries that can really help your skin's loveliness. See them—examine them—you'll be delighted that you can buy such dollar quality for only 25c!

MODERN EVE COMPANY
305 E. 63rd St., New York City



**For
Instance:**
**MODERN EVE
FACE POWDER—**
in a gorgeous metal box of black and silver. Powder that's pure in every way, exquisitely fragrant, really clinging and beautifying. 25c. The complete line is equally value-full!

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

a hunch that something good was just around the corner. But the movies! You could have knocked him over with a canary feather.

The instructions read that he was to make the test in New York and then return to the theatre to “await word.” He knew (long before he read in a syndicated column from Hollywood that David Manners had been signed for the part) that *he* would not play it. He had been too terribly nervous, too badly made up, in that hectic half-hour test in the New York studio. Dick was disappointed, but his respect for Hollywood casting judgment was definitely increased. New York shipped out his test and with Johnny Harris, manager of the theatre, he had a good laugh. The make-up made him look absolutely sappy.

One afternoon Harris came backstage with another telegram. The wire read: “WANT POWELL IN HOLLYWOOD IMMEDIATELY FOR ROLE OF SAPPY CROONER IN QUOTE BLESSED EVENT UNQUOTE TEST PERFECT FOR THIS ROLE.”

Johnny Harris was laughing so hard at this unflattering offer he could hardly stand up. “My God,” breathed Mr. Powell, who had just dropped a good-sized load of self-satisfaction with a terrible thud, “just wait until I get to Hollywood. I'll show 'em!”

Though it was necessary for him to play the role of the crooner in “Blessed Event” with a “sappy” effect, he did most certainly show them that the bad make-up had been responsible for their impression of him from that disastrous test. He clicked as a decidedly breezy and different screen personality from that first appearance; his agreement with the Pittsburgh theatre was cancelled and within a year he made “Too Busy to Work,” with Will Rogers; “King's Vacation,” with George Arliss; “Forty-second Street” and “Golddiggers of 1933,” the two latter musicals bringing him to co-starring prominence

with little Ruby Keeler. He started off nobly on his second year with “Foot-light Parade” and his next two are “College Coach” and “Convention City.”

NEVER for a moment did he feel like a stranger within the Hollywood gates. His long association with movie houses had familiarized him with the big personalities of the town long before he came here. He took up immediately his friendships with Joe E. Brown, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian (to whom he was immediately rumored engaged), Jean Harlow and other of his personal appearance pets. Nor were his feelings ever hurt if any big star *did* try to shoot him. He could always think back on what rotten business their last picture had done in Pittsburgh.

As soon as he was settled in a small house in Beverly Hills, he sent for his mother and dad. He knew now that his marriage to Mildred was a thing of the past. Six months after he arrived in Hollywood he received word that Mildred had divorced him. Yet to this day they remain friends, frequently corresponding. As for his muchly-publicized romance with Mary Brian, Dick says it was never as serious as the gossip columnists would have you believe. “I liked Mary better than anyone I knew. I still do. I think that's about all I can say. Anything else would have to come from Mary.” And Mary, apparently has decided the question by becoming engaged to Donald Cook.

New rumors would have us believe that Dick may marry non-professional Gwen Heller—the Warners' pretty niece. But, again, it's merely rumor.

For the most part, his life in Hollywood is a round of studio calls, golfing dates with Jimmy Dunn, family dinners with the Joe E. Browns, dancing dates with one or another Hollywood belle, and far more evenings than you would suspect spent in solitary study in his new home in Toluca Lake, where he recently moved from Beverly.

The Great God Studio

(Continued from page 55)

missed his mark. For the first time in his life. He had then shot himself. You see, he hadn't missed by accident. The god was, in this case, frustrated.

Again, the god expressed a desire for a frog that could croak in Gaelic. He wanted the froggie for Janet Gaynor's “Paddy the Next Best Thing.” Now, said the casting director, the god had indeed asked the impossible. He had recently procured three negroes with Harvard accents; he had brought out of his hat an aged Chinaman with an English accent and an Eskimo with a fluent German vocabulary. But when he was asked for a frog that could croak in Gaelic, the grass grew green all around for all of him.

Director Harry Lachman insisted that such a frog could be found by any good, frog-minded man. Dialogue-director

Edwin Burke swore that he had heard a frog croak in Gaelic in old Ireland. At last, worn down, a casting office sleuth was dispatched to the beautiful Japanese Gardens in Hollywood where frog families of all nations, dimensions and characteristics make their habitats. The sleuth, feeling, he said, like Simple Simon, lay under bushes and by the damp edges of rushy pools for whole nights through. The air was filled with the orchestration of froggy voices. And at last, asthmatic but triumphant, he offered a Gaelic croaking frog to the gracious god.

ONE warmish Sunday the god called for a jackass with a day-old colt. An altar boy was dispatched to the various stockyards and he looked at every lady burro in the pens without

result. Animal men called and said, "If you can wait a while . . ." *Studio can never wait.* And finally the director, on his Sunday drive, noticed a Mexican leading an expectant burro to pasture. Mr. Lachman stayed on for the blessed event. The colt was born in due course on that day and the sequence was shot, as scheduled, on the day following.

When Studio is in a mood for animals he grows more whimsical than A. A. Milne at his best. Emboldened by his success with the Gaelic-croaking frog and the expectant burro, he now called for a brace of suckling pigs *that would not grow.* These, also, were for "Paddy." The pigs, it would appear, play an important part in this same picture. A short sequence in which they star had to be shot at various times over a period of six weeks because of the action of the picture. Now, pigs have a habit of growing apace. Pigs *will* be pigs. It was a knotty pig-problem. Finally, a professional pig-raiser was called into conference. The conference went on for hours, far into the night. And the result of it was that the pig-man agreed to keep the company supplied with a succession of pigs of the same size, color and weight throughout the run of the sequence.

Occasionally the god is seized with a craving for doubles, or resemblances. As once when he demanded a double for Mr. Lloyd George, a gentleman who would look so much like the ex-premier that his own daughter, Megan, would call him Daddy. Casting assistant Billy Gordon of the Paramount lot was detailed to bring forth this tid-bit for the god. He searched for weeks. He advertised. He thumbed his call book wherein were listed doubles galore for Lincoln, George Washington, Mahatma Gandhi, Aimee Semple MacPherson, Mussolini and others. In vain. Not a Lloyd George in the library of them. One night, returning from a fruitless day in Long Beach, he stopped at a tiny night counter café for a hamburger. In the rear of the dingy little place he noticed a man washing dishes—*Lloyd George, in person, s'help him!* At least, he knew, the god could never tell the difference.

Another resemblance demand was made, this time for a man who would perfectly duplicate ex-president Hoover. They had to have such a man for the Lew Ayres picture, "Up For Murder." They were informed that a man by the name of Patterson was in the Huntington Park Station and that he was a most perfect double. They were right—and Mr. Patterson was President Hoover for the duration of the picture—and his term in jail.

WHEN Cecil DeMille was making "The Sign of the Cross," Studio called loudly for a dozen women six feet tall. He wanted them for the arena scenes. Now, Hollywood is a town where women are demi tasse size, almost to a lass. Again advertisements were placed in all the papers. In almost every case the women who flocked to the casting office were wide instead of tall. They seemed to feel that dimension was the important factor. But



"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"



"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is *always* on your carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. **CASTORIA**
The children's laxative
• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for the relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty



Have a Wonderful New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quince-seed base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

3 Perfumes

(Exquisite new odors)
SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—
A single drop lasts a week!

Three odors: Send only
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

30¢

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.
PAUL RIEGER
190 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Studio is a choosey god. At last, after many snortings and bellowings and repeated and more explicit advertising, there came a rush of female six-footers to the front. They had, every one of them, come from Swedish massage institutions, from Swedish athletic clubs or from Swedish employment agencies for household help. (Ah, there, Garbo!)

There once came a call from the God's great lips for three hundred dwarfs. The patient acolyte of a prop man had twenty to thirty of these little people listed on his amazing call sheet. He collected these as a nucleus. He then contacted all of the booking agents in this country and the result was that the Great God suffered from acute indigestion. Three hundred dwarfs traveled to Hollywood from all points—north, south and east—and as they advanced upon Studio, they were six hundred strong—they had brought with them their wives and families!

At another time the order came through for a colored valet who would speak with a Jewish accent. Again it was Billy Gordon of Paramount who went forth. A friend of Billy's told him that they had some charming Jewish friends who had had a negro valet for years. In fact, they had had him ever since he had been a child. He was interviewed and, sure enough, the son

of Africa spoke in the liquid tones of the Hebrew.

At times the god is kind to those he calls. When Fox Films was making "My Lips Betray" with Lilian Harvey, it was made known that the god would pay good money to such persons as could sit on the set with the English lassie and drink absolutely unlimited quantities of beer. More than two thousand letters of application were received. One man more than qualified by drinking one hundred and forty-eight pints in the record time of three hours.

It was our own Will Rogers who titillated Studio into requesting the three negroes with Harvard accents. He insisted upon having them for the porters in a train sequence of "Dr. Bull." He remarked, plaintively, that several times when he had been travelling in the Boston area, he had been assisted to his "bawth" by porters so cultured that they had given him an inferiority complex. Word was passed on to Central Avenue in Los Angeles, center of the black belt, and the next day, bright and early, the casting office was dignified by eight dusky applicants with bona fide Harvard accents on their lips and Harvard diplomas in their well-tailored pockets.

There was once the Great God Baal. Today we have the Great God Studio.

What Will Happen to Them in 1934?

(Continued from page 28)

possibility, say the stars, of bringing marriage also to Bill Powell, Carole's 1933 divorced husband. (Since that was a Reno divorce, you know, it's already final, and neither Bill nor Carole need wait a year before they can wed again.) Now, like Carole's, the portents indicate that Bill's marriage will be to a woman outside of pictures. It looks like a society woman. And this time—it'll be his third try—the signs say it will last, happily.

For Joan Crawford, 1934 will bring the peak of her picture career. After that, each successive year will be less brilliant—even 1935 may see her turn sensationally to the legitimate stage. The very apex of her screen life will be reached in one magnificently sensational film, sometime in 1934. Her love-life will not run smoothly in the year to come. The twelvemonth will bring to her not the one great love she believes is hers, but several flaming-and-dying loves. And, although the signs are propitious for happiness if she should marry in 1934, the signs also indicate that she probably will not, but that 1935 will see her again a wife. She will travel extensively in 1934—and either spring or fall will bring some critical trial of her nervous strength and health.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford will ever be man and wife. They will be close companions, always—but I cannot see that companionship turning into marriage." Franchot must watch his health carefully in 1934, lest it wreck his career. If he guards it well, then he is destined for three finely successful picture years.

The never-married Mae West will remain single throughout 1934, too—even though to her it will be quite a year of romance. Many a man—some attracted by her wealth and fame, some by her personality, others by her sex-appeal—will take literally her famous catch-line, "Come up an' see me some time—any time!" But, says Dareos, Mae will walk 'em out as fast as they come in and remain Miss West. "She is still," says the prophet, "completely in love with her career, and her destiny admits no man taking that love's place, for the present." However—not in 1934 or in the next year or two, but later—*Mae will marry*. And when she does, she will spurn all the proposals from famous and rich and prominent men, and will marry an obscure man, much younger than herself, and utterly poor.

Professionally, Mae West's career will go on brilliantly and her 1934 work will definitely consolidate her standing as one of the stars of all-time. She will win the next Academy Award for the finest performance of the year. Financially, she must guard against self-styled friends who will try to induce

NATURALLY, mentioning Joan brings thoughts of Franchot Tone. "Although it is not utterly prescribed by the signs," says Dareos, "I doubt, weighing one set against the other, that

her to invest unwisely. There will be a flurry in her life when a man from the past will pop suddenly and unexpectedly into her present—but there will be no serious results. She must guard, too, against some sort of underworld plot to put her on the spot. Too, there are signs of a possible auto accident.

GRETA GARBO'S stars portend no future greatness for her. The zenith of her career lies behind her, they portend. More, if Dareos reads them aright, either 1934 or 1935 will bring her final and permanent retirement from professional life, and she will return to Sweden.

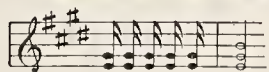
Janet Gaynor will marry in 1934, say the signs! There is just one faint angle which says that the marriage will not occur until early 1935—but her definite betrothal announcement, at least, will come before 1934 ends. He will be a divorced man, considerably older than herself, and she will find lasting happiness as his wife. And she will have a baby in 1935. Professionally, she will continue to do her usual lovely work for two years—and then there is the possibility of retirement.

To Clara Bow, before the end of the year, Old Doctor Stork will whisper that early in 1934 he will bring her a baby. The child is predestined to be brilliant, but in what sphere that brilliance will lie—the stage or screen, or some other art—cannot now be devined. And now set yourself for a shock: before two years more will have passed, Clara will again be a mother—and this time she will present hubby Rex Bell with a pair of twins. Yes—Rex Bell will remain her husband always.

Over Jean Harlow's head, great storms of destiny rage throughout the future that is 1934. It behooves her, if she heeds the signs, to show great care in all her doings, be they professional or domestic, lest there come to her again the wreckage of something she now holds dear. Scandal threads hang over her, although from an outside source and not of her own doings, and her career will hang in the balance. If she passes through the danger unhurt, then two more brilliant screen years lie before her. "All I can say, and I say it with regret," says Dareos, "is that all the planets lie in opposition to her in the coming year, and are complicated by the fact that she is under the sign of hasty moves. She must watch carefully, step carefully, to avoid the dangers that beset her path."

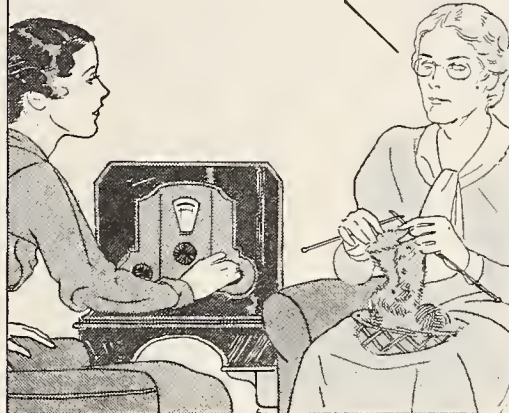
FOR Constance Bennett, 1934 will be a year of strange developments. Romance will beckon strongly to her, from foreign shores. Whether there will be divorce for her, I do not wish to say; she might misunderstand that I am merely trying to translate what I read in the stars," says Dareos. "But I will say this—divorce for her in 1934 is not impossible." Because she was born under the signs which have made her the person she is, divorce would be no detriment to her, professionally or socially, if it comes. She is too capable of overcoming such threats. Scandal

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"



PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF THE RADIO, AUNT VI. I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT SONG BUT NOW....

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"? WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?



OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE

ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS—INDIFFERENT INDOORS!! WAS THE RESTAURANT CROWDED AND STUFFY? DID YOU DANCE?



YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?

SIMPLY THIS, DEAR, TO BE VERY FRANK...



YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR, BUT INSIDE.... WHY, AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."

JUST A HINT, DEAR



LIFEBUOY'S THE NICEST SOAP! MAKES ME FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN. NO "B.O." NOW!



FOUND — one lost sweetheart! (since Lifebuoys ended "B.O.")

SO THIS IS YOUR ANDY

YOU BET I'M HER ANDY. FOR KEEPS!



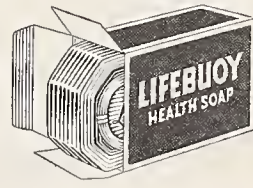
"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

WANT your complexion to win compliments like this? Wash with Lifebuoys nightly—watch skin clear and freshen. Lifebuoys lather deep-cleanses pores. Leaves skin free to breathe—free to grow lovely!

"B.O." never warns Any one of us may unknowingly offend. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoys. Its clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoys lather deodorizes pores — stops "B.O." (body odor).



"I OWE IT ALL TO LIFEBUOY"



Corns

**SORE TOES
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will always mean little to her, for she is capable of rising above it as few women are. In 1934 her health will require great care, but she should avoid all suggestion of operation during the year, as signs are not favorable.

Interesting, what Dareos says about Katharine Hepburn. That is—"Don't be surprised if you find a sudden great friendship between her and Bill Powell. Don't be surprised if they are teamed in a great picture." Professionally, her sudden flare is not a fluke, for she will continue to climb, climb, climb—even despite the fact that sometime in 1934, that climb will be temporarily halted by a serious throat affliction, which, however, she will overcome. There will be a great personal sorrow for her in 1934.

"If I read the stars rightly," says Dareos, "then Charlie Chaplin is married right now to Paulette Goddard." That companionship will remain strong during 1934. But otherwise, the year is rife with chaos and trouble for Charlie; echoes from the past will torment him; his nerves will be sorely tried. He will make a worthwhile picture in 1934.

Dareos predicts these other interesting marriage probabilities in 1934: Mae Clarke will probably marry a man from a far-off land whom she does not now know. Alice White will marry Cy Bartlett. (Miss White jumped Dareo's prophecy by marrying during the last month of 1933.) Lowell Sherman will marry again and in 1935 will be the father of a girl destined to grow to fame.

For Loretta Young, 1934 offers signs of marriage, but with such attendant omens that Dareos advises her to wait until after that year. Adolphe Menjou's stars foretell his marriage again in 1934, to a woman outside of pictures, and to lasting happiness. Before the end of the year, Ann Harding will announce her engagement to a blond man, with a possibility that the marriage itself will take place before the year ends; but if not then, early in 1935, and the year 1935 will bring her a son.

For Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, Dareos sees non-lasting happiness.

For Jimmy Cagney, the signs portend the end of his screen career, by his own choice, in 1934 or 1935, with Jimmy turning successfully to another field of endeavor. His marriage will go on happily.

Lilian Harvey will return to Europe in 1934. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, will face heavy reverses and failing health. For Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, the year also brings his return to America—and romance. But, warns Dareos, the signs also say that if he marries in 1934, the marriage will be doomed again to an unhappy ending. Doug will eventually find marital happiness with a woman not of the acting profession. Over the house of Mary Pickford hang clouds of sorrow and tragedy, with losses in more ways than one, particularly toward the end of the year. She will turn to writing, and within two years, produce a marvellous

book of memoirs. In 1934 she will make a picture—but it will not be a great one.

FOR Charlie Farrell, 1934 brings a happy return to screen brilliance; it also brings marital happiness unalloyed, for the period of threats and dangers is past. For Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, the year will bring recurrent rumors of their domestic break, with even a hint of its actual eventuation toward the end of the year—more as a result of the talk than of their own wish.

The health of Marie Dressler will be in as great danger as it is possible for any person's to be.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman will go through the year still merrily wed—but they face the danger of a serious air accident, particularly if they acquire their own plane. It would mean either a very long hospitalization or crippling for one or both. (Stay out of planes, then, Lil and Eddie!)

As for Gary Cooper, he is, as you know, engaged to Sandra Shaw. Some say they are already married—secretly. But, says Dareos, the stars declare a state of bachelorhood for Gary Cooper throughout 1934. Gary is threatened with a bad aviation accident in 1934, and also with danger from some new friend. Some day Gary will acquire great wealth—but not from acting; instead from the ground—oil or mines.

Clark Gable will find his work trying and must beware of giving way to inclinations toward temperament. His health will be none too good. But, despite contrary rumors and gossip, his marriage will last.

For Spencer Tracy, Dareos warns great care in his personal life, which is threatened by the signs in 1934. Professionally, things are bright; but romantically, there are clouds. There is the sign of divorce, but Dareos warns against it unless it can be quietly and secretly done.

For John Gilbert, great happiness comes via the stork. "He was born to adore kids," says Dareos, "and his own will bring him intense happiness as life goes on. There is the possibility that he will be the father of twins, either late in 1934 or early in 1935. They will be girls, too. John will never see a male child of his own."

The health of Lionel Barrymore's wife will be in great danger in 1934. Over his own well being, too, lie shadows. To John Barrymore, the year is kinder—it brings continued professional success, lasting domestic happiness—and another baby.

And after Doc Stork has attended to the Barrymore order, he'll be busy at the Stu Erwin—June Collyer home, where Stu, Junior, (whom his parents call Billy) is already boss of the household, though not yet two years old. June, who underwent a Caesarian operation when Bill came, faces a repetition of her ordeal—another Caesarian—from which she will recover splendidly. And the result will be—twins! For Hubby Stu Erwin, the year is exceptionally bright with success.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

he replied. "She can make them up in about the time it takes to play a phonograph record."

We were frankly skeptical, but Dick turned out to be absolutely right. By using Anne's recipe we served a party of ten hungry midnight raiders in less time than it takes to tell about it. Then, too, we found this combination so good that we not only use it for a midnight supper but have taken to serving it with noodles and brown butter for a quick, cheap and satisfying dinner. It's just the sort of trick to have tucked up your sleeve to pull out on days when you're going to be terribly busy or out all afternoon.

Once our curiosity about the hamburger had been satisfied we went on to the next nocturnal standby—eggs.

"What is Anne's specialty when it comes to eggs?" we inquired.

"Western egg sandwiches!" Dick told us. "They are famous from here to there and justly so. Anne always appoints someone to help her make the toast, so that I can practically count on these sandwiches making an appearance when there is someone on the party she is particularly keen about. Either these or Welsh rarebit sandwiches, which also call for toast."

"Well, *now* I know why you and Katherine always offer to make them yourselves," interposed sister Anne who had stepped into the room for a minute.

"You must admit Katherine is a very efficient helper," declared Dick with conviction.

There seemed to be no argument about that. The Katherine of whom they were speaking is the lovely dark-eyed daughter of Cecil DeMille (who directed Dick not long ago in "This Day and Age"). We understand that Dick thinks Katherine is not only efficient but also one of the grandest people in the world.

So you see, girls, all you need is one of Anne Cromwell's recipes for these two sandwiches and an attractive apron to slip on over your party frock and you are all set to trap the man of your choice. Just get him out into the kitchen where he can watch you competently throwing together a tasty snack and you should be ashamed of yourself if you can't make him your willing slave. The Welsh rarebit sandwiches take a trifle longer to make than the Western egg variety, so decide on them if you feel you need a little extra time. The Welsh sandwiches require the slicing of a few tomatoes and the cooking of a little bacon. We recommend that the Welsh rarebit mixture, which is poured over the whole, be previously prepared and left in the double boiler to be reheated.

"Does Anne ever serve anything which involves other things besides hamburger, cheese or eggs?" we then wanted to know.

"Yes, she occasionally fixes up a plate of little sandwiches with assorted breads and fillings, which are served after a



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bridge party," replied Dick, helpfully. Then, "went on young Dick, "Mother, who lives with us, occasionally turns out a devilled crabmeat dish. I like this best when it appears in big sea shells with melted cheese over the top, but before we had the shells we used to have it served in little dishes and I seem to remember that it tasted just as good. I never noticed any one leaving any."

THE "little dishes" to which Dick referred are ramekins, but we noticed, when we made up the recipe, that the Cromwell Devilled Crabmeat is just as delicious served out of one big casserole. We've even spooned it directly out of a double boiler onto slices of toast and still no one has ever left a morsel. We've tried substituting lobster or eggs for the crabmeat and *still* the dish met with unanimous approval. We've served it for luncheon and Sunday night supper as well as late at night and on all occasions it has gone over with a bang. All in all, it's one of those extremely versatile dishes for which every hostess gives thanks and if you don't send for your copy of this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder which contains this recipe among others, you're just plain improvident.

"Do you ever have anything in the way of a sweet?" we wanted to know.

"Not often, but when we do it is something quite simple. But sometimes when we want something extra special Mother makes us a squash pie, and boy! oh boy! how it hits the spot, served with a good cup of steaming hot coffee. Mother is the only person I've ever discovered who puts raisins into squash pie, but she says the real reason her squash pie tastes different from all others is because she puts grated orange peel into it. It's all Greek to me, but it certainly gets results."

"How about something to drink with these midnight repasts?" we asked.

"Well, of course, most people want coffee. Others prefer beer or milk. Anne usually lets people take their choice. But sometimes, especially when we're playing bridge, Anne serves cocoa and believe it or not, everybody likes it. A good hot cup of cocoa with some tasty sandwiches and you forget to care whether you won or lost!"

There, you bridge fiends, how many of you have thought of that? Make your cocoa by allowing one tablespoon each of cocoa and sugar, half a cup of water and half a cup of milk and a few grains of salt for each person to be served. Boil the sugar, cocoa, salt and water together for about five minutes before you start your game. Then you have only to add the milk, bring the beverage to just this side of a boil, then beat it with an egg beater for two minutes and you are ready to serve. Some people like a spoonful of whipped cream or a marshmallow in their cocoa but leave the addition of this to the discretion of the drinkers themselves.

IN this month's specially prepared MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder you will find the Cromwell recipes for Special Hamburgers, for Devilled Crabmeat, Raisin-Squash Pie and also four

elegant new sandwiches to serve after your bridge bouts. One sandwich is made with chipped beef (marvellous!), another combines celery, olives and peanut butter. And that isn't all. Send for them and see for yourself how good they are. You can have these MODERN SCREEN Star Recipes free by filling in and mailing the coupon on page 12. I do hope you'll mail the coupon to us right away, for we're simply dying for you to try these recipes for your next party. And while you are waiting for your folder, brew yourself a batch of popularity by trying the following two on your friends, relatives and family (and be sure to cut out these recipes and save them).

WESTERN EGG SANDWICH

For each person to be served allow:

- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon minced onion
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons thin cream or rich milk
- 1 tablespoon minced ham
- dash of salt and pepper
- 2 slices bread
- 1 pickle

Melt the butter in a frying pan and add the minced onion. Cover and cook very slowly until onion is slightly yellowed. Meanwhile beat together the eggs, cream, salt and pepper, using an egg beater. Add the ham and when onion is a delicate yellow, turn egg mixture into pan with onion and butter and cook over low flame, stirring constantly and slowly until mixture becomes firm but not hard. Serve between slices of hot buttered toast and garnish with a pickle. (Note: for large parties, make the toast under the broiler flame of the gas oven so that all the slices will be done at once and appoint some one to watch over the toasting process.)

WELSH RAREBIT SANDWICH

For each person toast 2 slices of bread. Spread with butter. Cover one slice with thin slices of peeled tomato and place on the tomato 3 strips of crisply cooked bacon. Cover with second slice of toast and pour over all a generous serving of Welsh Rarebit. Dust with paprika and serve at once.

WELSH RAREBIT MIXTURE

- 1 package Pabst-ett or Velveta
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thin cream or milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- dash of cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Melt the butter, add flour and mix well. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add cheese cut into small pieces and stir until melted. Add seasonings and serve. If desired, this mixture may be made up ahead of time and reheated in a double boiler. If it shows any tendency to lump, beat for a few seconds with your rotary egg beater.

"A Great Mistake!"

(Continued from page 30)

enjoyed, you will undoubtedly notice.

"Why? Because we've found out that there is a most excellent reason why women can't ever have that freedom. An insurmountable, biological reason! And having made this discovery, what can we do about it? We're trapped, if you should ask me. Or even if you shouldn't.

"We can't very well rush back into the old sheltered life women used to know. It no longer exists. Men's attitude has changed, for one thing. Men have finally become accustomed to women being jostled in subway trains and taking it. And you can hardly expect them to go on and on thinking of little blondes as fragile as porcelain, when for years little blondes have been going out of their way to prove they can do practically anything a man can do.

"Goodness knows," Claudette granted, "men were loathe enough to accept the new order. But things reached a pass where they simply had to adjust themselves to the modern, independent woman and the new pattern of living which evolved with her or appear ridiculous. And men, as you very well know, will do anything in the world rather than appear ridiculous.

"The modern woman," she went on, "thought of herself as liberated. Until slowly, and too late, she discovered that instead of liberating herself she had bound herself to be and do things she really didn't want to be and do at all—things it wasn't natural for her to be or do when you come right down to it.

"And we've always been so dramatic, so vehement, so determined about independence," Claudette sighed. "Constantly placing ourselves at a tremendous disadvantage. We lost track of fundamentals. There you have it! Of fundamentals and the important superficialities which go with them.

"We forgot to be beguiling, for one thing. For years it has been as if we no longer had any time or inclination for the old-fashioned flirtations and courtings. We allowed ourselves to be daring. And that was exciting enough to satisfy us until the novelty wore off. Then we came to our senses. Then we realized that we had been overlooking the fact that women primarily are meant to attract men, to appeal to their protective instinct, to marry them, and to bear them children. Some of us became a little bitter about men because they finally quit being protective and allowed us to shift for ourselves, in more ways than one. Many of us gave up marrying. Entirely too many of us gave up being mothers.

"For the last decade we've actually behaved as though we thought it would be possible for us to be greater than the very natural system of which we are a part.

We are paying very dearly for all the little mistakes in behaviorism that

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we've made. Jumping up and getting whatever we wanted for ourselves, for instance.

"Norman has often assured me that his attitude towards me would be very different if I'd permit it to be, if I wouldn't act so darn independent all the time. And I know it would be. I know the attitude of other husbands and beaux would be, too."

Norman and Claudette obviously have discussed this subject at length. She quoted him often that day.

"However," Claudette went on, with an understanding smile, "for all our independent gestures we remain women. And it happens that it's natural for women to be happiest, to come closest to contentment when there's romance in their lives, when by word and deed men pay them tribute. That's why I insist that, now the novelty of being independent has worn off, we modern gals find ourselves out on a limb."

"I mention the little attentions men have gotten out of the habit of paying women, not because they are so important in themselves, but because they are indications that men's very attitude towards women has changed."

"What started you thinking about all this?" I asked Claudette. "You of all people! You, as independent and modern as women come!"

She laughed.

"I suppose," she confessed, "that subconsciously, along with thousands of other women, I've been hungry for a little more romance and a little less independence in my life for a long time. It was, however, a conversation between Allison Skipworth and Arthur Byron on the set some time ago when we were making 'Tonight Is Ours' that brought me to my senses. With something of a jolt!"

"They were reminiscing about a famous English beauty."

"Ah," Miss Skipworth said, "when she stood in the drawing-room doorway in that black velvet gown that showed her beautiful white shoulders, her golden hair piled high upon her head, wearing pearls . . . she was magnificent!"

"She was, indeed," Arthur Byron agreed, enthusiastically. "Magnificent. How long ago was that? Thirty years ago if it was a day. But how we both remember her. . ."

"Now you know perfectly well," Claudette pointed out, "that we have no contemporary beauty whose entrance into any drawing-room will be remembered even five months from now. And it isn't that women aren't as beautiful as they used to be. It isn't that at all. It's just that they're modern. It's just that they rush into a room or slouch in, that they don't make 'entrances.'"

"And you think this is a pity?" I prompted her.

CLAUDETTE nodded. "From a romantic point of view," she said, "and I repeat that this is an important point of view for a woman, women being as they are. I wish I'd lived in the day Allison Skipworth and Mr. Byron were talking about. It must have been very nice. Beauties making entrances. Men flocking about, beg-

ging for the privilege of bringing an ice, fetching a gold chair, paying compliments to ladies instead of discussing finance and business eternally."

"But, Claudette," I protested, suddenly seeing the other side of the picture, "you'd be bored to tears with such a life. You're used to crowded, stimulating days. You're accustomed to going where you want to go and doing what you want to do, without fear of the social ostracism all of this previously would have caused you."

"Do you," I went on to tax her, "mean to sit there and tell me you feel you've made a mistake in being independent, supporting yourself, maintaining a separate house from Norman and all the rest of it?"

"I think," Claudette said, refusing to be ruffled by my attack, and thus convincing me of her sincerity, "if I was less independent and Norman, therefore, could be more protective, he'd probably be happier and I'd probably be happier. We'd be more the way a man and woman apparently were meant to be."

"I doubt, however, that either of us ever will know that particular degree of happiness and contentment. Having grown up in the years when I did, having become infected with the independent, modern woman virus there's nothing I can do now but continue to run my own affairs, live in a separate house from my husband, and look out for myself in a hundred little ways. I'm gaited that way now. There's not much, if anything, I can do about it."

"Wouldn't you advise the girls now growing up to follow in the footsteps of your generation of women?" I persisted.

She shrugged. "To advise girls growing up," she answered me "is dangerous business. I don't fancy it. You can't tell how things will go."

"For instance," she explained, "if women are going to keep on being as they are, then the old, romantic order of things is doomed and girls growing up will be wisest to move with their times. It's not a good thing to be out of step. Perhaps somewhere later on the new generation or the generation that follows it will find a new brand of romance, one I can't possibly anticipate, one which will compensate them for what we have lost."

"Certainly one individual here and there forsaking the life, manner, and outlook of the modern woman will gain nothing. Our old realm can be repossessed only if economic conditions change and women generally have the courage to admit they've made a mistake."

"I would, however, talking to a growing girl, tell her what I've been saying to you. I'd at least try to prepare her for the restlessness she'll be sure to experience sooner or later. I'd quote Anatole France to her. I'd say, 'On the domestic hearth, there only is real happiness.' But I'd also say: *providing* you aren't dated and an anachronism sitting by that old hearth, providing that, doing this, you're living up to the spirit of your times, and not going unhappily and uselessly against it."

"You certainly picture the modern woman in rather a hopeless position," I told Claudette.

"That's exactly where the modern woman is, where she has been for a long time," Claudette insisted. "But the new clothes mother was talking about the other evening . . . they're going to be a help. They're a help already, as a matter of fact. I actually find myself looking forward to the evenings when I'll put on a gown that has a high waistline and a trailing skirt, a lavish evening wrap. And when, living up to these fashions, I'll put aside my brisk independence. For a few hours at any rate.

"In slacks and a sweater, I sprawl and reach out for whatever it is I want. But in my new evening gown that pours onto the floor and has a deep décolletage, I instinctively choose a higher, less casual chair, place my feet differently, use my hands differently, talk differently, feel differently, even think differently.

"Whereupon Norman's attitude towards me undergoes a change, too; whereupon he immediately becomes more protective and solicitous and—well, thrilling—than he's inclined to be when I'm sprawling in slacks and waiting on myself. So, for a few hours, at any rate, everybody's happier.

"Save evenings for romance. That's my slogan.

"This is pleasant enough in itself, goodness knows. And you can't tell what it may lead to later on."

Joe Says a Mouthful!

(Continued from page 65)

"In a purely accidental manner. It's an odd thing, I'm no Pollyanna, but whenever I'm the goat or get disappointed in any way, something good comes out of it. I discovered the comic possibilities of my mouth when I was playing the part of Lester, a bell-hop, in 'Listen, Lester.' I was disappointed in the role. Its dialogue consisted of short sentences, mainly yes's and no's. The other characters had all the laughs. I was the goat. After the first few performances I didn't mind. When one of the characters said something and I answered with my no or yes, I, naturally, would first open my mouth to say the word, but I found that the audience was still laughing at my fellow actor's joke, so I'd have to hold my mouth open until the laugh was over, or my meek syllable would never have been heard.

"Pretty soon I discovered that the laugh was lengthening in minutes, and that the audience was commencing to giggle at me and the way I handled my mouth; the exaggerated opening and then the single little word no or yes were very funny.

YOU know that yell of mine. I discovered its power in an accidental way, too. It was about seventeen years ago. Mrs. Brown and I



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Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

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had leased a cottage at Toledo Beach. A friend of ours was stopping with us, and promised to go swimming with me at six o'clock in the morning, but my friend failed to make his appearance. There I was . . . the goat . . . up to my waist in ice cold water, and given a stand-up. I stood in the water, and called to him. My call was so loud that all the neighbors came running as they thought someone was drowning. When they saw that there was nothing seriously the matter, and when they watched my mouth as I kept calling him, they laughed."

"Do you get any of your picture laughs by accident?" I asked.

"Two of the biggest laughs came in just that way," he declared. "One was in 'Broadminded.' I was told to hide under the bed and stare at the other actors. At the same time I was supposed to be funny. Once more I seemed to be the goat. The camera commenced to grind. As I lay there, my face peering out, I felt something tickling my nose. Of course I looked, and it couldn't help but be a cross-eyed look. There was a fly sitting on my nose. So I brushed it off, and that was one of the biggest laughs in the picture. Just an accident.

"And in 'You Said a Mouthful,' they used a tank for some of the water sequences. To make it realistic they put a swordfish in the tank. Through some odd trick of the camera, when the fish swam by me, it looked like a shark! And that got a laugh."

HE smiled at me. "Not all my disappointments end in laughs. When I first moved to Hollywood, they sold me a dude ranch and an interest in a gasoline station. There wasn't much of a laugh in losing on those. At the same time, I honestly feel that those losses helped me to understand the worried men in the audience; the men who come to forget their financial troubles. A comedian has to be as real as the people he entertains."

By his attitude I could tell he is good-natured. There is nothing resentful about Joe E. Brown. He has the happy disposition of the athlete. He likes vacations, and does not hesitate to take them. One of his favorite recreation spots is Palm Springs. He excels in nearly every known athletic sport.

Children love tales about his career. The fact that he was a circus performer, and actually a baseball player in one of the big leagues, endears him in their eyes. Children are always first to sense the humane qualities of a person, and a great deal of Mr. Brown's fan mail comes from youngsters under twelve.

He showed me some of the letters. He opened them at random. One was from a child who offered to black his boots, if only Mr. Brown would take him to Hollywood. One was from a little boy, begging for a picture; another, from a little girl who wanted an autograph.

He is very sentimental. He is sentimental about his home. He is senti-

mental about his wife, to whom he's been married for nineteen years. He is sentimental about his children.

"Don't forget to get their names and ages right," he earnestly warned me. "There's Mike Frankovich. He's twenty-one, goes to college, and I consider him one of the family. Then there's Don, he's sixteen, and Jo, fourteen, and Mary Elizabeth, who's two. And now we have the baby, Katherine Frances."

KATHERINE FRANCES is adopted, and Joe assured me that she will have the same advantages his own children enjoy.

"She belongs to us. We love her just like our own," he said. Because he is sentimental, he is easily hurt. His feelings were hurt twice during his week in Chicago. Both hurts were due to newspaper stories. The first began the previous week, when in Detroit, the banks closed, and Joe came to Chicago carrying his Detroit salary in a neat package. At the station he sent for a detective, and had himself escorted to where he deposited the money. The newspapers hooted at this, and accused Joe of doing it as a publicity stunt. They claimed he had no money in the package, and the whole thing was just a means of getting his picture in the papers. This was not true. Joe was obliged to carry the money, and the way he did it was the only possible and sensible solution at the time.

The second hurt was due to the fact that the newspapers kept associating him with the "42nd Street Special," that carload of stars bound for the inauguration by way of publicity. Joe was also on his way to the inauguration, but on the special invitation of Franklin D. Roosevelt, because it was Joe who was elected Grand Marshal to welcome Roosevelt when the latter went to California.

He is the sort of man whom other men elect to do things. There is an attitude of humility about him. He does not brag about how hard he works to develop his gags. Still, you know he labors, and at the same time, you admire him for freely admitting the accidents of success. He is earnest in his attempt to understand a little something about this complicated life that so frequently turns disappointments into accomplishments.

He is very competent. You can tell that by the way he talks, and above all, by the way he lives.

In a recent novel by Christopher Morley, there is a description that fits Joe E. Brown. It is this.

"In France he would have been a good Frenchman, in Turkey a good Turk, in an anthill a good ant."

His parting words, like most parting words, were typical of the man, I thought.

"My middle name is Evans. I can tear a telephone book in half, but you needn't tell them that. Just make them think I'm a human being."

And I hope I have succeeded.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 83)

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal)—When a handsome scientist starts fooling around with the supernatural, he discovers how to become invisible. But he forgot to find out how to get back to visibility. And this causes plenty of complications. Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart and William Harrigan. You won't miss much if you go to bed instead of to the movies that night.

● **THE KENNEL MURDER CASE** (Warners)—The latest Philo Vance story. A couple of brothers are most ingeniously and diabolically murdered. There is no clew until a prize Scottie is found killed the day before the Kennel Show. Good murder mystery—too exciting for very young folks.

● **KING FOR A NIGHT** (Universal)—Helen Twelvetrees as an understanding sister who becomes the mistress of John Miljan, a fight promoter, to further her fighting brother's career. She kills Miljan when he threatens to tell her brother (Chester Morris). The brother takes the blame. A terrific punch in this pix but a tragic ending—not particularly recommended for tots.

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy sleuth. Good Western—take the kids.

● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—May Robson as Apple Annie, who keeps her daughter in an exclusive school in Spain. Annie pretends that she is a Social Registerite. Then said daughter decides suddenly to come home. There is plenty of complication, laughs and tears. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee are also in the cast. You will go for this one—take the youngsters along.

LADY KILLER (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **LITTLE WOMEN** (RKO)—That old and beloved story now transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn is Jo, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee are Amy, Beth and Meg. Spring Byington is an ideal Mother March. Edna May Oliver, Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery and Henry Stephenson complete the cast. By all means see it and take the children.

LONE COWBOY (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY** (Universal)—A young lawyer and a good looking stenographer need money for a marriage license. They make her boss furnish it in a very unique and amusing manner. Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville again. Swell comedy—kids will enjoy it.

● **THE MAD GAME** (Fox)—A melodrama dealing with the kidnapping racket. A double-crossed beer baron, revengeful and hating the racket, gets out of prison and runs the mob down. Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, J. Carroll Naish. Good—not recommended for young folks.

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in a comedy of married life. Very funny—older tots will enjoy it.

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Speed and comedy in a fight over water rights. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and a family of mountain lions. Very entertaining for everybody.

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical sketch of the life of the late mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak. Preston Foster and Zita Johann. Good for those interested—too advanced for youngsters under 14.

● **A MAN'S CASTLE** (Columbia)—A simple little love story of a poor boy from Shanty Town who picks up a still poorer girl in the park. His shack becomes their castle. They marry and become truly happy. Spencer Tracy is excellent and Loretta Young is at her best. Glenda Farrell, Arthur Hohl, Marjorie Rambeau and Walter Connolly complete the cast. Very good—young folks under 16 will find it dull.

(Continued on page 117)



A remarkably fine picture of Dick Barthelmess in "Massacre."

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Norma Shearer's Personal Revelations

(Continued from page 16)

"So that was just one thing more for me to labor over. I wonder that I ever did work that got by on the screen when I had so many physical handicaps to think about. Not only did I have to learn how to relax my body before each scene, but I had to take every kind of neck exercise to relax it and keep it relaxed when the scenes were made. Eventually, I learned how to do this.

"And why didn't you ask me about the cast in my eye? You knew I definitely had one, didn't you?"

I nodded, for too many times this had been visible on the screen and off and I had wondered how on earth she had managed to conceal it as well as she did. I knew she could not always be photographed so that it would not show, and yet as I looked at her it was not there—I could not detect it.

IMAGINE a girl trying to be a picture star with a cast in one eye! I'm afraid that I should have given up and admitted that there was something with which I could not cope. But Norma did no such thing. She assembled every film scene where the cast had photographed unusually vividly. She ran these films over and over again in the projection room all by herself, pondering in her mind the action of each scene, the emotion that had made the cast show. She discovered it was definitely the effect of an unusual emotion. She had the cast when she did a heavy dramatic scene, she had it when she was angry, she had it when she was excited.

"Then I knew," she told me, "that I had to control that cast by my own thoughts. And I began to do just that.



This gives you a rough idea of how Robert Young and Katharine Hepburn regard each other—in "Trigger," we hastily add. This is the next Hepburn film—and it threatens to be simply grand.

But just try it if you want a really tough job. Now I verily believe you can change the entire expression of your face by the way you think. But the deliberate effort sincerely to feel a part and yet keep the cast out of my eye was an undertaking that almost conquered me. You see, I had to try to give reality to my scenes and yet keep myself from getting worked up to the pitch of emotion that would show up the cast. You can know how happy I am that it does not appear any more whether I am on or off the screen.

"You see what I had to fight with the muscular arms and legs, the cast in my eye and the irregular teeth, but nothing was worse than my self-consciousness! Of course, I will never lose all of this, for I think fear motivates most lives.

"As soon as I finish a picture I begin to feel afraid that it is not so good as it should be, that my work might have been better and my mind goes running on to how I can improve my scenes in my next picture. You're always straining, always reaching ahead toward the things you haven't attained. Motion picture success is like a woman a man loves and never possesses. It is uncertain, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, making you afraid you may be dropped from the race. I am glad I am still afraid. A person who feels sure grows contented, then indolent, then careless. Besides, cock-sureness doesn't make people love you and I would far rather be loved than have my work perfect.

"But I have overcome my self-consciousness (another phase of fear) in a measure. I did it purely by interesting myself in other people. When you enter a room, if you can just put out of your mind the thought that everyone is looking at you; if you can yourself look directly at someone else in the room, admire her dress, her hair, her hands—or anything; if you can just do this, it will do more toward taking your thoughts off yourself than anything else. In a scene one can, of course, enter so into the character to be played that self slips aside.

"There may be people who feel sure of themselves; there may be people who know from the beginning that they are going to do great things, but I never did.

"I hoped by the grace of God that I would make the grade, but obstacles invariably seemed almost too much for me. If I have succeeded in a measure I hope this knowledge helps others."

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Behind the News of Gary's Engagement

(Continued from page 17)

heart. Yet he will talk. He will talk—if urged and questioned—about Sandra Shaw and his first meeting with her.

The very first meeting was in a dark projection room where they had both been witnessing a film. When it was over they were introduced and said the usual "How do you do" and "How are you" business. And thought no more about each other until they met again at a friend's yachting party.

The boat lazied about the picturesque isthmus between Catalina Island and the Coast. Gary and Sandra don't remember where the rest of the party was.

All they know is that they two were sitting together on deck dangling their feet.

WHAT did we talk about?" Gary said. "Oh, I don't know. What do people talk about? Well, *she* said, 'How do people amuse themselves in Hollywood?' And I said, 'Some of them have motor cars.' And she said, 'And some of them have boats.' I said that was right and we didn't talk for awhile. Then I said, 'Do you really want to be an actress?' And she said, 'No, I don't give a darn one way or the other. But I like Hollywood and I like Hollywood people.' I caught myself kind of hoping that was personal. Out of the corner of my eye I looked at her. She was so nice and calm, somehow. And I've known girls who weren't so calm.

"Do you like to ride horseback?" I asked. 'Love it,' she said. 'Do you?' 'Unhuh,' I said. So we didn't talk much more for awhile. And then she said, 'You like mountains and ranches and hunting, don't you?' 'Sure,' I said, 'Do you?' 'Yes,' she said, 'Love all that.'

"Well, you asked for it. You asked me what we talked about and that's it. Not very exciting, is it?"

On the contrary, I thought it was very exciting, for in telling me about it Gary had shown that that first meeting had been important—much more important than what they said. They talked about motor cars and boats and horseback riding and hunting. They really—with their eyes and by their silences—told each other that they were rather intrigued with each other. And that's all it might have been—a charming girl, a handsome man, happily, gayly but not very seriously in love. That's all it would have been, had it not have been for the trip to Phoenix, Arizona.

After the meeting on the yacht, they went everywhere together, but there was no thought—nor talk—of marriage between them. They were just having fun. They had mutual interests. They liked each other. It was fun being together. And then they decided it would be fun to run over to Phoenix, Arizona. Gary carefully explains how well chaperoned they were. Jack Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce, as well as Sandra's uncle went along. Gary and Sandra thought this trip—like the parties and luncheons and teas they had attended

—would be just more fun. But the very word Arizona means "secret marriage" to the press. And when they got back from Phoenix, they were cross-questioned by dozens of reporters. Also there had been the rumor of the hotel register. It seems that it had been signed by Gary Cooper and then Sandra Shaw "Cooper"—just like that.

And this is what Gary said about that when they asked him. Without a flicker on his lean poker face, he blandly stated that the "Cooper" had been written after Sandra Shaw's name in order to save time when they returned next summer to be married! And whether he was kidding, or whether he was serious, or whether he just said the first thing that popped into his head, you can search me! And they told the reporters they were "engaged" and Gary bought Sandra a "canary colored" diamond. And they hoped that was the end.

NOW, that's the West Coast side of the story. There's a New York chapter, too. Rumors that they were already married were as thick as a wrestler's neck all over Manhattan. Long before the engagement was announced. One newspaper carried the line that Gary and Sandra would probably marry at the home of the Harry Whitney's—the day after a party given for Sandra and Gary at the Central Park Casino. There was another newspaper bit about Sandra receiving mail and packages addressed to "Mrs. G. Cooper." One can imagine that the telephone rang at Sandra's home and at Gary's hotel on the average of once per second. And one can imagine that all parties concerned finally became so frantic with all the fuss and bother that a formal announcement of the engagement of Sandra and Gary seemed the simplest way out, all round.

So, on November 28, at a Casino party given by Sandra's mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Shields of 778 Park Avenue and Southampton, Long Island, the engagement of Veronica Balfé to Gary Cooper, film star, was announced. Later, at the Shields' home where other friends joined the party, the engagement was also announced. And now Gary and Sandra and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields and Miss Barbara Shields and all the other Shields and Balfés can get a little sleep nights and enjoy a little peace of mind. Their Veronica and that film actor are "engaged" and the newspapers have the story and everybody can sit back quietly and see what happens from that point on.

I don't somehow believe that they will marry. I don't think, in the first place, that it is that kind of a love affair. I think the two young people were having a lot of fun together and probably still would be, but they got themselves into a spot—where everyone was saying that they *were* married and where their lives were made miserable by reporters' questionings—and the simplest way out was to announce an

engagement and be done with it. And now perhaps you'd like to know something about the girl in the case. Here are a few facts.

Sandra's real name, as I have said, is Veronica Balfe and so far as Park Avenue society is concerned she's the real McCoy. It's not a publicity man's idea that Sandra is what she is. I'm telling you, she *is*!

Veronica's mother, after her divorce from her daughter's father, Harry R. Balfe, married again—this time the wealthy Wall Street broker, Paul V. Shields, who with the very nautical brother, Corny, are noted as amateur yachtsmen on Long Island Sound.

Veronica went to the fashionable Millbrook School in Westchester and, when she was graduated, made her debut, but soon became bored with seeing her name in the society columns, with spending her summers in Southampton and with accepting the attentions of the young bloods in that effete resort.

In the meantime her father married again. His bride was Helen Meaney, the ex-Olympic diving champion, a girl only a few years older than his daughter. But this marriage ended disastrously and brought notoriety to the name of Balfe. That's why, when Sam Goldwyn offered Miss Balfe a chance to go to Hollywood as an actress, she changed her name to Sandra Shaw. Her New York friends still call her by her nickname, "Ronky."

From what different worlds these two come! Gary Cooper from Montana and Hollywood and Veronica Balfe from Southampton and Park Avenue. And it might have been just a lot of fun and parties if those marriage rumors hadn't started. But because of them, Sandra wears the lovely diamond Gary gave her and they have been entertained in New York by Sandra's elegant society friends.

And that's the story behind the news. Will they marry? Your guess is as good as mine.

I'll be as surprised as a kid who got an empty stocking for Christmas if they do get married. But I'm not infallible—Lord no!—and I'm just trembling in my shoes as I write this. Anything can happen. I may be as wet as Repeal Night. But a lady can't be shot for expressing her opinion, can she?



Little Alice White has been and gone and done it! We mean that she has finally married Cy Bartlett. Happy days, Alice and Cy!

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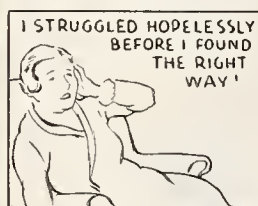
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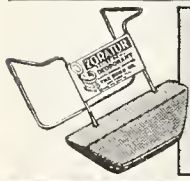
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The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior Street, Chicago

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

minutes. It's a swell idea to treat yourself to one of these professional ministrations occasionally, but for general purposes you can do it just as well as yourself.

THEN follows the shampoo—and if you don't know how to give yourself a proper shampoo after all I've told you, it's just too bad. Remember, three soapings aren't too many. I'm crazy about the soap I mentioned a month or two ago. It's a well-established brand which has just been newly packaged in a ten cent size—enough for two or three shampoos. There are six kinds to choose from, depending upon the color of your hair: blonde, brunette, titian, dark brown, medium brown and gray. Nothing in the soap, let me hasten to say, has anything to do with dyes or tints. It is simply that the blonde kind remarkably enhances the beauty of blonde hair and the other kinds do the same thing for the other kinds of hair.

I have arranged with the company which makes this soap to send you one of the small sizes—the same which are on sale in the dime stores—if you would like to try it. Please send the request to me and I will see to it that you receive your package. Be sure to mention the shade of your hair.

Some time ago, I read a most illuminating and free-from-hooey article on beauty by a woman doctor. She stated that there is an untold amount of idiotic nonsense written and said about the hair. She claimed that you should wash your hair whenever you think it needs washing. And I'm inclined to agree with them sentiments. In fact, I've gone so far as to experiment. I have the sort of hair which looks its best right after a shampoo. When it's even mildly dirty, it has lost color and lustre and life somehow, no matter how much faithful brushing and massaging I give it. So, lately, I've been sticking it into the tub whenever I felt in the mood. And, for the life of me, I can't see that it's done any excessive drying-out and my hair certainly looks better.

Have you ever tried "making up" your hair? There's a fairly new product which is called just that—make-up for the hair—in the advertisements. It's a delightful non-sticky lotion which you comb or brush lightly through the hair and which gives your own hair-tints a much more exciting look. Comes in various tints and washes right out with the next shampoo.

WHEN you rinse your hair after a shampoo, you can do a great deal to insure its beauty for the days to come. The proper procedure is this: before you even start your shampoo, have your rinsing water all fixed. That is to say, in a jug or separate bowl, have some hot water and whatever you plan to use for that last exciting touch to the

shampoo. It may be simply the juice of two lemons. Or a couple of table-spoons of vinegar. It may be one of the harmless tint rinses, all dissolved ready for use. It may be a bottle of perfume or toilet water to give a pretty scent to your hair. But have it all ready, whatever it is, so that you won't have to be groping about with your eyes full of soap, dripping water all over the floor. Rinse your clean head thoroughly under the shower or with a handy spray. Rinse it until it squeaks—actually. When you can rub your hand over your wet hair and arouse a sound that resembles a squeak, then you know it is thoroughly free from soap. Then, pop quickly from shower or spray to the wash bowl, pour in your rinse and dunk your head into it. Use the jug or bowl or glass or whatever you have at hand to pour the rinse repeatedly over your whole head.

I have been asked many times how to make the cute little feathery curls with which the movie actresses adorn themselves. Especially those attractive little curls in front of the ears. They're right nice, those little curls—they allow you to keep the rest of your coiffure rather severe by providing a softening effect that is just enough. Well, this is the way to make them.

Make a shallow half moon part from the lowest point of the temple to the point where your ear joins your hair-line. Pin your long hair out of the way and hold the part you want to cut with your left hand. Now, with sharp scissors, ruff this strand of hair slightly, cutting as you ruff it. The hair should be two and a half or three inches long when cut. Wet these little strands and twist them round in a flat spit-curl. Pin through with one bobbie pin or invisible hairpin. Then, another pin is laced through the first and your curls stay firmly put until they are dry. Comb them out when they are dry—and there you are.

This has nothing to do with the hair—but have you yet tried the swell new skin cleaner I spoke about recently? It's a brisk, enlivening liquid which gets rid of oiliness and shine and treats blackheads as they deserve to be treated. In my grubbier moments in this grubby city, it hasn't failed me yet. If you're interested, drop me a line.

Next month, I'm going to try something entirely new. You may think I've gone suddenly batty. But I'm going to write a beauty article for men. Yes, I am. And here's why I'm telling you about it: I don't for one moment expect many men to read it. They'd be too scared, the sissies. But I do expect wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts to read it. It will contain some straightforward talk about skin and hair and keeping fit. And Lord only knows, the dear menfolks could profit by a little beauty advice, don't you think?

"Alice in Wonderland"

(Continued from page 64)

staff! The sets will take your breath away, as they took mine! Four whole fairy-tale forests were set up in the arena. Trees that grow into hands, with diamond rings on the third fingers. Trees with little staircases, windows with tiny curtains, chimneys and doors.

But—I'm sorry if I seem to harp on this, but I can't help it!—the wonderful thing about it, to me, was the way the picture seemed to open up people and let you see things in them you'd never known were there. When Gary Cooper talked to me about being the White Knight, I give you my word, he looked as if he were on his way to church. I remember, one day, strolling on to the garden set—rose trees, covered with huge red and white blossoms, fifteen feet tall. (To make Alice look tiny), Ray Hatton, Jack Oakie, and Polly Moran were sitting under one of the trees—Ray a mouse, Oakie in his Tweedle-Dum costume, about which more later, and Polly Moran covered with feathers and sporting a pair of wings. Oakie was holding Baby Le Roy—who plays the Joker in a deck of cards—on his lap. Holding Baby Le Roy, and discussing babies' diets with Polly! Oakie, the wise-guy!

FOUR weeks, five, six, seven—in the eighth week, finally, the picture was nearly done. The strain was beginning to tell. Everybody was ready to drop. But, from his canvas chair besides the cameras, Norman McLeod's voice was still coming quietly, gently—with what infinite patience. And infinite care! I saw him hold up one scene until the research department checked on all possible pronunciations of the word "brooch." I saw six three-minute scenes take three hours apiece to photograph. The dialogue was so tongue-twisty that the actors missed words; and, each time, there was a retake, so that it would be nothing less than perfection. The lines in the Mad Hatter's tea party scene, for instance, were enough to tangle anybody.

In the last week, Cary Grant showed up on the set and stood wistfully looking on from the side-lines. He had been working at another studio, and had missed out on a part. The director called him over. "Cary," he began, "I think maybe we need a man to play the Mock Turtle—"

That was as far as he got.

"What?" yelled Cary. "I'll put on a blonde wig and play Alice, if you'll let me!" He was out like a shot, on his way to the wardrobe for a costume.

Meanwhile, Louise Fazenda worked for a week straight in a costume made of rubber inner-tubes, so bulky that she couldn't sit down in it. Many of the costumes were like that, permitting no rest. Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie, as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, wore pads and masks which let only their eyes show. Four days, they went,

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1

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2

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3

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Boracetine TOOTH POWDER

without taking a bite of solid food, sipping milk and soup through glass straws stuck through their masks. "I wouldn't ask my worst enemy to climb into this diving-suit," Oakie puffed at me. "But it's worth it."

And a script girl came up to Roscoe and asked, "May I have your autograph, please, Mr. Oakie?"

"How can you tell I'm Oakie?" asked Roscoe.

"By your eyes."

"O. K.," said Roscoe. "I'm not sure, myself." And he signed her book, "Sincerely, Jack Oakie."

Alison Skipworth, after wearing her breathless mask for five hours at a stretch, fainted just as she was starting a scene. They led her to a chair, and after a moment she said, "I'm all right." She stood up, and her legs gave way and fainted again. She had to go home for the day. Norman McLeod walked to the stage door with her.

"I'm terribly sorry it was so tough for you, Skippy," he told her, sincerely.

"How much more of this is there?" she asked.

"A whole day, I'm afraid."

A little pale, and more than a little shaky, Skippy gave him a grim smile. "I'll be here tomorrow!" she promised.

She was there. They were all there—and I mean that two ways!

TOWARD the very last, I talked to little Charlotte Henry—Alice. I got her off in a corner, sat her down, and said: "Now, tell me all about it."

"All about it?" She looked back toward the garden set, where a lone work-lamp gleamed, and sighed. "What can I tell you? I've been in a daze for eight weeks. Talk about Alice being in wonderland—I can't even believe it's happened to me, yet! They tell me I'm to have a trip to New York now. Tomorrow will be my first day off in two months. I'm going home and sleep, now, and tomorrow Mother and I are going to the beach and visit some friends." She smiled and looked thoughtful—if a baby in a puffed-sleeved blue organdie frock, with her hair down her back, wearing white cotton stockings and Mary Jane pumps, can look thoughtful. (She says the cotton stockings are cooler than silk and don't stick to your legs.) "I think what I'll remember longest is how sweet all the boys were to me. They played little jokes on me. Oh, funny things happened to other people, too." She giggled. "Louise Fazenda fell off her stool—they just had to prop her against it, in that costume—and she bounced all over, in those inner-tubes. She

rolled around like a lost spare tire, and couldn't get up! But one of the things they did to me—I got a pebble in one of my Mary Janes, and I took it off when I went to lunch. When I came back I thought I was having a hard time getting my foot into it. They nailed it down to the floor, that's what they did!"

"I don't think that's very sweet!" I protested.

"Oh, but it was the sweet way they did it. Jack Oakie is the funniest man! I laughed and laughed at him. Once we were just getting ready to take a scene, and a light-bulb fell on the floor and blew up. It made a big bang. Just like that, Jack yelled: 'He went that way! Last I saw he was just going over that hill!' He's so quick."

Charlotte is a brave little trouper like all the rest. When they did the scene of her falling down the rabbit-hole she hurt herself, falling. Clear across the set, they heard the bone crack. "They thought they were going to have to get another Alice for sure," Charlotte relates it. They picked her up, and a prop boy went dashing away for the studio chiropractor.

"Doc!" he shouted. "That little girl in Stake 13's busted her neck."

"Then don't call me," growled the dour chiropractor. "Call the ambulance!"

It wasn't a broken neck, but she tore a ligament in her shoulder and wrenched a bone in her neck out of place. And—just like Skippy Skipworth!—Charlotte went right back to work, the moment they finished putting the adhesive tape on her.

But everybody really was sweet to her, she's right about that. Dick Arlen moved out of his dressing-room and put a pair of twin beds in it for Charlotte and her mother, so they wouldn't have to drive home every night. As Charlotte said—and it's all she needed to say, "He didn't have to do it."

Dick owns a warm spot in her heart. "He's so sweet," she says. "You know, as the Cheshire Cat he looks just like my Pekingese puppy. His name is Puddles. My dog. I didn't want to call him Yum Yum or Fan Tan, so I named him Puddles because—well, I named him that. People say he's a very good dog, but I don't. I think he's just a mongrel. You know, when he wants to attract your attention he sits beside you and sneezes and sneezes—"

Oh, Sophisticated Hollywood! Hollywood has shown a sweetness, a sincerity, a fineness we never knew was there. Nobody can ask for more.

WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT MICKEY MOUSE?

Well, you will, brethern and sistern, you will. In our next issue, we reveal the inside lowdown on the popular rodent. And, incidentally, the inside lowdown on his creator, Mister Walt Disney.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—DON'T MISS IT!

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 81)

Freedonia—with Groucho as its dictator, Zeppo as Groucho's minister and Chico and Harpo (minus the harp) as spies. Harpo also does a "Paul Revere," but gets waylaid by a pretty blonde whose husband is out of town. Funniest scene: Groucho tucked in bed for the night (fancy night cap and all) eating crackers. Raquel Torres is the leading lady.

• **LADY KILLER (WARNERS)**

James Cagney, Mae Clark, Margaret Lindsay

JIMMY CAGNEY is at his breeziest in this fast-moving, highly-entertaining movie of a young chap who gets fired from his job as an usher and becomes a big racketeer. When his gang gets too rough he pulls out for Hollywood and joins the movies. He builds up his following by writing himself fan letters. When his old gang invade the colony and start a series of robberies among the stars, he's put on the spot as their "finger man." Mae Clarke is the moll and Margaret Lindsay the movie star. Both gals are swell. Rowdy, hilarious, blue in spots but Cagney fans are sure to like it.

AS HUSBANDS GO (FOX)

Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson

MOST of the snap and sparkle that made Rachel Crother's "As Husbands Go" good entertainment as a play was lost in bringing it to the screen, due mostly to poor direction. Production is lavish and gowns worn by Helen Vinson are particularly gorgeous, but outside of that it remains dull movie fare for the average theater-goer. The cast, including Warner Baxter, is never quite at home and therefore does not convince.

Children won't like it.

• **SON OF A SAILOR (WARNERS)**

Joe E. Brown, Thelma Todd, Jean Muir

ATYPICAL Joe E. Brown comedy with the star in the role of a swaggering young gob who has his big moment. Quite by mistake he finds himself the house guest of the Admiral, captures a couple of crooks (also by mistake) and becomes a national hero over night. Jean Muir and Thelma Todd contribute the fem interest. Johnny Mack Brown and Frank McHugh oke.

Young people will adore it.

LONE COWBOY (PARAMOUNT)

Jackie Cooper, Lila Lee

THANKS to Jackie Cooper, this emerges a fairly good Western. Show revolves around him as the kid whose father commits suicide and leaves him under the care of an old friend grown hard and bitter toward all mankind when his wife runs away with his foreman. In the end, Jackie wins over the old rancher and they become great pals. Lila Lee, Addison Richards and Noah Beery in the cast.

• **THE THUNDERING HERD (PARAMOUNT)**

Randolph Scott, Judith Allen

ZANE GREY'S story makes good Western entertainment. There are thrills aplenty, some swell battles with the Indians, fast riding, a mean villain, a gal and a hero. Randolph Scott, Harry Casey and Raymond Hatton are buffalo hunters. Judith Allen is the girl who is kidnapped and Noah Berry is the meanie. The ending is especially exciting.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (PARAMOUNT)

Charles Farrell, Charles Ruggles, Marguerite Churchill

STORY of a country boy who wins a scholarship and goes to Paris to study art. He falls in with a gang of starving artists, gets ensnared by a scheming artist's model and finally clinches with a nice girl from Dixie. Charles Farrell plays the innocent art student, Marguerite Churchill is good as the girl from Dixie and Grace Bradley and Charlie Ruggles furnish the comedy. Ruggles is the best thing in the picture.

DARK HAZARD (WARNERS)

Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell

THIS is not up to the usual Robinson vehicle. It's the usual story of a gambler, told in a spotty and uninteresting manner. Genevieve Tobin is his wife who takes the bumps along with him, but when it gets too tough, leaves him. Two years of ups and downs and they are reunited with Robinson promising to go straight. Edw. G. gives a fine, sympathetic performance and is ably assisted by Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell and George Meeker.



"Set a Thief To Catch a Thief!"

• That was sleuth Crowder's method. But how to catch a murderer . . .? A killer who deals death before your very eyes, yet leaves no trace!

• Could Bob Crowder continue his old crime-detecting method of fighting fire with fire?

• Earle Stanley Gardner gives you the amazing answer in his most hair-raising novelette, "Jack of Death," complete in the February

ALL DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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Between You and Me

(Continued from page 13)

I'll go see 'em! But right now I am so content with having seen and heard those three musical numbers at a nominal fee, that wild horses couldn't drag me to a legitimate show again; not even the bald-headed row with a free ticket could tempt me!

Grrr!

FRANKLIN DAVIS of Charlottesville, Va., is that mad:

I'm mad, really mad! Why I'm astonished at the producers yelling for new faces for the screen when they've got loads of actors and actresses right in Hollywood with more ability than all the newcomers have wrapped together. All they need is a second chance. They had their first chance in the "silent" days and made good, but when the talkies came in the producers dropped the established players and grabbed all the stage players they could find. Just look at what they've got now. A bunch of dried up turnips! Give us back such stars as Alice Joyce, Charles Ray, Margaret Mann and Blanche Sweet, especially. Now come on, you producers, and give the old favorites a real chance again. You fans can also help by boosting them. They deserve it!

(Well, our movie stars have been called a heap o' names. But we'll bet turnip is something new.)

I've been married twenty-nine years. I have two grown-up children. While I'm not strait-laced, I'm certainly not modern—as that overdone word is interpreted. Immorality and smuttiness make me shudder. But I do like Mae West—and so does my husband—and I don't care who knows it. We had a riot of a time at "I'm No Angel." The general consensus of opinion of the audience was "Well, she's just as lowdown as she can be. She says the most awful things! But she is as funny as the dickens."

And that, I think, is the whole situation in a nutshell. *Mae can get away with it.* She pulls some perfectly terrible, double-meaningful remark—and then makes a wisecrack about it just quick enough to take the bad taste away. I'm for her—and, believe me, I never thought I should be. What's her next picture?

(*"It Ain't No Sin"* is the tentative—and beautifully suggestive—title scheduled at the moment.)

He Wants Wynyard!

FRANKLIN JONES of Seattle, Washington, writes:

Aw, shucks! A grand gal comes to Hollywood, makes a couple of pictures, and then scoots back to England. Diana Wynyard, I mean. She was a real actress. I go to the movies to see a good play with good people in it—not to gawp at some cutie and wish I'd meet a girl like her. Is Diana Wynyard ever coming back—and when?

(*She's in Hollywood right this minute, Jones old chap. She's going to make a picture for RKO but what it will be we can't say as yet.*)

A Carload of Orchids for Norma

ESTHER E. GROMLICH of Hamburg, Penna., would adore to meet her:

I have just read the article "What Stars Would You Like to Meet?" Gee, I certainly was disappointed in Faith Baldwin for not mentioning Norma Shearer. Why, if I had a chance to go to Hollywood, Norma would be the first star I'd want to meet. I admire her pluck for staying with her husband, walking away from the public as she did. If I ever get a chance to meet her, no cop in the country is stopping me!

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

Do You Know the Name of a Good Laundry?

MRS. JAMES DAVIS of Syracuse, N. Y., thinks pictures should have their mouths washed out with soap:

How much longer before producers wake up to the fact that a whole lot of people are getting thoroughly fed up on the type of pictures that have been passed out of late?

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(Well, lady, there is "Little Women." There is also "Alice in Wonderland." And, judging by their popularity, there'll be more like 'em, we're sure. By the way, what do you think of Mae West?)

And—On the Other Hand—

MRS. GEORGE B., of Utica, N. Y., admits she likes a spicy picture—if it's properly done:

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes give their answer in our next issue to Homer Croy's story on Hollywood feuds, which appeared recently in these pages. It's a frank, revealing answer—you'll want to read it!



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28x4.75-19		2.45 .95	32x4	2.95 .85	
29x4.75-20		2.50 .95	32x4 1/2	2.95 .85	
29x5.00-19		2.85 1.05	34x4	3.25 .85	
30x5.00-20		2.85 1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35 1.15	
28x5.25-18		2.90 1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
29x5.25-19		2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
30x5.25-20		2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35	
31x5.25-21		3.25 1.15	33x5	3.75 1.45	
28x5.50-18		3.35 1.15	35x5	3.95 1.55	
29x5.50-19		3.35 1.15			
30x5.50-20		3.35 1.15			
30x5.00-18		4.40 1.15			
31x6.00-19		3.40 1.15			
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Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 107)

MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners)—Story of a gal doctor. Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. **Rather dull and tearful.**

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role involving politics and romance. Elissa Landi plays opposite. **Good—children under 16 will be bored.**

MASTER OF MEN (Columbia)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—Yarn about tough youngsters in a reform school. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. **Good—kids will think so, too.**

THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)—A little drama of London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Allison Skipworth and George Raft. **Fair—nothing in it for the tots.**

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)—A story of naval cadets. Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness. **Good of its kind—for children and grown-ups.**

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—The backstage life of a little country girl struggling to become a great actress. Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan. **Excellent—send the tots to a Western.**

● **MY WEAKNESS** (Fox)—A musical about a charming little Cinderella. She wins a bet and—love. You see Lillian Harvey for the first time in this. **Delightful and entertaining for the whole family from oldest to youngest.**

● **MY WOMAN** (Columbia)—A human little yarn about a devoted wife who gets her husband his "big chance." He becomes a terrific success. Then comes the usual complication of another woman. Helen Twelvetrees, Victor Jory and Claire Dodd. **Rather good—boring for youngsters.**

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Richard Dix as a cagy advertising man and a still more cagy bachelor. **Very good—young folks under 16 won't care for it.**

OLESON'S BIG MOMENT (Fox)—An apartment house, its janitor, lots of tenants, gangsters and a love affair make this a fairly enjoyable little comedy. El Brendel, Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. **Good slap-stick comedy.**

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Rival love, hatred, revenge and a narrowly averted murder. Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton and Fay Wray. **Excellent drama—not for children under 16, though.**

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore in a characterization of a doctor who sacrifices a brilliant career to practice in a little country town that needs him. Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan and May Robson complete an excellent cast. **Splendid drama—rather dull for tots.**

● ● **ONLY YESTERDAY** (Universal)—A terrifically human drama of a prewar romance. Comes the war. Finally its end and the return of the lover. But he doesn't even recognize his sweetheart nor know that he is the father of her child. Margaret Sullivan, a newcomer, is superb. John Boles plays opposite. **Very, very good—nothing in it for any of the young folks.**

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor in a very charming and impish role of the daughter of an Irish major. She rescues her sister from a marriage for money, falls in love with the suitor herself and saves the family fortune and face. Warner Baxter, Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly support her. **Entertainment for everybody in the family.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Story of a mother's remorse for separating her son from the girl he loved. Norman Foster, Marian Nixon and Henrietta Crossman. **Weepy.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—Unusual picture. It begins with the suicide of an unpopular railroad man. Then the story of his life is told in flashbacks. The best thing Spencer Tracy has done. **Interesting and different—too advanced for children under 16.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—The excellent acting of William Powell is wasted in this yarn about crooks. **Only fair.**

● ● **THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY** (M-G-M)—The prizefighter walked off with another man's sweetie, but she walks out on him when success and feminine flattery go to his head. He flies into a rage and goes on a drinking orgy. Then comes the night of the big fight. It's an old plot, but treated in a most refreshing way. You will enjoy this one with Max Baer and Primo Carnera in the ring. Myrna Loy is the girl. **Verra good—kids will go for the fight.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—A radio entertainer is much publicized as America's Purity Girl. She isn't really, but how she wants to be when her Kentucky hick lover comes along. Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster. **Good—for the whole family.**

● ● **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VII** (United Artists)—Charles Laughton portraying the riotous and colorful life of that much married and individualist king of England. You must see this one—and take the kids.

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—George Sidney, Norman Foster and Marian Nixon in a comedy about two young things who can't pay their rent. Room-mate complications develop when an obliging landlord rents the same room to them both. **Good amusement for everybody.**

● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in a very sophisticated comedy. **Excellent—but put the tots to bed that night.**

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Melodramatic love romance on a Continental express. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. **Youngsters will enjoy the excitement and action.**

ROMAN SCANDALS (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS** (Universal)—Robert Young as a smart alec football star. Just before a game he is kidnapped, but he fights his way out and in spite of a broken wrist plays the game. Leila Hyams, Mary Doran, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and Johnny Mack Brown are also in the cast. **Good football yarn—kids will think it swell.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—There is a mysterious room in a castle and everyone who sleeps therein is murdered. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **Very scary—not for young tots.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—Spencer Tracy as a United States Army officer who disobeys an unfair command and is discharged. **Only fair.**

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

SMOKY (Fox)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SOLITAIRE MAN** (M-G-M)—Story of a gang of high powered jewel thieves traveling in a fast passenger plane. **Most exciting and thrilling—kids will like it.**

SON OF A SAILOR (Warners)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne in an emotional love story. You might like it—not for the young folks, though.

S.O.S. ICEBERG (Universal)—A picture that gives you an idea of what explorers suffer and endure for the sake of science. This deals with an expedition to Greenland. Rod LaRocque, Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet. **Spectacular Arctic scenery—educational for children.**

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal)—A mystery that isn't solved even at the end of the picture in spite of the police department and a brilliant reporter. Skeets Gallagher, Alan Dinehart and Wynne Gibson. **Weak and boring.**

● ● **STAGE MOTHER** (M-G-M)—A daughter's happiness, love and marriage are almost sacrificed to a determined mother's desire that her child should become a great actress. Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan give an excellent performance as mother and daughter. Franchot Tone and Phillips Holmes are also in the cast. **Excellent—rather dull for youngsters under 16.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A peppy Western. Kids will okay this one with a bang.

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—A vigorous and extremely emotional drama of high school kids who take the law into their own hands when the courts fail in meting out justice. **Excellent—for young and old.**

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount)—Reviewed in department on page 48.

● **TOO MUCH HARMONY** (Paramount)—Speed, action, gags and lots of crooning. Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks. **A good entertainer for the whole family.**

TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount)—A Western dealing with family feuds. The love interest is provided by Esther Ralston and Randolph Scott. **Only fair—tots will enjoy the excitement.**

● ● **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** (M-G-M)—Story of a man who desires to relive his life. He suddenly gets his wish. But he soon finds out it is not all he wished and planned. Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger and Mae Clarke. **Very good—children under 16 will not understand it.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss portrays that great writer, cynic and wit of the 18th century. Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray and Margaret Lindsay are also in it. **Very good—informative for children over 14.**

● ● **THE WAY TO LOVE** (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier in an exceedingly charming and suitable role as a lovable, carefree tramp of the streets of Paris. His sole ambition is to be a guide. He gets his wish and love thrown into the bargain. **Swell entertainment and some knockout musical numbers—for everybody.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Not a love triangle but a quadrangle this time. Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan, with Alice Brady to make it all the more entertaining. **Amusing and sophisticated comedy—not for children.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Story of a spoiled society deb (Fay Wray) and a young engineer (Jack Holt) who takes her to Africa. **Good—not for youngsters under 16.**

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount) Charles Laughton as a very repulsive Cockney who has become a power in the African jungle. He shelters criminals and escaped convicts only to use them for his own purposes. To his shelter come Carole Lombard, Kent Taylor and Charles Bickford. **Monotonous and boring.**

● **WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD** (Warners)—A tragedy of what happens to the youth of America during a depression. You should see this. **Older children could be permitted to see it.**

● ● **THE WORLD CHANGES** (Warners)—The story of a man's life. Beginning with his lowly birth in a log cabin, his eventual rise to great financial success and his marriage to an ambitious woman. Then come unhappiness and grievous disappointment in his good-for-nothing sons. The picture is concluded with his death. Paul Muni, Mary Astor, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Donald Cook and Alan Mowbray. **An excellent picture for the whole family.**

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox)—She isn't so terrible. She is simply a kept woman who becomes bored with her lover and breaks with him. Falls in love with an innocent lad, but eventually returns to her old lover when he has a sudden financial failure. Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou, Harvey Stephens and Helen Chandler. **Only fair.**



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New Men! Where Are They?

(Continued from page 41)

fighting except purely in an amateur capacity. What a variety of jobs he had! In oil fields, on tramp steamers, in surveying parties and he even served in the National Guard. He is now, as you know, married to Adrienne Ames.

Bing Crosby's career, that finally shot him to the top as a radio crooner, is too well known to be repeated here. Odd jobs as a property boy in a Spokane theatre, law studies, glee club, dance orchestra, vaudeville engagements and then as one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. His voice endeared him and made him famous, but on the screen one hears that voice, too. He is a handsome lad and a good comedian.

Preston Foster—a giant with a beautiful baritone voice—came from grand opera. William Gargan has a number of years of stock and Broadway productions to his credit. And then there is Victor Jory, born in Alaska and filled with a spirit of adventure that took him all over the country and made him at one time the lightweight champion of British Columbia. He was well known there as a boxer and wrestler. Varied and colorful were his adventures. He—this boxer and wrestler—once played the role of John the Baptist in the Hollywood Pilgrimage play. I'm sure you remember him in "I Loved You Wednesday" in which he displayed high calibre acting ability.

American film he disguises his handsomeness with the costume and hair dress of an Eskimo. That's in "Man of Two Worlds."

Douglass Montgomery—just recently the *Laurie* of "Little Women"—has the soul and fire of a poet. Los Angeles born and educated, a boy of good family, he deserted school to join the Pasadena Community Players when he was just fourteen. Randolph Scott is another young actor from this group. He was an engineer before he turned theatrical. He is a virile, dominant young man who, when he first arrived in Hollywood, set half of filmdom's feminine hearts to fluttering.

Lyle Talbot was romantically considerate enough to be born Lisle Talbot Hollywood. Yes, that is his real name. His parents were troupers and Lyle's youth was peppered by the thrills of the theatre where, during vacations, he played in one of his father's companies.

THE romance of chance has made Kent Taylor interesting. He was working in a business office in Los Angeles—an office organized by himself and his father, when he was asked to partake in a Paramount screen test as a favor. He did so and—P.S. He got the job, without having asked for it.

Then there's Robert Young, whose fine work you all love as much as I do.

I could tell you about more of these new men but what's the use? You can see that none of them lack anything, apparently, of which stars are made. They are all handsome, charming and they can all act. What is more their lives have been, for the most part, as adventurous and exciting and interesting as Clark Gable's. So what's the trouble?

Mind you, I'm not casting aspersions at any of them. I like them all, some better than others, perhaps, but I think they are all good. Why aren't they romantic material of the sensational "box office" variety?

There isn't one who is a potential Valentino. Not one who can ever hope to have the worship and adulation of women lavished hysterically upon him. Perhaps none of them want that. I don't know. I only know that something that Valentino had, they lack.

There isn't one who is a Wallace Reid, a Francis X. Bushman, a Ramon Novarro, a John Gilbert or a Richard Barthelmess—all actors who have been able to stand on their own feet as tremendous "box office" attractions.

What was it, for instance, that Valentino actually had? He wasn't better looking than a dozen others then and now. Nor was he so well built as many, as far as mere physique goes. He was distinctly Latin in type, a good actor, but not a genius by any manner of means. But there was something in his personality, some subtle force that emanated from the screen which made

Modern Screen

him appeal to the imagination of hundreds of thousands of women. Not so long ago the producers told you that George Raft would rival Valentino. Did he? Goodness, no; Johnnie Weissmuller, too, was touted as the great male box office bet. Well . . .

AND now the most promising runner-up is Max Baer. In one picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady" he was great, because he was utterly natural. But can he enact any other type of rôle? I doubt it.

Handsome, strong and interesting as they are, the men of the screen pale into insignificance beside the stars whose leads they are. The lads play second fiddle.

Why? Why?

I believe it is because film audiences are mainly composed of women and we women are interested in our own sex. We like stories about us, films about us, experiences that touch us. We suffer with our women stars, fail with them, succeed with them, love with them and see ourselves in other circumstances through them. The male leads are all very well. They cause our hearts to flutter. No doubt, they have their fans and their fan mail and their pictures repose on dressing tables and hang on walls. But the audience is englamored by the women of the screen.

Men are in the audience, too, of course (and *they* don't give a continental for the men players) but it's the women mainly who spend their money at the box office. The elderly woman who leaves the theatre—and perhaps she's myself—or the girl who leaves the theatre—and maybe she's you—have been seeing life through the eyes of the woman on that screen. We come to the theatre to see life through the star's eyes—a woman's eyes—and that's why the great smashing romantic box office successes in Hollywood are women. They don't have to be Hepburns either. They can be Dresslers. And how!

But new men . . . Where are they? . . . and if the studios find them, will it matter? Haven't we outgrown the Valentino days? Aren't women more concerned with the lives of women, shadows on the screen; my life, your life, as it might have been, as something one remembers, as something for which one hopes, or as something one dreads? There on that screen I am—and all women are—as I used to be, as I wanted to be. Memory. Frustration. Escape. And this is given us by the women stars. Not by the men. Perhaps we are returning to the matriarchy in which men are only secondary to women. Who knows. Personally, I hope not. But—

Where's your 1934 Valentino?



The gentleman in the trunks is Francis Lederer—the certified Czech. (So sorry!) The noble looking animal is his best pal. The M. Lederer, hailed as a European sensation, will have a chance to do his stuff for an American public in "Man of Two Worlds."

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 85)

- CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE:** Married to Benn W. Levy. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Working in "Trouble Shooter."
- DANIELS, BEBE:** Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Cocktail Hour," Columbia; "Counsellor-At-Law," Universal.
- DAVIES, MARION:** Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg o' My Heart." Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "Operator 13."
- DAVIS, BETTE:** Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Bureau of Missing Persons," "The Shakedown." Working in "Fashion Plate."
- DEE, FRANCES:** Married to Joel McCrea. Born in New York City, November 26. Fox player. Featured in "Little Women," RKO; "Blood Money," 20th Century; "Rodney," RKO.
- DEL RIO, DOLORES:** Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Flying Down to Rio." Next is "Wonder Bar," Warner Bros.
- DIETRICH, MARLENE:** Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Song of Songs." Working in "Catherine the Great."
- DIX, RICHARD:** Divorced from Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper," "No Marriage Ties," "Forever Faithful."
- DRESSLER, MARIE:** Unmarried. Born in Cobourg, Canada, November 9th. M-G-M star. Starred in "Tugboat Annie," "Christopher Bean." Next is "Living in a Big Way."
- DUNN, JAMES:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway," "Take a Chance," Paramount. Working in "Jimmy and Sally."
- DUNNE, IRENE:** Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," "If I Were Free." Next is "Age of Innocence."
- DURANTE, JAMES:** Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What a Lion," "Meet the Baron," "Hollywood Party," "Joe Palooka," United Artists.
- DVORAK, ANN:** Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount; "College Coach," Working in "Massacre." Next is "Wonder Bar."
- EILERS, SALLY:** Married to Harry Joe Brown. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M; "Walls of Gold." Next is "Disillusion."
- ELLIS, PATRICIA:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The World Changes," "Convention City," "Easy to Love."
- ERWIN, STUART:** Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forever Faithful," "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Century; "Joe Palooka," United Artists.
- EVANS, MADGE:** Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Forever Faithful." Working in "Transcontinental Bus."
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.:** Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warners; "Morning Glory," RKO. Making pictures in England.
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.:** Separated from Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe." Making pictures in England.
- FARRELL, CHARLES:** Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO; "The Shakedown," Warner Bros. Working in "Girl Without a Room," Paramount.
- FARRELL, GLENDA:** Divorced. Born in Enid, Okla., November 12. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Havana Widows," "Man's Castle," Columbia; "Dark Hazard." Working in "Hi, Nellie."
- FORD, WALLACE:** Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "My Woman," "East of 5th Avenue," Columbia.
- FOSTER, NORMAN:** Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Rafter Romance," RKO; "Walls of Gold." Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."
- FOSTER, PRESTON:** Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "The Man Who Dared," "Hoopla," Fox. Working in "Sleepers East."
- FRANCIS, KAY:** Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "I Loved a Woman," "The House on 56th Street," Working in "Mandalay." Next is "Wonder Bar."
- GABLE, CLARK:** Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight," "Dancing Lady." Working in "Night Bus," Columbia.
- GARBO, GRETA:** Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 13. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me," "Queen Christina."
- GARGAN, WILLIAM:** Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "Headline Shooters," "Night Flight," M-G-M; "Four Frightened People," Paramount.



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"What is Janet Gaynor's next picture going to be?" many of her fans are asking. "Carolina" is the name of it—and this is the first still from it.

Richard Cromwell is her leading man.

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Adorable," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. RKO player. Featured in "Her Bodyguard," "Paramount," "Special Investigator," Universal. Working in "Sleepers East," Fox.

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers," "Queen Christina."

GOMBELL, MINNA: Married to Joseph Sefton. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "The Way to Love," "Paramount," "Hoopla." Working in "Cross Country Cruise," Universal.

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "I'm No Angel," "Born to be Bad," 20th Century. Working in "Alice in Wonderland." Next is "Come on Marines."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "One Sunday Afternoon," "Paramount," "Ladies Must Love," Universal.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M; "Double Harness," "The Right to Romance," Working in "Gallant Lady," 20th Century.

HARDY, OLIVER: Married to Myrtle Lee. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Dirty Work," "Sons of the Desert."

HARLOW, JEAN: Married to Harold Rosson. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Bombshell," "Hollywood Party." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness," Working in "I Am Suzanne."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "What Every Woman Knows."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO star. Starred in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," and "Trigger."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Christopher Bean," "Hollywood Party." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Penthouse," "Stage Mother." Working in "Nana," United Artists.

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker," "Master of Men."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers Return," M-G-M; "Design for Living," Working in "All of Me." Next is "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Way to Love," "Design for Living," Paramount; "Easy to Love," Warner Bros. Working in "The Poor Rich," Universal.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Starred in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Berkeley Square," Fox; "The Lady is Willing," Columbia. Next is "Of Human Bondage," RKO.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Fox player. Featured in "Dr. Bull," "Walls of Gold," "Mr. Skitch." Next is "Odd Thursday."

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Storm At Daybreak," "Ann Vickers," RKO; "The Prizefighter and the Lady," Working in "Rodney," RKO.

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. Universal player. Featured in "Saturday's Millions," "Tin Pants," Working in "The Poor Rich."

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists. Next is "Wonder Bar," Warner Bros.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "The Open Road," "Gordon of Ghost City" series.

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Married to Merian C. Cooper. Born in Clarkburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Hide in the Dark."

JORDAN, MIRIAM: Unmarried. Born in London, England, March 3. Fox player. Featured in "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday," Working in "Let's Fall in Love," Columbia.

JORY, VICTOR: Married to Jean Inness. Born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23. Fox player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday," "The Devil's in Love," "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "Smoky."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Fox player. Featured in "Flying Devils," RKO; "Sensational Hunters," Monogram. Working in "Trouble Shooter," 20th Century.

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Universal star. Starred in "The Ghoul," Gaumont; "Patrol," RKO. Working in "A Trip to Mars."

KEELER, RUBY: Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City, August 25. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Next is "Sweethearts Forever."

KENYON, DORIS: Separated from Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warner Bros.; "No Marriage Ties," RKO; "Counselor at Law," Universal.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "The World Changes," "Havana Widows," "Convention City," Warner Bros.

KREUGER, OTTO: Married to Sue MacManamy. Born

in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Prizefighter and the Lady," "Forever in My Heart," Warner Bros. Working in "The Comeback."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Columbia player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox; "By Candlelight," Universal. Working in "Man of Two Worlds," RKO.

LARUE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "To the Last Man," "Kennel Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount star. Featured in "King Henry VIII," Gaumont; "White Woman."

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Dirty Work," "Sons of the Desert."

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Free lance. Write him at RKO. Featured in "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils," "Bird of Prey," RKO.

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount Studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy." Next is "Cat's Paw."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Divorced from William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Brief Moment," Columbia; "White Woman." Next is "Bolero."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Columbia player. Featured in "Her Bodyguard," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Working in "Let's Fall in Love."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Penthouse," and "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room," "Little Women," RKO; "By Candlelight." Next is "The Golden Fleece."

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Working in "The Comeback."

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M. Next is "My Gal Sal," RKO.

MACK, HELEN: Unmarried. Born in Rock Island, Ill., November 13. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Bean," M-G-M; "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," Working in "All of Me," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes for Sale," "The World Changes." Starring in "Heat Lightning."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Busbell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "Torch Singer," Paramount; "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Design for Living," Working in "All of Me." Next is "Death Takes a Holiday."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. RKO player. Featured in "The Right to Romance." Next is "Sea Girl."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Three Corned Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared," "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Solitaire Man," M-G-M "Four Frightened People."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Strawberry Roan," "Rider of Justice," Working in "Wheels of Destiny."

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Divorced from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Morning Glory," RKO; "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox; "Convention City," "Easy to Love."

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Bombshell," "Forever Faithful." Next is "The Comeback."

MILIAN, JOHN: Married. Born in Leeds, So. Dak., November 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Mad Game," Fox; "King for a Night," Universal. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Another Language," Working in "Transcontinental Bus." Next is "Rip Tide."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. RKO player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Nothing Else Matters."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Man's Castle," Columbia; "Cradle Song," Paramount.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Bombshell," "Dancing Lady." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "The Mad Game," "Walls of Gold." Working in "Seven Lives Were Changed."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Universal player. Featured in "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO; "Golden Harvest," Paramount; "King for a Night."

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "The World Changes," Working in "Hi, Nellie."

(Continued on page 124)

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Don't be a "stay at home", ashamed to go places, because your complexion is marred by pimples and blackheads—or because you are embarrassed by some

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Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 78)

her mother about it and was somewhat surprised at the reply.

"Yes, I have received all the studio stills. But haven't you any little snapshots?"

MAY ROBSON and Marie Dressler have gone places and seen things together for years, which experiences have resulted in lots of reminiscences and anecdotes with which to regale their friends.

Among the Robson's favorites is the one about their travelling to England on a cattle boat during the eventful days of the World War. When they finally landed, Miss Dressler bought a London paper to see if their arrival had been mentioned. Bold face type announced the event.

"A large cargo of cows, May Robson and Marie Dressler arrived in town yesterday from New York City."

DIAMOND MAE'S heart is big, too.

It seems that when la West was planning that personal appearance tour a year ago, she needed a maid. And, wishing to give a job to a member of the theatrical profession, she visited Equity and discovered Libby.

Libby was at one time a comedienne in minstrel shows and revues. Miss West hired her and later on, put her in the act. When the tour was over, she took Libby to Hollywood. And, when you see "I'm No Angel," you'll discover the sepia siren playing Mae's maid.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ARLISS wear synthetic furs.

No, it's not a scandal, just an attempt to cooperate with the Humane Society. This has led him to give support to the manufacture of synthetic fur. So, if ever you happen to meet Mr. Arliss wearing a seal-trimmed coat, don't make the mistake of rushing up and exclaim-



"Where the Ames speaks only to Cabot, and the Cabot speaks only of love." The newly married Adrienne and Bruce are very comfortably curled up in their new love nest, thank you.

ing, "What a beautiful seal he must have been! Did you kill him yourself?"

YOU probably have heard that John Barrymore is a doting father—and you've heard correctly.

A gushing gal, anxious to ingratiate herself, started a discussion on child-raising with the actor recently. Her queries turned to the subject of bathing infants.

"Just how do you tell what temperature the water must be?" she drawled.

By this time Mr. Barrymore was becoming better than slightly bored.

"It's really quite simple," he replied. "You toss the baby in and, if the little darling turns blue, you know the water is too cold. But, if he turns red—say, like a lobster—well, the water's too hot!"

Which answer had the desired effect by way of changing the subject.

ONE of the few laughing photographs of Garbo came about by accident.

It seems that the cameraman's youthful assistant, usually efficient in his work, becomes all thumbs when Greta steps around.

The star lately requested him to tune in some jazz music while she was posing. First, the poor boy dialed an effusion on the care of the stomach, then turned quickly to a sermon at Sister Aimee's Temple and quickly found another station just in time to hear the announcer say, "Good-night."

Garbo laughed gaily at his discomfiture and the photographer got a grand and unusual picture.

Except as a joke—made during the last year or so—Garbo never said those now famous words, "I t'ank I go home."

THE Paramount lot looks very empty these days. So many of their players are away on vacations. Miriam Hopkins, Frances Fuller and Gary Cooper are in New York. Miriam and Frances are appearing in stage plays and Gary, well it seems it's marriage plans he has. Then, over on the other side are Cary Grant (also with matrimonial ideas), Randolph Scott (ditto) and Charles Laughton. Adrienne Ames is honeymooning in Hawaii.

THE Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf are going abroad. Yep, they speak French and Spanish now and are going over there to amuse all the little French and Spanish kiddies—to say nothing of the grown-ups!

JEAN HARLOW'S latest flicker, "Bombshell," has been retitled "Blonde Bombshell" because most everybody thought it was a war dramma . . . causing the box-office receipts to be almost NIL! But now that they know it's all about sex and all that, everybody's happy.

SINCE Elizabeth Allan had that infection in her big toe, she has been unable to wear regular shoes. Therefore, out of necessity, she has had to wear nudist sandals with her evening

gowns. Now everybody's wearing nudists' sandals with their evening gowns.

THE "Tarzan and His Mate" company continues to have trouble. First there was script difficulty. After weeks of shooting, Rod LaRocque was replaced by Paul Cavanagh, which necessitated retakes. Then Maureen O'Sullivan, the leading lady, was hit with appendicitis and rushed to the hospital for an operation. The company has to await her recovery before production can go on. With all this trouble, the picture ought to be good!

LOOKS like Paramount is about to lose some more of its talent. Gary Cooper will definitely not re-sign with them. Rumor is that he will go over to Sam Goldwyn and fill the vacancy recently left by Ronald Coleman. Fredric March is another who has left the home studio. Dissatisfaction over stories was his complaint. He has signed with Twentieth Century . . . at a very fancy figure they say.

THERE'S a bit of moving been going on around town. Clara Bow has taken over Marlene Dietrich's former palatial Beverly Hills home and Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are occupying Garbo's recently vacated house. The latter is merely a temporary abode until their ranch is fixed up.

YOUNG Master Richard Ralston Arlen is only six months old but already his "figger" is beginning to play a big part in his life. When his "curves" began developing into rolls of fat, the youngster was put on a diet. Less cereal and more spinach. But undaunted, the Ralston heir continued his progress toward more and more poundage. Now, he's under the care of a masseuse, the kind that slaps and pounds!

A COOLING romance! Sally Blane and Russ Columbo. Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee romance is waxing warmer, with an old-fashioned wedding not far off. Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur are expecting another "Act of God." Verna Hillie, one of Paramount's "Panther" women, recently married Frank Gill, Jr., radio announcer.

ALICE BRADY doesn't know whether to feel pleased or not. In a scene in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," she was to scold little Spanky for wiping his dirty hands on her dress. In the midst of the "bawling out," Spanky rushed off the set and started sobbing. When asked what was the trouble, he cried, "She's too natural!"

LARRY CRABBE'S the name, folks. Used to be Buster Crabbe but that was before he became a married man and a dignified movie actor. The nickname, which his parents so fondly gave him when he was a youngster in safety-pins, has just recently been discarded in favor of his real name.

So, shake hands with the new Crabbe—Larry Crabbe, don't forget.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 121)

McCREA, JOEL: Married to Frances Dee. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Chance at Heaven," "Flying Down to Rio."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England December 10. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Lost Patrol," RKO. Next is "No More Women," Paramount.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," RKO.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Dr. Bull," Fox; "Chance At Heaven," RKO.

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Barbarian." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Too Much Harmony," "Sitting Pretty," Working in "Alice in Wonderland," Paramount, and "Trouble Shooter," 20th Century.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," "Only Yesterday," Universal; "Meet the Baron," M-G-M; "Little Women," Working in "The Poor Rich," Universal.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Married to Marguerite Churchill. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Life in the Ray," "The Last Trail," Working in "Heir to the Hoorah."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Bureau of Missing Persons," "College Coach," Warner Bros.; "Bombshell," M-G-M. Next is "Hell's Bells."

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie," "Stage Mother," Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "The Kennel Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "Shanghai Madness," Fox; "From Headquarters," Warner Bros.

PICKFORD, MARY: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in

Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO; "Dummy's Vote," "Meet the Baron," M-G-M. Working in "Wild Birds," RKO.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mountain View, Ark., November 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Footlight Parade," "College Coach," "Convention City," Next are "Sweethearts Forever" and "Wonder Bar."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Divorced from Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Double Happiness," RKO; "The Kennel Murder Case," Working in "Fashion Plate."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club," "The Bowery," 20th Century. Working in "All of Me," Next is "Bolero."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Columbia player. Featured in "Brief Moment," "The House on 56th Street," Warner Bros.; "Flying Down to Rio," RKO. Working in "I Am Suzanne," Fox.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "I Loved a Woman," "Dark Hazard." Next is "Napoleon."

ROBSON, MAY: Married to Ora H. Brown. Born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Beauty for Sale," "Solitaire Man," Next is "Comin' Round the Mountain."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "The Best of Enemies," "Take a Chance," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. RKO player. Featured in "Rafter Romance," "Flying Down to Rio," "Hips Hips Hooray," Working in "Sitting Pretty," Paramount.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Dr. Bull." Next is "Mr. Skitch."

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Mama Loves Papa," Working in "Girl Without a Room."

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Man of the Forest," "To the Last Man," "The Thundering Herd," Working in "The Border Legion."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M; "Fury of the Jungle," Columbia.

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "Rip Tide."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "Good Dame."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club," "Tillie and Gus," Working in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Six of a Kind."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Baby Face," "Ever in My Heart." Next is "Broadway and Back."

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Bureau of Missing Persons," Warner Bros.

STUART, GLORIA: Separated from Blaire Gordon Newell. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "The Invisible Man," "Roman Scandals," United Artists; "Beloved," Working in "I Like It That Way."

SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Unmarried. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 16. Universal player. Featured in "Only Yesterday," Next are "Good Red Bricks" and "Little Man, What Now."

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Her First Mate," "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," "Tin Pants."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Havana Widows," "College Coach," Working in "Mandalay."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Mama Loves Papa," "Too Much Harmony."

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "I Loved a Woman," "Golden Harvest," Paramount; "Dark Hazard," "Easy to Love," Working in "Let's Fall in Love," Columbia.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Stage Mother," "Bombshell," "Dancing Lady," Working in "Moulin Rouge," 20th Century.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Bombshell," "Advice to the Lovelorn," 20th Century.

TRACY, SPENCER: Separated from Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Shanghai Madness," "Man's Castle," Columbia; "The Mad Game," Working in "Trouble Shooter," 20th Century.

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Disgraced," Paramount; "My Woman," Columbia; "King for a Night," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE: Married to Johnnie Weissmuller. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hollywood Party," "Joe Palooka," United Artists.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel." Next is "It Ain't No Sin."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Married to Lupe Velez. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan the Ape Man," Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. RKO player. Featured in "Diplomaniacs," "Hips Hips Hooray."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Patterson, N. Y., August 28. Universal player. Featured in "King for a Night," Working in "Cross Country Cruise," Next is "The Good Red Bricks."

WIECK, DOROTHEA: Married to Baron Ernst Von Decken. Born in Davos, Switzerland, January 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Cradle Song," Working in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen."

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Goodbye Again," "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Bedside."

WEINBRENNER, BABY LEROY: Child actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., March 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Bedtime Story," "Torch Singer," "Tillie and Gus," Working in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. RKO player. Featured in "Diplomaniacs," "Hips Hips Hooray."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "The Bowery," "Master of Men," Columbia. Working in "Madame Spy," Universal.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Reunion in Vienna," Next is "Declasse," RKO.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "Born to Be Bad."

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," Universal; "The Right to Romance," "Trig-ger," RKO.



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