

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF A SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN Screen

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GRETA GARBO

PAUL STRATTON

CRAWFORD CONFESSES HER FAULT



Tintex Acts Like Magic on Faded Fabrics!

Presto — these famous
Tints and Dyes restore
gay color to faded Apparel
and Home Decorations!



In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains
Drapes
Doilies
Dinner Cloths
Luncheon Sets
Blankets
Cushions
Bed Spreads
Table Runners
Slip Covers

THERE'S no need to have washed-out looking "undies", dresses or any other faded article in your wardrobe. There's no reason why you should put up with faded curtains or other drab decorations in your home.

And you don't have to buy new ones either. *Simply buy Tintex.* These famous Tints and Dyes cost but a few cents—but what color-magic they bring you!

Faded fabrics are restored to their original color-beauty so easily, so quickly when you use Tintex. Or you can give everything different colors if you wish. The results are *always* perfect!

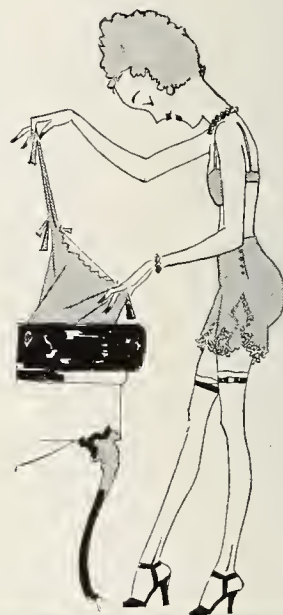
In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

Underthings
Negligees
Dresses
Coats
Sweaters
Scarfs
Stockings
Slips
Blouses
Children's Clothes

Do as millions of other women are doing. Make your wardrobe and home decorations color-smart, color-new with Tintex. Choose from its 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors.

On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex
...World's largest selling
TINTS and DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are fixing 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.

MR. CARR NEVER CALLED BUT ONCE. I WONDER WHY MEN LOSE INTEREST IN ME SO QUICKLY

SHALL I SPEAK FRANKLY, DEAR?

PLEASE DO, SIS I REALLY WANT TO KNOW

LATELY YOU'VE BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS... ABOUT "B.O." I MEAN. WHY NOT USE LIFEBOUY?..

HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBOUY MAKES ME FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW

"B.O." GONE—romance comes

MAMA, I SAW MR. CARR KISSING AUNTIE

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NORA. MR. CARR AND AUNTIE ARE ENGAGED



LIFEBOUY IS MARVELOUS FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO!

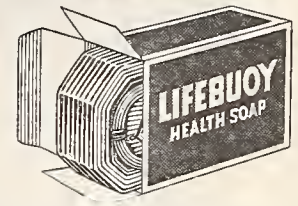
LIFEBOUY'S bland, creamy lather gives that thorough, *pore-deep* cleansing that is the foundation of all complexion beauty. Massage this rich, soothing lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your skin

grow clearer, fresher—lovelier than ever!

Its very scent is different!

Clean, fresh, vanishing as you rinse, Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap purifies pores, gives *extra* protection against "B. O." (*body odor*).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY



BILL, I'VE SAVED AT LEAST \$100 SINCE I THREW OUT MY WASHBOARD

HOW, BETTY?

BY SOAKING CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM THREADBARE AGAINST A WASHBOARD.

THAT'S FINE

MY CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

—AND YOU'RE GETTING YOUNGER AND SWEETER-LOOKING EVERY DAY SINCE YOU STOPPED SLAVING OVER A WASHBOARD

RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER?

YES—4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Be clever! Use the soap that saves scrubbing and boiling—that does away with the old-fashioned washboard.

Be thrifty! Use the soap that soaks out dirt—makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer—saves you lots of money. Many women save as much as \$100 or more on clothes washed this safe, easy way.

Be modern! Use Rinso. Its lively suds last and last—even in hardest water. Wonderful suds that *soak* your week's wash whiter than ever. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Makes dish-washing and all cleaning easier, too. *Saves the hands.*

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Modern Screen

FOR APRIL

Special Stories

- "I'M A TERRIBLE PERSON!" SAYS JOAN CRAWFORD.....Katherine Albert 28.
One of our most honest stars frankly confesses her faults
- THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LYLE TALBOT.....Walter Ramsey 30
The true story of his early years—and the sweet thrills of first romance
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- HOW I'M TEACHING MY DAUGHTER TO FACE LIFE.....Helen Hayes 56
(As told to Nanette Kutner)
Wise and tender advice on one of the greatest problems that confront women

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Modern Screen

Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

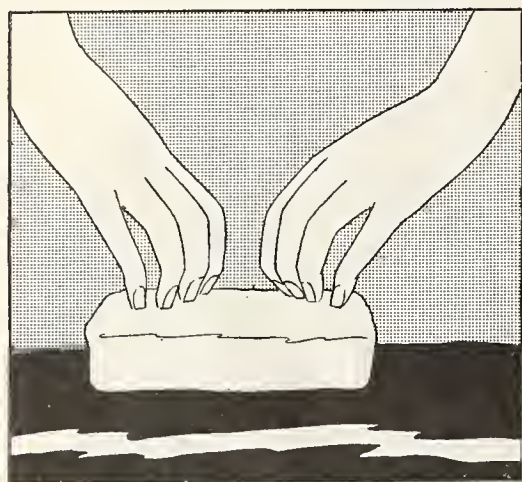
"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!
Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Beauty Advice



"Hands up!" How do they look? Here's how to make 'em look better!



By MARY
BIDDLE

If you would have hands which are lovely, you really need only the simplest care. (Left) Lining the fingernails with pure white soap is a good idea if you have some dirty work to do. (Right) Bright polish stays "in"—and is getting brighter!



HANDS have been neglected. Very much neglected. How often do you see a pretty, well-kept face and hands which have been allowed to age and wither? That's a pity, for often the hands have about them more expression than a face could ever hope to portray.

Well, I suppose we had to look after our faces first of all. But now that we've more or less accomplished the facial problems, what about the poor paws? You know, we are flashing them about all the time under the bosses' noses with the stenographic pencils, on the typewriter keys, or we are dealing out cards with them at a bridge table. They are forever in the limelight. And how awful some of them do look!

Painting up the fingernails isn't the entire secret. Not at all. I have seen glittering finger-tips on positively neglected hands. They look horrible that way.

How about a campaign for softer, prettier, more well-kept hands and fingers? Let's all join together right this minute on that important subject.

That dreaded phrase, "constant attention," is the deep, dark secret. But the process is easy enough once you have the idea and have things so arranged that you can rub in the proper ingredients in the shortest possible space of time.

Washing, so much of which must be done for the hands all the time, dries them out no end, and the skin becomes hard and dry and brittle. To get the better of that soap-and-water reaction, keep a bottle of hand lotion over the washstand, or over the sink, and dab it on as soon as you hear the water stop running and have rubbed the towel on to take off the superfluous drops.

This is your basic principle. Stick to it. That bottle is your mascot. Regard it as your ally, and you will never be one of those to poke unsightly fingers into the faces of your friends and admirers.

All this does a lot, but remember that dryness is your arch enemy as far as your hands are concerned. Rob the cold cream jar to fight dryness. Every time you "do" your face, take the superfluous cream remaining on the hands and rub it well into them. It all helps—and helps a lot.

Skin around the fingernails has a nasty little habit of getting hard and tough, so that you begin to wonder if you are growing horns of some sort. That little annoying condition will respond quite happily to more applications of thick cream. And do you know about muscle oil, so highly recommended for wrinkles? Well, try it on the hardened fingernail places and see what a miracle it can accomplish. Why, it has a softening power which is nothing short of marvelous. Between you and me, I've heard tell that it is nothing less than castor oil, refined with a bit of perfume. Anyway, olive oil will do about the same trick and a bit more effectively, if it is heated just a bit before it is used. Now, don't let me hear you whimpering that the expense is too great after all these inside hints I have slipped you.

With the constant application of olive oil and cream to the cuticle around the nails, very little other attention is needed, for you can keep pushing back this skin with a Turkish towel and find that you will always have pretty, well-groomed fingernails.

However, that stuff—a liquid—known as cuticle remover has a miraculous way of removing any dried skin that may be lurking about. Dab it on freely with a bit of cotton and then, with an orange-wood stick, push back the loosened cuticle. This brings out the moons in your fingers in a shining way and makes you wonder at their clearness.

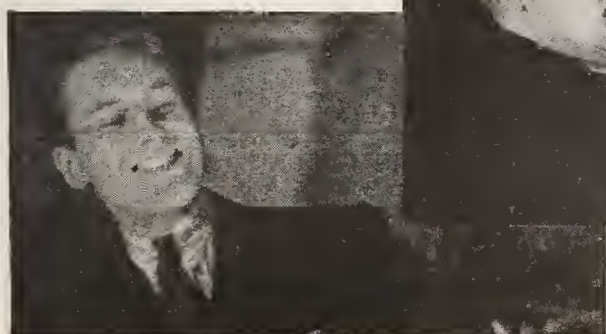
All this whitening effect, that the manicurists like to stuff under the tips of the nails is just a bit thick—often much too thick, don't you think (*Continued on page 119*)



PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen, comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothorn
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



THE WINNERS!

OF MODERN SCREEN'S JOAN CRAWFORD "DANCING LADY" CONTEST

La-deez and gentlemen!

Your attention please! We wish to make an announcement which will bring joy to the hearts of twenty-nine people and end the suspense in the hearts of about ten thousand others.

In other words, we wish to announce the prize-winners—all twenty-nine of 'em—in the Joan Crawford "Dancing Lady" Contest which we ran in the November and December issues of MODERN SCREEN.

After we had finished paying off the extra help we had to employ to help us take care of the tremendous mail which swamped this office as a result of the contest, and after we had, following long, long vigils and extravagant midnight-oil



burning, decided upon the very best entries from among the many good ones, we—er—where were we? Oh, yes—we made our decisions. And it wasn't easy, be assured of that.

The requirements of the contest were, as you doubtless remember, to put together, and arrange in the proper order, eight jig-sawed stills from "Dancing Lady." Over and above that, contestants were required to write a description of Joan Crawford in ten words or less. The prizes go to those contestants who have, in the opinion of the judges, correctly fulfilled the first requirements, most aptly fulfilled the second and presented their entries with the greatest neatness and originality.

The first prize is a trip to Hollywood, with all expenses paid, to spend a week there. The winner will visit and be entertained at various gay and interesting Hollywood places, as the guest of Miss Joan Crawford, experiencing the glamour of filmdom.

The first prize—the trip to Hollywood — goes to: Miss Jean Kraft, 2536 East 124th Street, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

The second prize, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, goes to: Mr. Freddy Jeannet, 59-29—41st Avenue, Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

The third prize—one hundred dollars in cash—goes to: Mr. Murray MacDonald, 517 Inspector Street, Montreal, Canada.

The fourth prize—a Crosley Dual-Tone Low-Boy radio— goes to: Miss Helen Reher, 6164 Haverford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The ten fifth prizes of one Max Factor make-up kit, each, go to: Miss Ann O'Neill, 566 West 159th Street, New York, N. Y.; Miss Martha Mendenhall Rippel, 90 N. Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Helen G. Weldin, 1112 North 28th Street, Camden, N. J.; Miss Gertrude Dorries, 947 South

Soto Street, Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Thelma L. Carson, 1908 Willow Street, Huntington, W. Va.; Miss Constance Wills, 83-10 35th Avenue, Apt. 3P, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Miss Mona Middlebrook, 123 West Columbian Avenue, Neenah, Wis.; Miss Helen E. Winter, 15 Reservoir Street, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Ruth Edwards, 681 Johnson Avenue, Bedford, Ohio.; Miss Alice Putnam, 503 East Pleasant Street, Freeport, Ill.

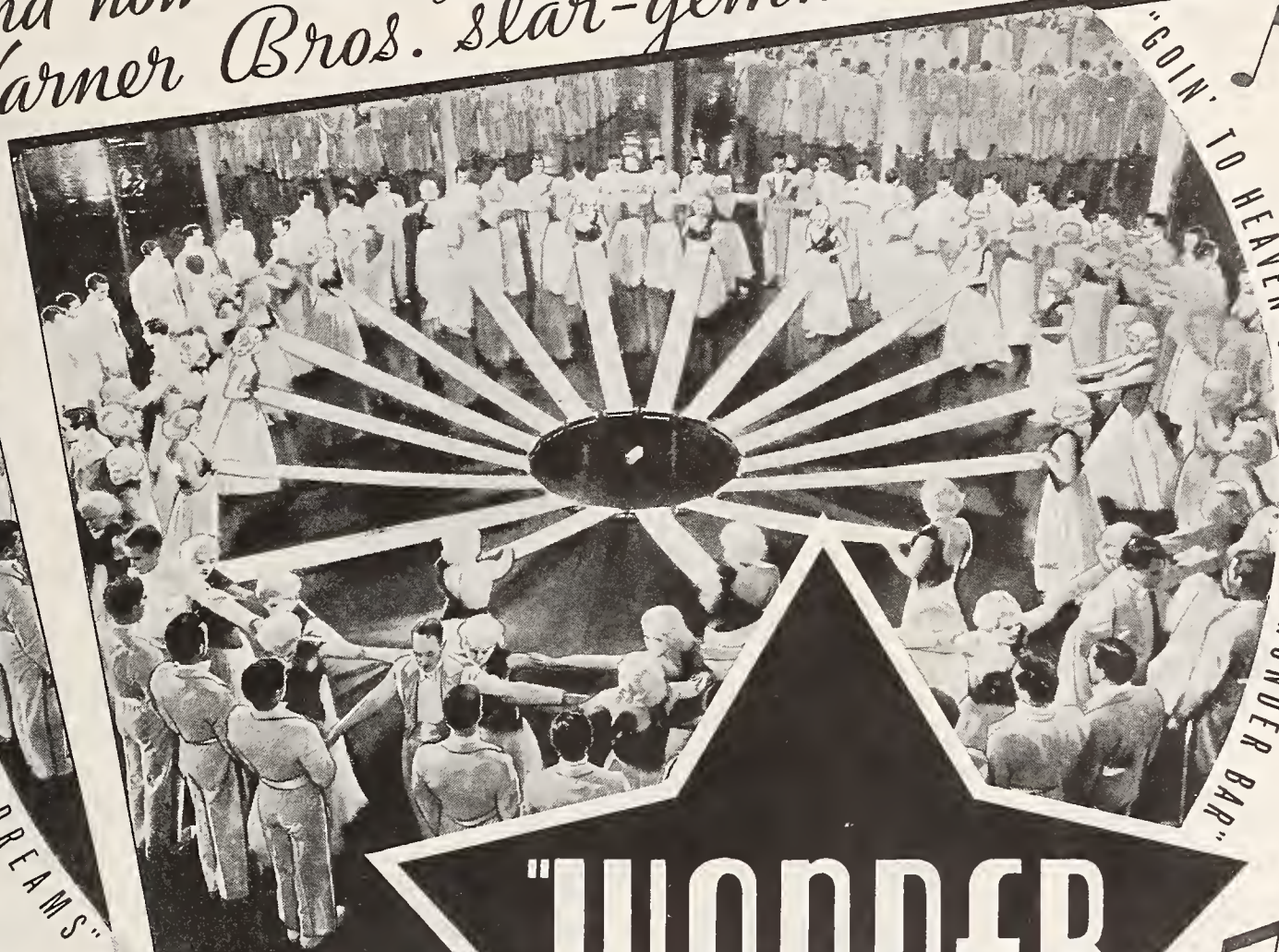
(Continued on page 113)

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"



"WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HAL LEROY

HUGH HERBERT

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

FIFI D'ORSAY

**LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!**

A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

BETWEEN you and me . . . I get to wondering why . . . with all the talent they have in Hollywood . . . and all the money . . . and the marvelous writers . . . and their research departments and high-powered directors . . . and everything . . . they can't just once give us . . . a really good . . . true-to-type . . . picture of school or college life. I mean to say . . . they do make college and school pictures . . . but they're never quite the real thing . . . are they? The sets are too luxurious . . . and the clothes too fancy, and it all doesn't quite click . . . does it?

And other times . . . I get to wondering why . . . they don't make pictures . . . based on . . . some of the novels we have all read . . . and loved. I can think of several . . . and you can probably think of more. Did any of you . . . ever read any of the novels of a lady named Baroness Orczy? Weren't they exciting? And I do think . . . that our Pilgrim fathers . . . haven't had a break from Hollywood . . . for these many moons . . . and why couldn't some smart producer . . . make a talkie version of . . . "To Have and to Hold" . . . which Bert Lytell . . . and Betty Compson . . . did in the silent days. I wish they'd film some more . . . of the Louisa M. Alcott stories. Remember "An Old-Fashioned Girl"? . . . And the one . . . (I forget the name) . . . about Rose, who

had eight cousins . . . all boys . . . all of whom . . . fell in love with her.

I admit . . . that all this . . . is just my personal opinion . . . and maybe others wouldn't like the same thing . . . that I'd like . . . or you'd like. Across the street from my office . . . is a large wholesale house . . . and in one window . . . sits a very important executive . . .

with a mahogany desk . . . and a platinum secretary . . . and six or eight . . . telephones. And on the floor above him . . . sits a little Italian girl . . . at a plain deal table . . . and all day long . . . she inspects . . . men's neckties . . . and packs them neatly . . . in cardboard boxes. I know . . . that the movie that would suit . . . the executive . . . wouldn't suit . . . my little necktie-inspector . . . And if both should happen . . . to see the same movie . . . one will say it's grand . . . and the other will say . . . it's terrible . . .

Well . . . I've said enough . . . about some of the pictures . . . I'd like to see . . . And now I'd like you . . . to say something . . .

about the pictures you'd like to see . . . If you'll write and tell me your opinions . . . and your wishes . . . I'll be delighted . . . to publish your letter . . . in your Between You and Me department . . . on page twelve . . . of this issue . . . (advt.)

How's about it, then? . . . Let's have a . . . "Picture I'd Like to See" conference.

ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR



Now

An Exquisite New Castile Shampoo



MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

NEW—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and help retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The

natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Exceptionally low price—

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Ask your druggist or send for a battle—fill out coupon; mail with 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

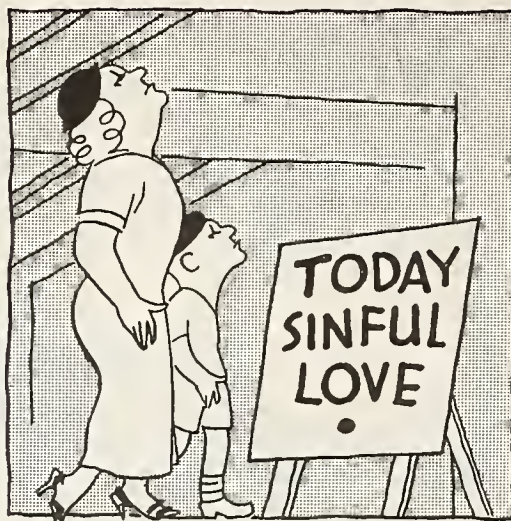
Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name.....

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

Druggist..... Address.....

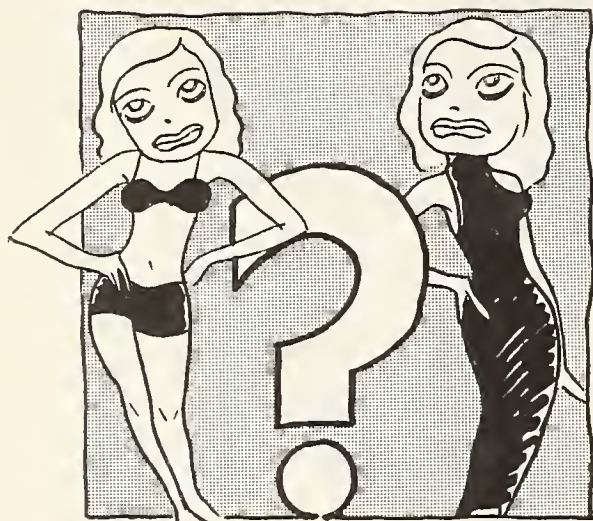




Oh, those misleading titles!



Hooray for Our Scotty!



The dahnce or the drahma?

... This is the readers' corner—to come right out and speak your minds about movie subjects and movie people. If you're mad or glad about something, write and tell us

He-man roles for Cromwell!



Greater Variety for Joan?

From AN ARDENT CRAWFORD FAN of Lynn, Mass., comes this plea:

I have been reading that in the future Joan Crawford will play in the Dancing Daughter type of story. Although I realize that she was splendid in that type and far surpassed anybody else in those roles, I don't think she ought to be kept in that type of part continually, but should alternate with dramatic roles. For isn't she the best dramatic actress on the screen today? Because "Rain" turned out to be such a poor picture, fans quickly criticized her acting, instead of realizing that she didn't have a ghost of a chance, handicapped by such a dull, monotonous picture.

I admit Diana of "Our Dancing Daughters," Billie of "Our Modern Maidens," Geraldine of "Our Blushing Brides" and Bingo of "Untamed" couldn't be beat. But neither could Mary Turner of "Paid," Bonnie of "Laughing Sinners," Marian Martin of "Possessed" and Letty Lynton herself.

Think it over, M-G-M, and give the public the chance to enjoy her in both types of roles.

Help! Man Overboard!

B. I. HUTCHINSON of Norwalk, Conn., shouts over the deck-rail:

Throw out the life-line to Richard Cromwell! Save a promising young actor from disaster!

Here you have talent being wasted in such pictures as "Hoopla."

What Dick needs is a masculine role. Don't spoil him by shoving him into the arms of women in all his pictures.

And Now What's Wrong With the Movies?

"Plenty!" says MISS M. E.

SCOTT, who doesn't give her address:

Wrong titles—which drive away people who want something elevating or clean.

Too sensational movies, which, for the most part, deal too largely with the sex side of life.

A recent development in the movies of running scenes together to show the passage of many hours in a few seconds. This has no real beauty, is not seen clearly, ruins the eyesight and has no justification, as far as I can see.

Lest you think I'm purely a fault-finder, however, I'll say that many times I have been persuaded to go to a movie having a very suggestive name and have found the film to be an excellent one. However, I should have been turned against it, of my own will, by its wrong title.

Scotty is "O.K. Personified," Says an English Fan

A fan in London, England, by the name of HARRY DAVIS, writes to say:

I like the interviews and everything in your magazine, but one of my favorite features is Scotty's roving camera. It's O. K. personified.

Now, I wonder if you would be kind enough to let us hear all about my favorite star, Mary Astor. There's something about that gal I like. (*It's on our memo pad, Harry Davis. And thanks for the bouquets.*)

Lady, Be Disappointed No More!

A letter from A. BRYANT of Toronto, Canada:

I am positively disappointed when I read the letters in each MODERN SCREEN and find never a word concerning our wonderful child actors.

There are many, including Jack Cooper, Tad Alexander, Jackie

Searle, and David Durant. But the mere mention of the name Dickie Moore brings to my mind's eye his beautiful, winsome little face and his infectious laugh. That boy sure leaves all others way behind. His pathetic, appealing ways brings a lump into my throat. And his jolly and mischievous laugh is a real cure for the blues.

(In "Gallant Lady" with Ann Harding, Dickie is more lovable than ever. The scene where he is naughty and won't apologize when Otto Kruger tells him to, is one of the most natural bits of child acting we have ever seen. Don't miss that picture.)

And Not a Divorce Rumor to Date!

Thrilled over the sweet love story of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, OTIS COOPER, of Stamford, Conn., cannot refrain from saying:

While getting things off the chest, I want to say that Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are sane-minded individuals. Every young boy or girl has his or her dream of love and that was Joel's and Frances' dream, too. Although, for some reason, they had never wasted time thinking about it. They thought of the opposite sex as companions—nice, pleasant, agreeable companions, who played tennis, or golf or swam or sailed a boat equally well. Of course, she had been made love to and he had made love. Each time it was faintly thrilling, but not horribly so—until they met each other while working on "The Silver Cord."

That's my impression, anyway.

Stars She Would Like to Meet—and Why

FAN FARE, of Winchendon, Mass., picks her favorites:

Leslie Howard: because his restrained acting, back in '31, was a haven of charm and artistry in the vortex of dramatics displayed on the screen at that time and continues to be so, even today, when the screen can boast of some of the best talent in the theatre.

Joan Crawford: because she is not a favorite actress of mine—she's a favorite human being, possessing the strength and weakness, the perfection and imperfection which the term "human being" has come to mean to me in my little jaunt through life.

Katharine Hepburn: because I'd like to tell her, wickedly, how much I approve of those didos and in-

(Continued on page 15)



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"AT FIRST", writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its *instant* results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick. When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.



THIS OFFER
good in U. S. A.
only and expires
Sept. 1, 1934

LINIT is sold by
grocers and department
stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. MM-4
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....\$ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name

Address.....

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

PICTURE NEWS!



(Above, left) The key-hole artists claim that Mr. Chaplin is already married to Paulette Goddard. Charlie says, "No." Anyway, here they are at the premiere of "Autumn Crocus." (Right) Lupe and Johnny were sweethearts. Or are they still? Your guess is as good as ours, after all those off-again-on-again rumors. (Left) Bebe and Ben Lyon gave a party and among the guests were Zeppo Marx, Skeets Gallagher, Harold Lloyd and Leila Hyams. (Below, left) Alice White and Cy Bartlett can't decide where to go on their honeymoon. (Right) Meet Mrs. Donald Cook, the former Maxine Lewis.



Between You and Me

(Continued from page 13)

conventionalities which are only Kate's way of thumbing her nose at Hollywood.

Paul Muni: because his superb portrayal in "I Am a Fugitive" almost made a communist or an anarchist or something out of me; I wanted to r'ar up on my hind legs and bellow out my wrath on every street corner in the world.

John Barrymore: because ever since he wore them carpet slippers to a premiere, I've been dying to ask him if it was on account of a corn or absent-mindedness.

Franchot Tone: because his crooked smile and artless gaze make me feel very, very young inside; because his good breeding is inherent and not acquired; and because he's a fine actor into the bargain.

Marie Dressler: because the whole world celebrated her sixty-second birthday—and when she was fifty-eight, the whole world said her career as an actress was over.

(This is only one of the umpteenth hundred "I'd Like to Meet" letters which came in. We couldn't print 'em all.)

Are the Men Getting a Bad Break?

MYRTLE IDA BENSON, of Hastings, Nebraska, unburdens herself at length about the "new men" problem:

I should like to unload my mind in answer to Faith Baldwin's "New Men! Where Are They?" In your magazine, in comment or explanation of Miss Baldwin's article, were the words, "Oh, yes, there are a few new male attractions. But they lack something. What is it?" That's easy: they lack the good stories, direction, photography, and publicity given to the feminine stars!

The producers are most careful and particular about the stories handed their star actresses. Not only are the stories good, but the leading character is important, vital, dominating. Mae West needs only a few puppets to do just as she desires in order to make her sparkle even more dazzlingly. Katharine Hepburn always has good story material and a good supporting cast. The leading feminine box office hits need only able, hand-

(Continued on page 105)

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-tale!"... "Tattle-tale!"... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash musty and gray!

soap—golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha added to it!

For that gray says plain as day that your soap isn't getting out all the dirt! Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly...



Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-tale Gray" from your clothes.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for filmiest lingerie, stockings and dainty woolens. It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's a wonder in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

What to do about it? *Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is not one of those "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha is good soap—full-of-action



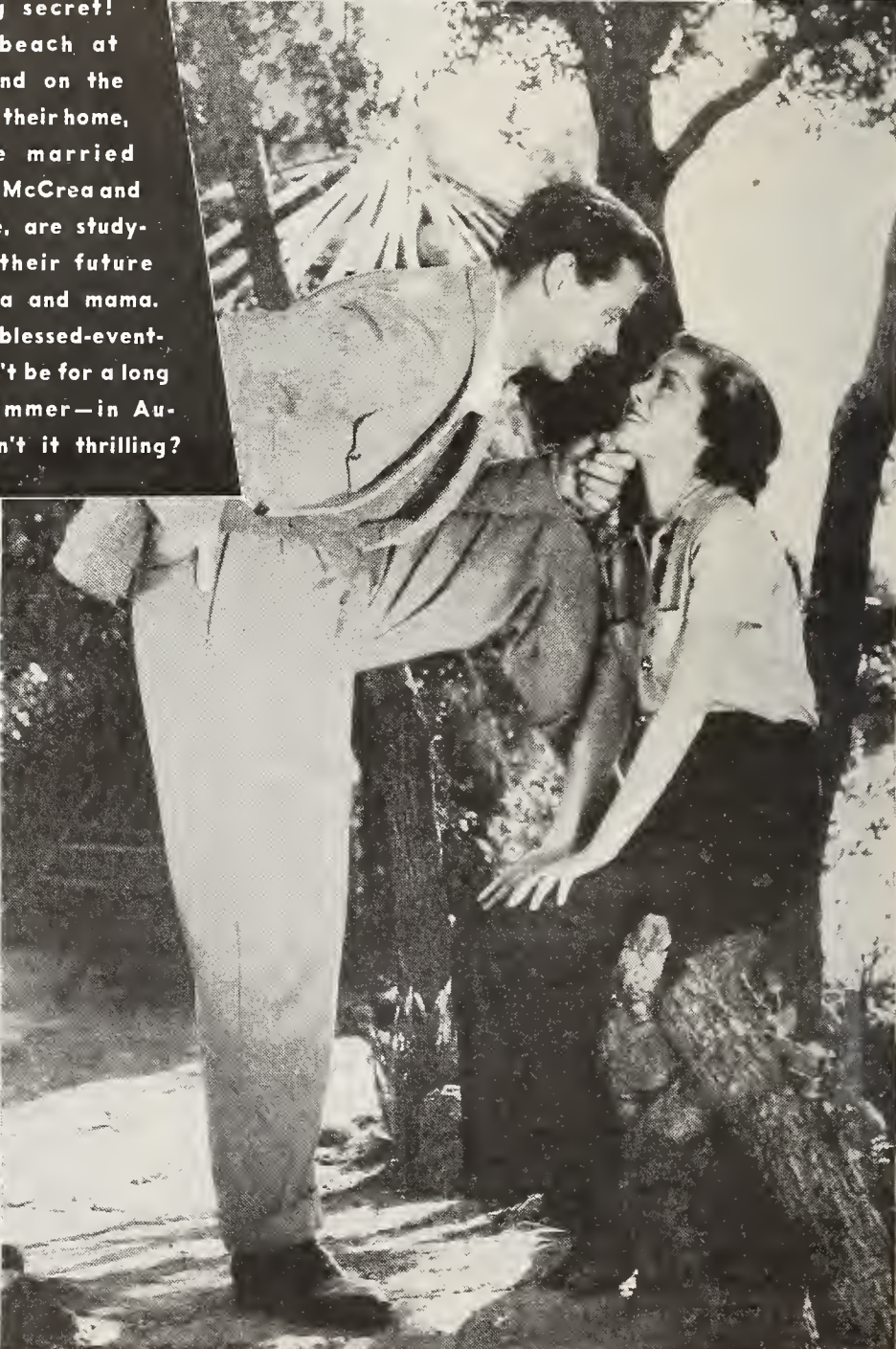
Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!... Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1934, FELS & CO.

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"
...banish it with **FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP**



**A peek
AT JOEL
AND FRANCES**

Shh! Big secret!
On the beach at
Malibu, and on the
grounds of their home,
that cute married
couple, Joel McCrea and
Frances Dee, are study-
ing up for their future
roles of papa and mama.
Yep—they're blessed-event-
ing. Oh, it won't be for a long
time. Next summer—in Au-
gust, likely. Isn't it thrilling?





Let's talk about LOVE

Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

I WONDER if you will agree with me that the time has come for us to regard the problems of the heart with as much clear-eyed, clear-thinking sense as we confront other problems? For example: not so very long ago, if a girl were not beautiful, she was doomed by convention to *remain* unbeautiful for the rest of her natural life. Nowadays, with modern good sense, she consults a beauty expert, saves up her nickels and dimes for the right sort of beauty preparations and smart clothes, and turns plainness into charm. But, even today, if a girl is not loved, she feels that she must accept her fate. If we would only be as wise—but in a different manner, of course—about love and romance as we are about beauty, clothes, money and work!

It is not without a small tremor or so that I shall try to bring to you in this department the most intelligent and sensible and frank advice at my command on the problems of love and romance and sex. But with your help, I'm sure I shall be able to succeed. I want *your* questions, *your* problems, *your* opinions on which to base these articles.

Let me hasten to say that no readers' names will be printed in this department. And no letters. You are earnestly asked to write to me about your problems and I will send you a personal reply.

And now—to business.

I am—just like yourselves—an enthusiastic movie-goer

By ALICE Van DORAN

YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS

That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and a wealth of human understanding, romantic problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, please.

and I go to the movies for one of the same reasons that you yourselves go. Namely, to find romance and escape from humdrum life in the gay and glamorous and exciting stories I see on the screen. And I often wonder, as I observe young people in the audience—sitting very still, their shoulders touching and their hands clasped under cover of a masculine hat—how much the movies affect our ideas of love. I wonder how much

time girls and women spend envying the beauty and romance of their favorite stars, *instead of profiting by the lessons they could learn from the story portrayed for them.* And men commit the same error, too—don't think they don't—only men envy more material things. Money. A fine car. London-tailored clothes. Sure—it would be a cinch for a guy if he had advantages like Clark Gable or Bob Montgomery or one of those fellers.

I'm speaking seriously when I say that there are countless lessons you can learn to make you happier

people if you will watch for them on the screen.

A CERTAIN young girl whom I know had been going with a certain young man for five years. He was genuinely fond of her—oh, yes—but sometimes he forgot to show it. He took her for granted. It was Don who made the dates—at his convenience. It was Dot who waited on him, when he visited (*Continued on page 120*)

HEPBURN



Completely and
daringly different
from anything she
has ever done.

in

SPITFIRE


An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer



Jean Parker

+

This lovely lady is Jean Parker to us, May Green to her family and one of the most promising actresses that ever faced a camera. She's just teeming with talent. All sorts, Jean paints and writes and dances and could make a success of any or all these professions. She lives in Westwood with her chaperon and only visits the cinema city when "on call." She has just finished "You Can't Buy Everything" and is getting ready for an important role in "In Old Louisiana." Metro is proud of its gifted starlet—and rightly so.




Mary is as cute a
trick as ever kicked
her way out of the
front row chorus
into dramatic roles,
for beneath all that
fragile fluffiness
there is deter-
mination and
talent—an unbeat-
able combination.
"Once to Every
Woman" is her
latest offering and
we predict you'll
put her on your
list of favorites
when you see her
in it.

*Mary
Carlisle*



Gene Raymond

Three Hollywood beauties saw this famous platinum blond off when he departed en route to Europe. Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian and Marian Nixon all were at the train. When Gene returns from his extended vacation, he has a brand new Columbia contract waiting and he's hoping his first will be a comedy!




Meet the latest
Lady of the Nile.
Yes, Claudette
is to play "Cleopatra," so at the
moment she is just
about the most
envied girl in
Hollywood. She
wishes she could
gain weight and
lose all those su-
perstitions that
keep her constant-
ly upset, for
worrying is one of
the things she does
especially well.

*Claudette
Colbert*



Walter Huston

Having finished "Keep 'Em Rolling," Walter Huston has returned to Broadway and the theatre. It's a temporary arrangement, of course, for picture producers won't permit this sterling player to desert the celluloid for long. When he vacations he usually retreats to his home in Lake Arrowhead.



Mrs. Al Jolson would rather have a baby than a career, but the fans will settle for seeing her on the screen any time. Ruby is to be with Dick Powell again in "Sweethearts Forever." When she isn't at the studio, she's busy furnishing the new home she bought for her family not long ago.

*Ruby
Keeler*



Stuart Erwin

When Lee Tracy spoke out of turn, Stu stepped into his role in "Viva Villa," a break this clever comedian could use nicely. He's a happy husband, a devoted daddy and an all-around popular lad.



"I'm a

JOAN CRAWFORD CONFESSES:

I expect too much of people.

I'm terrifically impatient.

I'm stubborn as a mule.

I'm over-sensitive.

And another of my faults is
almost too personal to
mention!

I'VE always known Joan Crawford was honest, but I never thought any picture star would talk about her faults. I thought that old Hollywood idea that only one's best side should be shown to the public and that virtues alone should ever be mentioned was so deeply planted that it could never be uprooted.

My disillusionment came about in a curious way.

When she was in New York recently, Joan was introduced to some friends of Franchot's. They were allured by her glamor, impressed by her beauty, delighted that they might see her. They didn't know what was going on inside of her.

The next day Joan was down in the dumps.

"I'm a terrible person," she moaned. "Honestly, I'm a terrible person."

I disagreed, violently.

"It is no use your saying nice things," she went on. "I know all about myself. I try my darndest to be at ease when I meet new people. I try to be charming and gracious. But I can't help showing that I'm ill at ease, unhappy in their presence and sometimes bored."

"Listen, while I'm in this mood, I might as well tell you just what I think of myself. They say honest confession is good for the soul. Well, I'm going to Confess All. Tell you my faults. And I've got plenty of them."

"I know how I impress people who have never met me before. They probably say I'm conceited and ritzy. Well, that's not true, but I deserve to have them say it. When I meet new people in a drawing-

terrible person"

room something inside me tightens up. I try to be nice but I can't. So I just sit and say nothing. Then I excuse myself, leave the room and become actually ill. I'm never that way with those grand folks who are good enough to be my fans. I feel that they're for me somehow. It's people I meet in a social way that affect me so badly.

"When I'm in a room with a bunch of witty people and someone makes a clever remark that can be taken in two ways, I always take it personally. I always think that there's another meaning which is meant as a crack at me.

NOW that's just plain ego! Why should I think myself important enough for people to make deliberate double meaning remarks about me? I've tried hard to overcome this. I think I'm on the way to doing it.

"Then I'm stubborn. Don't say anything. I'm stubborn as a mule. If someone tries to bully me I close up tight and say to myself, 'I won't do it. I won't do it.' Anybody can win me with soft words. If, on the lot, one of the publicity boys wants me to have a picture taken or give an interview and he says, 'I know you're working and awfully tired, but it would be a favor to me if you'd do this,' I break my neck doing it. But if someone says, 'Come on over to the gallery, Joan, there's a picture that you *have* to take right away,' I won't do it. And the more I'm told that I must do it, the more determined I am that I won't!

"When a person does that once too often I'm through with that person. I've got very few people I call my real friends. I'm slow to make friendships, but once they're made they're friends for life. Once it has been proven that a person is honest, sincere, loyal and true, nothing that anybody could say about that person would sway me. I'm the same way when I don't like a person. It takes me a long time to get mad at someone. Just as I'm slow about making friends, I'm slow about making enemies. But the fastest way a person can be my enemy is to bully me.

"When I came to New York someone I know wrote and said a party was being planned for me. I replied, 'Please don't plan that party. I'd rather see you at informal dinner or luncheon. You know how I hate big parties.' When I arrived I discovered that the party had been planned anyhow, the people all invited and I was to be guest of honor. 'You've *got* to come,' the person said. I got mad. I explained that I had said I didn't want a party. 'I can't help it,' the person said. 'The party is planned. You've *got* to come.' I went, but I'm through with that person. I just won't be bullied. And that, I know, is a very bad fault I should overcome.

"I'm terribly impatient of people who make the same mistake twice. I expect too much of people. I'm too sensitive, but I'm trying to overcome that sensitiveness. Several years ago if someone did something to hurt me I'd brood about it for days and cry my eyes out over it. Well, I've gotten over that. Instead of crying I get mad and get it all off my chest—and that's much better. That's one fault I've overcome.

WHEN I say I expect too much of people, I mean that if I call someone and ask him or her to dinner

on a certain night and that person tells me he has another engagement I begin to wonder, 'Is he angry with me? What have I done?' It takes me a long time to get hold of myself and say, 'Look here, Joan, you silly goose. The person just had another engagement. He was telling you the truth. Believe him!'

"But that's a hold-over from a few years ago when I trusted people too much. Trusting too much is a bad fault. But it's one I'm getting over and rapidly, too.

"But one of my worst faults is cleanliness. Does that sound funny to you? Just normal cleanliness is fine, but for a couple of years I've been neurotic about it. Thank God, I now know what causes it—something much too personal to tell—and when we know a thing we can at least try to do something about changing it.

"This neurosis about cleanliness came very slowly. It's go-

ing to take just as long a time for me to overcome it. When it was at its worst I never wore a dress, a hat or carried a bag that all weren't sent to the cleaner's instantly. Imagine having a bag cleaned every time I carried it! That was just plain silly, I know it now. I know the reason for it.

"I wouldn't smoke a cigarette unless I had opened the tin myself. And I wouldn't use another cigarette out of that tin if someone else had taken one. I washed my hands every ten minutes. I wouldn't step out of the house unless I had gloves on. I wouldn't touch anything unless I had on gloves. Slowly, I'm getting much better about this. I'm not doing such foolish things. I've never talked about this before. It's very hard for me to do it now, but since I know it and know I must overcome it, I don't mind talking about it as much as I did.

"There—I've gotten my faults off my chest. Maybe I have a lot more that I don't know about. If I have I wish you'd tell me about them. Some of them I'm trying my level best to overcome. Some of them I know it's no use doing anything about. But, at any rate, my conscience rests easy on this score, for I've made a sincere effort to improve and if I've failed, I'll try again."

BY

Katherine Albert

Joan breaks down and declares that she's no angel. Indeed, she admits she's no cinch to get along with at all



THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LYLE TALBOT



THE school teacher looked down at the squirming candidate for the first grade and asked, "What is your name?"

The six-year-old regarded the toes of his new shoes with the greatest concentration. Though to the eye he presented merely the stubby figure of a dark-haired little boy, he was, in a truer sense, a living sacrifice on the altar of compulsory education. Here, right in front of all the kids, she would have to ask him about his name.

From some place around his well-fed little stomach came a word that sounded suspiciously like "Lyle."

"Lyle *what?*" prodded his inquisitioner.

Slowly he lifted a pair of very serious eyes from his boots to the impatient lady at the desk. Taking a deep breath, he blurted, "Which one of my names do you want me to use here? My father's name is J. Edward Henderson, but he doesn't live here because my mother's dead. I'm living with my grandmother. Her name used to be Hollywood but now it's Talbot. Some folks who visit us still call her Hollywood. So I have three names. Which one do you want me to use here?"

There! That was over, the long confusing history of his many names. Some folks who had known his mother and father called him Lyle Henderson and some who had known his grandmother a long time called him Lyle Hollywood and still others called him Lyle Talbot. Out of this large and unusual assortment of names, surely this lady at the desk could pick one that would serve the purpose.

"Well," mused the young school marm, "let's see. Let's settle on Lyle Talbot from now on."

Thus was a future hero of Hollywood named "from now on" by a confused little school teacher in Brainard, Nebraska. And this is the manner in which Lyle Henderson Hollywood Talbot acquired a permanent name that was to identify him through the maze of his barnstorming days with tent shows, his Broadway career and eventually

. . . Early days, featuring the big
chewing gum scandal, Bohemian
pals and the mystery of the tin can
labels . . . the carnival side-show
and his love for Lottye, the
beautiful saxophone player

By WALTER RAMSEY

On opposite page Lyle is shown with his stepmother
and below that, with his father. (Right) Nine years
old and all dressed up for the State Fair and, below,
at eight months, sitting in his private car.



to Hollywood where they were to spell it in electric lights.

SITTING in the living-room of his hilltop home in
Hollywood, Lyle Talbot explained:

"It was, of course, many years before I was able to
understand the tragically romantic story behind my many
names. My Dad, Ed Henderson, was a man whose body
was chained by circumstances to a small, drab town, but
whose real life was lived in the realm of imagination.
When he met and fell in love with my mother, he had
dreams of conquering the world, of taking her away from
Brainard, of becoming wealthy in a big city and lavishing
'everything' on her.

"So, with only a few dollars in his pocket, he begged
my mother to elope with him to Pittsburgh. The money
lasted until they were safely married and 'at home' in a
Pittsburgh boarding-house. Unfortunately, life has a
way of not panning out for the dreamers, despite a lot of
hard work. Dad tried to get a job at the street car barns
and was told he would have to have a good recommenda-
tion. I'll always laugh respectfully when I recall the story
of how he went to the mayor of the town and asked for
a recommendation. He got it, too.

But mother was terribly lonely in a strange city and
when, a few months later, it became known that a baby
was on the way, Dad decided to take her back to her own
home. I never knew my mother. Just two months after
I was born, she contracted typhoid fever and died. It
was the tragic ending to their wonderful romance and
elopement. Dad, heartbroken, agreed that I should be
brought up by my mother's mother. Then he left town
for good. I don't think he could stand to remain so near
to the unhappy memories."

But young Lyle liked Brainard. It was a small hamlet
where the summers were unbearably hot and the winters
equally cold, but its population of four hundred was
almost entirely Bohemian. That's (Continued on page 87)



Did Connie—or did she not—come to ex-husband Phil Plant's rescue in a way that is deserving of great praise? Well, we happen to know the facts. And Connie happens to choose to pooh-pooh the whole business. See what you think of the Bennett gal after reading this.

So you won't talk.

SO if you won't, Connie, we will!

It was Connie, wrote the indignant little-girl fans, who would not get off her train to autograph their albums. Now they don't like her any more.

It was she to whom a very famous director referred when he said, "All Connie asks about her last picture is, 'Is it good?' If it is, she wants more money for the next one."

It is Connie they mean when they say "the blonde movie star who never gives an inch and demands a mile, who drives bargains that never leave the other fellow a loophole—even for his neck!"

Hollywood women have said, "I'd hate to be in the way of anything Connie Bennett wanted."

But I don't need to tell you her Hollywood reputation.

You've read about it often enough to know it rather well by now, both from her enemies and from Connie's fighting, indignant denials. Of the two Bennett factions, I don't know which is worse: her critics, who would have you believe she is the reincarnation of a skinny devil in a blonde halo or those too-ardent defenders who want you to think she is an abused angel who sees, hears and thinks nothing but good, even if she does have to make an unholy row about it.

Over a period of years, I have known Connie well, although spasmodically. In our many hit-or-miss encounters, I have known moments when I could have cheerfully rushed into print with a heartfelt story on her titled, "The Most Aggravating Woman I've Ever Known." But before I could bat it out on the typewriter, she would do as

As different as the brunette and blonde dual role she played in "Moulin Rouge"



Connie!

By CARTER BRUCE

neat an about-face as was ever executed at West Point and I would be converted to her defense brigade. Well, almost. There has always been something too steely, too dominating and resourceful lurking back of the frank blue of those Bennett eyes to convince me she was the Blaphemed Innocent.

But the other day I heard a story . . . the details of which came pretty straight. It was a story about Constance, the hard-boiled Bennett and an old love of hers. It is the strangest and yet somehow, the most logical yarn about Connie. It will give you the funniest and at the same time the truest slant on her that has ever come out of Hollywood. She is such an amazing person. Even so, it is rather difficult to believe some of the preposterous yarns that have been circulated concerning this blonde siren.

SIX or seven years ago, before they were saying what they do now about Connie and her mathematically educated heart, she was very much in love with a boy she later married, Phil Plant. He was young, handsome and very wealthy. In the beginning, perhaps, she was attracted by his social position and the lavish gifts he showered upon her. But that was only in the beginning. Long before they were married, Constance Bennett was so much in love with Phil, the boy himself, that it could not have been disguised from the most cynical eyes. I recall, once, when Connie was on the west coast making "Sally, Irene and Mary" that Phil Plant flew out from New York to see her. I saw them dancing one evening at the Montmartre Café and the way she looked at him and the glow of happiness that (Continued on page 81)

are these two amazing versions of La. Bennett's recent Good Samaritan Act

Please, DE MILLE— WHAT IS GLAMOR...?

"A spell or enchantment," says Noah Webster. But Mr. De Mille tells more—including some things which glamor isn't



A WOMAN can bend over a steaming washtub and have glamor. She can work all day in a hot kitchen and have glamor. But if she paints her fingernails bright red or wears trousers, then—as far as I'm concerned—she has no glamor at all."

Thus spake—no, not Zarathustra, but a much more modern philosopher—Cecil B. DeMille,



who, was busy discovering glamor gals before they were called that.

Back in the dim dead days it was known as "It." According to the great DeMille, glamor is just a new word. It's all your old friend sex appeal anyhow, dressed in fancy clothes, but not, if you please, in trousers.

And thus speaks DeMille in spite of the fact that he is now a Paramount director and the greatest feminine wearer of pants is—or, anyway, was—Paramount's big star, Marlene Dietrich. So you know when DeMille so far forgets policy as to talk like that he must mean what he says. So let's let him go on.

"You know what women in pants remind me of? Well, they look like great, bulky mountains. Mountains are grand in their place, but you wouldn't want to make love to one, would you? Women aren't built for pants. They're too broad across the



It certainly isn't trousers on women, staunchly states Cecil B. Even the lovely Marlene can't get away with them. (Left) Often, Mr. De M. runs off one of his old pictures—like the Swanson-Valentino "Beyond the Rocks." And it amazes him to note how glamor has changed.

By **MARTHA
KERR**

beam and too narrow in the shoulders. When they wear 'em they take away all allure, all charm, all subtlety. In other words, I am agin 'em—and agin 'em strong!

"As for those red fingernails—well! Certainly, I approve of nail polish. I approve of anything that makes a woman look well groomed, lovelier. But that bright red! It's horrible. Whenever I see scarlet nails I have an idea that the woman has just been killing a chicken. Not a nice nor glamorous thought, is it?

"And one of the most important features of glamor is setting. Let me explain. When I entertain at my home in Hollywood we have a little custom that is rather fun. After dinner I have brought in a tray of costume jewelry—bracelets, necklaces, clips—worthless jewelry, but pretty. Then the women all play a little game to see who has first, second, third choice of the trinkets.

"Occasionally I have put in the midst of that junk jewelry (Continued on page 84)

They Visit New York

BY Regina Cannon

IT'S field day in Manhattan for the autograph-seekers and celebrity-chasers, there's been *that* much of an influx of movie great. Many stars have shot through town on their way from Europe to the camera coast; others, have just dropped in for a night club session and shopping spree; while still more have arrived for the definite purpose of putting their signatures to contracts which mean work in the east.

Chevalier appeared briefly in our midst, grinning amiably when the cameras were focussed and avoiding discussing plans for the forthcoming "Merry Widow," his next vehicle. No definite decision had been reached as to the portrayer of the picture's title role, but the genial Frenchman with a reputation for being difficult, was emphatic as to who would not do it. But "far from us be it," as Gracie Allen would say, to make that lil lady break down and weep by printing the bad news here.

Then, Monsieur didn't care too much for the newspaper reports that he just couldn't wait to see Toby Wing and, to prove that he was good at postponing pleasure, hung around town an extra day. However, Maurice admits he still likes money, even though he has gotten over the idea that producers are conspiring to keep it away from him.

* * *

More fun, more clothes torn when an enthusiastic crowd pushed into the NBC studio where Katharine Hepburn was scheduled to broadcast! Which gives one a slight idea of what Hollywood has done for Hepburn—not that the young lady hasn't contributed one or three things to movie entertainment.

Katie and Douglass Montgomery played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," that episode which all young players aspire to render. We imagine that the Hepburn is never quite so happy as when she's being dramatic. She takes it all just a bit better than very seriously. Garbed in a purple velvet robe reaching from throat to toes and clutching her throat in a truly Bernhardt-esque manner, Hollywood's strange gal did her stuff. And Doug let her do it; in



Yes, M. Chevalier's back, and glad to be in this land of equal rights and unequal fights. Sylvia Sidney is in the big city on amusement bent.



fact, he let her have it all her own way. We never saw such generosity. It looked like "novice bending to genius" business. And, fun's fun, it shouldn't have been.

The interested on-lookers took it all appropriately intensely and when the last Shakespearian pearl dropped from Katie's ruby lips (we're in the jewelry department now) burst into thunderous applause. Which must have bolstered up the star no little bit, what with audiences visiting "The Lake," her stage vehicle, often being impolite enough to forget they have hands.

* * *

AND, speaking of Douglass Montgomery: in just such an apartment as we would adore to own, located in New York's quietly swank East Fifties, we went one afternoon to have a gingerale with the gentleman. He wasn't there. That is, he wasn't there when we arrived. He dashed in, breathless, three minutes later. He loves to dash in, breathless, three minutes later. Because he is still very young and still very fond of being dramatic about the most everyday happening and he loves to "make entrances" and all that sort of thing. However, a harmless habit, and we enjoyed it all as much as he did.

He's very insistent about the two "esses" on the Douglass. Because, you see, he's a direct descendant of the Black Douglass clan who used to roam the Scottish moors, fighting for the honor of the name, down to the very last "s." Today, the Blond Douglass roams between New York and Hollywood, trying very hard to make up his mind whether it shall be the stage—which he adores—or the screen—which is easier, pleasanter and more lucrative.

He said, among other things, that he is tired of playing very young roles (for that reason, he's delighted with the idea of doing the more mature "Little Man, What Now?"), that he was a fan of Katharine Hepburn's way back in the old days when producers were firing her right and left, and that he has just paid five hundred (Continued on page 111)

Good

WHAT about Garbo and Mamoulian? What about them, indeed! No one at the M-G-M studios has seen them since their little jaunt down to the Grand Canyon, their close friends are close-mouthed, and there are about fifty versions of their "love affair" floating around town.

Some say they are already married, they were married on the trip and it will "break" in the papers any minute.

Others claim they are not married, neither of them is the marrying type and that they merely have the "Continental" attitude.

Still others believe that the trip was used to counteract the "romance build-up" between Garbo and Jack

(Left) Arline Judge, in a costume that is intriguing, if a bit unbalanced, announces that she's tickled with her new role in "The Affairs of Cellini." (Below) Director Busby Berkeley and pretty Merna Kennedy will marry verra soon.



J. B. Scott

Lowest lowdown on Garbo-Mamoulian and Lupe-Johnnie situations

News!

Gilbert. Since he and Virginia Bruce separated almost immediately after "Queen Christine" was released, the public might have called Garbo responsible for the rift.

However, Mamoulian stated, "Miss Garbo and I are not married. We are very companionable, that is all."

And Greta, as usual, says nothing.

That trip, of course, was a big story, but it wasn't their first. Garbo and Mamoulian made a secret journey to Santa Barbara, one to Yosemite and, just the other week-end, they left for La Quinta. Maybe they do like automobiling.

THE LUPE AND JOHNNIE SITUATION

A few days ago, we might have written: "Just about the shortest marriage on record . . . Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller!"



J. B. Scott

James Cagney and gorgeous Dolores Del Rio were in charge of the refreshments at the Screen Actors' Guild Ball.

Now our hunch—and remember, it's just a hunch—is that they will stick together (if only temporarily). Either because (1) they love one another or (2) because they couldn't bear to think that Bobbé Arnst could predict anything.



J. B. Scott

Frank Fay and his famous wife, Barbara Stanwyck, who seldom step out, attend "As the Earth Turns."

This is how it started. One night Lupe and Johnny went to the American Legion to see the fights. It seems that they continued on with the fighting after they reached home.

Would you be interested to know what the fight was about? Well, Lupe wanted to go away on personal appearances. Johnny said: "Why should she go? She'll just make a lot of money and buy a flock of bracelets! We got enough bracelets around here now!"

At one o'clock in the dawning,



J. B. Scott

Connie Bennett's Marquis Hank Falaise is off to Indo-China to do another travelogue.

Lupe called her favorite newspaper reporter and gave out a story of the "separation." She said, in part: "We fight like the devil all the time . . . it's fifty-fifty . . . we're both to blame. I got to be my own boss. No one can tell Lupe how to run her business." Johnny gave a couple of his Tarzan grunts and clammed-up on the boys. Lupe told another reporter: "There is no chance for our making up. When something is over, it is over, as far as Lupe is concerned."

The next night they were at the Colony Club together!

The following morning, it was all over Hollywood that Lupe and Johnny had decided to try a ten-day-holiday, during which Johnny would live at his club and they would only see each other during the day time. Lupe explained: "It's only in the evening that we fight. Maybe, at the end of the ten days, if my Johnny has been a good boy, I take heem back!"

So you can see how useless it is to attempt to predict the ending. We think the crack by Bobbé Arnst, Johnny's ex, "I knew it wouldn't last!" had a lot to do with it. But maybe we're wrong.

PRESS-TIME NOTES

More strong rumors that we will soon lose our Garbo. She is slated to return to her native Sweden to make pictures.

Tch! Tch! The Screen Actors' Ball uncovered some bad manners, it seems



Doug Fairbanks, Sr., may do "Adios Don Juan" in Spain before he returns to Hollywood.

Edna May Oliver will have the lead opposite George Arliss in "Head of the Family."

Since Rudy Vallee is definitely looking for another singer, it would appear that Alice Faye is set at Fox for some time to come.

Finally decided! Chaplin's next will be an all-silent, as usual.

HAVE you heard the story of Glenda Farrell's strange injury? Seems she was lunching in a way-side inn near the Mexican border, when a rooster (kept in the patio of the place, just as added atmosphere) took a sudden dislike to Glenda and before the fowl could be stopped he had made several deep spur lacerations on her legs.

HARLOW—M-G-M BATTLE

Jean Harlow has returned to M-G-M, and 'tis reported that her salary difficulties are all settled with the studio. Jean walked out a while ago and refused to return until she got more \$\$ on the line. Various of Jean's demands were bandied about—everything from "a raise" to "she wants \$10,000 a week." It now appears that she wanted them to ante-up about two G's, and the studio was holding out for a raise of about one-fourth that amount. A conference took place—something was decided—and now Jean is script-reading.

MARY BOLAND and Alison Skipworth are chosen for the "Whoops Sisters," made famous (and sold to Paramount) by Peter Arno!

WHO appeared, or what happened the other night at the Beverly-Wilshire, to scare Connie and the Marquis away? They had one table until eleven o'clock, posed

Emanuel Cohen, vice-president in charge of Paramount productions, entertained the Gary Coopers. Mae West was there, too. (Right) Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg attend Katharine Cornell's "Barretts of Wimpole Street."

for pictures at the door, and left—hurriedly. At twelve, they returned, looked around—carefully—and took another table.

THE Actor's Guild Ball was a howling success financially, but it did have its other moments. (There are some elegant pictures, taken at the Ball, to be found on pages 62 to 65 of this issue.) First, came George and Mrs. Arliss. They arrived at eight sharp, as per the invitation, and the balance of Hollywood left them sitting alone until almost eleven. Second, we were surprised (after all the kicking we've had to listen to from these very actors) that the actor-audience didn't even give their brothers a break by keeping silent while the entertainment went on.

Why, we couldn't even hear John Boles' marvelous voice, so much plate-clattering and loud talking by those very actors who are loudest in their disgust at "lack of attention" by the average audience. Jeanette MacDonald almost stopped the show, however, with her grand singing. Durante did his act and the stooges heckled Mr. Ted Healy as usual.

As for some of the "names" who were supposed to perform—Chaplin, Lubitsch, *et al*—we saw none of them. Even Rudy Vallee, billed as master of ceremonies, had to "take it on the lam" before the party to avoid being served a process to appear in his wife's action for separate maintenance. We found out, later, that he had been pretty smart, too. It seems



J. B. Scott

(Below) Diana Wynyard goes around quite a bit with Gordon Westcott these days.





J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott

The first time Virginia Bruce stepped out after her separation—at Mr. Selznick's Grove party.



(Above) On Carl Laemmle's birthday, all hands turned to and gave him an elegant party. See if you can find Boris Karloff, Ken Maynard, Junior, Alice White and La Sullivan. (Left) Dr. F. D. Griffin was in Hollywood a while ago to see his wife, Irene Dunne. There they are with Mitzi Green.

that among all the autograph hunters at the gate to the ballroom, at least fifteen were serving "the papers."

WE can now die happy. We were up to the Colony the other dawning and Irving Caesar did a parody on the "Last Round-up," which he dedicated to Al Jolson, called "The Last Close-up."

ANOTHER "MYSTERY WOMAN"?

Yes, this gal, Anna Sten, whom Sam Goldwyn has been raving about for, lo, these many moons, is really a sensational beauty.

It is said, however, that Muriel Kirkland, who played a part in "Nana" and got to know Anna rather well, invited her to be her guest when "Sailor Beware" opened on the Los Angeles stage with Muriel in the cast. Miss Sten accepted the invitation, but failed to appear. We thought, for a minute that we might have another "mysterious foreigner" on our hands, but as we prepared for the worst, who should we see in public but Anna and her husband, Dr. Franke. We also hear whispered that, while La Sten is quite a boss around the studio, when she gets home the *doctor* is the boss!

THIS is the first time any actress lost weight and didn't immediately break out in print with her "method." Molly O'Day lost thirty pounds down in Florida and says

there wasn't any particular reason for it that she knew.

DID you ever see a dream dancing? Well, Lil Tashman did! And it was a bad dream, too. It was over at the Grove where Lil and husband Eddie Lowe were dancing one evening. In all that crowd, who should dance right up to Lil but a gal with an identical hair-dress. Lil goes to the beauty parlor every day to protect her little curls—and she had the idea it was an original hair-do. It was too provoking!

Jean Harlow didn't appear to be in a very good humor, either. Maybe it was the crowd or something. Anyway, Jean and her husband, Hal Rosson, didn't attempt so much as a swing around the floor. They sat, very moodily, at a table-for-two, seldom speaking to one another. Jean is wearing a new and not very becoming evening make-up. Very dark powder and a great deal of lip rouge.

MAE WEST refused five grand for a single appearance over the radio . . . and two nights later she appeared free for a local charity!

WE have decided to abandon all plans of divorce at the present," said Sidney Fox and her erstwhile mate, Charles Beahan, in one voice last night. That, then, seems to be *that*—at least for the moment. The story behind the "separation" though, is rather funny. It seems the devoted couple had a violent quarrel at a recent Hollywood party. However, on the morning following the party (when Sidney woke up in the spare bedroom over at Ann Dvorak's house) neither the wife nor the husband (who had gone home after the party) could recall just what the fight had been about, or who started it. None of the other guests could throw any light on the matter, either.

(Continued on page 78)

WHAT'S HAPPENED, *Gable?*

By WALTER
RAMSEY

WHAT'S happened is just this. I'm fed up. Something has taken away all the kick I used to get out of my work—and taken my ambition with it. If my option lapsed tomorrow, I wouldn't lift a hand to get another movie job for at least a year. All the thrill and fun of the game are temporarily over for me and I don't know that I shall ever get them back. In my present frame of mind, the movies are just a job, a job that has developed into as much drudgery as that which bends the backs of tired bookkeepers, grown rusty at their benches. If my mental attitude is beginning to show in my work, I'm sorry. But that's the way I feel."

The words and music are by Clark Gable. That little paragraph above is the answer to the current Hollywood question: "What's happened to put out the light of personal and vital magnetism that used to shine in Clark Gable's eyes?" And in the frankest, most abruptly-honest statement ever made by a motion picture star, he spoke his piece.

Alibis? There isn't one, not one in the make-up of this guy who comes so close to being the Prince of Hollywood Good Fellows that you can skip the difference. Kicks against uncongenial rôles and bad pictures? Nothing like it! Let the others hide behind the excuse of "bad casting" and "studio mismanagement." They can pass the buck for their mistakes if they will. Those don't happen to be Gable's methods. He hasn't a single squawk against Hollywood. In one way, he is grateful for everything Hollywood has done for him.

"The fault lies purely with myself," he said. "I thought

We fans like to see him make love, so here Clark gives us plenty of what we want in "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert as his very lovely amour.



You're not the man you were a year ago, Clark! Is it due to illness, to too much money in the bank—or to too little time on your hands? You're different, young man, and we want to know why

I wanted something, something I find I don't want at all. I was not meant to be a motion picture actor—or any actor. But in the beginning I didn't realize that. I thought I wanted acting fame more than anything in the world. How, then, can Hollywood be blamed for giving me what I wanted and discovered that I didn't?

"I know it sounds damned ungrateful to my producers and to the fans who have made me what I am, whatever I am. But you asked me a frank question and I want to answer you honestly.

I MEAN it when I say that I was not born to be a movie star. I was born close to the soil and should have stayed close to it. Silence, the great privacy of nature and the joy of earning one's bread by the sweat of the brow—these are my rightful heritage. That is the kind of man I am. That is the fundamental *me*!

"It is foolhardy for a man to go contrary to the instincts of his nature.

And that is exactly what I have done in seeking an acting career for myself. When my stage

career developed into a movie career, the contrast was even

greater. For Hollywood is a glittering bubble. In

place of quiet, it is a Babylon. Its only

privacy is a clique and each night brings a fatigue that isn't physical, but pure

nerve exhaustion.

"Of course, in the very beginning,

that didn't seem to matter. I got a

tremendous kick out of it—all the

backslapping, the recognition, the loud

plaudits and even having my buttons torn

from my clothes when I appeared in public.

It was the same artificial kick a man got when

he was drunk. Only it lasts a little longer. The

thing that has happened to me is that my hangover

of fame drunkenness is wearing off. I'm sobering up after a two years bat on *Fame Champagne*."

We were almost alone on the porch of the studio café.

The "Men In White" company, which affords Clark his

latest starring rôle, had called luncheon later than usual.

Most of the others in their masks of yellow grease paint

had long since returned to their sets. I thought Gable

looked tired and considerably thinner. He had just re-

turned from the Columbia lot after completing "It Happened One Night."

I said, "Clark, you've worked hard these past four years.

You've been desperately ill this last year. Don't you think

that if you had a chance to rest this mood would vanish?"

He smiled. "That's a nice, logical excuse. And it's

true, I am tired. This is what has happened to me in the

last four years. I've had a good dose of Hollywood

movie fame, three hunting trips and three severe ill-

nesses. Maybe the ledger is balanced. But when I was

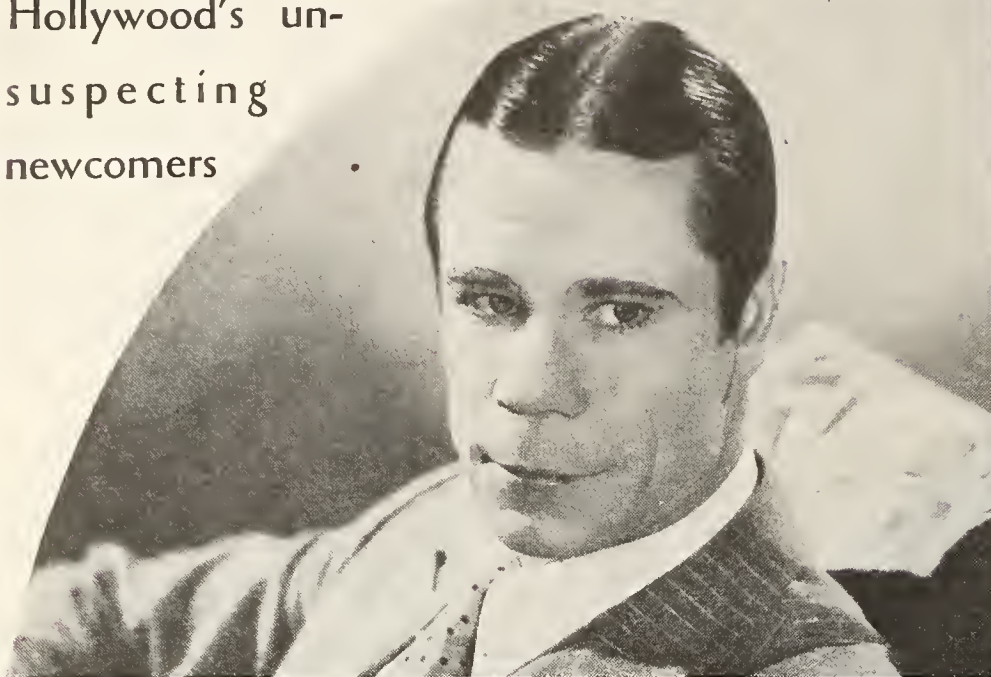
lying there in the hospital it seemed to me that the root

was deeper than that. Oh, I guess I'm the proverbial

square-peg-in-the-round-hole. (Continued on page 94)

Clark feels that he does best the roughneck "Red Dust" sort of thing. Not the tuxedoed rôle he played in "Possessed." Is he too modest—or is he right in this assumption?

By their counsel, old-timers spread
protecting wings over
Hollywood's un-
suspecting
newcomers



GUARDIAN ANGELS

By ROBERT FENDER

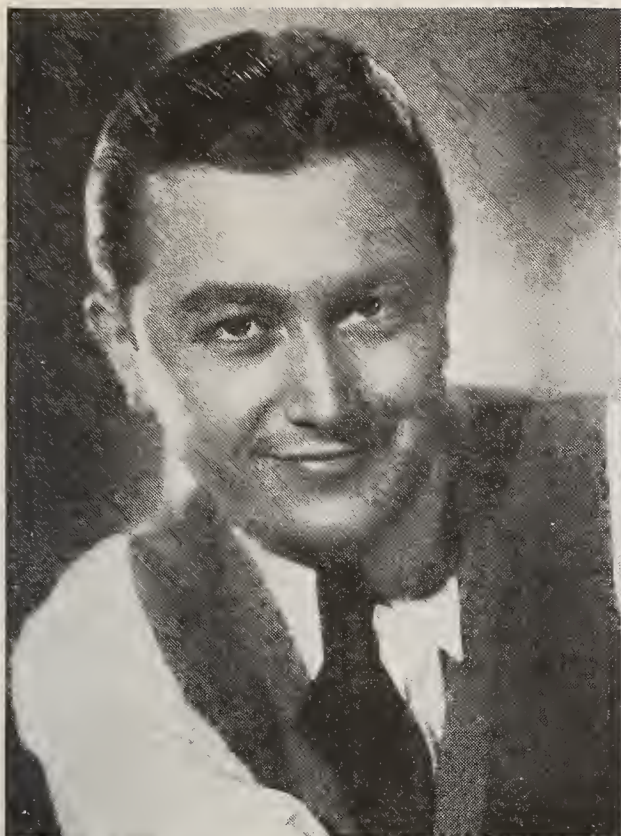
*I*T'S a wise child," they keep telling us, "who knows his own parents." If that's true in civil life, it applies doubly to Hollywood, where parental advisers abound on all sides.

The first job any young star or starlet has in this place is to shake loose from the small army of "well-wishers" and advisers who would guide him through the film capital's intricate maze. Nine times out of ten, those who would "advise" are, in reality, simply trying to create jobs for themselves. Sadly enough, they are far more interested in the amount of their paychecks than in the quality of sage wisdom they dispense.

Hollywood has, however, a number of real studio par-

ents; or, if you like, guardian angels—people who, having gone through the battle of getting launched themselves, feel a definite obligation or desire to help others over the bumps. And the work they're doing, although heretofore unheralded, is a fine, unselfish work, deserving of notice and praise. I know of no more difficult place to "crack" than Hollywood. Opportunities for doing the wrong thing, unintentionally perhaps, are at every hand. And for many youngsters who are tasting their first sip of success via the movies, the temptations are most apt to prove too much. That is why a studio parent of the right sort is God's gift to the beginner in this crazy-quilt land.

At least "godsend" is the way Toby Wing described



Joe E. Brown showed Dick Powell the ropes and advised him when to stand pat and when to compromise. And Walter Huston did as much for Max Baer. Joan Crawford encouraged Robert Young with praise and social invitations, and Jack Oakie was Toby Wing's counsellor.



OF HOLLYWOOD

such a person to me. And the person she had in mind was, of all people, Jack Oakie of the contagious grin. Now cute little Toby, in spite of her grown-up pose, is really a youngster; a naïve, adorable kid who would think the very best of any sweet-appearing scoundrel. Completely without guile herself, Toby would find it difficult to imagine guile in another. Hence, during her initiate period in Hollywood, she was all ears to those who were going to "get her into the pitchers." She believed this one. She believed that one. And had it not been for Mr. Jack Oakie, Toby might well have joined that army of unfortunates whose Hollywood career begins and ends at the big studio gates which bear the sign: "Keep Out.

This Means You," a truly disheartening slogan.

BUT Jack came along," she told me, "and pounded home what I have since learned—that it was all hooey. He taught me how to let it go in one ear and quickly out the other. He showed me that, for the most part, my well-wishers were wolves, parasites who wanted to be in on the killing, if any. He opened my eyes to the real Hollywood, saving me any amount of grief.

"He also told me of the right and wrong whoopee palaces to visit. You know there are certain places that are simply not patronized, but newcomers here have no way of telling unless someone (Continued on page 101)

A: NANA
(Sam Goldwyn)

Anna Sten, Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Richard Bennett, Muriel Kirkland

INTRODUCING beautiful Anna Sten. And what a gorgeously glamorous person she is! The idea of the story (in which the street-walker becomes a great actress, falls in love with a young boy whose older brother ships him away, only to fall in love with her himself) is nothing that we haven't all seen before in one guise or another. But the atmosphere, the sheer beauty of the sets and the loveliness of the new star, makes this picture spell "entertainment." Phillips Holmes as the boy, is rather wishy-washy, but his older brother, Lionel Atwill, is grand in the characterization of the rake who has been living the life of a Puritan too long. "Nana" has a song hit, too. "That's Love." And you'll like Anna Sten's husky manner of putting it over. This picture is worth your time and money in every way. See it.

We'd like to give a special paragraph of praise to Dorothy Arzner, our ace woman director, who megaphoned this picture. A grand job, Miss Arzner, and may you be appointed boss of many a flicker to come!

(Above) Bette Davis and William Powell supply love interest in "Fashions of 1934." (Below) The happy pair are Arline Judge and Jack Oakie in "Looking for Trouble."



OUR PICTURE RATING

Rating a picture is not the simple task one might suppose. Often, you see, the cast may be good and the story mediocre. Or the plot may be far superior to the players who enact it. To aid you in making a selection of pictures you wish to see, we will grade talkies A, B, C, and D—excellent, good, fair and poor.



Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March are that surprised at the grandeur of their new apartment! This is one of the amusing highlights in "Good Dame," their latest co-starring vehicle.

Reviews

- A TOUR OF
T O D A Y ' S
T A L K I E S

By WALTER
R A M S E Y

A: LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
(20th Century)

Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings

WE laughed and laughed! This makes the second one this month to deal with the telephone repair man, but it's swell. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie (what a team!) are the "trouble shooters" for the telephone company—and they run into everything from blondes to gangsters. Connie Cummings (looking too thin) had a tough time hanging onto Tracy, who liked to roam, but Arline Judge had too easy a time hanging on to Oakie (looking too fat)! When the pair of them discover that there's been a "rat doing some wire-tapping," the big smash starts. You'll get an actual picture (almost) of the earthquake. Run, don't walk!

A: FASHIONS OF 1934
(Warners)

William Powell, Bette Davis, Verree Teasdale

GREAT Entertainment! When you put Bill Powell in a spot where he has to scheme, and the schemes lead to his stealing advance styles from Parisian modistes, then you know it will be a swell evening. Bill, as usual, has his little "outfit" composed of Bette Davis (who does right well as the fashion artiste in the troupe who finally marries Bill); Frank McHugh as his very funny lieutenant, and Dorothy Burgess as a much disappearing secretary. When Bill has practically bankrupt all the Paris firms, he puts on a style show in which he hopes to make the fashion world ostrich-conscious. The gals will like this one for the fashions and the men will enjoy Powell's nefarious scheming. It's a grand hour's entertainment. P.S.: Try and forget Hugh Herbert as the ostrich breeder! And try and forget the scene wherein Powell discovers that the Grand Duchess (Verree Teasdale) is none other than—. Well, we don't mean to tell you everything. It would spoil the fun you'll have over this A-1 movie.

A: STRANGE HOLIDAY
(Paramount)

Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, Guy Standing

ASIVELL two hours! We had seen the play "Death Takes a Holiday" from which this picture was made and we still liked it, which is saying, "It's good." Freddie March gives as fine a performance as he ever gave, besides giving you a new slant on this idea of death. Of course, he falls in love with a gal (Evelyn Venable) and when she falls in love with him, she receives the "kiss of death" and that's that for her, in spite of the weeping and wailing of the relatives. Sir Guy Standing, who plays host to Death, gives a beautiful performance. We hope you go. It's worth the price if only because it is so different.

A: HI, NELLIE
(Warners)

Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks,

HIGH Ranking Entertainment! Paul Muni was the hard-boiled managing editor, until he crossed the boss, at which time he is placed in charge of the paper's lovelorn column (supposedly run by a gal named Nellie Nelson) and the gang start ribbing him with "Hi, Nellie." We've never seen Muni in such a down-to-earth part and we loved him in it. Lots of real newspaper stuff, underworld atmosphere, suspense and a climax that will leave you talking to yourself. Glenda Farrell does well and Ned Sparks plays his usual role. This little offering would never be called an epic, but it's way up there in entertainment value.

B: COMING OUT PARTY
(Fox)

Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, Alison Skipworth

PRETTY Good! And Frances Dee is swell—getting better with each picture—although the story fails to measure up to her efforts. Debutante Dee is in love



Believe it or not, the gentleman with the marcel is Fredric March (again) and the lady who is pinning a rose on him is Evelyn Venable. They are in "Strange Holiday" together.



Glenda Farrell and Paul Muni always may be depended upon to give good performances, but in "Hi, Nellie" the pair sort of outdo themselves. Warner Brothers are proud of this one.

with penniless Musician Gene Raymond. Just before her coming out party, however, she finds she is about to have a "blessed event"—which news almost causes her parents to change the title of the picture to "Staying Home Party." The intervention of the old, faithful butler (new idea!) and an offer from a Jewish band leader, finally make for the usual clinch. If you have time, we advise you to use it here.

B: THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter,
Tom Brown, Una Merkel

YOU'LL probably enjoy this! A simple, homey story told in a charming manner. The Turners are just another family with the usual ups-and-downs. Father Barrymore innocently becomes involved in a \$40,000 embezzlement, leaving the kids on the hands of the mother. She writes and sells a novel and must go to Hollywood. The offspring (Tom Brown, et al) have their separate problems, which are shown, together with most of the rest of the picture, in episodic form. Miss Bainter and Barrymore work beautifully together and Tom Brown, as the son, is good.

A: IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
(Columbia)

Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable,
Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns,
Alan Hale

POSITIVELY Swell! Boy, howdy, this is one that you cannot afford to miss. It's just one of those rare exceptions that prove the rule. Clark Gable is a newspaper man who tries to help rich-girl Colbert escape from her father who seems anxious



Mary Carlisle and Lionel Barrymore in
"This Side of Heaven."

to prevent her marrying a bounder. They, of course, fall in love on their hitch-hike escape and the situations are so real and human that we'll bet you catch yourself smiling plenty of times. Everyone in the picture, especially the stars, seems to have forgotten to "act" and is merely living a very swell slice of life. The dialogue, direction and camera work are superb—just to make the whole ensemble perfect. Don't let anything keep you away.

A: PALOOKA
(20th Century)

Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez,
Stuart Erwin, Marjorie Rambeau

BOISTEROUS Evening! It seems, for the first ten minutes of the picture, they had to get Stu Erwin from the farm to the Big City,



"Coming Out Party" features Gene Raymond and Frances Dee.

but when they do, what a flock of laughs! Stu decides to follow his father in the fight ring and gets Jimmy Durante as manager and Lupe as the gal-who-likes-heem. We couldn't (and wouldn't) tell you all the laughs. There are millions of 'em! We can tell you, though, that you'll like it if you enjoy your fun in large doses, served with verve and sparkle. Go on, laugh!

A: THE LAST ROUND-UP
(Paramount)

Randolph Scott, Monte Blue,
Barbara Fritchie, Fred Kohler

ALMOST as good as the song! Yes, if you like Westerns, you'll sure go for this one. A believable hero and villain plus a good reason for everything that takes place (even the "chases") make this page from the Old West very entertaining.



Anna Sten and Lionel Atwill in a dramatic moment in "Nana."

Randy Scott finds himself, seemingly by accident, a member of Jack Kells' gang of outlaws. Monte Blue, as Kells, is swell. Of course "The Last Round-Up" is the musical background for the picture, which only makes matters better. The kids will like this one, too.

B: ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN
(Columbia)

Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy,
Walter Connolly, Mary Carlisle

FORMULA No. 6! Operating rooms, chloroform, starched uniforms. Head surgeon, Walter Connolly, breaks down while performing a very delicate brain operation and Hero Ralph Bellamy steps into the breach and finishes the job successfully. This little deed puts him in tops both with the hospital and pretty Nurse Fay Wray. Despite the old-familiar story, excellent bits of acting place this picture in the better-than-middlin' class.

B: LET'S FALL IN LOVE
(Columbia)

Gregory Ratoff, Eddie Lowe,
Ann Sothorn, Miriam Jordan

THIS is good! Although it's the story of the star who walks out on the picture, leaving the director to find a new girl, it is so interestingly told that we know you will like it. It has a Hollywood background and Gregory Ratoff, as the director, just about steals the whole show. However, Ann Sothorn does exceptionally well, and this is her first picture. Of course, the director falls in love with the new star and the ending is a real laugh-provoker. Worth your time.

(Continued on page 125)



HE WENT UP TO SEE HER ONE TIME

Remember how, in "I'm No Angel," Mae befriended Dorothy Cummings? And how, in "She Done Him Wrong," she helped Rochelle Hudson? Mae does things like that.

By DENA
REED

How Mae West played counsellor, friend and Lady Bountiful to one who remembers

HERE'S a new chapter to add to the Mae West saga. Much has been written about her numerous charities and her kindness to her fellow-players, but there is one tale that has never before been told and which I believe gives a different slant on the "Come-Up-And-See-Me-Sometime" Girl. I got this story from a boy—we'll call him Jimmy—who was just twenty and full of illusions and a fierce desire to act when he met La West. I think his tale proves how much of her everyday kindness is tinged with an almost maternal feeling.

Mae had just come from a ten-day sentence on Welfare Island for her authorship of "Sex" when an agent sent this lad up to see her about a part in "The Wicked Age," which was to be her next play. The sum total of the applicant's stage experience had been as an extra. He had worn a beard and pushed a wheel in an atmosphere scene of a play in which Fredric March had had a leading role.

Mae looked at Jimmy's frank face and handsome brown eyes and perhaps saw in him the makings of a juvenile in time—much time. She knew what the ambition to act was. She doubtless knew that he was lying when he told of extensive and rather vague stock experience in the Middle West, but she liked his youthful enthusiasm. Although the part



was filled, it wasn't filled to her satisfaction, so she told Jimmy she'd take him on as understudy for the role and if the other boy didn't improve, Jimmy might get his chance.

IWAS in a spot then," he told me. "In the first place, my family wasn't in sympathy with an acting career and I had pictures of what would happen if I went home and told them I was going to act with Miss West, just let out—amid the blare of publicity trumpets—from Welfare Island. I tried to explain this to Mae and I made a pretty sorry mess of it. I told her with all the self-confidence and grandiloquence of 'Merton of the Movies' that I wasn't

sure whether I was going to make acting or writing my career but I did want to keep up acting for a while to get a knowledge of the theatre. Then I tried to explain how conservative my mother was and that I didn't think she'd like my being in her show.

"Another actress would have given me blazes for wasting her time—but not Mae. She always adored her own mother and I think she liked the fact that I considered mine, although anyone else would have called me a sap and told me to get out. But Mae knew that I stood between two fires and she just smiled consolingly and said: 'Don't worry, kid. I'll phone your mother. There isn't a dame living who can' (Continued on page 124)





WHO IS FREDDIE'S

Boss?

By JIM KAHN



IN all the madness of Hollywood, the sanity of the Fredric Marches stands out. In that topsy-turvy Mecca of jumbled temperaments and upside down emotions, they've managed to remain a couple of human beings who have gone along together. If they've reached the heights, their high and lofty pinnacle hasn't, as in the case of so many others, made them just a little dizzy. Rather has it served to give them a clear and unobstructed view in all directions.

Behind all the fine success of Freddie March you'll find this good human tale of a husband and wife who went along together, and it's time it was told. Mrs. Fredric March, who was Florence Eldridge, deserves her full share of the credit. In the words of the flip crackers, she has been his "best pal and severest critic" and in Hollywood, where life can be a giddy existence, that's no small achievement.

And how have they done it?

Well, I think you'll find the real beginning of the story back in Denver seven years ago. It was there that the leading man in a Theatre Guild stock company fell in love with and married the leading lady. The leading man, of course, was Freddie March; the leading lady, Florence Eldridge.

If Fred was in love with Florence, he was also a little



(Opposite page) The Fredric Marches arrive in New York for a holiday and (below) Freddie is seen "in character" as the hero of "Strange Holiday."



(Above, left) Remember Freddie in "The Royal Family"? Uh huh—and so does Florence March. (Right) As he plays the tricky gambler of "Good Dame."

... It is the Missus who says, "Save your money for a rainy day and your acting for the audience!" And Mr. March replies, "Yes M'am"—and does

awed by her. Hers was the "name" of the troupe. She had been a clever young actress on the Broadway stage. Critics found much to admire in her work and made bright prophecies as to her future.

So Fred, who was not quite sure of himself, had a good prop to lean on. When she told him something, he paid attention. When she made a suggestion, he followed it. And the reason this story is being written is that Fred still does.

Through five years of his Hollywood career, a period crammed with success and distinction, you'll find the fine guiding hand of Florence Eldridge. She has done little things, almost infinitesimal in their importance at the moment, but they've kept the forward march of the Fredric Marches in a straight line.

FOR one thing, ever since he has been married to Florence Eldridge, Fred March has had a home. That's one reason why she never went on with that promising stage career. Before anything else, Florence is a home-maker. The phrase is Fred's own. She doesn't give a hoot about hotel life and, though the vagaries of a movie career have taken them back and forth across the country several times, Florence always saw to it that "home" for the Marches wasn't a couple of hotel rooms.

It was where it ought to be—in a well-regulated house.

Of course, in a subtle way, that added to Fred's stability and responsibility. Instead of going out, they stayed home and had friends in. It's a little thing, but it has kept them like the rest of us humans.

A few years ago when Fred was working at Paramount's eastern studios on Long Island, I was spending the afternoon with them at their home in Great Neck. Their fourth wedding anniversary was only a few days off and, to surprise his wife, Fred had ordered three diamond bracelets sent out from a Fifth Avenue jeweler. They arrived while I was there. She was to select one and send the other two back.

Florence sent them all back.

"This is enough for me," she said, proudly exhibiting a diamond ring set in iron. It was her engagement ring. Fred explained he gave it to her in Denver. He had had the diamond and at the time the iron setting seemed appealing.

Also, he chuckled, at the time it was cheaper.

The money for the bracelets stayed in the bank.

While I wouldn't disillusion any of you, I'm afraid if you scratched any actor you'd find ham beneath the surface. You might have to scratch a little deeper on some than on others, but it would be (Continued on page 80)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



HOW TO MAKE
BABY LEROY CRY
WAS A PROBLEM



RATHER THAN HAVE THE
STRICT BRITISH QUARANTINE
RULES SEPARATE HER FROM
HER 4 DOGS, ALICE BRADY
TURNED DOWN A LONDON
STAGE CONTRACT.



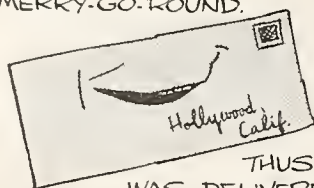
—UNTIL THE
DIRECTORS
DISCOVERED



—HE HATED
TO HAVE
HIS NOSE BLOWN!



GEORGE RAFT USED TO BE
THE NICKEL TAKER ON A
MERRY-GO-ROUND.



A LETTER
THUS ADDRESSED
WAS DELIVERED CORRECTLY
AND WITHOUT DELAY TO
JOE E. BROWN.



DOROTHEA WIECK WORE
A BLOND WIG IN HER
EARLY SUCCESSSES AND
WAS CALLED THE "MARY
PICKFORD OF EUROPE"



Clark Gable

He likes the town so well, he has named his new race horse "Beverly Hills"—and the animal won his maiden race at Caliente recently. Now that Clark has finished "Men in White," he's taken that famous collection of guns off on another hunting trip.



Diana Wynyard

A breath of Bond Street is Lady Diana. Sophisticated, smart, yet wholesome. She would like Hollywood even if it didn't contribute so materially to her income. She goes in heavily for the hair-raising variety of radio "mellers," animated cartoons and detective stories. She can play the piano in concert manner, cook like a chef and is handy with a needle. Miss Wynyard may soon be seen in "Vanessa."



Bing Crosby

Croonin' Crosby and Carole Lombard are working in "We're Not Dressing." A snappy team? We think so. When Bing isn't making movies, he is off to Palm Springs or Toluca Lake or some other section of the great outdoors. He's the real estate agent's delight, for he buys the places he learns to care for. Bing and the Missus expect another little crooner soon to keep young Gary Evans Crosby company.



Ed

Ah, that Spanish something, that rhythmic glide which spells fire, passion, romance! These seductive scenes are from "WonderBar," the Al Jolson "special" in which Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Kay Francis appear. And, romance-seekers and cash-customers, we have here the luscious Del Rio and the handsome Don Cortez performing the dance that made sunny Spain as famous as its señoritas and, lest we forget, its duennas, those middle-aged girls who keep the young folks in order and the temperature at an even scale when things threaten to become too hot.

Tango romántico



HOW I'M TEACHING MY *Daughter* TO FACE LIFE

By HELEN HAYES

As told to NANETTE KUTNER

"I want her to be honest and audacious. And happy. Not too meek nor too good-natured. I believe in old-fashioned discipline. Sex problems? I'm not worrying!"

I TOOK Mary away from Hollywood and I'm glad of it! She is three and a half years old now. I do not want her to live the life of a movie star's child.

In Hollywood children are always on parade. They never can be just kids. They are lovely looking and exceptionally well behaved, but they do lack a normal upbringing.

Understand, this is not the fault of Hollywood parents. You must remember that the motion picture colony cannot know the meaning of real peace. These kidnapping scares are strictly on the level. But it is terribly depressing for a child to see bars on all the windows and to be obliged to have a guard. I think that constant supervision is bound to give children an exaggerated sense of their own importance. Besides, there is something frightening

about a guard, even to me.

Take the Thalberg youngster. Norma's little boy is simply darling, but while he sits and plays in the sand, a big fat detective has to sit right there with him. I must admit that the child doesn't mind it at all. In fact, he's quite used to it.

But it does seem rather dreadful, nevertheless.

And I'll never forget this incident. When Mary was two years old, Joe E. Brown's daughter had a birthday party. I escorted Mary there myself. As we drove toward Joe Brown's home, I noticed a state trooper's car parked outside. At the time I did not think anything of

it, but when we walked onto the grounds, I stood, positively aghast. There were those dainty little girls with their gay colored hair ribbons and their curls and their starched white dresses, all looking so sweet and fragile, and standing in a grim semi-circle around them, was a group of burly state troopers with enormous revolvers nonchalantly tucked in their thick leather holsters!

WHEN Mary was a year old, I did want to give a party and have our friends see her. Charlie said that nobody was interested in meeting a baby and he asked me to let him send out the invitations. I did so. To my surprise, for I had absolutely no idea as to what he had written, I received a mysterious assortment of prompt and very delighted replies.

I gloated as I said to Charlie, "What do you mean, nobody is interested in visiting a baby? Every single

person you've invited to the party has accepted!"

He laughed. I did not know why.

Our first guest was Lucretia Bori, the opera star. She arrived an hour early. She burst into our home, exclaiming, "Tell me! Is he here yet? Where is he? Where is he?" Then, to her obvious dismay and disappointment, there was only little Mary seated in the center of the room.

Practically on Bori's heels, came a variety of theatrical, motion picture and literary lights, all with the same excited questions.

It was then I inquired, and finally discovered that instead of asking our guests to meet Mary MacArthur, my wily husband had invited them to meet Al Capone!

That sort of thing was all very well when Mary was a baby and too young to understand. But now, as she grows older, I have no desire to show her off. I want her to have a normal childhood. I want her to enjoy the kind of life I've never been able to have. You see, ever since I was five years old, I've worked and worked hard. I was a stage child. The theatre is all I have known. I only know how to work. I never knew how to play. And I'm very tired. I don't want Mary to become as tired as I am. I don't want her to become anything but a happy little girl. Through her I want to experience the childhood, yes, and the simple girlhood I could not have.

We live in a small town. It is a typical American town. Nyack, New York. Mary can run about there like any child.

Just the other day I experienced a real thrill because three children called for her. Two of the children were walking, the third rode in a go-cart. They came clamoring up to our porch and they begged Mary to go with them to the village to watch the baby get his hair cut. So Mary joined them, her fat little legs trudging down the steep hill to the barber shop. Now that could never have happened in Hollywood.

WHEN Mary is old enough to attend school, I am going to send her to the public one in Nyack. All the trades-

men's children go there and they are such nice tradesmen, such clean, wholesome families.

When Mary graduates from public school, I shall send her to boarding school. That's because I always wanted to go to boarding school. I want Mary to make a lot of friends and go visiting to other girl's houses.

I'm always making plans, silly (*Continued on page 85*)



Mary MacArthur, the daughter of the brilliant Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, is just three and a half now. Helen has taken her away from Hollywood and she lives in the little town of Nyack, New York, leading the most happy and normal of childhood existences.

TICKLING

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

Hollywood's ribs!

HOLLYWOOD has brought "ribbing" up to the level of a fine art. It's gotten so you can hardly stroll down the Boulevard without some kind friend tying a poster on your back saying "Kick Me!" And many a rib is just as crude as that. There is one actress who strolled all the way from Highland Avenue to Vine Street with a placard pinned to her back which said something much funnier. So funny, in fact, that if I told you what it was the Government would arrest me for putting it in print.

Everybody likes to play jokes, but why Hollywood people spend so much time doing it—and in some cases hundreds of dollars to make sure that the rib will click—is just one more of those mysteries. Maybe it's because there is so much waiting between "takes" on the set that they would go crazy if they didn't have something to occupy their time.

You need a pretty tough "sense of humor" to appreciate some of the ribs. Max Baer pushing all the girls at a party into a swimming pool, for instance. Jean Harlow didn't think that was so funny. She told him plenty, made him pay the girls for ruining their dresses and came within an inch of giving him a sock on the jaw. Maurice Chevalier didn't think it was so darned amusing when he was shoved into a pool, either, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., doing the shoving if I remember rightly.

In France they don't do things like that.

But in Hollywood they do.

However, most of it is good-natured kidding. Making "Smilin' Through," I recall the director got a bug in his eye. It wasn't a serious casualty, but Sidney Franklin, the director, took it big. Morning after morning he came to work wearing a celluloid patch over the offending eye. The gang on the set were duly impressed for about a week. Then they decided it just couldn't be that serious and it was about time to let Mr. Franklin know they thought so. So next day when he arrived for work, he found everybody on the set, from Norma Shearer and

Leslie Howard down to the third assistant prop boy, toggled out in white celluloid eye patches. Not a word was said. Not a giggle was giggled. Mr. Franklin removed his eye patch like a good guy.

IT is no protection to be a good guy though. You won't find a soul in Hollywood who won't say that Clark Gable isn't one of the best. Yet, just because he is such a swell egg, Clark has ribs pulled on him all the time. There have been a couple just lately, but my favorite is the one they pulled while he was making "The White Sister." When he came to work one morning he found the cast lined up in a long row, all of 'em lugging chunks of broken statues from the prop department. One by one they stepped forward and presented them to him, saying seriously:

"The Academy Award for the hottest loving of the month."

"The Sail Manufacturers' Award for the biggest ears."

And so on. Each bit of decrepit bric-a-brac got its tag line and every one said something uncomplimentary about Mr. Gable. But Clark knew it was all in fun and took it that way.

So did Walter Huston that time he stepped on the set and found himself walking under a triumphal arch decorated with the reddest of red Bolshevik bunting. People gravely saluted him and offered him cheery Russian good mornings. "Tovarisch, Comrade Huston!" The thing was, Walter had presided as chairman the night before at



Marlene could do nicely without those phone calls.



Harlow, Baer and the unfunny swimming pool incident.



Gable's award for big ears wasn't so darn funny, either.

More fun! More people
killed—when Hollywood
pulls a practical joke

By Jack Jamison

U.S.C., where the college debating team had wrangled with Stanford's on, "Should the U. S. Government recognize Soviet Russia?" Not many actors are asked to colleges and the boys were taking him down a peg or two.

Which was considerably less gruesome than the rib pulled by Sid Grauman, impresario of the Chinese Theatre.

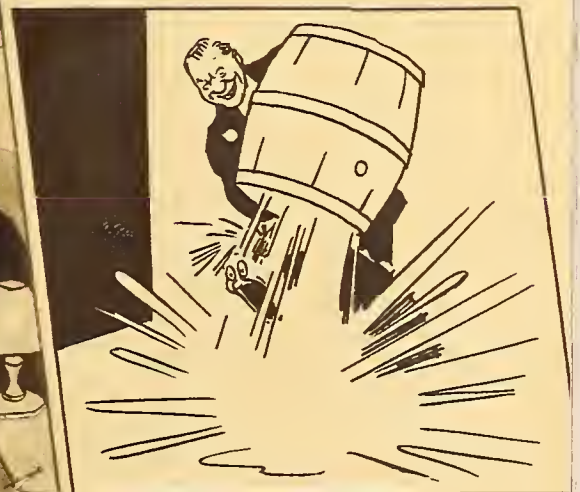
Warner Brothers were dedicating a new theatre at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Western Avenue.

That is the corner that has more traffic than any in New York or London. The Warners were doing it up in style with searchlights, radio announcers blurbing the stars as they drove up, and all that. Right in the middle of the festivities, up

drove a hearse. Two black-garbed attendants dismounted, opened the doors and pulled out a coffin.

Solemnly, while the assembled thousands caught their breaths, they lifted the lid of said coffin—and took out an enormous sheaf of flowers, bearing a ribbon inscribed, "With best wishes. Sid Grauman."

BUT those are simple ones. Howard Hughes once kept a rib going on Ben Lyon for months. It must have cost him hundreds of dollars. It started when Ben got a summons to appear in court at San Bernardino, a (Continued on page 99)



Jimmy Durante took it out on the piano when a night club host took advantage of him recently. And it wasn't "Schnozzle" who paid for the fun.

Wallie Beery gave Vince Barnett the "water cure."

ANNA STEN, "Passionate PEASANT"

"Nana" has set us all agog over this vibrant, earthy, glamorous creature. Read about her. You'll like her—she's different

By LYNN FARNOL

SHE'S a little thing, very blonde, with the wide cheek bones of the Russian peasant, a full, sensuous mouth and a short nose. Not one of your lath-like, scarecrow women, but curved deliciously where she should be curved. Her eyes are cornflower blue with a heavy golden-brown fringe of lashes and her brows are straight and rather heavy. The make-up man, thank God, has left them that way.

They will say of her that she resembles a number of our well loved actresses. But they will have to admit, too, that she also looks like none of them—neither Dietrich nor Garbo nor Hepburn nor whoever—but only like herself. Glamor is not quite the word for her, perhaps. Passion is a better word for the new allure she brings to the screen. An earthy, unsophisticated passion quite different from the glamor we have been taught to like.

Anna Sten is too smart for tricks. The blonde from Soviet Russia has puzzled and even irritated Hollywood.

She has made no flip comment on life and love and she has no gift for wisecracks.

She has done none of the things that the screen colony lumps under the heading of showmanship. Anna hasn't worn men's clothes; she has done nothing about Aimee Semple MacPherson; she has entertained no congressional committee, channel swimmer or Spanish countess. There is no election night welcome for her as her black coupe comes into

Zola's naughty romance boasts a large cast. Muriel Kirkland and Mae Clark are Nana's cocotte girl friends. Lawrence Grant is the Grand Duke. Phillips Holmes is the lover. Lionel Atwill is the theatrical producer. And Hardie Albright, a competent wild-oat sower. Richard Bennett is in it, too.





the studio gates in the morning. She is a worker, coming to work. No nonsense and no tricks.

Anna Sten was brought to Hollywood eighteen months ago by Samuel Goldwyn with the fame and world prestige of the German-made "Brothers Karamazov" as her introduction. She was the first actress to have been completely trained in Soviet state, stage and screen institutions.

In her training and her background, there is a key and an insight into her nature. In the desperate days after the World War, when a guerilla civil strife was challenging the new order of things in Russia, Anna was embarking on her career in the theatre. More than that, she was working in a restaurant and helping to edit a provincial paper in order to help feed her sister and her ailing mother.

The theatre, against which she pitted her undernourished strength and frail energy, was a threadbare one. No scenery and no equipment. The actors were glad to have enough clothes to keep them from freezing, enough food to keep them from starving. There was a pride and an honor on the stages of Stanislavsky and Inkiijoff. The theatres and the studios belonged to the workers; their art was for the workers, to inspire and sustain them in bringing into being the new Russian state. It was a big job, especially on an empty stomach and with holes in one's shoes.

TWO important pictures, "Moscow Laughs and Cries" and "The Yellow Ticket," neither of them ever shown except to a few students and critics in America, put Anna on top of the list. The Commissars of Education and Art sent her to Berlin to make pictures. It wasn't propaganda, but rather, good will. Anna isn't a propagandist nor a political economist.

"Who are we?" she asks you. "What do we know and what are we? Fly specks—not even that—in history."

"The Brothers Karamazov" in Berlin was the first of four pictures and the biggest success by far. England, hating the new Russia, loved a new Russian player in the most famous Russian stories. Americans found in her a bright new star from Red Russia, a simple, sensual, earthy type.

Anna is a peasant. In America, we think of a European peasant as of a low social order. The contrary is true. The farmers of Europe are far more proud than its aristocracy, for do they not dethrone kings? Kings come and go, but the farmers go on forever. They are simple, direct, without affectation or nonsense. Anna is one of them.

Because, coming out of the new Russia, she represented a brittle new quality, America welcomed Ann in "Brothers Karamazov." Paris demanded a French version of the story. And so Anna came to the French capital, memorizing the strange French tongue by ear—not knowing the meaning of the words—with the same ease with which she had just mastered German.

Sam Goldwyn sent me to Paris to see the picture. He wanted me to meet Anna and let him know just what kind of a woman she was. He had seen her on the screen as an actress. What is her mind like? How does she think? Tell me about her, my boss demanded.

The interview was a strange one. Anna did not speak either English or French beyond the memorized lines of "Brothers Karamazov." Guy Crosswell Smith, the head of our Paris office, went along to translate all my questions into French and he in turn took along another interpreter to translate his French questions into a German that Anna could understand.

She wanted to know about Hollywood, about methods and equipment. Didn't Hollywood have an extravagance about it, like too much fruit in a cake? She spoke slowly and deliberately. Hollywood was swift-paced, impatient, she said, in broken German. (Continued on page 83)

AT THE SCREEN

THEY

Rehearse!

1. Chet Morris, Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery try out a little vocal trio on their ownsomes. Bystanders said it wasn't very good. But then, some folks are never pleased. 2. Bob again, with Dick Powell and Jeanette MacDonald, who really do know something about singing. 3. Watching the performers go through their paces. Gordon Westcott, Chet Morris and Montgomery standing. Jimmy Gleason, Mary Astor and Ann Harding seated. 4. Isabel Jewell seems to disagree with something Jimmy Cagney is telling her. Lee Tracy, her devoted bad boy, is on deck, too. 5. John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald are merrily rehearsing their duet.

All photographs by Scotty



ACTORS' GUILD BALL

THEY *Street* THEIR *Steuff!*

1. Now, isn't that the cutest foursome you ever saw? The Joel McCrea's (Frances Dee as was) and the Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw as was) have a table and a high old time together. 2. The devotion of Jack Oakie to his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, is very sweet to see. We understand that Ma is such a riot she steals the show away from all the young folks. 3. Boots Mallory and her husband, Bill Cagney, have some quiet conversation. 4. Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy refused to pose for photographers. But they didn't reckon with Scotty. And there, as you see, they are—with an arc light 'n' everything to make things kinda home-like.



AN enjoyable time was had by all. At the dinner dance given by the Screen Actors' Guild in the Los Angeles Biltmore, we mean. The stars had themselves a gala evening, seeing and being seen. But the chorus boys and girls! They did better, because they're smarter or something.

Anyway, the young gentlemen of the ensemble charged \$150 worth of champagne to the hotel and the little ladies, who kick and look cute, did as much by putting in some "let the other feller pay" slips for facials and cosmetics. Which proves that all the fast-thinkers are not in Wall Street. Nor all the padded expense accounts, either.

The party was verra, verra gay. Charles Butterworth, Bing Crosby and Frank McHugh helped see to that. These merry lads donned girls' clothes and sang in the manner of a harmonizing trio, imitating the Boswell Sisters. Lyrics of said songs were just ducky, being all made up for the occasion, like the

AT THE SCREEN



1. John Boles must have just told the Ben Lyons and "Skeets" Gallaghers the one about the traveling salesman, they look so full of the giggles. 2. Mrs. Mike Levee was accompanied by Joe E. Brown and you know that Mary Brian would be there with Dick Powell. 3. Pert Kelton and W. C. Fields, a couple of kidders kidding each other. 4. The lovely Thelma Todd brought her husband, Pat De Cicco. 5. And, you've guessed? Right. Joan and Franchot.

boys who rendered 'em, and proved laugh-getters.

Eddie Cantor should have been Master of Ceremonies, but the gentleman couldn't make it, due to a theatrical engagement, so Dick Powell did a little pinch-hitting, and did it excellently, too. And the Grand March was led by Ann Harding and Adolphe Menjou.

Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy attended the party together, playing hide-and-seek with the cameramen. Mr. Scott finally caught up with them which pleased them not a-tall! The lens lads struck another snag when they asked Mr. Menjou to pose. The best dressed man on the screen—or is it the world?—drew himself up and stated that "he didn't need the publicity and didn't want it" and likened news photographers to autograph-seekers. (We're promoted, fans!) Well, 'Dolphie continues to have an even disposition—always bad.

Joan and Franchot were together, but then you'd have guessed that, and the Gary Coopers and the Joel McCreas comprised an attractive foursome. Others who tripped the light fantastic 'til break of day were Una Merkel,

ACTORS' GUILD BALL



1. Warren William and his wife invited Una Merkel and Guy Kibbee over to exchange a little gossip. 2. You need no introduction to Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. The attractive pair with 'em are the Monta Bells. 3. And here we see John Boles with Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Harding and Nils Asther. Ann attended the shindig with Nils. 4. And, sitting in solitary splendor, George Arliss. 5. Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy look nonchalant.

Constance Cummings, Thelma Todd, Boots Mallory, Bill Cagney, Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, the John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald.

The party was very well conducted. It seems that someone on the committee decided that inasmuch as the Guild had gone to considerable trouble to arrange an entertaining program, the guests were going to be able to see it—whether or not! And so, bottles and “set-ups” (gingerale and ice, you innocents) were conspicuous by their absence, so that even the boys busily engaged in doing a disappearing act, returned to their tables little the worse for the trip.

Thus, the morning-after headaches in the film colony were not in evidence because what could have caused them, just wasn't around. Those Guilders are scheming smarties, all right!

And so, the Screen Actors' Guild dinner dance may be put down as one of the major successes of the social season without fear of contradiction from anybody. But then, we don't ever fear anything. No, not much!



THE HUSBAND WHO NEVER COMES HOME

He meant everything to them,
but to Lewis Stone these women
proved merely a nuisance



Acme



By
GLADYS
HALL



Here are Lewis Stone and the Missus—his one and only heart interest—as they appeared at a Hollywood premiere not long ago. A rare picture of a devoted Hollywood couple about whom you never hear the slightest scandal.

A FEW months ago Lewis Stone received a call from a Mr. Matthews of the District Attorney's office.

Mr. Matthews called upon Mr. Stone at the M-G-M studio. He faced the courtly actor across a desk and dropped before him a photograph of a Swedish-appearing youth sitting beside a buxom, Swedish-appearing young woman. He said, "Is this an old photograph of you, Mr. Stone?"

Massachusetts-born, Mr. Stone regarded the square-headed young man in the picture with some amusement. There was no possible resemblance. He said, "What do you think, Mr. Matthews—and why?"

"Well, I don't know," drawled the skeptical enforcer of the law. "It *might* be, you know. Anything is possible. Anyway, the why of it is

that there is a Mrs. Gray here in Los Angeles who has issued a complaint against you in the District Attorney's office. She says you are her divorced husband, that you and she were married for nine years and that—ah—you had better come home."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stone.



Shortly thereafter Mr. Stone and Mr. Matthews betook themselves to the offices of Beuron Fitts, D.A. There, at Mr. Stone's request, was summoned his "wife," Mrs. Gray. When the lady entered the office Mr. Stone beheld, in his own words, "a woman of some forty-five years, neither good-looking nor the reverse. She might have been any one of a thousand American housewives such as you see doing the family marketing. She looked me straight in the eye, put her hand to her heart for a moment and confessed that it gave her 'quite a turn' to see me again after all these years. I was given quite a turn, too, though not from the pangs of reunion. It is rather a weird sensation to have a lady you have never set eyes on before claim that you and she were husband and wife for nine years.

WELL, Mrs. Gray informed us that she and I had been married in Zanesville, Ohio, in January of 1913. She further refreshed my memory by reminding me that I had joined the Army in Akron, Ohio, and had gone overseas with the Tank Corps. She regarded me closely and pointed to the scar on my face with satisfaction. She

that colt hoof to your grave and, from the way it looks now, you will!"

"Mrs. Gray then went on to relate that we had been divorced in 1920 in Salt Lake City. She said that she had recognized me on the screen some ten years ago but, at that time, she was doing real well and hadn't needed me. Now, what with the depression and bad luck and our daughter here grown up, she did need me and I had better come home.

"I then spoke my little piece. I asked her how old this husband of hers would be today. She said he'd be somewhere around forty-five. I thanked her for *that*. But I added that I could produce my birth certificate which would, unfortunately, inform her that I was some years older than the age she was kind enough to call me. I also informed her that it would be easy to prove that in

"I said then, what I say now, that it is what I get for looking like everybody's missing husband. I am positive that I must have a composite set of features, the features of all the missing husbands of all deserted wives everywhere.

My husband....!



"I think it is probable that this was a case of genuinely mistaken identity. I don't doubt but what Mrs. Gray really did believe and probably still does believe that I am her lost Mr. Gray.

"At any rate, it is a perfect case history of the kind of thing that happens to me at least once every month.

"Some five or six years ago I began to get letters from a Russian Countess, the Countess Polaski, or something of the sort. The letters came, first, from Russia. They came, then, from Belgium, from Germany from France and from England. They followed up from New York, Chicago and, finally, from San Francisco. They were intimate chatty letters such as one receives from a very intimate friend or from a woman one is to marry. Such appeared to be the confident object of these.

"The letter from San Francisco contained a crude sketch of myself. It made me look even worse than I do. Some days after the receipt of that sketch I was working on the First National lot. As I was paying my luncheon check in the Commissary, a voice said, 'How did you like that sketch of yourself I sent you from San Francisco?' I looked up. It was the cashier speaking. She was the Countess Polaski!

"That night on the way home from the studio something leapt out of the trees at the side of the road almost in front of my car. I skidded, swerved, drew up at the other side and there was the Countess Polaski. I handled that situation as sternly as possible. (Continued on page 92)

My husband....!



1913, the year of our 'marriage,' I was playing at the Maxine Elliot Theatre in New York in 'Bird of Paradise.' Further, that I had joined the Army at Governors Island, N. Y., also a matter of record and that I had never gone overseas. During the time we were obtaining our regrettable divorce in Salt Lake City I was, actually, playing in the Majestic Theatre here in Los Angeles.

AT this point our 'daughter,' a very nice-looking girl of eighteen spoke up and said, 'Come, come, Mother, you must see by this time that you are mistaken!'

"Mr. Fitts said the same thing rather more emphatically. But Mrs. Gray looked me straight in the eyes again, with assurance, with complete recognition, with, I suppose, some contempt. At any rate, she tossed her head as if to dispose of the whole race of errant husbands and flounced out of the room, never to be heard from again. Thank goodness.

My husband....!



said, 'I recall so well the day you got that. Remember that pair of wild colts we had on the farm? Well, remember that morning you were trying to harness them for the first time and when you leaned over to adjust the traces one of 'em upped and kicked you in the face? I always did tell you you'd bear

The career of an

By BEATRICE
MACDONALD

KATHARINE HEPBURN, ever since she was a little girl in Hartford, Connecticut, has been used to plenty of publicity. Not because she consciously sought it, exactly. She is simply the sort of person who attracts publicity, that's all. Why, when she was a mere tot, she was known the town of Hartford over for her wild, tomboyish tricks. She would break up nice little girls' tea parties with what she was pleased to call her "animal imitations."

When she was in her 'teens, she was noted as the "craziest" member of the Hartford Country Club. That, mind you, in a post-war decade when wildness was the order of the day with the younger set.

She never was pretty. And being an ugly duckling hurt a little bit, even if one never would show the hurt. For instance—in all the school plays, although Katie was a much better actress than the other girls, she never got any of the nice parts. How she yearned and longed for a chance to be the heroine, just once. How she would stand in the wings—watching some local belle winning all the local honors—and wish that she were in the local belle's shoes! Making up her mind, all the time, no doubt, that some day—some day!—she would make them all sit up and take notice of Katharine Hepburn.

During her college days at Bryn Mawr, Katharine's chief interest in the school was centered on the dramatic club. She studied each role assigned her in a performance as earnestly and laboriously as though she were going to appear before a Broadway audience instead of a group of familiar schoolmates. In many of the vehicles she was assigned to the leading male parts (even in her school plays she naturally drifted into the eccentric) and once when appearing with Ann Harding as the heroine, Katharine's wild hair became caught in Ann's costume and the two stood before their fellow players, firmly entangled, declaiming their lines with true histrionic determination, in spite of the vain efforts of another player to separate them and the screams of laughter coming from their audience.

When Katie left Bryn Mawr, she went back home to Hartford and announced that she was going on the stage.



There was no opposition. The same principles by which the parents had reared their family remained in evidence as they grew up. A child who was permitted to go to bed when she pleased, sleep as late as she desired, eat when she got hungry, read or play as long as she wanted to, could certainly make up her own mind about her future. The fact that there was no touch of the theatrical in the family background made no difference. Individualism was the family slogan and every enthusiastic announcement of a future profession made by an offspring was treated with respect and the proper amount of reverence

ugly duckling!

. . . How a stage-struck miss named Katharine Hepburn was buffeted about in her search for a break. How she got the break—and became the beautiful swan she is today

on the part of the parents. As a matter of fact, inasmuch as Katie had spent so many days of her childhood in giving shows, in forming a company known as "The Crown Club," the statement that she was going to be an actress failed to surprise anyone. If she wanted to become a second Duse, why in all probability she would! That's all there was to it.

In the meantime, she met and fell in love with a young man from Philadelphia by the name of Ludlow Ogden Smith. Hartford, as everyone knows, is the centre point of a certain well known profession. All roads leading to it are filled with ambitious young neophytes who are anxious to study the intricacies of insurance. The biggest insurance companies in the country have their headquarters in Hartford and young Mr. Smith had found his way to that spot for the same purpose that led thousands of other newly fledged college graduates to the place. Everything happens to Miss Hepburn in whirlwind fashion. After a swift courtship, the two were married and came back to New York to live.

THERE was evidently a distinct understanding that domestic bliss was not to interfere with ambition on either side. The newlyweds took up their abode in a small, remodeled house on East 39th Street and in order to

After a short but extremely interesting trial, she was dismissed with the assurance that she had better go back to her husband and be content with married life. As an actress, she would make a swell housekeeper. She came back to New York undaunted and, with the utmost self-assurance in her own ability and with the encouragement of her husband, she proceeded to take a course in stage technique and dancing. Her long limbs have always been a problem to her. Poise and grace were essential and despite the earnest application she had made to overcome this obstacle, she still moves awkwardly across a stage. But the awkwardness is that of a young boy and far from unattractive.

As she studied, she continued to look for work and one day she landed a job with John Golden who was trying out a play called "Night Hostess" in Minneapolis. Jobs have a peculiar habit of happening along in bunches and almost immediately after this, Katharine was offered a chance to play a leading part in "The Big Pond." Of course, she grabbed at the opportunity, only to find herself dismissed quite abruptly after a few days of rehearsal.

Any other girl would have called it a day and forgotten about trying to get somewhere on the stage after such discouragement—but not Miss Hepburn. Have you noticed what a strong jaw-line she has? She made the customary weary theatrical office rounds and finally succeeded in landing a small bit in a play named "These Days." This opus suffered from a strong dose of over-optimism in time allotment, for it folded up almost overnight.

She rehearsed for a while with Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom." I am quite sure that Mr. Howard was somewhat overcome when first introduced to his future leading lady. Katharine arrived for rehearsal hatless, her red hair blowing in somewhat untidy fashion about her face, the now famous freckles shining brightly on her white skin and her mouth bared in a clipped grin which showed two strong rows of white teeth. Her originality in dress has been a matter of wonder to all who know her. As she stood before Mr. Howard in a long black monk-like coat buttoned tightly at her throat, he probably felt he was indulging in the aftermath of a neat little hang-over. They rehearsed for five days. The script demanded that he clasp her thin, rigid body to him in fervent passion. Katie was as stiff and unresponsive as a poker. He must have felt as though he were making love to an ironing board. A novel experience to this finished actor of many years experience to work with this eager—but very green and unfinished actress. It was only a matter of a short time before she found, upon her arrival at the theatre one day, a brisk note of dismissal.

In her next engagement, Katharine had her longest job. She was understudy to Hope Williams in "Holiday," which turned into a hit. I doubt (Continued on page 95)

avoid publicity (?) Mr. Smith kept his official residence across the street in an unobtrusive and inexpensive little hotel. Their apartment was characteristic of the occupants. In the first place, the house itself had originally been a stable. Then some artistic owner changed the interior, leaving the original stable doors still standing, and turned it into a dwelling place for the cultured but impecunious home-seeker. Mr. and Mrs. Smith lived there for some time, but the great urge for fame gives no peace to those who are cursed with ambition and Katharine departed for Baltimore to join the Knopf Stock Company.



Queen

Garbo, with her magic wand in the dress direction, does the unexpected as usual. Who would ever have supposed that Queen Christina of Sweden would become our latest fashion leader? She never could have made the grade, dead or alive, if Garbo had not recreated her character and her fashions in so fascinating a form. Any girl who has seen this picture knows what the wide white collars and cuffs do for the glorification of a beauty who, incidentally, knows how to wear them with the utmost grace. Sensing their popularity, Macy's Cinema Shop has had "Queen Christina" gowns made for all of you—gowns inspired by those actually worn in this most successful movie. The dress pictured on the opposite page (above, right) is possibly the most successful because it can be worn for almost any occasion. But how about the coat (left), with stole collar of fur? Wouldn't that fill a conspicuous place in any girl's wardrobe? The black suit with white pique collar and cuffs (right) and the hostess gown (top of page) in the same manner start romantic emotions even at a mere glimpse.

Inspired by Garbo herself in the role of "Queen Christina" these lovely creations



Christina 1934



bring an exciting note of high romance to the current season's fashions



ON Dress PARADE

(Above and right) Claire Augerot, Ricky Newell, Bette Davis and Verree Teasdale, showing styles which run the gamut of loveliness in "Fashions of 1934," where one gorgeous gown after another makes its appearance.



GLAMOR hangs heavily over the dress salons of Paris. Glamor, even glorified, oozes from the flashing film, "Fashions of 1934," for it gives a glimpse of honest-to-goodness French couturier exhibition and selling.

This film gives you a behind-the-scenes picture of the place where styles have for centuries been created. Take it from one who knows, you get the real atmosphere; enough, at any rate, to make any fashion girl's spine go into waves and wiggles.

Dresses in droves pass before your eyes—silver and gold, lace and lamé, bare backs and sheltered ones, fancies and feathers.

Feathers? Oh, my word! Carloads. Entire outputs of ostrich farms have been dumped upon a mirrored stage. Skirts, fans, hats, brassières, boots and everything made from curling, fluttering, waving feathers. A feather

By **MARGERY WELLS**

season is being launched and when you see how flattering their surrounding softness can be to one Verree Teasdale, it makes you want to do a Queen Mary and buy a lot of boas.

The slinky gowns of the season are all there, form-fitting and revealing, made from those spun metal threads which alone can do the trick of hugging the figure with gracefulness and allure. Day dresses, riding habits and sport togs appear, too. And, cleverly enough, it is shown how a designer in the "know" consults the pages of fashion history for inspirations in creating last minute styles.

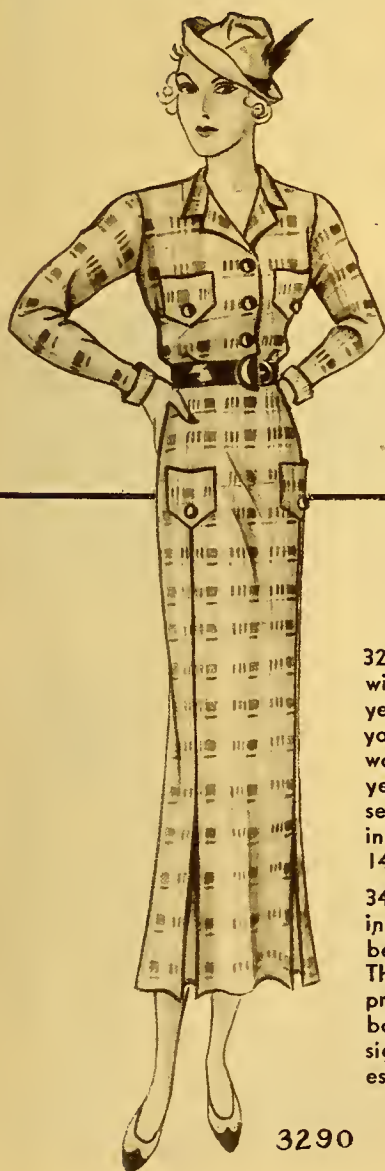
Bette Davis, the youthful player of the piece, stands out naively against all this grandeur, largely because of her girlish and strictly American clothes. Her little sports models "sell" you on clinging to your own ideals and her evening dress of black velvet with a yoke of ermine is too fascinating for words. (Continued on page 97)

MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*

(Right) Loretta Young's favorite dinner frock is ready for you in pattern form.

TO ORDER PATTERNS

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.



3290—The shirtwaist girl will have her innings this year, and no mistake. If you have a tendency toward speed, this simple, yet perfect design can be sewn up on the machine in about two hours. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 42 bust.

3494—Silk jacket suits fill in many wardrobe services between spring and fall. This one is made with printed crepe and has a bodice to make the design somewhat more interesting. Sizes 11-17 years.



2525 — Loretta Young's dress is one with the new neckline. It's really an awfully good model for dinner or afternoon wear. Would be nice in black crepe, trimmed with bright red braid. Sizes 14-20, 34 to 40 bust.





Ah there, **RONNIE!**

It's Ronald Colman. That's what we said—Ronald Colman. The Pierrot number at the left and gent in the ill-fitting trunks in the prize-ring are none other than the now suave, worldly and beautifully groomed Ronnie. You see, in 1916, Ronnie wasn't as famous as he is today. Nor as wealthy. He had to do something to earn his living. He was only too glad to act the clown in a British revue called "The Scallywags." Or to do a Maxie Baer in "The Son of David" for a British film company. If you'd like to know what Ronnie is doing now, he has well nigh completed "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Loretta Young is his leading lady.



"DIVING TAKES HEALTHY
NERVES — AND SO DOES
MY OFFICE JOB!"



Frank Crilley, Champion Deep-Sea Diver,
says:

"Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! A diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. They never upset my nervous system."



Miss Elizabeth Harben,
Garden City, L. I., says:

"I know that deep-sea diving calls for healthy nerves. But, believe me, you can also feel plenty of real nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive. Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking—I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Do *your* responsibilities give you that "dragged through a knot hole" feeling? Do you come home tired, irritable, with nerves all askew?

Whatever your job or place in life, healthy nerves are worth any effort. Check up on your habits—your eating, your sleeping, your recreation—and do not overlook the subject of smoking. Turn to Camels, for the sake of your

nerves. Any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you that



Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
than any other popular brand.
An important fact to nervous
people!

Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment. And how much better Camels taste—mild, rich in flavor, delightful. They never get on your nerves... never tire your taste.



Camel's
Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Dryness—a fault of your outer skin

*But Lines and Wrinkles come
from shrinking of your
Under Skin*

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME



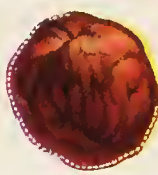
Smooth—Glossy

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



Soft—Spongy

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



Wrinkled—Discolored

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

*No single cream can care
for Both your skins!*

TWO SKINS—Your *Outer Skin*, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

And *no single cream* can be made to contain both kinds of substance.

That is why there are *two* kinds of Pond's Creams. Why beautiful women constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks *deep down* into the under skin. It is *oily*. See how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream stays on the surface to soften and lubricate the *outer skin* only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.



Two Creams needed for your Two Skins...

Your **UNDER SKIN** where wrinkles start needs an oil cream that goes deep down—supplies failing oils—Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquefying Cream.

Your **OUTER SKIN** where dryness comes needs an oil-less cream that stays on the surface, restores moisture—Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Miss Anne Gould lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, cares for both her skins, each with a different Pond's Cream.

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it:

1. "*Every Night*, I cleanse my skin to its depths with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I *pat* it in to bring up the circulation. It makes any skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "*Next*, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands... And I use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "*In the Morning*, and during the day when needed, I repeat this. Pond's Cold Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly."



For your Under Skin
Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin
—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
136 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 9¢ (postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

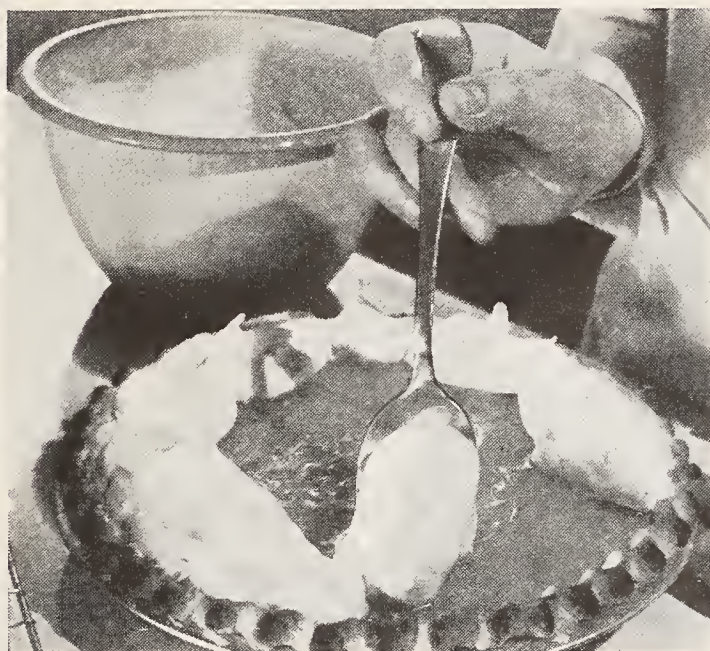
Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

The MODERN hostess

Oh, oh! Wouldn't you just love to know how Judith Allen makes this hunger-provoking Butterscotch Pie with the cream and almond topping (above) or the meringue topping (below)?



PIES are certainly like the little girl who had the little curl right in the middle of her forehead—"when they are good they are very, very good, but when they are bad they are horrid!"

Now, you have probably heard women say how awfully difficult it is to make good pies. We have even heard them boast about their inability to make pastry that is fit for human consumption. For some quaint reason, they think it's something of which to be proud. Personally, we'd hate to admit that a couple of cups of flour and some shortening could throw us and we have been wont to brag that we could make a pie which was a guaranteed short cut to any man's heart. But we are here to admit that little Judith Allen taught us a couple of new tricks in pastry-making which make our erstwhile triumphs mediocre by comparison. That sweet young thing has collected from a genuine southern mammy a recipe for making pastry which is so unbelievably delicate that it falls apart at the touch of a fork and melts away in your mouth. And the swellest part of it all is that this magnificent pastry is a cinch to make. It takes a little

time, but there is nothing intricate about it. We'll describe the method to you, just as Judith told it to us:

"First you sift some flour," said Judith. "Then you measure it, add salt and baking powder, and sift together three more times. Then you add vegetable shortening or lard and cut it into the flour, using two broad bladed knives, one in each hand. When the shortening is cut into little pieces about the size of grains of rice, you take a spoonful of ice water and sprinkle it over the flour. Now, with a fork, you

stir in the water. Then sprinkle on another spoonful of water and mix that in. Keep this up until the dough holds together. Don't add too much, because if you do the dough will be sticky and hard to handle. Also, don't add too little or the dough will be crumbly. This is really the only tricky part—knowing when you have added enough water.

"When your dough clears the sides of the bowl, it is ready to be turned out onto a lightly floured board and rolled thin. Next you (Continued on page 128)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for April, 1934.

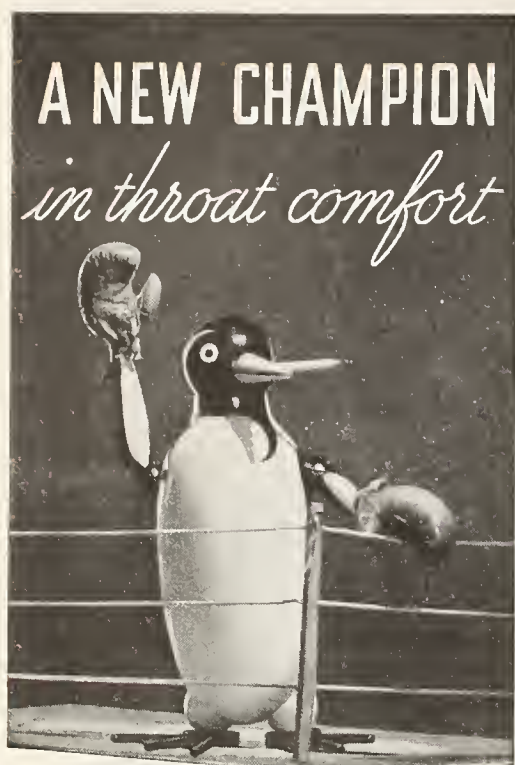
Name..... (Print in pencil)

Address..... (Street and Number)

..... (City) (State)

Good News

(Continued from page 39)



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smoke-heavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. **FREE** coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

*Send for illustrated premium list.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

So, at first, the former love-birds said they hoped they never would find out what had happened. Then there was definite talk of a divorce, which has just petered out into what looks like a separation, during which they will live in separate houses and hope for the best. 'Tis rumored that Miss Fox has the avowed intention of continuing her career and is taking steps to put her intention into effect.

IRVING PICHEL just received a swell gift from a lady in France, a beautiful pair of gold cuff-links. With the links, however, came a note reading, "You remind me so much of my husband, of whose death I have just been acquitted by the Paris Courts, that I want you to have his cuff-links."

WHEN Joan Crawford saw a picture of Lanny Ross in the paper, she asked M-G-M to sign him for the singing lead in her next, "Pretty Sadie McKee." We understand that Lanny is doing right well at Paramount in "Melody In Spring," and certainly he's a nice looking chap. But the thing we wanted to mention was the fact that we are beginning to really appreciate the brain of Marion Davies. She saw the handwriting on the wall, knew that several of the gals on the lot were going to need singers and grabbed none other than Bing Crosby before the others could head him off. Now, we're not saying that Lanny Ross won't turn out to be the swellest bet in the world, but, at the moment, Bing Crosby is the biggest male box-office draw in the entire business.

THE BRIDE SPEAKS!

Sandra Shaw—or Mrs. Gary Cooper, if you wish—has been described as being a "very meek and lovely young lady, far different from the usual Hollywood gal." While we agree that she is lovely, we must take issue with that meek business. Upon being told that, "The lady star in Gary's next picture often works far into the night. Are you good at waiting home alone?" Mrs. Cooper replied, with vigor: "So? I'll soon put a stop to that!" And, what's more, with her determined chin and all, we just bet she does!

LOLA LANE and her announced husband-to-be, Al Hall, have reached the "postponement stage" in the marriage date idea.

THERE is a certain blonde and very beautiful moom pix star in Hollywood who has found a way to beat the scandal artists at their own game. This little gal has figured out that the only method of stamping to earth malicious gossip concerning herself is to beat various "hot" members of the press to the punch. Thus, whenever a rumor is floating around, she will approach members of the Fourth Estate with this, "And I hear that the latest dope on me is that I am" (here she will blurt out the "latest" with a loud laugh.) The funny thing is that it works. The reaction of the press is always the same: "Well, after all, if she talks about it, it must be a flock of hooey!" This being the first time the writers of Hollywood have ever run up against such disarming frankness, you really can't blame them.

PETER ARNO has developed into one of the most persistent guys in town, at least as far as Carole Lombard is concerned. But Blonde Carole won't give him a tumble.

A BRAND NEW "wife-in-the-background" star has just arrived in Hollywood from Europe. Carl Brisson! When he jumped from the train (with his eighteen trunks) and was met by a gang from Paramount, his Little Woman got off unnoticed! This fellow Brisson is a matinee idol in Europe and has been married to this one gal for sixteen years. Her background must be good!

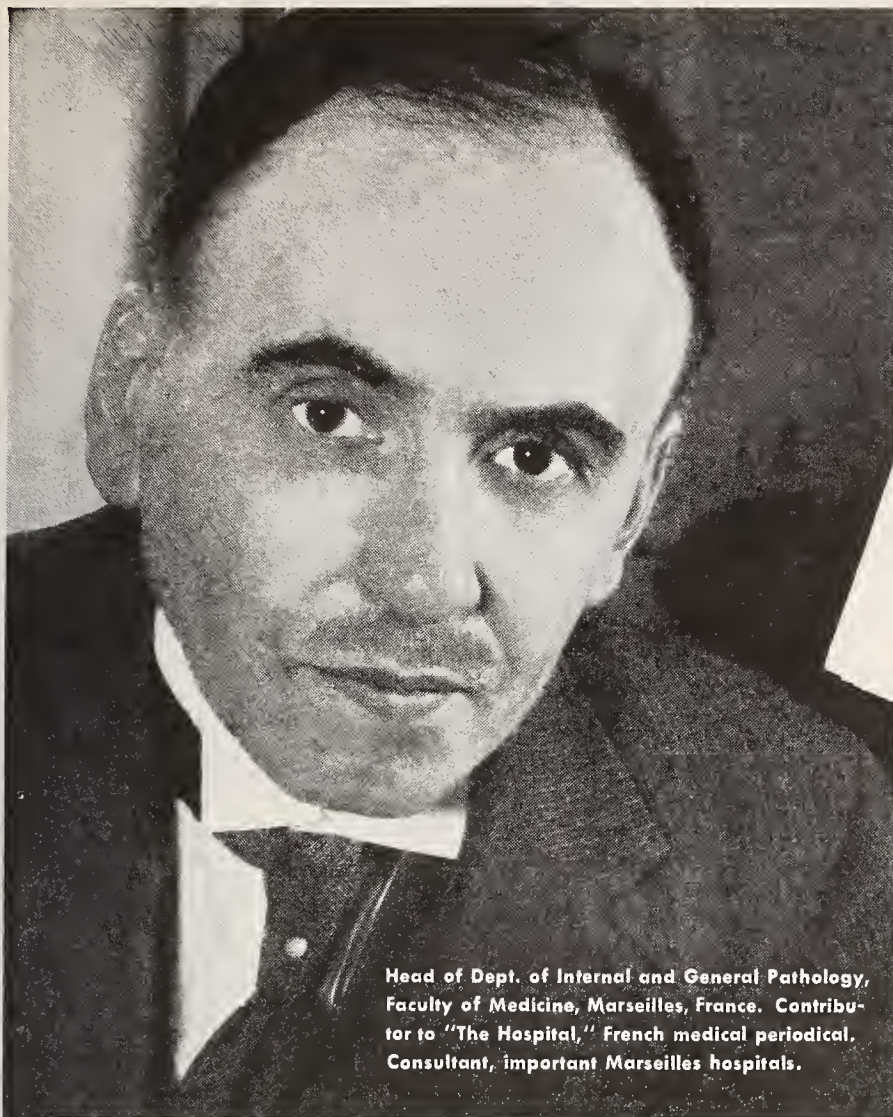
REMEMBER the Charles Bickford picture, "Dynamite"? That was Russ Columbo who played the boy in the prison cell singing, "How Am I to Know?"

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer have decided to "annul their engagement," Mae claiming, "I don't want to allow marriage to stop my career and marriage is a thing that takes just that much concentration."

Sidney counters, "I still love her. I've asked her to marry me. She wants a career first. I hope that is the only reason."

Of course, we had our own little lurch about the whole deal. The other evening at an opening, one of the demon magazine photographers got a bit mixed and asked, "Mr. Clarke, would you step in closer?"

(Continued on page 114)

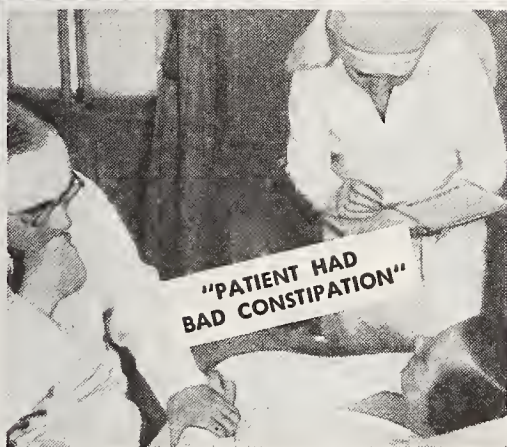


Head of Dept. of Internal and General Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, important Marseilles hospitals.

The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

*She was Nervous,
Run-down—I
advised yeast—*

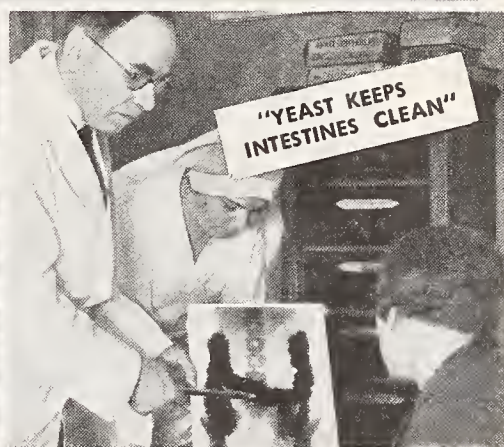
"Her Elimination became Regular... Energy returned... Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports



"THIS CASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down—subject to frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly..."



"THE FLUOROSCOPE showed her colon was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives. I advised eating yeast..."



"HER IMPROVEMENT was extraordinary. Eliminations were regular. Energy returned." (X-ray shows healthy condition of intestines—result of yeast).

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help you get rid of indigestion—boils—pimples—loss of pep? YES—very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food with astonishing "corrective" properties:

CONSTIPATION. It softens the waste in the body, strengthening the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better.

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—often deficient in our diet.)

You do feel better—the minute your system starts carrying off its impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life... quickly rids itself of pimples, boils, blemishes. You look so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Won't you start now?



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I HAD HEADACHES—and pimples broke out on my face," writes Dahlia Upchurch, of Richmond, Va. (at right). "I decided to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon—no more headaches. My skin cleared up."



Who Is Freddie's Boss?

(Continued from page 49)

FILL
YOUR HOME with
Springtime
FRESHNESS



Liquid Incense

Perfumes the Air

Freshens the Atmosphere

Banishes Unpleasant Odors



A new thrill awaits you and your friends! Simply apply a few drops of L'Orday Air Perfume on a light bulb or any hot surface; or better still, on a L'Orday Evaporator made especially for this purpose. Suddenly a delicate fragrance fills the room like a breath of Spring air, laden with the scent of budding flowers. So refreshing and stimulating that your entire home assumes a new cheerful personality . . . adding beauty and charm to yourself and surroundings. Try it today. Your choice of three delightful fragrances: Romance, Gayety, Ecstasy.



On sale at most
5 and 10c stores

10 and
20 cents

Evaporator, 5 cents

If unobtainable, mail
coin or stamps to Avon
Laboratories, 5205
Shields Ave., Chicago.

L'ORDAY
AIR PERFUME
LIQUID INCENSE

there. If this quality in Fred March seems well buried and not discernable after even repeated scratchings, you can credit Florence Eldridge again.

When he was first getting up in pictures, he used to come home from the studio still in the character he had been portraying. He'd act all around the house. When he was making "The Royal Family," he used to come home in that pseudo-Barrymore role, one eyebrow raised in that quizzical Barrymore frown, and just *be* Tony Cavendish all over the place.

ONE night after watching him for a while, Florence said, "Listen, if you don't stop that and be yourself, I'll think I'm living in adultery with another man. Cut it out!"

Fred cut it out. Ever since, he's left all his acting in the studio.

Penelope March, the little eighteen months old cherub the Marches adopted a year and a half ago, was Florence's idea. To see Fred around that baby now is to know how it has enriched and broadened his life, how it has added to his happiness and humanity. But when the subject first came up, Fred was dead against it. If you couldn't have your own baby, why just forget it. Adoption wasn't the answer to that problem.

But Florence, guiding the March craft with a steady hand, finally won Fred over. It's another bright mark for the Little Woman, for now Fred wonders why he ever said no.

Now he's planning for another, a boy. They're going to get it sometime during the coming year and in that new French provincial house they're building in Beverly Hills, enough extra rooms are being provided, Fred says proudly, for three children.

That new house is Florence's important job right now. While Fred is just beginning his new two-year contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, beginning what he expects will be the most important phase of his career, Florence is seeing to it that Fred will have a place in which to enjoy the fruits of his new labors.

For in that new contract is written that in the first year Fred is to get twelve consecutive weeks' vacation. Three months off! And the following year he'll get eight weeks in a row, and then later four weeks. He wants that time off because he and Florence want to do things. She has never been to Europe. Fred was there once, for a short time. Now they want to go together. After all, the contract that he just concluded never gave him a chance for a real vacation. Now they're going to have some fun together. And, then, Penelope is beginning to make her old man yearn for time off to get acquainted.

THE plans for the new house are all Florence's. Of course, an architect drew them up, but on her design. And no interior decorators will be needed when the rooms are ready to be furnished. She's taking care of that.

A few weeks ago when the Marches were in New York on a vacation, I went up to see them. On a chair in a corner of their sitting-room was a pile of samples of brocades, brocatelles, satins and cretonnes. Out of them Florence was trying to pick the stuff from which draperies for the new house would be made, stuff for chair coverings and wall hangings. Primarily, the trip was a vacation and like all exiles to darkest Hollywood who escape to New York occasionally, they wanted to see the shows and hear a few good concerts. But somehow Florence got prowling around in the shops and that new house became more important than anything else. The result is that she forgot everything else in favor of loading up with decorating material.

Florence made one picture in Hollywood last year with Richard Barthelmess. I asked Fred about it. Did she want to get back on the stage? No, she didn't. She did it to get money to buy him his Christmas presents.

"She thought it was a better idea than asking me for it," he said, "and buying me something with my money."

And what did she buy him for Christmas?

"Stuff for the house," he answered.

An old Georgian silver inkwell Fred had always admired and wanted for his desk was among them, a couple of old Currier and Ives prints, to add to several already hanging in the March menage, and a Sheraton table. That doesn't sound as though the Marches have gone Hollywood yet.

One gift that Fred March got from Florence I saw myself. It was a copy of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. It was just another of those little things she has continually done to keep Fred headed in the right direction, for the first picture he is making for Twentieth Century, the one he has just started work on, is "The Firebrand," a play built around incidents in the life of Cellini. So he has been able to start work with an understanding of the character he's to portray.

When the Marches were married they had a double ring ceremony. On the second finger of the left hand of each is a slim platinum band. Inside of each is inscribed, "No more beyond thine eyes." It is a quotation taken from a line in Edna St. Vincent Millay's libretto, "The King's Henchman": "And now I shall look no more beyond thine eyes."

The Freddie Marches have found that a pretty good quotation. They haven't had to look beyond each other.

So You Won't Talk, Connie

(Continued from page 33)

illuminated her face could not have been assumed by the most consummate actress. Connie loved Phil Plant and it was very plainly written for everyone to see.

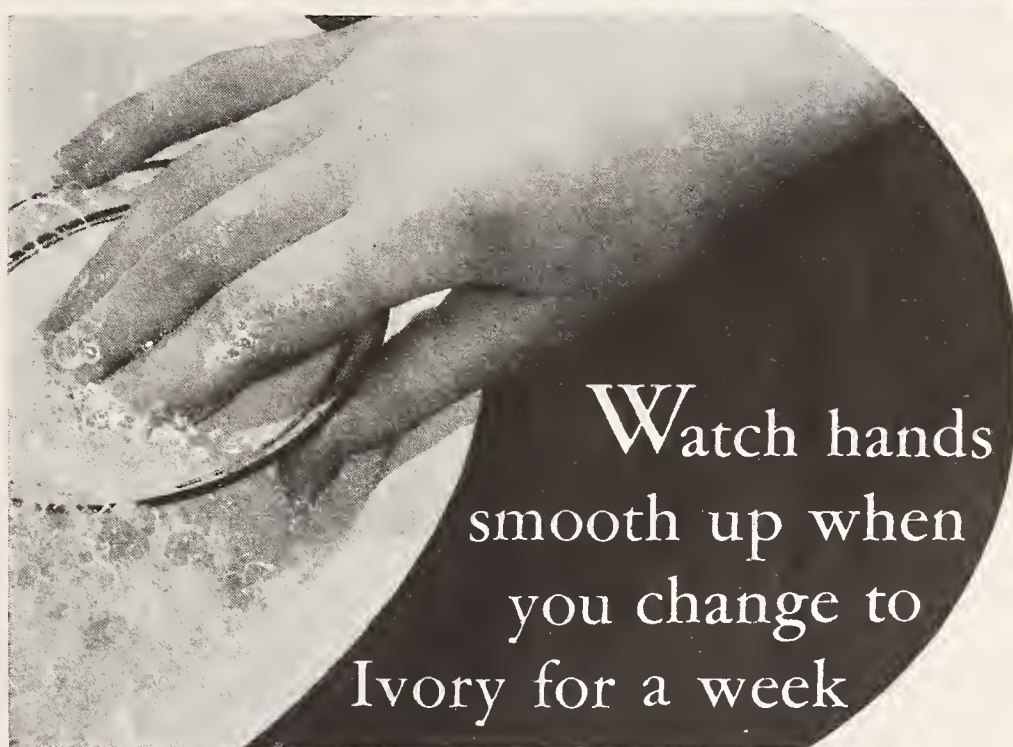
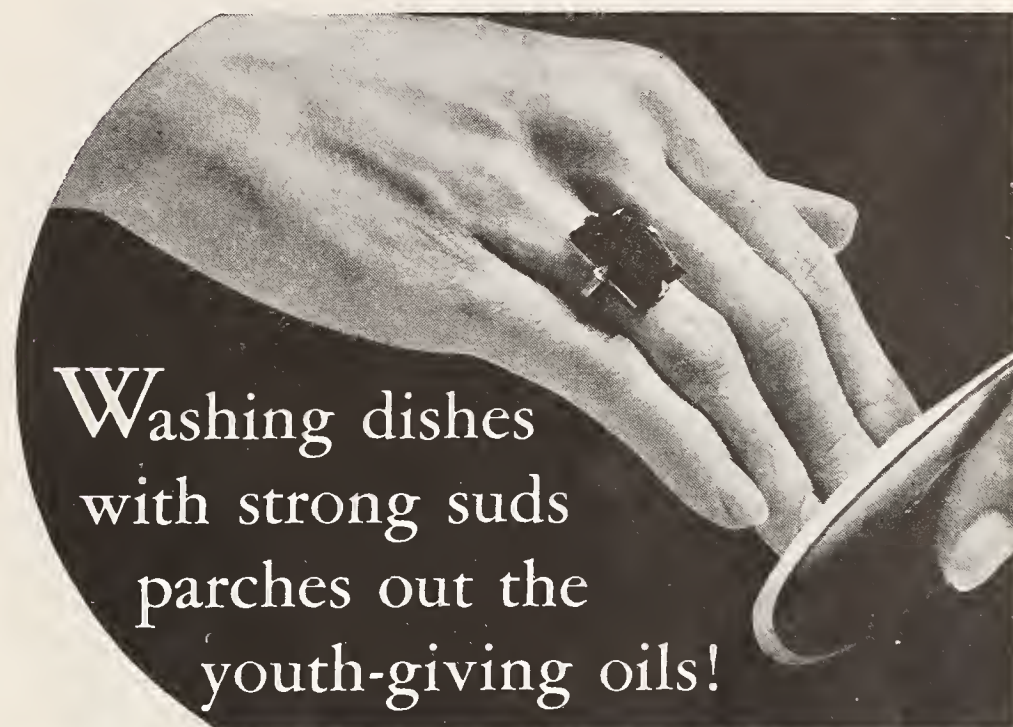
Eventually they were married. Connie abandoned her promising film career because Phil wanted to travel in Europe. And for the next year or two, whatever Phil desired was law to Connie, as she dwelt in a honeymoon happiness. Hollywood almost lost track of her as Constance Bennett, though we did read of the social activities of the fascinating Mrs. Phil Plant. Quite suddenly and rather unexpectedly, they were divorced.

Just what happened between the beginning of the paragraph above and the end of it, no one knows except, perhaps, Connie's intimate friends. They may have guessed. But one thing most definitely did take place. Phil Plant broke Constance Bennett's heart. He broke it thoroughly, shattering it into a hundred little pieces. There are those who will tell you that this was the period during which something "happened" to Connie. Plant made a million-dollar settlement on her, to be paid in installments. This, of course, attracted world-wide attention and



Why two people as young and handsome as Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak should want to spend their lives examining microscopes is beyond us. In spite of Ann's successful comeback in "Massacre," she and Les are still stubborn about their urge to study bacteriology. They're planning to go to Vienna for their studies.

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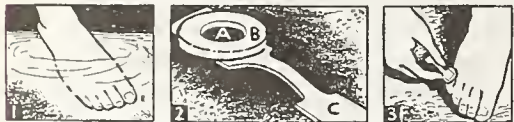
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- 1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
- 2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
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there were those who flipped, "Oh, well, that was all she wanted anyway, so . . ."

But there was no answer from Connie. With her jaw set a little more firmly and a new stand-out-of-my-way-from-now-on look in her eyes, she took the first part of her settlement and returned to Hollywood to pick up the pieces of the movie career that she had begun before her marriage to Plant.

THERE was a ruthlessness and a determination in her onslaught this time that could not be denied. She seemed to be concentrating, forcing, pushing her way through the battle-front of Hollywood as though she wanted desperately to accomplish her ends. Perhaps she was at times rude—heedless, but she pushed on relentlessly. She once said, "I shall not rest until I have earned my own million to match Phil Plant's."

"And then what, Connie?" a friend asked.

"I think I might give it back to him," she snapped.

Pictures and more pictures. Work and more work. If she drove others, she also drove herself. Women (and often men) employ the tactics Hollywood has charged against Connie Bennett when they are goaded to avenge an inner hurt. To someday make somebody see what they can do, how firmly they can stand even without that which has been taken away from them rightfully or wrongfully.

Then, in time, the intensity of the pace slackened. The inner hurt healed. She married the Marquis de la Falaise and they moved to a beautiful home with her little blond curly-headed boy, Peter. A great portion of the antagonism of her personality dropped by the roadside of her personal happiness, though none of the drive was lost in her work. They began to say, "Connie can be the staunchest friend in the world, but I'd hate to have her for an enemy."

Then the depression began to take its toll.

You remember the depression. It had an awful way of leveling humanity, of lowering great fortunes with one fell swoop and of turning very rich people into very bewildered people who, for the first time in their lives, were forced to come face to face with bank balances which did not and would not stretch from their old desires to their new wherewithals.

Now, wait, before you rush on to the conclusion that Phil Plant's fortune was swept away in the depression. It wasn't. But Phil Plant's fortune was tied up in stock and bond investments and trust funds that were neither expanded nor increased by the depression. Besides this, it is common knowledge that Phil's money comes to him in chunks every three or four years. In other words, what he got in 1930 might have been supposed to last him until 1934. Thus, recently, Phil Plant boarded a train for California. He went there to see Connie.

WALTER WINCHELL, who knows lots of things, wrote, "Phil Plant took off for Hollywood yesterday to see if Connie Bennett wouldn't settle the remainder of her divorce settlement for a flat sum of \$65,000."

Nice going, Mr. Winchell. Mistaken in only one small detail. Phil Plant did not come to California to offer Connie \$65,000. Phil Plant came to Hollywood to borrow money from Connie and ask her advice on several important business matters. Plant came across what he thought to be an excellent business opportunity, found his money too well tied up to allow him to take it and had come to Constance for advice on the deal and to negotiate a loan pending his next payment from his inheritance estate.

Just stop to imagine the situation for a moment. Remember that you are dealing with Constance Bennett, the snooty girl who won't get off the train to autograph fan books, the gal who thinks only of driving hard bargains—the ruthless, militant Miss Bennett of Hollywood. Also, remember that this little Miss Impossible was now dealing with an Old Love who had been responsible for all the cold steel her heart was supposedly wrapped in. If Connie Bennett had carried out Hollywood's own characterization of herself, she would have drawn up her shoulders and said politely, "So sorry. So very, very sorry." And that would have been the end of that.

Before Phil Plant left Hollywood, she was prepared to let him have something over \$60,000. And to top it off, Connie called in her own managers and lawyers to help her give him that much needed advice.

Phil Plant didn't accept Connie's offer. Upon his return to New York, a nice little rise in the market had made available certain investments which he had hesitated to sell at a loss. We understand that he immediately wrote her the grandest telegram that has ever been received, telling her of his appreciation for her generous advice and the offer to fill in a temporary financial breach. He said he would never forget her kindness.

So, the other afternoon, I told Connie I was going to write the true story behind her former husband's visit to Hollywood.

"What truth?" inquired Connie, looking very bland and surprised.

"That Winchell was slightly mistaken about Phil coming out here to settle money on you and that he really came out to borrow some and, what's more, you arranged to give it to him."

"Nonsense," said Connie shortly. "Mr. Plant merely wanted a little business advice. That's all I have to say about it. But really, Mr. Plant has so much money it isn't even funny."

Then she smiled, looked at me and said, "Besides, don't you know I'm the girl who never gives an inch, just the ritzy Miss Bennett?"

It was a slick little alibi. I might even have been led to believe it if I hadn't known better. But you must know by now, she's the darndest woman!

Anna Sten, "Passionate Peasant"

(Continued from page 61)

SHE spoke of a scene in "Karamazov." It was made in a train station. In Berlin, she and the director and Fritz Kortner, the great German actor, went to the shed the first afternoon to shoot the sequence, a tender love scene, against the background of the panting locomotive. From high overhead, a single ray of sunshine shot down through the smoky space. When the train came along, they got ready. As it puffed away, they shot the scene. Her director thought it wasn't good. So they came back the next day and shot it again. Only one train a day stops in the shed and even then the sun doesn't shine every day in Berlin. But by coming back every day, they had the shot at the end of three weeks.

It was a strange contrast to "Nana," as an introduction for Miss Sten to the American screen. In one scene in "Nana" Anna was stretched out across a chaise longue with Phillips Holmes kneeling at her feet, his face close to hers. The eyes of two great boxed cameras shot up within twelve inches of her. Each camera was manned by four or five men. Dorothy Arzner, directing the picture, watched intently from underneath. From above, batteries of sun-arc lamps shot down. Prop men and make-up men stood about with a couple



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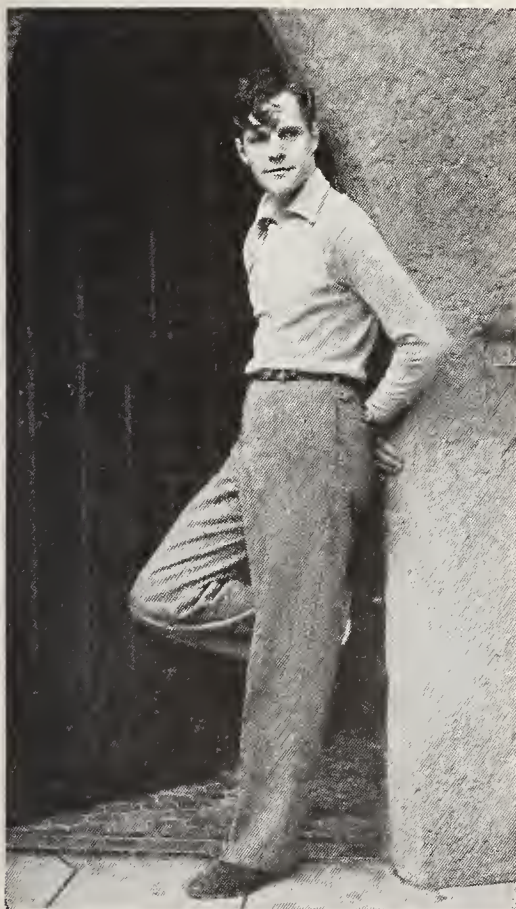
And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. And why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!



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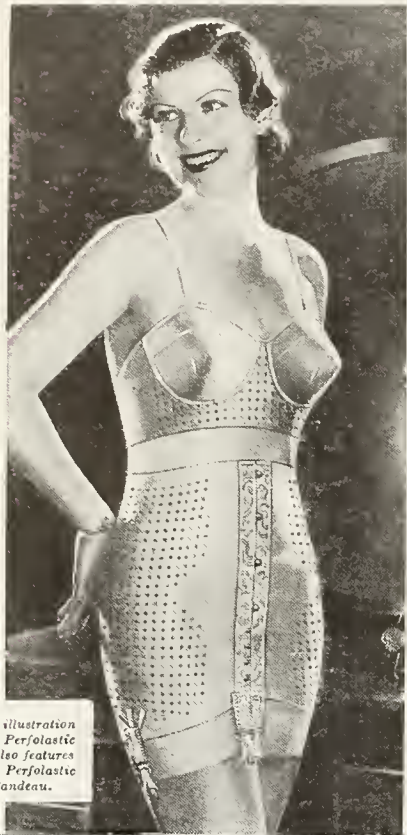
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of tons of equipment all focused on a passionate love scene, supposedly taking place in the darkness and the intimacy of a bedchamber.

ANNA lives in a beach house in Santa Monica. She likes the pounding surf. She lives simply with her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke. Frequently he goes back to look after his housing developments in the Berlin suburbs. In Hollywood, he is working on a comedy short that will star Jimmy Savo.

They say he's a nice guy. When he and Anna first took a house in Holly-

wood, they hired a negro cook. Her idea of a meal was a supper of pork chops at about six in the evening. Anna and Dr. Frenke liked a rousing Russian dinner of cabbage soup, herring and shashlik at high noon. The doctor is mysterious in explaining how they settled their argument. He says it was a compromise—always compromise.

Once he asked the southern mammy to shine his shoes. She said colored girls in America didn't do that kind of thing. He made her take off her shoes. Rolling up his sleeves, he shined them for her.

Please, Mr. DeMille, What Is Glamor?

(Continued from page 34)

a real diamond, a real pearl or a real ruby. And I give you my word not once has it been chosen. They always choose some bauble instead.

"The reason for that is simple. My one valuable jewel required setting. If it were displayed in Tiffany's or Cartier's window, reposing brilliantly upon a black velvet pillow they would all stop to admire it. Then it would have glamor. But when it is tossed in with a bunch of worthless stuff nobody knows its value.

"In the same way glamor can sometimes be aided by setting and background. If you know a woman has a reputation as a heart breaker, if you know that hundreds of men have been in love with her, that she is noted for her charm, you will accept her glamor. Others without such a background must prove themselves.

"And how is that done? It is truly a matter of confidence. Year after year I watch the new recruits come to Hollywood. They are a bunch of raw, unsophisticated, none too pretty kids. A year or so later the public is amazed to see that they have blossomed out into exciting, glamorous women. Girls, comparing the pictures of these youngsters when they first came to Hollywood and a year later, wonder, 'Why can't I undergo that change, too?' Well, the answer is—you can.

"What happens is this. There is a spark of glamor in those raw recruits. It takes a practiced eye to see it without the setting, but it is there. Glamor manifests itself in the smallest gestures. Two women can stand side by side at a kitchen stove boiling eggs and one will have glamor and the other won't. One's movements will be interesting and alluring even at this 'bromidic task. The other will be dull and sodden at her job.

"Very well. Then in some of these new girls there is that vital spark of glamor. A director sees it. He picks the girl from the crowd and gives her confidence by telling her that she has glamor, by believing in her.

"When she begins to realize that someone believes in her she feels her power. She is no longer timid and afraid—and lo!—the little spark of glamor becomes a blaz-

ing fire which lights the entire world.

YES, it is true that glamor can wax and wane. It has nothing to do with beauty, nothing to do with age. I've seen hundreds of women far from beautiful who have the rare quality of glamor. And many, many women past fifty are still glamorous. But glamor goes when confidence goes and this much is certain—glamor cannot be imitated.

"I wish I could talk personally to every woman reader of this magazine. There is a message that I would give them all. Don't imitate. Create your own personality. That's what Garbo has done. And Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford. All of these women and many, many more have started their own fashions, created their own vogues. Stupid girls have imitated them, girls who would have had real glamor if they had been individual.

"Glamor does not change, but our conception of it does. Certainly we cannot deny—that with all the stories concerning it—that Cleopatra was a glamorous woman, yet if she were to appear today exactly as she was, she would be a freak and a laughing stock. That is because our ideas have changed so much. However, the essence of glamor is the same.

"Gloria Swanson certainly had and still has glamor. Yet if you would run any of her old pictures—and I'm not excluding those I directed—you would discover yourself laughing at many of the scenes.

"I know that very often I tell my children of some very dramatic and exciting film I have directed. To me it is as wonderful as it was when I had my first enthusiasm for it. I run it for them, thinking that I will get a vicarious thrill out of their enjoyment. And the thing, made really just a few years ago, creaks with age and is ridiculous now.

"But glamor is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. It cannot be created. It can be—and is constantly—developed.

"Develop glamor by being feminine, subtle, charming and—more important than anything—individual."

How I'm Teaching My Daughter

(Continued from page 57)

little plans, I suppose. They are all for her future.

For instance, the main hall in our house has a marble floor and only the other day, Charlie remarked that it was awfully cold looking and we ought to have it torn up and replaced with something else. But I objected. I said, "Just think how ideal it will be for dances when Mary grows up and gives parties." So Charlie immediately agreed with me and the marble floor remains. Then we have a beautiful arbor that is the perfect romantic spot for her to sit with beaux.

Oh, I guess as she grows older, Mary, like most young girls, will get the urge to express herself. Everyone goes through that phase. So if she wants to take a job or go on the stage, I won't stand in her way, but I'd much prefer her doing nothing. I just want her to be happy.

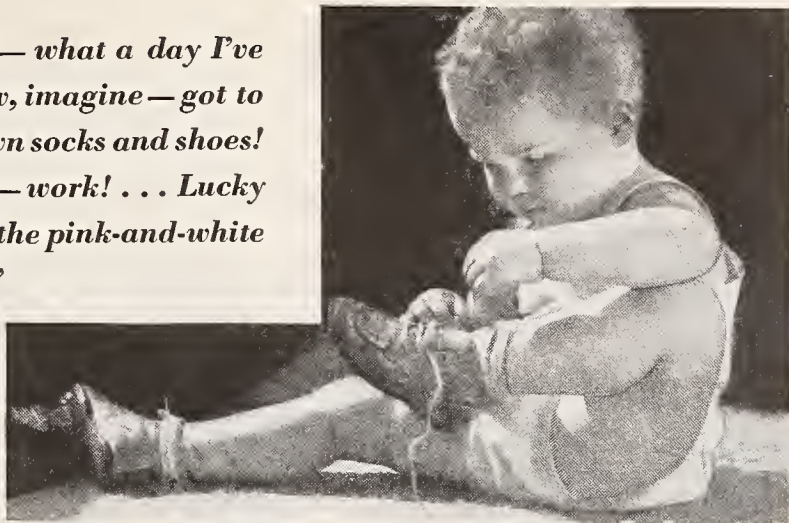
Lots of people have asked me what I think of the advanced methods in modern education. I am ashamed to say that I know very little about this, but what I do know, I certainly don't like. I do not believe that a child should only do the things he or she happens to feel like doing. I believe that from its earliest years a child should be disciplined. Why, this is only fair to the child. It is decidedly not fair to let a child go one third of its life without discipline and then let it fall, willy-nilly into life with its imperative demands, into a life that insists upon rigid discipline. You can't keep a job or a husband or a home unless you know the full meaning of self-discipline.

They ask me how I punish Mary. Of course, I do not believe one should ever

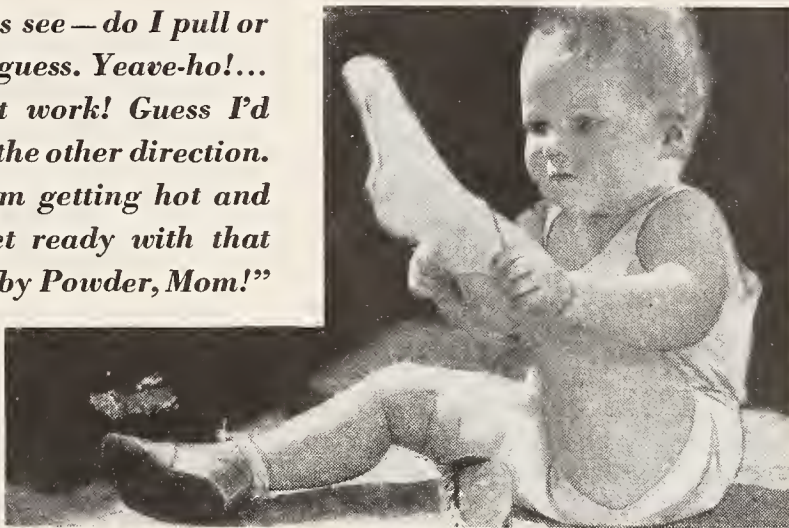


Baby LeRoy has a competitor! And it's none other than Mrs. Arlen's young son, Richard, Jr., who is co-starring with his Dad and Sally Eilers in "Baby in the Icebox."

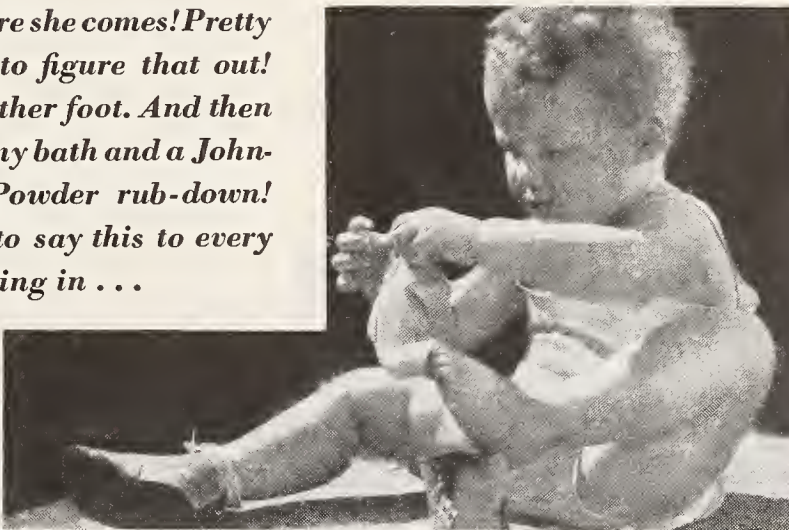
● *"Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."*



● *"Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho!... Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"*



● *"Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh, boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."*



● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"*

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strike a child. As for punishments, I am at a loss. I really am scared. I wouldn't know what to do. I hate to say this, but Mary has never been naughty. She is an extremely docile child. When it's time for her to go to bed, instead of making a fuss, she says good night and trots along with her nurse.

HOWEVER, I don't like her to be too meek. I'm afraid she'll develop into one of these good-natured girls who let everyone take advantage of them.

As for sex. Well, I'm not afraid for Mary. I'd be more afraid if I had a little boy. I think little boys have more ideals than little girls. I think they are far more innocent. Girls seem to have a protective instinct about things.

I, myself, learned about sex in the nicest possible way from my mother. I would have hated to have gathered information through locker-room gossip. With Mary, as soon as she asks me questions, I shall, with the able aid of my husband, do my best to answer them intelligently. I believe that if a child is old enough and wise enough to ask, then at least she should receive the courtesy of an intelligent answer.

There is one phrase in the American language that I consider silly, idiotic, stupid and altogether unnecessary. That is when people say a girl is ruined. No girl can be ruined—ever. I shall tell this to Mary.

Like most professional mothers, I am obliged to be away a great deal from my daughter. Although this is very difficult for me, I believe it is a good thing for her. Every mother is tempted to concentrate entirely too much on the welfare of her child. This selfish monopoly is bad for the child. Being away from Mary makes her independent of me. To my mind there is nothing worse than a possessive mother.

In the spring I am returning to Hollywood to make "What Every Woman Knows" for M-G-M. Mr. Thalberg bought it for me. Perhaps they'll

change their minds and say there is not enough picture material in it. As far as I'm concerned, it is my favorite play. After that, I'll probably do one more picture. *And then I'm through!*

I have to give myself credit. Fully three years ago I said that after three years I'd be washed up with pictures and I'm sticking to this. Following the hit of "Madelon Claudet," which was a tremendous surprise to everyone including myself, Mr. Mayer sent for me and said, "Well, now you're through with the stage."

Through with the stage! Me! It's as if someone would suddenly say you're through with sleeping or eating or, for that matter, breathing. Since I was the smallest child, the stage has been a vital part of me. And I'll tell you this, and I say it sincerely, pictures do not need me.

I have no glamor. I am just an actress. The stage actually needs what I have to give, my years of experience, my technique. Pictures do not need that. They can accomplish anything with the twist of a camera's lens. They have glamorous creatures like Hepburn, like Miriam Hopkins. They do not need me.

On the stage I can play any type of role I choose. But tell me, tell me this, would Hollywood ever have allowed me to play "Mary of Scotland?" Would they? I'll give you your answer. Never, never. Not in a thousand years. Not when they have a Garbo. I don't blame them. But I feel I have something to give and I feel that here on Broadway, on the stage, I have my proper medium. They need what I have to offer and I'm going to do my utmost to give it to them.

When I go back to Hollywood I do not know whether I shall take my child with me. But I do know this. As soon as she is able to understand, I intend giving her just one piece of advice. It was something a young philosopher once told me. "Be honest and audacious!" And I think that just about covers everything in life.



It's just Jack Oakie and Burns and Allen entertaining the folks at the party Emanuel Cohen gave for the Gary Coopers.

The Life and Loves of Lyle Talbot

(Continued from page 31)

why Lyle liked the place. Such a gay, good-natured, colorful people are rare. Even the smallest home boasted a large, happy family and every door was open to a neighbor and his brood. It was more of a settlement than a real town. One man's trouble was every man's trouble and each man's happiness could be shared by all.

Lyle and Grandma Talbot lived in the one and only hotel in Brainard. Mrs. Talbot owned and operated the hostelry and the fame of her exceptional cooking spread far and wide, so far in fact that many traveling men came far off their regular trip to have dinner and stay over night at the Talbot House.

LYLE'S earliest recollection is his attendance at a Bohemian wedding. He was about three years old at the time and was dressed in long skirts of real lace. The Bohemian women are marvelous lace makers and this luxury material was very commonplace in Brainard. Almost every person in town attended the ceremony, which started with a beautiful parade from the bride's home to the church. A wedding was an event for everybody in town.

Lyle marched with the others, his hair pinched up in the center of his head like "Snookums." He recalls the incident clearly because some enthusiastic member of the party stepped on the lace hem of his skirt and tore his clothes almost off him. He ran home crying to Grandma Talbot that he was "too big for lace" and that he "didn't like his funny hair-do." The blonde curls were snipped and the lace skirts laid away for good.

By the time Lyle was five, he was a "grown up" little fellow. The systematic routine of the hotel had been great training for him. As soon as he was able to walk, he liked to "run fetch" things and nothing pleased him so much as to be pressed into bell-boy service. He was permitted to deliver the local paper to the various guests' rooms and do other little jobs that pleased him. On winter evenings he was usually to be found perched on the fat knee of some traveling man who held the little circle about the big stove in the middle of the room enthralled with his "upstate" adventures.

He hated the idea of school. It seemed as if this interruption would halt his fun at the hotel. But before long he came to the conclusion that he could have much more fun with the kids. The few American children in Brainard were allowed to stay away from school on Saturday, but they soon discovered that they might as well go. All the Bohemian kids went to classes on Saturday to learn Bohemian, so there was no one left to "choose up sides." Thus there is one movie star who speaks Bohemian fluently. An

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ACTUALLY DOES MAKE

STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

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Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

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PRODUCTS

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

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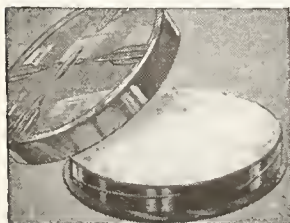


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You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called **DELICA-BROW**. In a few seconds **DELICA-BROW** makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, **DELICA-BROW**. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



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10c mind you—for a beautiful bake-lite vanity, in fashionable solid colors, with ornamented top and a high grade velour puff! Odorless, feather-light, fitted with screw-cap. Sold by leading chains. Another creation of **A. L. SIEGEL CO., Inc.** 22 West 22 St., N.Y. City

HANDYSIFT Loose Powder Vanity

achievement to be proud of indeed.

FROM the beginning, it was quite clear that Lyle was the ringleader of this colorful group. The fact that his grandmother owned the hotel was a great prestige-builder. Besides, there were always fascinating food hand-outs at the kitchen door of the Talbot House. Lyle's grandmother had married again by this time and the new grandfather was liberal with all of Lyle's friends.

Though Lyle was never sick a day in his life, he was continually having accidents. One day as he was touring the basement in search of the apple supply, he tripped and fell, his lower teeth cutting a gash in his lip. The cut left a bad scar that has echoed down through his life even to Hollywood, where a casting director told him he must have an operation before he could hope for a "break." He consulted Perc Westmore, famous make-up man at Warner Brothers, about it. Westmore scoffed, "An operation on your lip might ruin it. If you can act, my advice to you is to tell them all to go to hell." Later, a broken bottle was the means of severing a cord in his hand. A colt kicked him in the forehead and he suffered a three-inch gash over the eye from a baseball bat. Each scar, in turn, has affected his life to some extent.

But when Lyle was nine, an event took place that all but broke up his grandmother's flourishing hotel business.

The "gum machine man" left his large supply of gum in Mrs. Talbot's basement while he went out on his territory. One day while he and a pal were scouting around the basement, Lyle stumbled across the mystery box. He felt inside and pulled out a carton of 100 packages of gum. What a find! It never occurred to him that this was the supply for all the gum machines in southern Nebraska. And if it *had*, I doubt if it would have changed matters one whit! He and Emil proceeded to remove the cartons one at a time to store them all over town in secret hiding places. They soon learned that the gum was like money. They could use it to buy the other kids off. Five packages for taking the Talbot cow to pasture was one of the many deals. At the end of the third day of "gum heaven," Brainard had a dance. Lyle thought it would make a great hit with the girls to get some free gum. This was the downfall of the huge plan. Mr. Hunt was one of the dancers. It didn't take him long to notice the great number of wrappers on the dance floor. Everyone in the hall was chewing. He hurried to the hotel and examined the box in the basement.

Have you ever had that painful experience of having to return something, apologize to a friend, or ask for the return of a gift to another kid? That was Lyle's experience. He was led around the entire town by the ear and forced to ask all the kids he had given the gum to return it. His new grand-



Kay Francis, so glamorous and beautiful, is Lyle Talbot's leading lady in his latest offering, "Mandalay." Talbot was substituted for Ricardo Cortez.

father then took him home for a good whipping. It cost the hotel quite a sizable sum to replace the gum that was "beyond return."

THE hotel had hardly recovered from this blow when Lyle threatened its existence anew with a game called "Indian Tent." The gang had plenty of hotel sheets to make the tents with, but what would they use for pictures? They must have decoration for the outside of each white tent. No solution presented itself until the day that Grandma Talbot received her huge supply of canned goods for the winter. Lyle and the boys were told to unpack the hundreds of cans and place them on the shelves in the famous basement. Soon they noticed that some of the cans were "Indian Brand" and others "Toma-hawk Brand." In fact, most of the brands of canned goods had something to do with Indians. Great!

It took them the greater part of a whole day to accomplish their new task, but finally they did it. Removed every label from every can in the lot! They had great looking tents from then on, but one day Lyle was sent to the basement for a can of tomatoes. He brought up a can. It was pears. He brought another and another until twenty cans lay open on the kitchen table. Then he got the whipping of his young life. And it wasn't the last. Each time that a can was brought from the basement all winter, he got a fresh whipping. It was long, drawn-out punishment.

When Lyle was ten, his father sent for him to come to Omaha. Mr. Henderson had married again by this time and wanted his son with him. Grandma Talbot leased the hotel for two years and went with Lyle to the "big city." At the end of the lease she went back, leaving him with his father, a new mother and high school.

He hadn't liked the idea of leaving Brainard at first. There were all the kids, the hotel and Emma Sypal, his lady love. Why, he and Emma had even talked of "gettin' married—when they were grown up." Omaha seemed a long way off, a very long way off.

But by the time Grandma Talbot left Omaha for good, Lyle was anxious to stay. There wasn't much difference as far as he could see. His father was in the apartment house business (which seemed like the hotel business to Lyle) and the kids were all okay. But the best thing about staying with Dad was the fact that Mr. Henderson had two businesses and the other one was the show business. From early spring until late summer, Mr. Henderson ran a traveling show, carnival with side shows, ferris wheel and all the trappings. Lyle went along.

It got to the point where school was merely something to suffer through the winter with, waiting for spring and the show. To make matters worse, Lyle was never able to get even a small part in any of the school plays. Says Lyle: "Some unprofessional ninny who could recite always got the leading role." That left Lyle, with all his "professional experience" out in the cold. Somehow he finished high school, re-

SHE -(to herself) IF HE ONLY
WEREN'T SO SKINNY AND WEAK
I THINK HE WOULD BE MY MAN

HE-(to himself) I'M AFRAID I
HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH
HER. IF I ONLY COULD GET
HUSKY AND STRONG



SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY PUTS ON POUNDS —FAST

*Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs.
in a few weeks with new double
tonic. Richest imported brew-
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times and combined with iron*

QUIT being held back by a skinny, unattractive figure and a sickly, weak appearance that keep you from making and keeping worthwhile friends. Here's a new quick easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and new good looks—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, husky flesh—and in a far shorter time.

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious wasting disease. So start to build up quick, before it is too late.

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. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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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. 34, Atlanta, Ga.

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Address

fused to attend the State University and informed his father that he was "going in the show business for life."

AT first, with his father's show, he merely did a few tricks for the crowd that always seemed to leave the gawky residents of the middle west dizzy. Between acts in the "dramatic tent" he sold pop-corn and peanuts up and down the aisles. Now and then one of the younger performers would become ill and Lyle, who was growing tall and handsome, would be permitted to substitute in a real part if there weren't too many speaking lines. For his work he received not a cent of pay, but the "glory" of being a professional actor was in itself enough.

The first stage job that rated him a salary was one he obtained through answering an advertisement in the newspaper requesting the services of an "assistant to a mystic." A man named McKnight was a "hypnotist" and Lyle was to be his subject. In the act, Lyle was "hypnotized" and when his muscles were taut, he was suspended between two chairs, his head on one and his feet on the other. Then a large slab of rock was placed on his chest and one of the "local strong men" was invited to use a sledge hammer on the rock.

Lyle learned the trick easily and his biggest thrill came from being pointed out on the street by the young kids as "Atlas" the morning after each per-

formance. He was supposed to get \$10.00 each week and "keep." He got the "keep" regularly, but the ten dollars seldom came his way.

When the "act" eventually broke up many miles from Lyle's home, it was necessary for him to pick up whatever work he could find. He rated a season at \$15.00 weekly with a traveling show called the "Savage Carnival," running the "Hoop-La Game" and occasionally the "Cover the Red Spot." Here is one movie star who can tell you inside information on the various carnival games and tell you why you don't win. It's amazingly simple.

He had originally intended to work his way back to Omaha and the folks, but as the weeks passed and he managed to keep himself together, the sixteen-year-old Lyle decided to go on his own.

The next two or three years were only "seasons" to him. A season with the Dubinsky Brothers, the show in which Jeanne Eagles had got her start. (She married one of the brothers.) Then came a season with the Clint & Mary Robbins Co., which played such legitimate stock shows as "The Brat," "Polly of the Circus" and many others. Followed a season with Chase-Lister Co., after which he had an engagement with the John Winnanger Company. While he was with this company something very, very interesting happened to our Lyle.



We're going to have a chance to see another one of our favorite radio crooners, Lanny Ross, on the screen. He's caught up on his autographing and "Melody in Spring" his first picture, is practically finished now.

MOST boys associate white trousers, dates, their first flivver and fraternities with their 'teens. And to them, Lyle's existence might have appeared a blight. But he had other memories. The nights the storms came up and the entire company had to struggle to hold the tents up, stitching in the "crease" in the trousers "permanent," giving out the wrong handbills at the end of the season because they had run out of the right ones, grease paint, acting, travel. Ah, these memories!

During these days, romance passed him by. The main reason for this was the fact that the leading lady was generally years older than himself (the wife of the owner or manager in most cases) and this didn't lead to much romance. He didn't miss it much however, since "curtain time" had come to mean everything worthwhile to him.

Thus it was that love hit Lyle Talbot so hard the first time. He was with the John Winnanger Company at the time.

When the owner had made the announcement that he was going to hire a "lady orchestra" as an added attraction, Lyle had paid but scant attention. But that was before the arrival of the young and beautiful saxophone player named Lottye. From Texas, was Lottye, and to Lyle she soon became the center and the entire reason for the universe. He was terribly in love with her, with her cute southern accent, with her pretty hair and the dimples that kept reappearing as she played the saxophone. It was that mooning, cow-sick brand of love that usually hits boys around the ages of fourteen and fifteen. But Lyle had missed love at that age. He wanted Lottye to marry him, thought he wanted to be in the company of this ravishing creature for the rest of his life. But Lottye was a little wiser. "You all don' wan' to get married," she'd drawl. "You all want to get up in the world."

"No, I don't. I want to marry you," Lyle would protest.

"All right, all right," Lottye would say soothingly. She was languid, southern and didn't like to argue.

Love struck Lyle harder and harder. He went from the frantic period to the foaming period in a mere span of days. Then one evening he arrived at the dramatic tent for the evening performance. He walked to the blackboard to find out what play would be used for the show. He found the information in large letters: "Love Me Alone" tonight. He was about to turn away from the board and start for the dressing-room when a small, white notice on the bottom of the board caught his attention. He read it with haste. He read it again. Tears came into his eyes. He repeated slowly:

NOTICE: The lady orchestra quit the show this morning and has left for parts unknown—all of them!

Did Lyle and the lovely Lottye ever set eyes on each other again? And how about all those other women in his life—for there are many. The story about his many loves makes fascinating reading. The remainder of this intimate story appears in the May issue.



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thread. Smooth, even, elastic, it sews a fine and lasting



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HESS Witch Hazel Cream

The Husband Who Never Comes Home

(Continued from page 67)

I told her the police would be called if she ever tried a trick like that again. Some months passed by. She was fired.

ONE day my daughter informed me that she was taking tennis lessons. I said, 'from whom?' 'Oh,' said my unsuspecting child, 'from the Countess Polaski. She has rented the house next door.' She only stayed there a month. Two or three more months went by. I was at a party in Malibu at which an acquaintance of mine said, 'Lou, I'll drive in with you when you go to the studio.' I said that I was not going to any studio, was not working. 'Oh,' said the friend, 'but I understood that you call for your sister every night, your sister Helen who is singing over KMTR. I looked dumfounded and my friend elucidated further. 'Your sister who married the Russian Count. You know, the Countess Polaski!'

"And that, to date, is the last I have seen or heard from her. Like Mrs. Gray, she looked normal enough. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate the fanatic. She simply and without question seemed to feel that she and I belonged together and that was all.

"Three or four years ago my Filipino boy came into the library one day with a peculiar expression on his face. I thought he was about to announce his departure. He stood first on one foot, then on the other. I asked him what he wanted. He grinned and said, 'Mr. Stone, there has been a young man to see you, six times while you are away. His name John Stone. He say he is your son. He see your daughters here and say they are his sisters and that if they live here with you he can live here, too. I wouldn't let him come in because I did not know.'

"I called the police departments of Los Angeles and Hollywood. It appeared that they could do nothing about it. The implication was, even as with Mr. Matthews, that it might be, you know—anything is possible.

"I turned the matter over to Freddie Freulich, my manager. He discovered that this John Stone was charging wearing apparel to me and that he was living in a small hotel in Hollywood as my son. Freddie went down to see the manager of the hotel and told him that this boy was not my son and they had better know it. The manager was even



Introducing Charles John Holt, Jr., otherwise known as Tim. Yes, father and son. Tim's polo playing is up to the best Southern California standards and he's a fine swimmer, too. He's only fourteen and at his age he's not much worried about a career.

more difficult. He said that the boy could live there as my son—and what about it?

THEN the boy made a bad move. He signed a couple of bum checks. The police ran him in, still protesting that he was my son. Freddie and I went to the jail and called on him. He was a nice looking kid of about twenty-four years of age. Normal looking, nicely spoken. He didn't know who I was until I told him. He bluffed and said that he did. I asked him how he had got this idea, who had given it to him. He said that he had got it from his mother, who had always talked about me, told him that Lewis Stone was her husband and his father. He had been brought up on the idea.

"I asked him who his mother was and he said, 'Anna Q. Nilsson!' I anticipated the kick I would get out of telling Anna that 'our boy' had turned up after all these years. He also said that his girl had advised him to do what he'd done and when I asked him who his girl was he said, 'Clara Bow.'"

"I departed and left him there still declaring that I was his father. When I last heard of him he was to be taken to a psychopathic ward.

"There was the lady, only a few weeks ago, from Terre Haute, Indiana, who wrote that I was her missing husband and wouldn't I please come home and take up my responsibilities. She said that the children still remembered me in their prayers at night and that they told everyone, 'Daddy will soon be home.' She pleaded with me to be a man, to have the generous heart I'd had during the first five years of our married life. She reminded me of the doll houses I had made the children and of how I had always brought her a box of candy on Saturday nights. She said that she didn't see how I, who had been a physician all of my life, could now be content with being a Hollywood actor. She added that if I didn't see fit to return she—well, the threats that she threatened would make Frankenstein a little lamb.

"Occasionally, there will come letters from very old ladies who ask if I might not be their husbands, or their sons, missing since the War. These letters I always answer. They ask a legitimate question. For just as to every bereaved mother the Unknown Soldier may be her boy so, to all deserted or bereaved women, a strong resemblance in a man may mean he is their husband or son.

"I can't figure out the others. The letters that they write are coherent and rational enough. The ones I have met, face to face, do not appear to be insane. And yet, when proofs are given them they are not convinced, they never admit that they are mistaken. I can only put it down to the fact that I must have a set of composite features. I believe that the features of all the missing husbands of the world have been shuffled and reassembled into mine.

"I would like to state, however, that I have two daughters—one sixteen and the other twenty-four and that I have left no unknown or deserted wives carelessly around the country."



He was too selfish to love.

She murdered—and did not know!

He loved in vain.

She was a fool.

He reaped the fruits.



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THE WONDER BAR

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Two men in love with the same woman . . . who loves still another man . . . who courts still another woman. It is a jest to make the Gods roar!

BY all means, read "Wonder Bar" in the April issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**—a completely absorbing fictionization of the big new production starring Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell.

AND enjoy in the same issue the complete stories of 11 other splendid new Hollywood pictures, all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual productions:

NANA, starring Anna Sten. CAROLINA, Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young. ALL OF ME, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft. FASHIONS of 1934, William Powell, Bette Davis. MYSTERY OF THE DEAD POLICE, Robert Montgomery. FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall. SUCCESS STORY, Colleen Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING, May Robson, Lewis Stone. COMING OUT PARTY, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond. I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien. WHEN STRANGERS MEET, Richard Cromwell, Arlene Judge.

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With a Smile
That Wins

KEEP YOUR TEETH
ATTRACTIVE THIS
SAFE, EASY WAY

Be particular about your teeth—use only Boracetine Tooth Powder. It releases nascent oxygen, that gently removes all stain, cleans teeth completely, makes them naturally white and gives them an attractive lustre. Boracetine removes even cigarette stain without hard brushing. It also neutralizes acidity and keeps gums firm.

Kresge's and other good 10c stores sell Boracetine. If you fail to find it, send 10c and name of favorite Dime Store. Boracetine will be sent to you postpaid.

F. E. BARR & COMPANY
2527 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Boracetine TOOTH POWDER



What's Happened, Gable?

(Continued from page 41)

I KNOW talk like this has a tendency to anger people who think, 'Oh, these movie stars! They have everything in the world. They're paid ten times what they're worth and still they kick. They don't know what real trouble is.'

"I have a little statement for those particular people. I used to want fame. I got it. Now I find that I have sacrificed something a great deal more important—peace. I once could go to a picture show, watch the crowds at theatre time, walk down the street oblivious to everything. I gave that up for this! Let me assure you that I lost in the trade.

"The philosophy about how much money we make is okay if you happen to be one of those people to whom money is really important. I've had so much fun on so little—that I guess my perspective has been ruined. The things that I have to do in Hollywood and the money I am forced to spend does not buy me the pleasures I am longing for. And, what's more, they leave me not much more than you when I am through.

"Lately I've begun to give up a few of the forced things. I'm starting to leave off the 'front' that every actor must have. I'm trying to get some of the things I want and they cost so precious little when you come to think of it. Yes, I enjoyed driving my twelve-cylinder car, but I sold it the other day and bought a Ford roadster. Now I can actually drive down Hollywood Boulevard without so much as a single finger pointing me out.

"The troubled days of my life were not when I was on the bottom of the heap. I didn't have a care in the world then. Honestly, if I had it to do over again I'd never have sought fame or money in the movies or out of them.

"Another trouble with me in Hollywood is the fact that I've never been social-minded. I'm too innately independent to fit smoothly into the grooves of the right things to do and the right people to do them with. I like to do as I please, when I please. Any person who achieves fame in the motion picture world forfeits all claims to independence. I cannot plan to go on a fishing trip because I must be handy in case there are retakes on a picture. I couldn't even get away to see my own horse run at Caliente the other day.

I CANNOT go slouching around in old clothes, because of something, vaguely referred to as my 'position.' I can't slide up to a drugstore counter and have a good old-fashioned chin with the soda jerker, because he subconsciously yeses me. I can't go shopping for a present for my wife because I find I have suddenly become a public spectacle. The manager of the store wants to know if I'll autograph a few articles in the book department. I dare say I should be more than grateful to the

fans who attempt to snip buttons off my clothes for souvenirs. They made me, didn't they? But I can't feel that way. I try to grin and bear it, but something inside me rebels. I really appreciate their reason, but I don't like it.

"I think the only thing that will cure me of my violent attack of Hollywooditis is to go on a good, old-fashioned bum-bat for about a year. I mean I'd like to hop the next tramp steamer out of San Pedro and set off for God knows where. I'd like to lie on a warm deck and let the sun saturate my whole being until I felt I had completely regained my health and steadied my nerves. Then, after a year or two, I might want to come back to Hollywood. I'd like to come back with the idea of starting all over again.

"I'd like to be able to say to them, 'Let's forget all this great lover stuff. Let me get back to the rough, tough roles I played when I first started out.' I like to play those guys. I get a kick out of them. I don't care whether it's a starring part or merely a small role.

"You see, I know I haven't fooled the public with these dinner-jacket parts I've been playing for the past year or more. What's more, I don't like to fool them even if I could. I'd like to get back to Gable-the-roughneck and forget Gable-the-gentleman. I guess what I really want more than anything else is a chance to be myself again, both on and off the screen."



These two Youngs, Loretta and Robert, lend the love interest to George Arliss' first 20th Century picture, "The House of Rothschild."

Career of an Ugly Duckling

(Continued from page 69)

if any actress has ever worked under such a burning pressure of concentration as Miss Williams did. Night after night, Katharine stood waiting in the wings, longing, praying for destiny to step in and take a hand in her behalf. Not that she wanted Miss Williams to break a leg, but if only something would happen—if only her car would break down, so that Katharine could play the part—just once! Oh, just one real chance! But nothing happened and when the play closed after a run of several months, she went off to Europe to soothe her disappointment.

It made no difference to her that she traveled tourist class. In fact, she preferred it. It was cheaper and just as comfortable. She had made several trips abroad in this manner and on one of them, she toured through a large part of southern Europe in a broken down old car with a girl friend. The two budgeted their finances and spent exactly five dollars a day. No more—no less. Often they were forced to sleep in the car at night and the sight of these two young ladies, dirty and weary, dressed in riding trousers, must have aroused the wonder of more than one little provincial French or German town.

Katie spent all her excess money in going to local theatres and studying the technique of foreign players. Whenever she could manage to do so, she visited towns and cities in which some great European star was appearing, and every lesson of gesture, diction, or dramatic approach that the young American girl learned in this manner, has been stored away in her memory and treasured as part of her own equipment.

When she returned to America in 1929, she was given a try-out in "Death Takes a Holiday"—the play Fredric March is doing for the screen now. But there seemed to be some sort of a jinx hanging over her theatrical career, for again she was fired. She next played a small bit with Nazimova in something of very little importance called, "A Month in the Country." This shortly vanished from Broadway and the only thing left for her to do seemed to be stock. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, she played with the local company for the whole summer.

She worked hard and earnestly in her determination to acquire the technique that all managers seemed to feel she lacked. The brusqueness, the direct frankness of her speech which stamps her apart, may have been acquired at this period of her life, as a sort of shield against the many disappointments and hurts she was receiving in the theatrical world. Like a small boy who sticks out his tongue at a more powerful opponent, Katie's openness of mind, her frank, almost brutal words often caused a battle wherever she went. She swore like a sailor. She used to stride around Stockbridge in ridiculous looking clothes.



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect way to a perfect complexion...Noxzema,

the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

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Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new economical larger 50c jar. Or if your dealer cannot supply you take advantage of this offer. Get a generous 25c jar of Noxzema FREE. Simply send 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 54, Baltimore, Maryland.



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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.



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"Pale hands, pink-tipped" with lustrous, lasting Chic—the nail polish that reflects the gleam of admiring eyes!

Chic's fascinating new crystal flacon is unusually generous in size. . . Its new Bakelite top never lets the brush touch the surface of your dressing table. Available in five outstanding shades—Clear (colorless), Pink, Coral, Ruby, Deep. . . Chic spreads evenly, and keeps its beautiful lustre for days longer. Also Chic Nail Polish Remover and Chic Cuticle Remover.

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Insole fits snugly . . . gives cushion comfort to foot.

Wear your smartest shoes without a trace of fatigue. "Comfort" Cushion Insoles give relief to tired, aching feet. Made of durable medicated material. Special sponge rubber cushion supports the arch. Sold for 10c a pair at ten cent stores. If you cannot obtain, send coupon.

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City _____

Her peculiar slant on fashion has long been one of her outstanding eccentricities.

LAST summer, when she visited Hartford, she arrived at the club one afternoon in a costume which upset the entire place. Dress has always been considered highly important to the social ladies of Hartford, so when Katie came into the lounge after playing golf, attired in a pair of the most abbreviated shorts that had ever been seen anywhere by the club members, and wearing a boy's shirt open at the throat, no stockings, a pair of worn old golf shoes, and a black linen coat which struck her lovely legs half way between ankle and knee, the gasp that went up from all the flowery, chiffon, "garden party" ladies seated around the luncheon tables could be heard all over the place.

Of course, they were thrilled at seeing her again. So many stories had drifted back from Hollywood as to her peculiar actions out there that each and every member of the country club felt a sort of vicarious, reflected glory from living in the same town that had produced such a celebrity. Of course, she had always been that "Crazy Katie Hepburn" and one shouldn't be surprised at anything she might do. Such legends as her walking along Hollywood Boulevard wearing dirty overalls and carrying a monkey on her shoulder, or sitting down in the middle of the street to read mail, or answering interviewers with wild statements she made up on the spur of the moment. Like the story told of a reply she gave when asked if it were true that she had two children.

"Yes," responded Miss Hepburn, "and they are both black." Yes—the Hartfordites had heard about all that.

But what had startled them most was her sudden leap to fame. She never had been beautiful. She wasn't even pretty. Her mouth was too big, her body too thin, her hair too unruly and her freckles too many. Everything about her was "too much." Including her own conceit. Certainly, not by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could she have ever been called glamorous, exotic, alluring. She was about as sexy as a washboard! But in her work on the screen, she could out-siren Garbo. Well, it just went to show you what cameras, close-ups, crazy movie producers and directors could do. They forgot about her intelligence, her genuine talent, her long, hard struggle to get ahead.

When she came back to New York in the fall of 1929 from stock, victory seemed ahead for the first time. She played with Jane Cowl in "Art and Mrs. Bottle" and something about her seemed to stir the interest of the critics. But the play failed and it was not until "The Warrior's Husband" reached Broadway in 1930, that Katie got her real chance. In this play, she was revealed to the critics as an exciting, intelligent and highly interesting young actress who, both from a fighting and amorous viewpoint, refreshingly interpreted the role of a young Amazon. An RKO official who saw her in the play immediately offered her a film contract to play opposite John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement" and in a short year and a half Katharine Hepburn has become the most outstand-



A scene from "The Lake," Katharine Hepburn's much-discussed New York play. Blanche Bates and Frances Starr are shown with her. It is pretty generally agreed that Hepburn on the screen is a much better actress than Hepburn on the stage. She'll be doing "The Tudor Wench" for RKO soon.

ing box-office attraction on the screen. What an astute official!

However, in spite of the fact that she has become famous all over the country because of her success in the movies, again she seems to have been led by some strange trick of fate into misadventure. She has never lost sight of her real ambition—which is stage work. And so—and so—we had her play, "The Lake." Her movie contract allows for six months leave to follow her own inclinations. The première of "The Lake" had been built up to the point of ludicrous insanity by her theatrical advisers. You would have thought that Sarah Bernhardt was opening for her first American appearance. Ticket speculators received one hundred dollars each for the little printed slips that opened the doors to witness all this magic. If it hadn't been so pathetically funny, it would have been tragic. Katharine was scared of this Frankenstein monster of publicity that had been reared over her head. She was scared of her own ability. She suffered an acute attack of opening night stage-fright. And while the critics praised her promise—her intelligence, her talent—as a body, they failed to hail her as a second Duse.

To tell you the truth, I'm glad. The screen needs Katharine Hepburn. And Katharine Hepburn needs the screen. I think she is essentially a *screen* actress. Her angular, characterful face should have the benefits of the camera's many-angled magic. And we should have the benefit of a personality who can make mystery and glamor a native, American thing. We need no longer satisfy our hunger for glamor with Swedish, German, Russian and French brands only. For we have our very own "Crazy Katie Hepburn."

On Dress Parade

(Continued from page 72)

Madge Evans' dressing in "Fugitive Lovers" is a far cry from glittering spangles and feathers. Out on a cross-country bus flight through sleet and storm, she can only sport one suit, but she makes the most of her opportunity. Even descending the fire escape, her tweed top-coat strikes a note of smartness just right for an escape occasion. You don't feel as though she is too smart or too dressy, but you do get the sensation that her get-up is just about right. Clothes chosen on that basis are bound to be right no matter what crisis may confront their wearer.

HER little slick tailored suit has a snappy plaid scarf to give an accent and her slouchy felt hat is as correct as it can be. This outfit lived bravely through horror and stress, proving the good sense of dressing in tweeds.

Once, in a hotel bedroom scene, Madge appears in a polka dot tailored affair that can be rolled into a bag and come out unwrinkled and smiling. It's something you will want to own if you are traveling or if you are one who



"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day. I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."



"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria—it was all he needed!"



"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold!



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**Clogged Pores Dryness
Pimples Roughness**

Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know, that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

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FADED streaks — dull strands — grayness — all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely **SAFE**. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on money-back guarantee.



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realizes how completely flattering to youthfulness a plain robe of this sort can be. It's easy enough to make for a little—or to buy for a little more.

"Eight Girls in a Boat" holds lots of hints for those who are active-sport-minded.

What good looking turtle-neck sweaters those girls do wear. And are they swell on straight, slim figures? You'll want one even if you have to seek out the woods where you can wear it. And aren't spring hills and dales coming into the picture right now, propounding the question of what to wear? Take a hint from this picture and go shopping for a turtle-neck.

DOROTHY WILSON, the central figure in "Eight Girls in a Boat," has opportunity to show several perfect young girl dresses. She leans to bows under her chin and right flattering they are, too.

First, there is a lace bow. The sleeves are of lace, tiny and puffed—awfully chic. Then, for a trip to town, there is a spotted bow, rather big and puffy. A dotted band about a felt hat goes with this. Very good taste and so simple to do.

Dorothy puts over her girlishness and innocence in a most effective manner and, in my opinion, her clothes help a whole lot.

NOW, Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne" does the little Miss Simplicity in a too, too lovely manner. She's all mixed up with dolls—they're really marionettes—and sometimes you can hardly tell the real gal from the wooden ones. Isn't that just ideal?

Lilian affects dolls' clothes. You know the sort of thing, spangles and tulle and ruffles, but she does it so

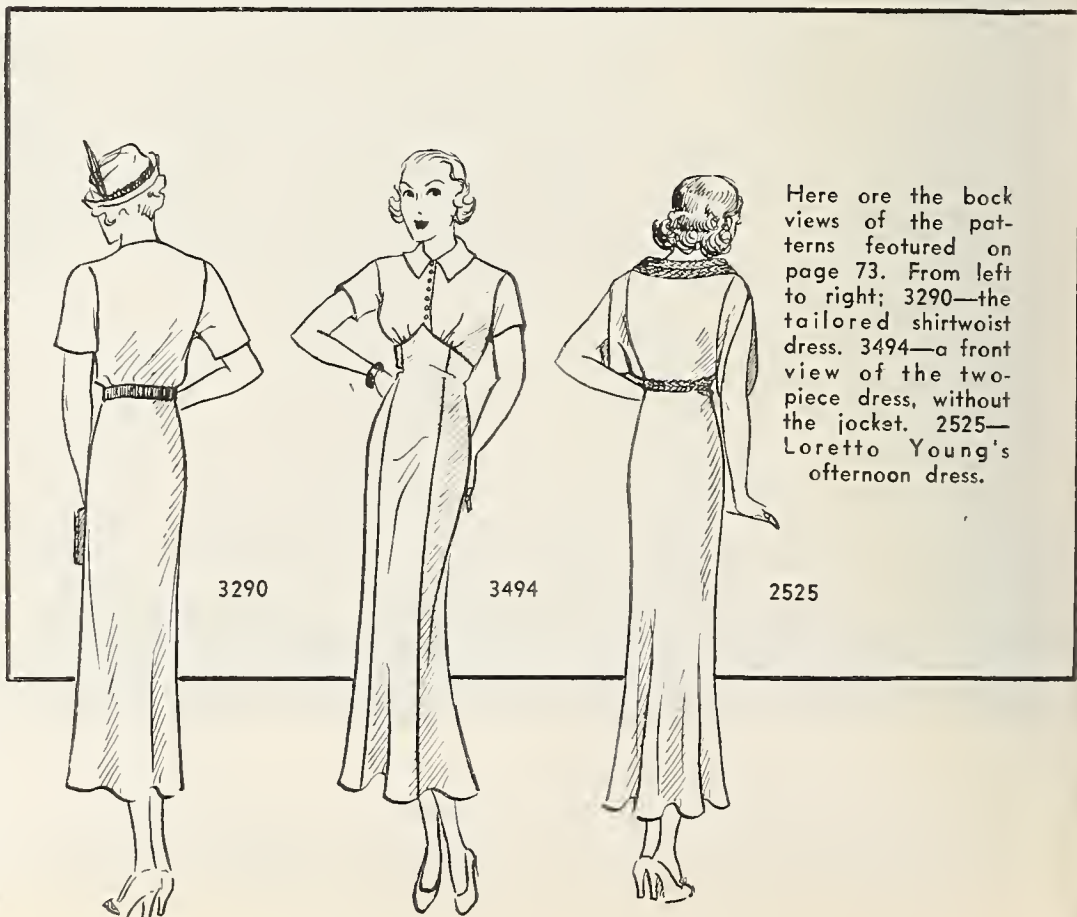
awfully well. She happens to be sweet and innocent enough to get away with it. In that scene before she meets her lover, the puppet man, she has on the most adorable silver and white creation—ruffles at the feet and tulle ruffles around the shoulders that are edged with ermine. There's an ermine bow under her chin which is just too youthful looking for a dance dress. She looks cuddly and cute—just right for the loving arms of a protective male. Oh, I tell you, clothes do a lot in that particular.

Later, in the puppet-making studio, those sweet little smocks she wears put ideas into many a home-loving soul. They are so simple and could be sewed up in an evening. They have becomingly-shaped cap sleeves and are so plain otherwise. But just imagine them in pale pink, yellow or blue with white bindings, perhaps, and you have something which, for a cost of about sixty cents, would make you shine in any home setting.

Afterwards, Lilian, in a black velvet dress with a very Grecian look, still has very much the semblance of a doll. Still she looks very smart—silver edged sleeves, and all. Only showing what the sophisticated girl can do in the way of clothes to keep herself smart looking and still in the picture as far as the latest styles are concerned.

If you are young and pretty, see this picture for helpful hints. If you feel you are not such a knockout for prettiness, there will be hints in that direction for you, too.

I WENT to see "Gallant Lady," wondering what that could do for us all in the way of clothes. And did it give me a thrill? From beginning to end Ann Harding gives us something new.



Here are the back views of the patterns featured on page 73. From left to right; 3290—the tailored shirtwaist dress. 3494—a front view of the two-piece dress, without the jacket. 2525—Loretto Young's afternoon dress.

In the first place that little suit with the dark, plain blouse gives us all ideas for the season to come. A dark blouse you must have, of linen, cotton, silk or wool, and when you see Ann in this picture, you will know the reason why. It's that smart—one of those shirt-waists that will be good for many months to come.

And then in that light-toned wool dress with a dark wool overblouse, Ann Harding looked swell. What a grand get-up for a business girl trying her darndest to get ahead. It's not only good style—it's forward-looking style and would make almost any girl look distinguished. It has that stiff, flat, modern look which every girl appreciates right now.

I want to call your attention to the scene where Ann and Janet Beecher are lunching together at a smart restaurant. Observe how plain and straight and sort of tailored they are as to hats, dresses, and coats. That's the way sophisticated young people—and older people, too—are dressing these days for going out and doing things. No ruffles, no white collars, no frills. Everything is just so simple that the girl herself stands out in bold relief. This is good stuff and I do wish you would take it in.

In this picture, when Ann Harding strikes Paris, notice how she takes on the character of Parisian dressing—a little more spectacular, but ever so simple.



Tickling Hollywood's Ribs

(Continued from page 59)

town about seventy miles from Hollywood. To Ben's horror and astonishment he learned that the Government was charging him with sending French photos through the mail to an old maid. He knew perfectly well he had never done such a thing. There must be a mistake somewhere. And yet it was a real summons and a real court of law. And the prison term he would serve, if the case should be proved against him, was all *too* real.

To make a long story short, it dragged on for months. Lawyers dogged Ben's footsteps. He never knew when he might be called off the set to make the long drive out to San Bernardino. He dreamed of prison every night. Only after it had gone on for weeks did Hughes get to laughing so hard one day at Ben's worried face, that he broke down and admitted it was a rib. A costly one. Lawyers, even to play jokes for you, don't come free.

Nobody is sacred from ribs in Hollywood. Not even Garbo.

Bob Montgomery was walking to his dressing-room when he spotted a janitor about to throw a bouquet of wilted flowers into a garbage can. Bob took the flowers, tied a card to them reading, "To My Favorite Actress," stuck them in a fancy box and gave them to Greta's maid to take to her along with her luncheon tray at noon. Greta laughed. But she heaped coals of fire on Bob's

Kleinert's

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DRESS SHIELDS

would have saved it!



AS LOW AS
25¢
A PAIR

No matter whether friction, perspiration, or chemicals spoiled this dress—Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved it! Why risk your dress even once when you can have the guaranteed protection of genuine Kleinert's Shields for as little as 25¢ a pair. Ask for "Kleinert's" at the Notion Counter of the store where you bought this magazine.



Looks 20 ...is 40!

“Wherever I go people say: ‘What a peaches and cream complexion!’ It makes me laugh for people take me to be in my twenties when in reality I am the other side of forty. I certainly give thanks to Ambrosia for it has done wonders to a once-sallow complexion.”
Mrs. F. J., Pennsylvania.

You, too, can have a youthful skin that others envy. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, removes all deep-lying dirt, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates. Made from an old French formula, it's antiseptic, prevents pimples and blackheads.

Pour Ambrosia on cotton, wipe it over the face and neck. You feel it tingle: you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener to close large pores, reduce oiliness, invigorate circulation.

At all 10c stores; also in larger sizes at drug and department stores.
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The second installment of Lyle Talbot's life and love story will be in our May issue.



Constipation Drove Her Wild

made her feel cross, headachy, half-alive. Now she has a lovable disposition; new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: *Sluggish* bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—safely stimulates the entire eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, natural functioning. At druggists—25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tams. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk DH-77, St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

head. Because that same afternoon, he got a boxed labelled, "To My Favorite Actor." He opened it and it was full of gorgeous American Beauty roses. Real roses. From Garbo. Now, that's what I call sweet!

Then there was the expensive rib Jimmy Durante pulled on a night club—expensive for the night club, not Jimmy. With a party of friends, El Schnozzola dropped in at the Frolics for an evening. He was recognized immediately, not having any tent handy to cover his beak, and the orchestra leader asked him to come up to the piano and do his stuff. Jimmy sang a couple of songs and clowned a bit. But the orchestra leader wouldn't let him go. He kept calling him back and back and egging the crowd on to applaud him. It was thoughtless. Jimmy had been working hard all day and he wanted some fun himself. Of course it was swell for the club. They were getting one of the highest-paid comedians in the world to work for them free.

Jimmy stood it for a while and then he got sore. The next piece he played, he reached down and pulled a leg off the piano. Then he jerked off the top. Then he pulled out the keys. The crowd howled. They thought it was one of

those trick pianos that come apart—breakaways. It wasn't. When Jimmy finished, nothing was left of the piano but a pile of wreckage on the floor. The club had to buy a new one.

LITTLE Wynne Gibson, because she does more than her share of clowning, gets ribs pulled on her all the time. You remember, a while back, those earthquake shocks in Hollywood? Every day for a week afterward the people at Paramount were surprised to see Winnie come dashing down the stairs from her dressing-room, face pale, clothes flying and run out into the street. "Earthquake!" she panted, then they asked her what on earth was the matter. They'd tell her there wasn't any quake and she'd go upstairs, but the next day out she'd come running again. Roscoe Karns was hiding on the porch outside her dressing-room, rattling her windows with his hands.

Then there are the ribs you play over the phone. I don't know whether Gloria Swanson is still phoning Chinese laundries in the middle of the night the way she used to, but here's a newer one. You call up, say, Marlene Dietrich. After a moment she comes to the phone and says, "Yes, this is Miss Dietrich."



We always think of her as "little" Arline Judge. But what with Charley growing up so fast, we think we'd better start calling her Mrs. Ruggles. Though her screen appearances have been scarce lately (she's been busy bringing up her chee-ild), you'll find her in "Looking for Trouble."

"I'll call her," you say.
 "I beg your pardon?" asks Marlene bewildered.
 "I say I'll call her."
 "But this is Miss Dietrich."
 "You want Miss Dietrich?" you ask.
 "I don't know if she's here. I'll see if I can find her."
 "But this *is* Miss Dietrich," she protests.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" you growl, pretending you're sore. "You call up and ask for Miss Dietrich and now you say you're Miss Dietrich! Are you crazy?"

This one can go on for hours. A good many stars on whom it's been played, have ended up wondering if they *were* crazy. It is guaranteed to be very bad for the nerves.

You hear a lot about the ribs Vince Barnett plays. He made his reputation that way. You don't hear so much about the ones people play on him. He keeps those quiet. But it was only natural that the gang should lay for him. Vince was making a picture with Wallie Beery. The director would say, "Over here, please, Mr. Barnett." Vince would trot over obediently and by the time he got there the director would say, "Sorry. My error. Don't need you now."

Vince would sit down and a second later an assistant cameraman would ask him politely, "Will you step this way and let us try the lights on you?" Again Vince would get up only to be told, "Our mistake. Don't need you." No sooner did he sit down again than an assistant director would ask him to stand in for Wallie. Again, "Sorry. Don't need you now." Vince hardly sat down three seconds in three days. He was always needed somewhere.

He didn't catch on until the still man said, "Mr. Barnett, will you pose for a still with Mr. Beery?" They posed. Vince knelt. Wallie stood over him. The still man squinted and squinted and finally said it was all right. He took hold of the little rubber bulb of his camera, raised one hand and commanded, "Hold it! Still!" Vince held it. And Wallie slowly lifted up a barrel and let Vince have ten gallons of ice water right down his neck.

That's the price you pay in Hollywood for playing ribs.

You get ribbed yourself.

Guardian Angels

(Continued from page 43)

takes them in tow and explains the whys and wherefores. More important than any of his help, however, was the caution he gave me about spending money. Now if a girl hasn't had much money, those first picture checks simply burn holes in her purse. I was all set to spend them and a lot more when Jack, who the wise-crackers say still has part of his first check, put the brakes on for me. He taught me that all that glitters doesn't necessarily have to be purchased. He said it wasn't exactly necessary for me to pay down on the

MARRIES the MAN she first FAILED to ATTRACT



Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the *natural* color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire... without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick... it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Orange in the stick... rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipsticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their

allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

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UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.



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biggest car in Hollywood. Yes, if I've had a studio father, Jack has certainly been he."

Even more dramatic was the way Jimmy Cagney took Jean Muir in tow during her first miserable weeks in Hollywood. Jean, fresh from the serious New York stage, couldn't acclimate herself to the breezy informality of Hollywood. So utterly out of place she felt herself, that she had secretly resolved to fly the coop for New York and her own sort of friends. Jimmy, seeing her at luncheon one day, intuitively realized her predicament and engaged her in conversation.

"I told him," said Jean, "that there was nothing for me in Hollywood. I said that the movies were entirely different from what I'd been used to and that I couldn't stand it out here any longer.

"Jimmy heard me through and then opened up with a little discourse of his own, the sum total of which was to take it easy. Hollywood, he told me, although not New York, was a pretty good place after all. Its methods, he went on, were necessarily different from New York's, but its sincerity and determination to turn out good work was just as great as the eastern city's. We became friends. I learned to laugh at myself in the warm glow of this friendship. Hollywood opened up for me and I changed from a miserable to a happy girl. No one

knows what a real friend Jimmy Cagney can be. I'm all for him."

AND in just such a way is Richard Cromwell "all for" Claire Du Brey. Claire, Richard's senior in years, has been that lad's studio mother since early in the game when Richard jerked sodas to earn his way through art school. At that time Claire was appearing in a Los Angeles stage production and Cromwell, seeing her once, spent every available cent to return to the play. He finally managed an introduction to her through an usher and then was started a friendship which has few parallels in Hollywood.

Following his art training, Richard started a little shop. Miss Du Brey, believing from the first that he had much to offer the stage and screen, saw to it that such people as Anna Q. Nilsson and Marie Dressler visited his place for *objets d'art* and Christmas cards. These meetings proved to be his open sesame to the studios, for it was shortly after that Marie found him small parts. His casting in "Tol'able David" and the launching of his successful career followed.

"But helping me get started was only a small part of the aid she gave me," Richard says. "In half-a-hundred ways since, she has advised and counseled me. One time, I remember, I had obtained an option on a house that looked good



Have you ever worn a sweater under a dress? We thought not. But Dolores Del Rio proves to us that it can be done. And the result is right smart. It's a bright yellow sweater with a high neck and elbow-length sleeves. The neckline of the dress is V-shaped and the sleeves are rather short.

to me. My art training must have taught me not to look further than exteriors, however, because when Miss Du Brey inspected it, she had my money returned. The house, although pleasing to the eye, had nothing else to recommend it. It couldn't be heated. It had no foundation. The basement was full of water. It was entirely inadequate."

But if Claire helped Richard, he has had an opportunity of returning those favors. It was through him that Miss Du Brey received two important film assignments lately. He's not one to forget a friend and especially such a friend as she.

Dick Powell wants to go on record to the effect that Joe E. Brown is the best guardian angel in the business. Dick doesn't mix easily and he, too, was on the point of giving up through loneliness. "Just about the only one to care about the situation," Dick testifies, "was Joe. He had me out to his house early in the game and talked to me in good straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. 'Hollywood,' he said, 'may not be the friendly Pittsburgh I knew, but there are a lot of real fellows out here just the same.' He introduced me to a bunch of those 'real fellows' and the edge was soon worn off my feeling of isolation.

HE didn't need to caution me about money because I made more salary before I came to Hollywood than the studio paid me and I'd learned how to hang onto the stuff. At the same time he did tell me a few things about studio politics and helped me avert what might have been a serious calamity. It was the time when studio cuts were going into effect. I saw no reason why I should accept one at my salary. I wasn't going to either until Joe took me aside to tell me that everyone, himself included, was taking the cut like sportsmen. That opened my eyes. If Joe was taking the reduction, I figured I wasn't too big to refuse it. I can't thank Joe enough for that because I've since learned that studios have a way of doing without a person who can't see the light."

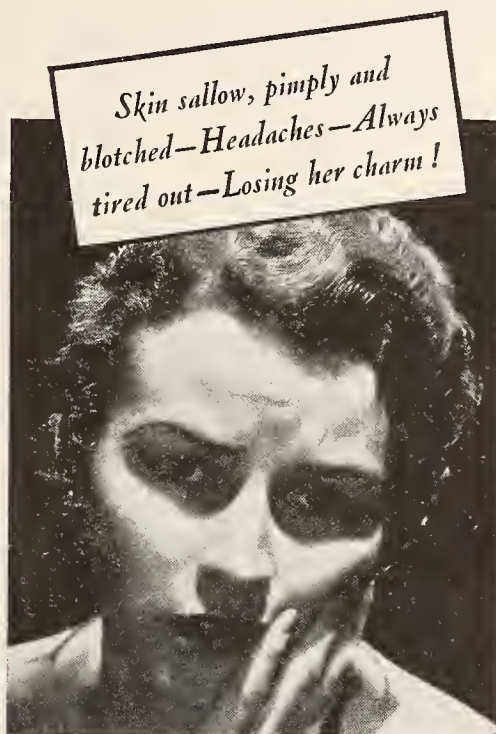
Of course, it is pretty generally known, I think, that Lupe Velez is the "studio mother" of any lad in whom she is interested. It was Lupe who went to bat for Gary Cooper at option-renewal time, securing the non-combative fellow better and still better contracts. And in much the same way has Lupe fought for Johnny Weissmuller.

In the case of Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, the studio parent angle takes another slant. Bert, happy-go-lucky and generous to a fault would, it is said, spend every dime available if it weren't for Bob. For Bert to see something is for him to want to buy it. Automobiles, homes, expensive bric-a-brac—all these work their fatal charms on his wide-open pocketbook. Or rather they used to work them before Bob stepped into the picture. Now it's a different story. Bob has formed the corporation of "Bobert" (Bob and Bert, you see) for the express purpose of safeguarding Bert's money. Bert's salary now goes direct into the corporation and he is doled out a very small and

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These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

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These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

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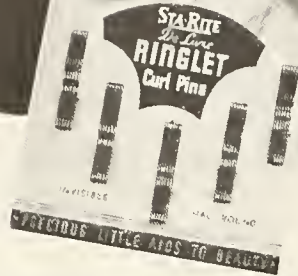
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strict amount each month for living purposes. No more splurges or wild spending orgies. Thanks to Bob.

Marie Dressler's rôle as guardian angel is too great and well-known to go into. Let it be noted that not one youngster at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever been refused guidance and help from Hollywood's grandest person. Dorothy Jordan, Bob Young and Maureen O'Sullivan all heap tributes on her. Dorothy and Maureen, both romantic youngsters, say that Marie was the only one to talk right out in meeting about their for-the-moment beaux. Marie certainly never minces words. Ramon Novarro calls her the world's best tonic. Ramon, a moody one, would hop in his car and head for Marie when the blues got him down. "An hour in her company," he says, "is the world's best antidote for that all-gone feeling. Never was there such a grand person."

ROBERT Young also wants it known that Joan Crawford knows a thing or two about studio mothering. Bob, fortunately or unfortunately, was born in Boyle Heights, the "below the tracks" area of Los Angeles. Poor, friendless, lacking in the so-called "social graces," he led a pretty lonely and solitary life in Hollywood until Joan singled him out one night at a preview of "The Wet Parade" to congratulate him on his good work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." He warmed to this friendliness and accepted her invitations to large functions at her home where she saw to it that he met the better directors, writers and actors. Joan really drew Bob out, developed and broadened him; let, in fact, the sunshine in.

Gloria Swanson did much the same sort of thing for Joel McCrea in his plug-ugly days, while Walter Huston was the one to father Smaeksie-Maxie Baer. Not only did Walter tell Maxie a thing or two about acting, but his advice touched on such well known Hollywood subjects as whoopee, the gals, his salary checks and general studio deportment. The two hit it up from the first and Maxie, another naïve person, was only too glad to receive his Holly-

wood A.B.C.'s from the wiser Huston.

Onslow Stevens and Gloria Stuart have done wonders for the kids at Universal's school of acting. Both have given freely of their time and efforts to guide the youngsters along the intricate and labored path to recognition. In fact at least a half-dozen of the girl neophytes have officially adopted the not-so-old but plenty wise Gloria as their studio mother. Gloria's proud of it.

Margaret Sullavan, although probably not yet completely weaned from Broadway, owes a very great deal of her success in Hollywood to John Stahl, her director in "Only Yesterday." Margaret was on the very point of checking out by plane when Stahl, hearing of it, buried his pride to visit her apartment and argue, cajole, wheedle, coax and finally win her over to remain.

Everything in Hollywood, it seemed, bothered her. Advertising solicitors annoyed her. Stahl chased them away. She complained of being uncomfortable. He taught her to wear slacks, old tennis shoes, sweat shirts—anything in which she could relax and regain her composure. He taught her how to rest on the set, instructing her to lie down at every possible chance. When she pouted he took re-take after re-take until he got her into a good mood. He taught her to live conservatively and preserve her strength. Stahl, it would seem, was studio father, mother and wet-nurse to her. But his efforts weren't in vain.

We could go on and tell of how Jack Pierce, Boris Karloff's make-up man is more than a friend; of how Chester Morris' own wife has also proved his studio mother, watching his pennies and temper for him; of how Richard Dix has proved a studio father to many a beginner at Radio; of Leslie Howard's "parental devotion" for William Gargan; of John Barrymore's interest in newcomers and the bouquets Pert Kelton hands to Constance Bennett as her studio mother. But isn't what we've already related enough to show that Hollywood's stars are not above extending the hand of help and friendship? Personally, we think it one of the brightest sides of this many-sided place.



The cast of "Merry Wives of Reno" lines up for the cameraman. Roscoe Ates, Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh are among those present.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 15)

some, and convincing support to shoot them to even farther heights.

The male stars, it seems, are given one or two good roles at first and then, for no reason at all, are expected to put over any weak, willy-nilly plot unaided.

Look at Lew Ayres. He was superb in "All Quiet on the Western Front," but what chance has he had since to show his talent?

And is it fair to judge Johnnie Weissmuller at all? He has made one picture—and that several months ago.

Miss Baldwin thinks Clark Gable is almost at the end of his rope. Perhaps. But why? Give him something real and see how real he can be.

Valentino, Barthelmess, Novarro, Gilbert, Barrymore, Reid, Bushman and Fairbanks, Sr., were mentioned as box office sensations in former years. Put any of them in Gable's place in "Dancing Lady," or Cooper's place in "Today We Live," or Ayres' place in "My Weakness"—and where would they have been?

Short—But Sweet

WISE GUY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., allows as how:

"Dancing Lady" was one grand picture.

Joan Crawford ought to continue in such roles—and gowns.

Karen Morley ought to be seen a little more—can't get enough of her.

Paul Kelly ought to be given a big chance to become a star.

We Consider Ourselves Squelched

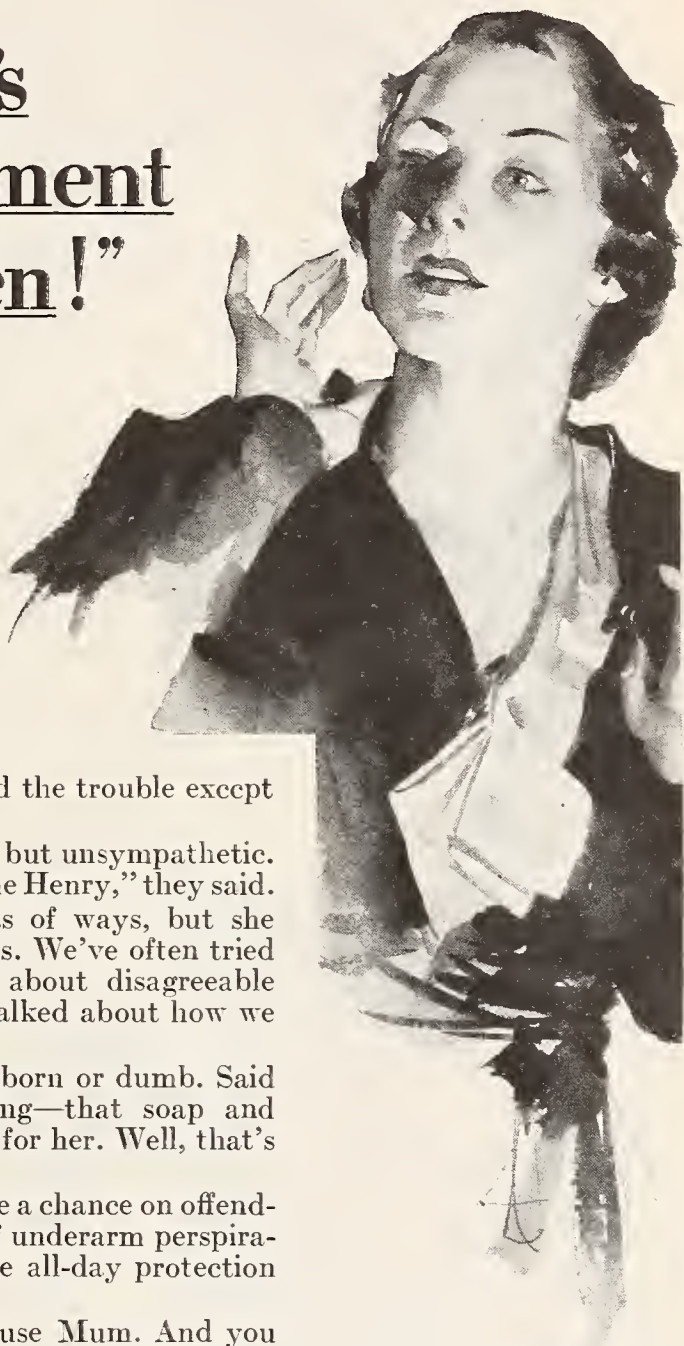
A READER of Terre Haute, Indiana, is werry outspoken:

I have just read the article "What Will Happen to Them in 1934?" by Dareos, one of these so-called astrologers. Modern-minded people with common sense know there is nothing in astrology. No doubt Dareos knows it himself. He is simply keen enough to cash in on his knowledge of human nature and his acquaintance with the movie colony.

Dareos seems to think that Garbo has passed her zenith. He is obviously wrong on that point, for with her great ability and fascination, she couldn't help being the

"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

**"Peg's
engagement
is broken!"**



EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

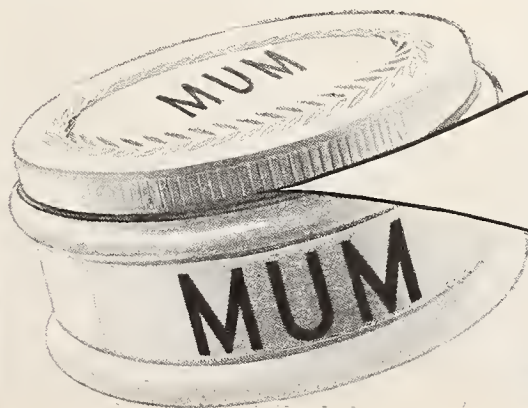
"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just *half a minute!*

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29x5-25-19	19	2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	14 1/2	3.45 1.15
30x5-25-20	20	2.95 1.15	35x4 1/2	14 1/2	3.45 1.15
31x5-25-21	21	3.25 1.15	36x5	15	3.65 1.35
28x5-50-18	18	3.35 1.15	35x5	15	3.95 1.55
29x5-50-19	19	3.35 1.15			
30x6-00-18	18	3.40 1.15			
31x6-00-19	19	3.40 1.15			
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star of stars as long as she remains on the screen. (*Aw, say, now—maybe you were just mad because of what Dareos said about Garbo?*)

Here's An Amusing One!

ALICE HENRY, of Ridgway, Penna., brings up a nice point:

Allow me as a movie fan to say that M-G-M and Hollywood needn't drop Lee Tracy. Holy cats! They say he was nude. Is it any worse for a man than a woman? They seem to be delighted when the gals are like that—or almost. (*Um—quite so, Alice. But the facts of that little Mexican matter are coming out—a new fact every day. It seems that Tracy was quite well covered, thank you. That he was on a high balcony. That no one objected to his hilarity, particularly, until the newspapers made a fuss about it. And that, furthermore, so many fans have been demanding his reinstatement, that it will probably take place before you read this.*)

The Producers Shouldn't Go Scot Free—No Sir!

THELMA—of some town in New York state which we can't decipher—feels that stars are criticized too much:

I want to put in my kick with both feet. I believe the producers pick stories for their best bets by lottery—on the morning after.

Ye gods! Look at Warner Baxter's leading ladies and stories, for example.

Why don't they make "Tale of Two Cities" with Warner Baxter—as they said they were going to do?

Regarding the "new men" problem—the trouble isn't with our leading men. It's just that Hollywood should chloroform about twenty "experts" in each studio and hire one casting director who knows his stuff.

A Suggestion for a New Movie Team

DOROTHIE GRIFFIN, of Tehachapi, California, has a new co-starring idea:

My favorite actor is Gary Cooper and my favorite actress is Norma Shearer. Would it be possible for the necessary studio-loaning to be done and have them make a picture together? Some good Western story—yes, I mean it. Not the cheap melodrama kind, but one with real romance and yet realistic enough for all fans.

Madge, Take a Bow

JOHN CARDEN, of Philadelphia, Pa., says:

I have been buying **MODERN SCREEN** for a long time, and in a recent issue I like best the stories on Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich, and the portraits of Irene Dunne and Ann Harding. I like these stars and many others, too, but of all the stars in Hollywood I like Madge Evans best. And I cannot tell you how much I'd like and appreciate a portrait, a cover, or a story on Madge Evans. (*There's a story on Madge coming out in our May issue.*)

Hooray for the Stars and Stripes—and Katharine Hepburn

J. BRERETON CHAMBERLIN, of Sussex, Eng., wants us to know that:

As an English fan, and as one of the American film producer's keen admirers, I would like to congratulate RKO on Katharine Hepburn, besides many excellent pictures made by the only nation which can produce movies.

Hepburn rates along with Garbo. To me, they resemble one another very much, far more so than Dietrich.

Please may we see Hepburn with Gable? I shall never forget "Susan Lennox," the best film I've seen yet. The worst one I've ever seen was "I Loved You Wednesday." What do you see in Elissa Landi over there? I think she is—well I won't say it.

No Alterations, Please!

MARGARET D. KILLE, of Collingswood, N. J., explodes:

Why do they want to re-tailor the version of the "Merry Widow" to fit anyone? M-G-M has people in its own studio who are fitted for the beautiful original version.

As for putting Chevalier in it, that is a laugh. As a singer, he is a flop. As far as Joan Crawford is concerned, she is a jazz dancer. Of course, if they are making a burlesque out of it, this team would be great.

Why not give it to the one and only one who has everything for the part and that is the girl with the golden voice, Jeanette MacDonald? Have a good male singer and graceful dancer for the prince, and the picture will be a success.

The Sullavan Girl Is Okay

A. C. DARDEN, of Orange,

N. J., went for her in a big way:

"Only Yesterday," was a great picture. I used to dislike love pictures more than I can say. But when a film like "Only Yesterday" is shown, no one can help but like it. Margaret Sullavan's acting was simply perfect. It really touched me.

Wants More Man-Appeal

THEODORE A. GEISLER, of Davenport, Iowa, thinks we've been leaving the poor males out in the cold:

Every bit of your magazine is O. K., if one can only take time out to read every article, ad and squib of news. I have done so this month. In looking over the "Between You and Me" page, I want you to know how I feel about Francis Russell's comment. I agree with him in saying that your magazine caters almost entirely to the "weaker" sex. It would be so much better if you were only half for the "stronger" and their doings. I would be interested, for instance, in a monthly page on men's clothes, accessories and so forth. (MODERN SCREEN for March contained a very helpful "beauty article" for men.)

"For Joan, from Kathryn"

KATHRYN WHITE, of Englewood, N. J., pays a tribute to Joan Crawford:

Of all the people in Hollywood, both men and women, I would like to know Joan Crawford. Funny isn't it, coming from a girl? You probably think I should "adore" Clark Gable, "love" Gene Raymond and think Robert Montgomery is "sweet." But you see, I don't.

If I were to meet Joan, one of my greatest dreams would be realized. Because ever since I saw her in "The Duke Steps Out," I've adored her. Do you blame me? There isn't a finer, nicer, more idealistic girl in Hollywood. I want to meet her because I want to prove to myself that she is as perfect as I think she is. I want to be like her. I could dress and look like her, but still I wouldn't be "her." It's something more than clothes and beauty. It's Individuality. It's Personality.

Not long ago, I sent her a letter and I told her how much I thought of her. Then one day soon thereafter, she sent me a beautiful photo of herself and on it she had written, "For Kathryn, from Joan Crawford." I sent her a letter of thanks, I was so glad. Gosh. I hardly expected her to do such a

"LURELESS LETTY"

Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!

1

I'M SO DISCOURAGED—I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS—LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE

HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE. YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!

2

WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY \$2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!

EVER HEAR OF JO-CUR? YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF MARVELOUSLY WITH JO-CUR—AND IT COSTS ABOUT A NICKEL! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW...

3

IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT—THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMBING THE HAIR!

WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!

4 AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER

LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE... LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!

ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?

THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave

in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary ever to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens you can have the same wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves—each of which might cost you \$2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a full week. And fingerwaving your hair with JO-CUR is about as quick and easy as combing it!

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known.

JO-CUR is made with a quince-seed base—not cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will not leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer... Double your "appeal"! Express your VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out YOUR loveliness as never before—TONIGHT!

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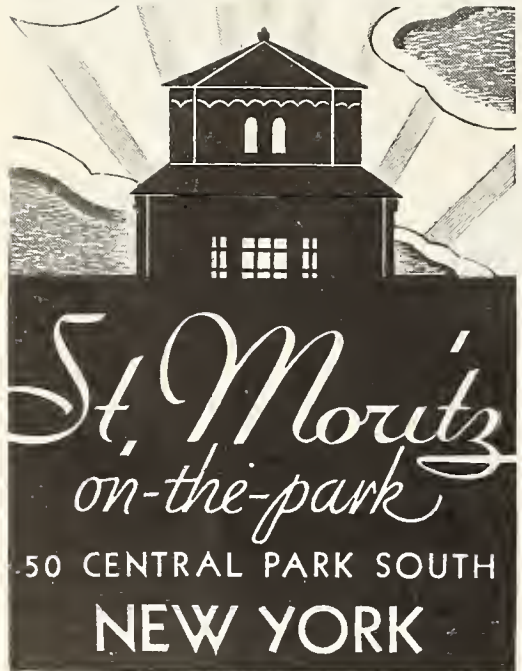
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world make this their New York
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RATES: Single, \$3.50-\$5;
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Dancing nightly in the **NEW
CONTINENTAL GRILL**. And the
only RUMPELMAYER'S in America.

swell thing. Anyway I shall al-
ways adore her for it. I'll always
treasure it and some day I'm going
to Hollywood and thank her per-
sonally. I'll never forget her!
(*Charming sentiments, Kate. And
Joan is deserving of your highest
esteem.*)

Curves vs. Curves

MARY BARKER, of Hartford,
Conn., points out the difference:

This is the first time I've ever
written to a movie magazine, but,
then, there's never been a Jean
Harlow! She's marvelous, gor-
geous, and a wonderful actress.

Mae West is all right, but for
looks—she's, well, she's fat. Ugh!
Curves are okay when they're
slender and beautifully propor-
tioned as Jean's are. Give us more
pictures of this gorgeous person
teamed with Clark Gable. "Hold
Your Man" was swell.

Tell Joan Crawford to get off
her high horse, please. (*Joan on
a high horse? No, we don't think
so. And neither will you after
you've read "I'm a Terrible Per-
son," in this issue. Name us an
actress who'd be as frank and hon-
est with her fans?*)

A Profile Ain't Everything

LILLIAN FOSTER, of Hart-
ford, Conn., is just plain disgusted:

I would like to express my opin-
ion of handsome actors and those
who aren't so handsome. Take
Frank McHugh. His work is con-
vincing and his personality clicks.
We like him. We're tired of the
so-called good-lookers with their
false teeth, waved hair, like a beau-
ty salon's advertisement, ears taped
back. In other words, enough alter-
ations to be worthy of a first-class
fitting room.

Give the public actors with real
acting ability. Stop featuring men
who have to be all made over to be
the ones who get the Mae West in-
vitations. (*Aww, Lillian, give 'em a
break. Don't be so hard on our
Gables, Grants, Crosbys and Che-
valiers. They're good guys and
we like 'em.*)

More Mysteries

HARVEY HANCOCKS, of Oak-
land, Calif., got a big kick out of see-
ing the "invisible":

Am I scared of the big, bad "In-
visible Man"? I am not. Boy, oh,
boy, give us another one of those
mysteries. I'm strong for 'em.
You betcha my life. Can you give
Claude Rains a break so we can see

what he looks like? The "Invisi-
ble Man" was sorta different, I
thought, in the way of mysteries.
He played remarkably well, also,
in "Frankenstein."

I saw another picture that was
great, too. All due credit goes to
Frankie Darro and his pal in "Wild
Boys of the Road." Makes a fella
glad to have a home. Guess I
would have done the same thing if
I were in their shoes. Wish I
could meet a fella like Frankie
some day. (*No, Harvey, you're
mistaken about "Frankenstein."*
*That was Boris Karloff, remem-
ber? He may do "The Return of
Frankenstein," too.*)

He Has What It Takes

FRANK DENNIS, of Bedford,
Va., knows a good actor when he sees
one:

It appears that we have a new
leading man. He's listed as Otto
Kruger, has wonderfully expres-
sive eyes and a fine face. He and
Barbara Stanwyck reach the top of
the ladder of screen artistry in
"Ever In My Heart." How would
Irene Dunne or Ann Harding stand
out, with his support, in another
"Back Street," for instance?
(*"Gallant Lady" has your two
favorites, Otto and Ann.*)

Prince Charming

GOLDIE SNYDER, of Timmins,
Canada, has a yen for Baby LeRoy:

I think he's just too cute for
words. But just wait till he can
talk. Then he'll say, "Tum up an'
tee me tum time." Let's hope we'll
see his picture on the cover of
MODERN SCREEN soon. There can
be ten Crawfords, twenty Garbos,
and forty Mae Wests, but give me
Baby LeRoy.

A Sensible Attitude

ELIZABETH HART, of Balti-
more, Md., says a thing or two:

It was with real satisfaction that
I read Lee Tracy's statement con-
cerning that Mexican affair in
MODERN SCREEN. Lee Tracy is an
excellent actor and a grand guy, so
if he says there was no balcony,
then there was no balcony.

Moreover, suppose the most fan-
tastic version of the story were
true, what of it? Surely Lee has
afforded us all enough amusement
on the screen to be allowed to have
a little fun in his own fashion.
People with exceptional talent
should not be bound by all the rigid
rules that govern the rest of us
commonplace mortals. It will be

the greatest piece of nonsense imaginable if this little escapade is allowed to affect, adversely, his future career.

JOAN ZAPPA, of Merrie England, joins in with:

This is my first letter to any screen magazine and I wish to congratulate you on being the only magazine that gave Lee Tracy a chance to speak out for himself.

Mr. Tracy is an excellent actor and has given much to the screen, and I hope all Lee Tracy's fans will be quick to show their appreciation by supporting him.

Shake Hands, Eric

JESSIE ORR, of Astoria, L. I., has a wish:

I'd like to meet Eric Linden because I admire him on the screen. His personality is so different from that of any person I have ever known. When he plays a part on the screen, he isn't acting it—it just comes natural, as if he really meant it. And I'd like to see for myself if he is really like that. That's why I'd like to meet him. (*The last time we heard from him, Eric was in Capri, France. He wanted to get away from Hollywood for a while. Seems he was sad over the Dee-McCrea marriage.*)

Warning! Danger Ahead

One of our constant readers, CAROL LEE, from far-off New Zealand, is disappointed in an old favorite:

Maurice Chevalier used to be my favorite actor, but he has become so disgustingly sex-conscious that he is now just a pain in the neck. Why, oh why, don't the producers give him more pictures like "Innocents of Paris"? The tripe they are dishing out now is far beneath him, and as he is on the downward path it would pay them well if they shook themselves up a bit and put on their blinkers. (*So it's spread to New Zealand, too, has it?*)

Picture Boners

P. S. C., no address given, scrutinizes the films with an eagle eye:

In "Penthouse" you will recall the scene in which Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy are seen eating breakfast on the terrace of his penthouse apartment. It shows Miss Loy toying with her grapefruit which is minus a cherry, when Mr. Baxter's former fiancée calls. The scene then reverts to the living room in which an argument ensues

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

You can pay \$1 or more for your beauty aids, if you wish. But you can't buy finer quality than Faoen offers you for 10¢. We know that statement is hard to believe. So we asked a famous research laboratory to analyze Faoen Beauty Aids. And here's their report:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Is it any wonder that the smartest women are now using Faoen? Join them—today!



No. 44 A New FAOEN Perfume Triumph!

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece—and its price of only 10¢.

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



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(FAY-ON)

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



FUNNY in an advertisement . . . TRAGIC in life!

You've read it and smiled—"A beautiful face he adored, neglected hands he abhorred!" But it *does* happen and it needn't!

F-O Nail Polish changes ungroomed fingertips into gleaming, rose-tipped ones he'll love to touch. It makes fingers sing—"Look at us, lovely as a debutante's, though we're busy as bees all day long." Spreads evenly, lasts unbelievably long, comes in five shades for all modes and moods. Also F-O Nail Polish Remover and F-O Cuticle Remover. Fort Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

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Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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Pain stops almost instantly! Then blessed relief. Fairyfoot gradually reduces painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897. Write for FREE trial treatment. Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 2714

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3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors:

(1) Romanza

(2) Lily of the Valley

(3) Esprit de France

A single drop lasts a week!

30¢

To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 172 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

between the former lovers. When Miss Loy returns to the terrace and her grapefruit, lo and behold, a great big red cherry is perched on it. (*The flaws which you found in "Prizefighter and the Lady" and "Going Hollywood" were interesting to note, too.*)

Nils Asther—Romantic Hero

F. X. LAUDETTE, of New Brunswick, Canada, says:

I really think your magazine is the best of the movie books and the stories are most interesting, especially the biographical ones. But I've never read a story on Nils Asther, one of the screen's most talented actors. I think he's far more romantic than Gable, or Barrymore, or even Gilbert. Please give us a good story on him. (*Read "Nils Asther—Enemy of Hooley," which appeared in our March number. It's a swell yarn.*)

Three Cheers for the Old Stand-Bys

E. M. SWANSON, of Claremont, S. D., is hopping mad:

Hurray for Franklin Davis, of Charlottesville, Va.! I've been steaming up over that very same thing for some time. And when Faith Baldwin came out with her article, "New Men—Where Are They?" I just about flew off the handle. Now, why lament about the non-appearance of new men when we have such swell old actors—not in age, perhaps, but in experience, I mean.

If We Get Enough Requests, Maybe We'll Weaken

TWO CLARK GABLE FANS rave about him:

If anyone deserves orchids, Clark Gable does. He's swell. We just saw "Dancing Lady" and he was at his best in that picture. And can't Joan Crawford dance?

Why don't you have actors on your covers and make Clark number one?

Gorgeous Kay

S. MC. appreciates Kay Francis' artistry:

What about "The House on 56th Street"? That's the best picture I've seen in a long time. Perhaps it's because Kay Francis has an opportunity to show a little of what she can do. She is lovely from start to finish. Have you ever noticed how much she gets out of a part?

DELIGHTED FAN, of Albany, N. Y., agrees with S. MC.:

Kay Francis deserves a great big round of applause for her beautiful performance in "The House on 56th Street." She was gorgeous. All in all, the picture was perfect.

Word Pictures

EVELYN McLEAN, of Cheney, Wash., sends us a few impressions of the stars:

Jean Harlow: white fire, icy diamonds; warm ivory; a first snowfall.

Clara Bow: "Please like me!" Smouldering embers; poignant sorrow, rubies; a vivid sunrise.

Fay Wray: Mischief; amber glass; pale rose satin; dreams.

Marion Davies: Sparkle; Christmas trees; New Year's parties; pig-tails and freckles; high school.

Lilian Harvey: wire-haired terriers; bubbly springs; twinkly stars; first party gown.

The Sweet and Innocent Types Appeal to Her

EVELYN WANDELT, of Jackson Heights, N. Y., is tired of the sophisticates of the screen:

Ruby Keeler is real. Not the exaggerated type of girl like a few of those stars. Her voice lingers in one's ears long after it is heard. Her smile has that appealing shyness and wistfulness that none of the sophisticated stars have. She has natural beauty, natural acting ability. That's why we all like her. Let me continue—she's demure, ravishing, altogether entrancing.

MODERN SCREEN ON THE AIR

Want to know who is dating who in Hollywood this week?

Which of our great stars is marrying, babying, divorcing?

It's on the air each week in the MODERN SCREEN REVUE.

WMCA
New York
WPRO
Providence

They Visit New York

(Continued from page 35)

dollars (which he can't afford) for a pure-bred Irish wolfhound.

* * *

Probably the ten most beautiful women in New York, the week she was here, was Dolores Del Rio. There's a gal that's actually breathtaking. You look at her and wonder if it's real, and then she looks at Cedric Gibbons, and you know it is!

"Gibby" is the young woman's husband and the art director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Therefore, an authority on beauty and the legal custodian of a Del Rio. The gentleman is also what is known as very "social." Remember, he is Veronica Balfe's uncle. Mrs. Gary Cooper, you know. They may all be found somewhere between the covers of the Blue Book.

Thus the Gibbonses did a lot of gadding about in the Park Avenue sector while in town and very little on Broadway. During the day, Dolores made the rounds of the smarter shops and bought herself another wardrobe. And here's an item that might interest you. Most of her clothes selections were made from last fall's stock, and comprised conservative models moderately priced. None of this "ahead of the minute" business for Del Rio. She has no aspirations to the "best dressed" title, which has most of the Hollywood gals slightly dazed. They'd almost rather be dead than out of style, you know.

* * *

Another smart little girl who goes merrily on her own way, dripping in mink and fame, is Sylvia Sidney. All Sylvia desires is good roles in pictures and to keep her name out of the gossip columns. She was in New York several days before the sleuths were even aware of her presence. Not that the Sidney is doing a Garbo, but she just isn't interested—and she isn't proclaiming her lack of desire for publicity, either. Which, you must admit, comes under the head of "news."

Having made "Good Dame," Miss Sidney trekked east for a vacation and, being a native New Yorker, this is the noisy place wherein she can enjoy a rest.

* * *

WHEN you see "Gallant Lady," you'll see Janet Beecher. Miss Beecher is as well-known in the theatre as Amos 'n' Andy are to radio fans. But she has just made her picture debut and made the individual hit of the talkie under discussion.

"Let's Put Our Heads Together On This, Dear!"



Posed by Florence Lake and Edgar Kennedy, RKO Radio players

She: "You've been entirely too cranky lately, and something's got to be done about it."

He: "Sorry, dear, but I can't sleep at night. I'm always tired, and I see spots before my eyes."

She: "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. You've been working too hard at the office. What you need is my favorite tonic!"

He: "What's that?"

She: "Why, the laugh tonic, of course—"

FILM FUN

The Humor Magazine of Hollywood

Pick up a copy next time you pass a newsstand. It's great for that tired feeling!"



ENRICH YOUR PERSONALITY
WITH THIS EXOTIC PERFUME



USE

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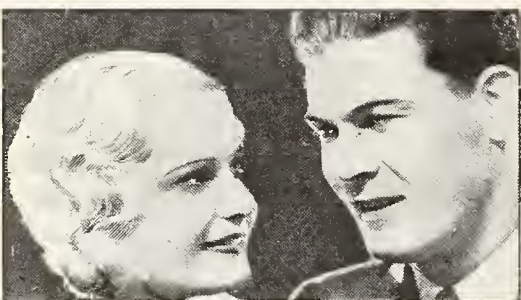
KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a \$2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations.

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"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes—\$1.00 and 25¢. Get Blondex today and see how beautiful *your* hair can be.

NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.



And now she is back in New York temporarily, ensconced in her own apartment, living the life of a very sane person instead of the hectic existence of a celebrity. When she gets her thoughts organized and her ideas arranged from her last Cinema City visit, she will start packing for her next. For, Miss Beecher is to play opposite George Arliss in a forthcoming, as-yet-untitled production.

She wants to know all about acting in the movies and, so eager is she to learn the tricks, we imagine she'd stop the policeman on the corner if she thought he could give her any pointers. If the lady ever knew, she plays cards and spades around most of the film famous at the present writing.

She has a very severe critic who believes in giving her the bad news, if any, right off the bat. He is her twelve-year-old son and may possibly take advantage of the relationship to get off a lot of humdingers!

* * *

We always get a thrill seeing a Sweet Young Thing, armed with talent and beauty, off to Hollywood to embark on a movie career. And this month it was Pauline True's turn.

Pauline owns a lovely face and figure and a dramatic coach, Edith Becton Uhrbrock, who has great faith in her. With all this on the credit side of the books, she worked like a little Trojan, so that when it came time to take a film test, she was all set for the ordeal—as ordeal it is!

This girl you have often seen on the magazine covers came through with flying colors, for her intelligence came in handy, too. And so, we sort of like to fancy ourself a prophet and predict that Pauline True is destined to become a winner. When she does, we are going to get ourself a crystal ball and awning tent and open up a Madame Zaza booth in Coney Island!

* * *

CARL BRISSON arrived from across the sea with a Paramount contract and a reputation for being a veritable dazzler wherever ladies gather. In fact, rumor hath it that in the not-so-good old days, when Garbo sold millinery and Carl tripped the musical comedy boards, the Swedish damsel was *that* much in love with him! Indeed, nothing parted them but the breadth of the footlights, which, at that, can make the Grand Canyon look like a mere crack when it comes to separating hither from yon or a girl from her heart's desire. In those days, Greta sent her idol violets, but since the card was marked Miss Gustafsen, the star merely relegated the nosegay to "among those odds and ends from women."

Several years later, however, Mr. Brisson sent the Garbo boxes of roses, but that, of course, was when Greta was interested in somebody else. Oh, this Life! Doesn't it get you down!

Brisson landed with a wife and several trunks and, some say, a son, a grown-up feller who might make daddy seem a bit passé if folks were good at mathematics. So wife and son graciously stayed in the background while the hero did his stuff.

Carl declares Hollywood isn't going to spoil him. He knows all the answers and the famous and near-famous won't be able to trip him up. Paramount has announced "Murder at the Vanities" as his first picture, and when you see him, you'll become enamored, because the gentleman has plenty of "what it takes" to make headway cinematically.

* * *

WHEN Sophie Tucker throws a party, it's a party! One of those memorable events that you contemplate even after the corsage has faded and the headache has disappeared.

Recently, Sophie celebrated her birthday at the Hollywood—a swanky night club, doubtless so named because it is situated on Broadway, New York! That's the way they do things around this town.

Well, just about everybody and his wife—or someone else's—attended the big soiree. There was Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Fay, Nita Naldi and a host of others, there to give the great big girl a much bigger hand.

The Tucker is due on the camera coast any minute to make two pictures. First, "Husband Hunter," an independent for Monogram and then to put over a few snappy song numbers in "Murder at the Vanities."

* * *

Some people aren't permitted a day off even when on vacation; especially when on vacation, we might say. There were, for instance, Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins and May Robson, all set to make a little mild whoopee in our town when the producers got wind of it.

Before you could say Jack Robinson—or is it Edward G.?—the Paramount theatre had Miriam in a sketch from "Affairs of Anatole." Such a sensation did the little sex appeal lady prove, that Chicago, Detroit and Boston wired offers and, not averse to making a little money, she accepted 'em. But her holiday was shot to—the road.

The Capitol Theatre put in a bid for Miss Robson and Mr. Barrymore

to be featured in separate skits and they, too, brought out the "Standing Room Only" signs.

* * *

The Ricardo Cortezes are among us, on a sort of honeymoon trip. They are only to be here a week, so are missing none of the night spots, theatres and shops. It all comes under the head of a grand whirl and Ric, a born and bred New Yorker, declares he feels like a hick, it's been so long since he visited the big town.

No sooner were they established at the Ritz than telegrams from the coast began to appear. Each of 'em wanted to know when Cortez would be back. The gentleman is needed in the talkies, it seems. He is doing splendidly, always giving a fine account of himself. The only little item Ric had to overcome was a "Valentino" hangover from the old silent days. He never wanted to be anybody's successor, but, by gosh, the studio wished it on him. And he says he isn't Spanish either and never in his life has gone for a senorita nor an onion. More publicity—ill-advised. Cortez is just a regular guy and a pretty swell actor.

Crawford Contest Winners

(Continued from page 8)

The five sixth prizes of \$10.00 each, to:

Mr. E. J. Bresendine
625 East Quincy
San Antonio, Texas

Mr. Gene Hodge
292 Oakland
Pontiac, Mich.

Dr. Ralston Reed,
65 Washington Street
Morristown, N. J.

Mr. Claude E. Thawley
5135 Parrish Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Jimmie Wentz
919 Ninth Avenue
Hickory, N. C.

The ten seventh prizes of \$5.00 each, to:

Miss Florence L. Kraus
250 South Georgia Avenue
Mobile, Ala.

Miss Vivian Martin
1004 Churchman Avenue
Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Justine Huntley Ulp
56 South Washington Street
Rochester, N. Y.

You can't "Kill" colds .. but you may CONTROL them

DON'T run risks with so-called "cold-killing" remedies. It's so easy to upset the system with unwise internal dosing—which often lowers vitality just when it is most needed to resist disease.

Play safe with your family's health! Follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, supervised by physicians, it has greatly reduced the *number, duration* and *dangers* of colds. (Details of the Plan come in each Vicks package.)



To AVOID Many Colds



• VICKS NOSE DROPS •

At that first nasal irritation or stuffiness, apply the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. The Drops are especially designed to stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to throw off threatening infection.

To END A Cold Sooner



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There! We've more than done our Boy Scout stint for today. Twenty-nine people must be feeling rather happy. And—you disappointed ones—remember that everyone can't win. And cheer up!—because you never can tell how soon we might run another contest. And that would mean another chance for you!

Good News

(Continued from page 78)

THOSE who played the well-known instinct, put down a few shekels on "Beverly Hills," Clark Gable's new racing pony. It was good, too, for B. H. came in leading the pack with plenty of light between. Most of the gang thought that this first race was merely the omen for more to come, so they went heavy on the nag's second run. Net result: the old 00! Clark says, "How could she win? They put 117 pounds on her back and she couldn't get away fast enough!"

GRACIE ALLEN just loves water with her dinner, so much so, in fact, that her penchant resulted in this story which is related by her w.k. husband, George. "Gracie was so scared that somebody was going to drink her glass of water at that party the other night that she put tabasco sauce in it, just to be sure!"

to insure privacy—and magazine photographers ran her ragged because the manager thought "the lady was Garbo." . . . Lilian Harvey will kill us yet. Not only has she threatened to leave the screen if her suit against Fox is not successful, but she makes the definite statement, "I will have a baby within one year"—which reminds us that she still denies that she is married!

WILL ROGERS dropped over to George White's "Scandals" set and asked, "Well, how's everything in New York?" George replied, "I hear all the shows are colossal and everybody's making lots of money." To which Will wagged, "I knew just as soon as you and Earl Carroll got off Broadway everything would pick up!"

THE GAS GAVE OUT!

Following a long day-and-evening on location at Sunland, and late at night it was, Clark Gable offered to take Claudette Colbert back to Hollywood in his car. One of the boys on the picture started a few minutes later, and soon came across the Gable car—parked alongside the road, far from town. He backed up and asked if he could be of any assistance, to which Gable replied, "No, it's nothing, just out of gas. Don't you bother about us one bit." So the Good Samaritan drove on, wondering why Clark hadn't asked him to get him some gas—or had they already sent for a supply?

HOLLYWOOD has got quite a bang out of the recent story in a recent weekly concerning "The Men in Her Life," in which the author tells all about the gents who have made up the masculine element in

KEEPING TABS ON 'EM

LeRoy Printz, out at Paramount, has his nose out of joint because Earl Carroll brought twelve show girls to Hollywood for "Murder at the Vanities." Printz claims that Hollywood chorus girls are exactly 100% better than anything New York can offer. . . . John Boles hit himself in the mouth with a tennis racket, causing two stitches, but he still reports for work. . . . Al Jolson spent two weeks at Palm Springs and regained the fourteen pounds lost while making "Wonderbar." . . . 'Tis reported that Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Jack (Hannah Williams) are expecting and strangely enough, they hope it's twins. . . . Jack Oakie calls it recuperating, but he hasn't been to a night spot since his return from Honolulu. . . . Dorothea Wieck registered at the Arrowhead Lodge under a false name

Ruth Chatterton's life. One of the wags snickered, "And Mac West says not one word about her past. She's too busy contemplating the future!"

SOME of the producers, we hear Stell, are very sorry that they brought the whole thing up—we mean this idea of the Government going into the matter of actors' salaries. It's all right for the inspectors to find that an actor is being over-paid at \$200,000.00 a year, but what if they finish the job and start wondering about the executives who draw half a million?

AFTER two full years of trying, Howard Hughes' picture "Scarface" has at last been "allowed" in Chicago. The reason they gave, all this time, for keeping the gangster picture behind the "eight ball" was the fact that it gave them a black eye by showing the power of Al Capone. They took it in person for quite a number of years, but they couldn't take it in pictures!

HOLLYWOOD has certainly taken on that post-war look of late. Guy Lombardo is packing 'em in at the Grove (they even turned away Dietrich one night) and Gene Austin, with his miniature piano, are crowding the doors of the Clover Club. And Sally Rand's in town . . . and Peter Arno (of the "Fighting Arnos") . . . and an errand boy at one of the studios was fired for making eyes at one of the stenos by an executive who has *such* eyes . . . and Katherine Cornell opened in "Romeo and Juliet" on the local stage . . . and the Mills Brothers are at the Cotton Club!

A N "ingenue" recently signed by Paramount was called into the publicity offices the other day and the gang started to advise her what to say to the press when she gave out interviews. "Listen," said the gal, "after a season in the 'Follies' with Harry Richman, I can take care of myself!"

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Bing Crosby has two reasons for not singing all the songs that are mailed to him: (1) he might be guilty of pirating a tune and (2) he can't read music, anyway! . . . Irene Dunne has a private driving range of 250 yards in her own back yard and will soon put in a putting practice green. . . . The audience got a huge laugh out of Charlie Chaplin the night he turned up at "I Am Suzanne" with a couple of youthful beauties and left after he had seen the sequence where the puppets imitate him. . . . One

Gorgeous Lemon Pie without cooking!



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MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract

½ cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons finely powdered confectioners' sugar
Unbaked Crumb Crust

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST—Roll enough vanilla wafers to make ¾ cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again!

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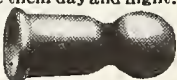
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hundred and twenty-five of his Hollywood pals (male and female) offered their blood for transfusions to help save Director Eddie Sutherland's life when he was lying in an oxygen tank with pneumonia. A pretty swell showing. That Hollywood crowd can't be so bad after all. . . . Conrad Nagel made quite a hit in a stage show in New York named "The First Apple," even though the play itself was a floppo.

THE day after Ric Cortez married Christine Lee, they left for Santa Barbara on a honeymoon. They stopped at a famous hotel and found, after unpacking one of their seven bags, that they were the only customers. They left the remaining six bags packed, played one game of ping-pong and came back to Hollywood the same day. And they've always told me that honeymooners wanted to be alone!

C. B. DE MILLE claims to have proof that Hollywood is on the upgrade, intellectually speaking. Although he has mentioned to many producers and supervisors on the lot that he is "cribbing" from Plutarch for some of the lines for his next opus, "Cleopatra," not one of them has suggested, "Why don't you sign up this guy Plutarch and have him come to Hollywood and write the screen story?"

DID you ever have that insane desire to tell your pals about your operation? Clark Gable has—several times since his recovery from the appendectomy, and what a break he got recently. They made him "technical advisor" for the operating scenes for "Men in White," so that he gets to tell the whole company.

FIREMAN, save my child! That was what Josef Von Sternberg yipped the other dawning while he was working on the cutting of "Scarlet Empress." Marlene was working with him when the fire broke out, threatening to burn the master negative of their picture. Von rushed into the hall, grabbed the fire extinguisher and put the blaze out alone. Only 1,000 feet of the film were lost. And if you don't think he yelled "Fireman, save my child," you're daffy. A picture really is just like a baby to Von and it was the "baby" he was spraying with put-out fluid.

KATIE'S THEATRICAL TUMBLE

It seems to be unanimous, now, that Katie Hepburn might better have stayed away from the stage. She has no one to blame but herself, however. Most of her friends advised her against a fling at the boards for two reasons: (1) Kate had never been much of a howling success on the



Fancy Ronnie Colman taking Elizabeth Allen to the Tennis Matches! What is this power this young English gal has over Hollywood's most famous hermit? Of course, they were properly chaperoned by Mrs. Howard Hawks.

stage in the past. (2) It was thought that her possibility of duplicating her great picture success on the stage was just about nil. After many of the New York critics had panned her, Hepburn finally came out with the statement that she knew she had been bad, that she had asked for her release, and that this would be her last offering for quite some time. We hope so. A couple more like "The Lake" and we might not even have a Hepburn on the screen!

WALLIE BEERY is turning the tables on all the former Hollywood gang of parents by announcing, "I am raising my daughter to be an actress, keeping her around the studio as much as possible so that she will grow up in the atmosphere of the screen." Everyone on the set of "Viva Villa" got an awful bang out of little Carol Ann when she said, "Ah'm goin' to be a movie star some day."

THIS gal Margaret Sullavan is going to be the death of Universal Studios yet! Here she is in town for the purpose of starting work and the gang at the studio don't even know where she is living or what her telephone number is. When she was here before, they couldn't keep track of her because she was always sneaking off to some deserted set and falling asleep.

FUNNY, in spite of the villainous actions of Jack LaRue on the screen, he turned up "sissy" the other afternoon while making a simple little scene for Paramount. Jack was supposed to chew and puff madly at a huge black cigar all during the scene, and the secret is that Jack has never been able to smoke cigars. After about ten minutes of strong smoke and the heat of the klieg lights, Jack fainted dead away. Now, maybe you won't shudder so much when you see him do his usual LaRue-ing.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is coming back. That little story will gladden the hearts of thousands of her fans who have never forgotten her on the silent screen. Remember when she was at the height of her career? Someone coined the expression: "In my next reincarnation, I want to be Corinne Griffith's bath salts!" Her first picture is "Crime Doctor" opposite Otto Kruger.

SHORT STUFF

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has just been sent to the desert to gain fifteen pounds. This after C. B. DeMille had made her lose fifteen for

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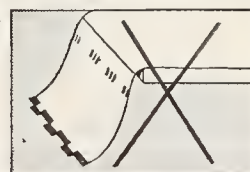
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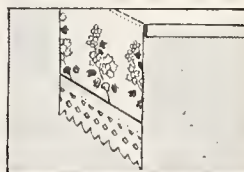
bossed construction resists dirt, grease spots—and the colors won't fade.

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Who Is the Most Efficient Girl in Hollywood?

You'd never guess who Hollywood's keenest, canniest gal is—because she looks so pretty and fragile and helpless. And we're not going to tell you—here. You'll find out if you buy the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.

the picture just before! . . . Jobyna Arlen had to be married to Dick for seven years and have a baby before she finally got an engagement ring. . . . Bing calls "Three Little Pigs" the Best Tune of 1933 . . . Zasu Pitts is going to get a lawyer to stop those gals who imitate her on the air.

THE way we hear the story, a very funny thing happened at the Mervyn Leroy-Doris Warner wedding in New York. It seems that someone thought it would be a bright idea to play all the hit tunes from the recent Warner musicals, most of which, Mervyn has directed. Eventually, the band got around to that swell little number, "We're in the Money Now!" Right in the middle of the tune, one of the more playful guests rushed up to the orchestra leader and whispered, "Shhh! Don't you know that Mr. LeRoy is touchy?"

WHEN Summer Comes," should be the title of the first year of marriage for George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. If our memory is correct, George and Maggie were married in the early summer of last year and now they are expecting the "first swallow" to be the stork. Our friend, Mrs. O'Brien, is no doubt praying for a girl, knowing that if it's a boy, George will probably want to train it to be a swell Police Chief like George's father!

YOU should have seen the look on Georgie Stone's face the day he

discovered that all seventeen bottles of "Imported Perfume" he picked up in Mexico while on the "Viva Villa" location were fake.

ALICE FAYE, platinum-blond "employee" of Rudy Vallee, is going to have her fun in the next few weeks trying to decide which of two careers she wants. As you know, Alice stepped into the breach as leading woman for Rudy in "Scandals" when Lilian Harvey took a run-out. Rudy had her under personal contract to him, but he was perfectly willing to drop the whole matter to allow Miss Faye to sign a very lucrative moon picture contract. ("Employee," did you say?) Now, Rudy has skipped to New York and George White, producer of the "Scandals," wants her to come back and do a top spot in his stage version of the "Scandals"—and the Fox studio want her to do a little epic entitled, "Red Heads." Fox has her tied body and soul, but, methinks, Rudy has her heart! Which will win?

WHO knows, maybe Lee Tracy's personal letter to his fans in a recent issue of MODERN SCREEN may have been the turning point! At any rate, the fans all over the country (and a lot of them from Mexico) have written letters demanding his return to the screen. As we go to press, it is rumored in Hollywood that Lee may sign a contract with Universal. We hope he gets a real break. If he made a mistake, he's certainly sorry.



You can imagine what a time our Scotty had getting this picture, for Bob was up to his usual pranks and it didn't take the rest of the party long to get into the spirit of the occasion. Anyway, they all calmed down long enough to have a picture "took." So we have the happily married Thalbergs, Montgomerys and Gables at the swanky Little Club.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

so? Well, now I want you to know that it need not be used. If you will keep by your washstand or bathtub one of those stiff little bristly brushes, you are quite safe for clean and glistening finger-tips. After you have washed your hands thoroughly, dig the end of your fingernails into the soap, then with the same little bristly brush shove around under the fingernail tips. You will see a cleanliness appearing which will surprise you no matter how many potatoes you have been peeling or how many typewriter ribbons you have been changing or fumbling with. Do the stunt as regularly as you wash your hands and you will need no whitener in your own immediate family.

TOBACCO stains—God forbid that they should show on any lady's fingers. They need not. Constant washing keeps them away, I tell you, and I know. Wash the affected spots with a thick, heavy washcloth on which soap has been generously rubbed. Someone says that if you will moisten the head of a match and rub it on tobacco stains, they will instantly disappear. Try it.

Men purport to hate these shiny fingernails that we are flashing. I wonder whether they really do have all the resistance they assume? Anyway, ladies should worry, bright fingernails are the style at this particular moment, and anyone without them looks just a bit funny.

I know a woman, who, when she is invited to a bridge party, always inquires whether the guests are young or old, because she says, "If they are young and have sharp eyes, I will have to have a professional manicurist do my nails, but if they are old and short-sighted, I can slop around with the paint brush myself."

Experts on this fingernail subject say that it is better form to do the nails with a natural polish or a faint pink in the daytime, but at night the tone should be deepened in accordance with the tone and color of the frock you are wearing.

FOR instance, when you are dressed all in black, then it is a deep shade of red for the fingernails. When you are wearing pastel shades, then do the nails in bright pink—a pink with yellow in it if your skin is tawny, and one with the redder tones if you have a white skin.

There are all sorts of variations for this general scheme. They run from the sublime to the ridiculous. In Paris, just by way of going the limit, they are setting jewels into the fingernails. Now, you know that is an idea only for someone who must be, at all costs, an outstanding figure. It is amusing to read about and certainly must be startling to see, but one wouldn't really want to pull the act in the old home town.

Stubby fingers, which yearn to look

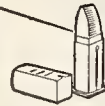
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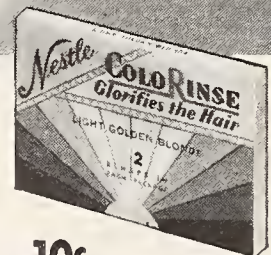
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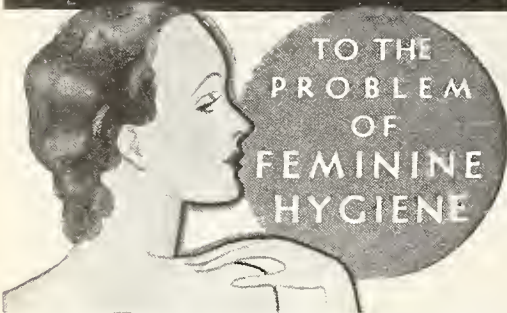
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will be sent to you free of charge, if
you will write to her and ask for it.
And—don't forget!—questions about
your own beauty problems are always
welcome and will receive a full and
prompt answer. Address Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madi-
son Avenue, New York, N. Y.



A rare beauty indeed is Edmund Lowe's leading lady in "Let's Fall In
Love." Meet Miss Ann Sothern. On the stage in New York she was
known as Harriette Lake but Columbia soon changed that.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 17)

her, rather than the other way around.
It was understood by their friends that
they would get married—some time. At
parties, it was Don who had a grand
evening, laughing and dancing with all
the girls (not that he meant anything
by it) and was Dot who awaited his
pleasure, simply because she couldn't
find even the most casual enjoyment in
any other companionship except his.

Well, there came the day when Dot
dashed over to my apartment and cried
all over my best blue cushion—because
Don hadn't called her up for a week
and when she had finally summoned
courage to call him, he was "busy." I
took her to the movies to cheer her up.
And the picture was "She Done Him

Wrong." Mae West's inimitable wise-
cracks did at last jar a giggle loose
from Dot—but that wasn't the impor-
tant thing. Do you remember Mae
West's line in that picture: "I've been
smart enough to make men play the
game my way"? Well, that line struck
home! Not, of course, that Dot in-
tended to go forth and stagger the
world with an imitation of Mae West.
But—for her particular, personal prob-
lem—the idea of making her man play
the game her way, at least to a fifty-
fifty degree, was the solution of her
problem.

What did she do? Why, she jolly
well let Don be as "busy" as long as he
liked. And when he did at last, in his

own sweet time, get around to calling her up, she was "busy" too. And let me tell you how smart she was. She wasn't a bit disagreeable when he called. On the contrary. She was pleasant. Natural. Matter-of-fact. Yes, she had missed hearing from him. He had been very rushed at the office? Oh, that was too bad. She was glad the rush was over. Well—n-o-o-o—she couldn't see him tonight. Awfully sorry. Perhaps if he had called a bit earlier . . . But she was very anxious to see him, of course. Would he call her on—er—Thursday? That would be swell. Good-bye.

And believe me, he called.

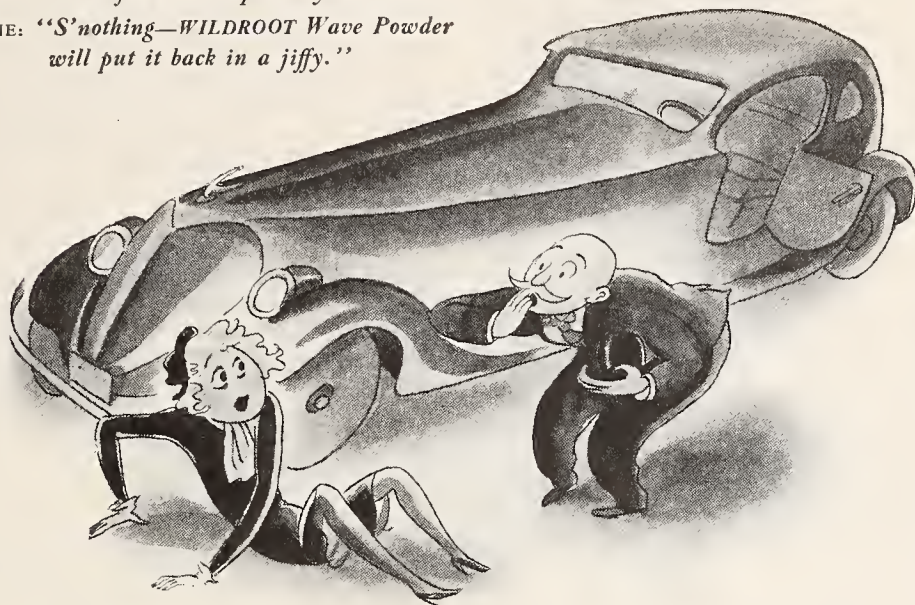
NOW, if any of you will sit up and tell me that, when you have known a man five years—or any appreciable length of time, for that matter—it is too late in the day to put on any sort of an act for his benefit, I'll come right back with the answer, "You're all wrong!" Of course, you must be clever about putting on "the act." And you must keep it up if it doesn't work the first time. Granted that an intelligent young fellow may be a bit suspicious of feminine dramatics at first, if you will have the will-power to stick to it for a week or so, he'll tumble.

It has often been said that we only make fools of ourselves over something—or someone—we really care frightfully about. It's easy enough, in other words, to be sensible about money or our jobs or our looks or our clothes, but when it comes to sweethearts, husbands, children and parents, we're apt to go haywire. How hard it is, sometimes, to do the right thing, when we are terribly in love, and have been terribly hurt or humiliated, and a dreadful, choking anger keeps surging up into our throats, and bitter, spiteful words scurry into our minds! But do you remember, in "Private Lives," how Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery had a little danger signal to keep them from launching into a battle? "Solochs!" Norma would say, and Bob would have to shut up. And vice versa. A good idea, too—even though, in the picture, Norma and Bob *didn't* stick to it. I know that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, one of the sweetest young married couples in Hollywood, keep out of quarrels in a very sensible way. They have solemnly promised each other that, if one of them is feeling irritable, the other *just won't quarrel*. Really, you know, you can't have a quarrel all by yourself—that's one of the oldest truths in the world, isn't it? If Ben seems trying to work up an argument, Bebe keeps absolutely mum. And mad as Ben may get all on his lonesome, he soon runs out of steam if no one will coöperate in the fight.

I know that it is all very easy for me to sit here and pen generalities about the manifold problems of love, but if I were asked to give a recipe for a beautiful, happy love affair, and a successful marriage, this is, in part, what I would suggest.

Take two people, preferably young. They should be near enough of equal age—in outlook and background and

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SHE: "S'nothing—WILDROOT Wave Powder will put it back in a jiffy."



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... and found love

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

"Here is the SECRET"

says

Mary Brun



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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

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If you have a friend who wishes a reading, send 50c for TWO Readings.

experience, if not in actual years. They should have enough in common to make them good companions. However, it is not necessary to be fearful if she adores music and he cannot carry a tune in a basket with a lid on it. Or if he adores golf and she just naturally hates all athletics. "Something in common" is a very elastic term and will stretch a long way, with love to help it out. *Neither he nor she should pay too much attention to outside interference.* I mean that well-meaning friends and family are sometimes more of a hindrance than a help. One should listen, of course, to any loving and honest advice that is offered. Don't assume a belligerent attitude, if an older person has an opinion to express. But check all opinions and criticisms against this standard:

"Is he (or she) honest, loyal, hard-working enough to progress in life, and really devoted to me?" If you can answer "Yes!" one huge portion of the problem is solved.

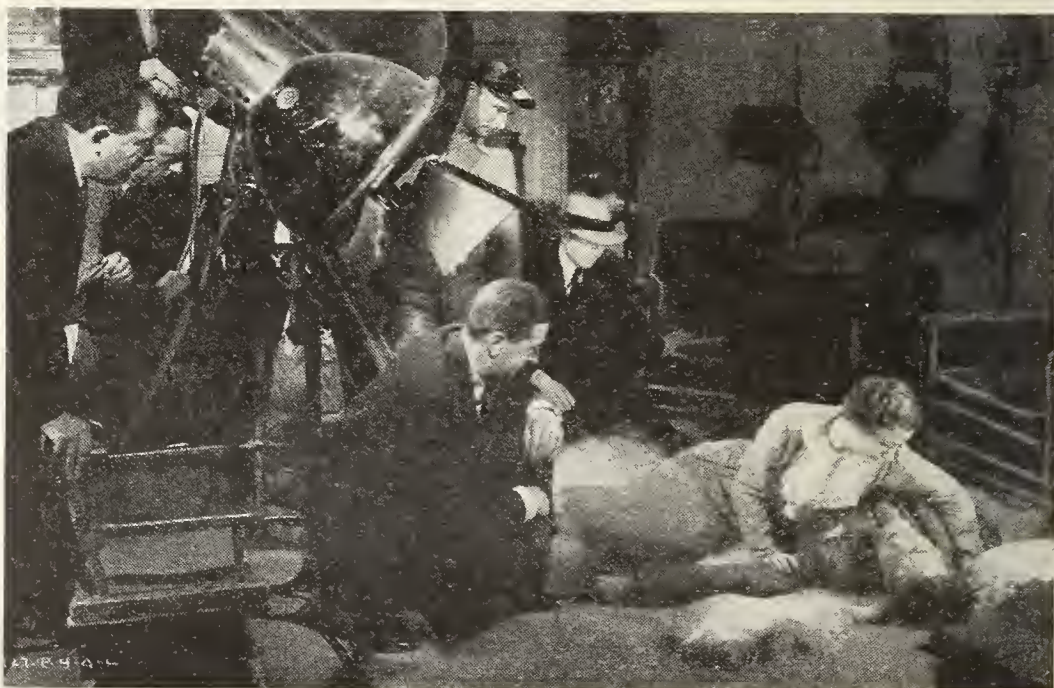
I KNOW a young couple and the husband is, without a doubt, one of the most nervous, irritable, hard-to-get-along-with individuals I have ever met. He's untidy—throws his clothes all over the house at night and yelps to high heaven when he can't find things in the morning. He corrects his wife's pronunciation in front of guests, finds fault with her bridge-playing, slams doors, drops ash on the carpet, and does all the other hundred and one irritating masculine things which drive women crazy. But he has those major virtues. He's honest, loyal and so hard-working that all through the Late Unpleasantness of the depression, he more than "kept going." He really and truly never looks at another woman—and he lives in a flirtatious, suburban community where extra-marital dallying is the order of the day. And so, his wife does not mind those minor faults of his. "That's just Joe's way," she'll tell you. "At least I'm never bored."

But—to get along with my recipe. I would add to those first ingredients a generous dash of respect for one another's privacy. Please, you young girls, don't be checking up on him all the time! Don't make him account for every minute he has been away from you. Don't spy on him or trick him into inconsistent statements about his doings and his affairs.

Make up your mind—one of you—that one party has to be the giver-upper. Usually, it's the girl. And, if you'll think it over, it really is best that way. We ladies like the man to be the strong, dominating one. But don't—either one—let the giving-up get lop-sided. Give in on the smaller matters, which really don't count a heck of a lot, but when something important comes up and you feel that you are right, hold out for your point.

And—girls!—this is a final bit of advice, just for you. Don't get out of the habit of demanding small attentions from him. Make him help you on with your coat, open doors for you, do a little (not too much) fetching and carrying for you. They like it—and don't let anything convince you that they don't. But be smart about it. Demand these little services as a regular thing. But have sense enough to know, on the day when he is feeling out of sorts, or has a terrible hangover or something, that it is *your* turn. And then surprise and delight him by waiting on him a bit. I've seen it work!

Have you some personal problem of love and romance on your mind which you would like to talk over with someone who would give you honest, helpful advice? If so, write about it—fully, to Alice Van Doran. She will regard it as absolutely confidential and will send you a personal reply. Address your letter to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



A behind-the-scenes shot from "Transient Love" wherein the ladylike Irene Dunne does a Cagney and knocks out Ralph Bellamy.

"Mickey Mouse" Contest Winners

Our supplement—MODERN SCREEN, JUNIOR—
has good news for fifty young folks

YOU'VE all probably seen MODERN SCREEN, JUNIOR, the supplement to MODERN SCREEN, published especially for the kiddies, which is given away with each copy of MODERN SCREEN. It's a dandy little book, and the kiddies love it.

We've been asked to publish the re-

sults of a recent contest. All the little boys and girls who took part in that Mickey Mouse Contest, which ran in the first number of JUNIOR, will be interested to know who won the fifty prizes—twenty-five Mickey Mouse dolls for the girls and twenty-five Mickey Mouse watches for the boys.

To the Ladies:

Betty Wahle
3538 Lentz Ave.
Louisville, Ky.

June Bombard,
206 Park St.
Burlington, Vt.

Lavina Deuerling
2716 Hazelton St.
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marilyn Marler
200 McQueen St.
Peoria, Ill.

Lucille V. Streiff
3745 So. Wilton Pl.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Betty C. Gardner,
1228 Elizabeth Ave.
Charlotte, N. C.

Pearl Finlay
31 Dwight St.
New Haven, Conn.

Nell Lynn
2011 University Dr.
Orlando, Fla.

Margy Craft
407 East 31st St.
Tacoma, Washington

Kathleen Thurman
9 St. Regis Apts.
Charleston, W. Va.

Mary Campana
7 Emory Ave.
Trenton, N. J.

Jeane Douglas
1051 Franklin Ave.
Springfield, Ill.

Ruth Giessler
20 Gloria Ct.
San Francisco, Calif.

Katherine Stirwalt
1509 So. Center
Terre Haute, Indiana

Rosalie Terry
925 Main Street
Paterson, N. J.

Audrey Ellis
499 W. 2nd St.
Maysville, Ky.

Mary Jane Glickert
542 Hampton Rr.
Upper Darby, Pa.

Dorothy Puckett
407 Jefferson St.
Wausaw, Wisconsin

Barbara Ann Bassett
669 Bridge Rd.
Northampton, Mass.

Dorothy Frye
3 N. Evergreen Ave.
Longport, N. J.

Dorothy F. Adcock
225 Oregon St.
W. Durham, No. Carolina

Ann Sleeman
7 No. Main St.
Bangor, Pa.

Beverly June Thumm
R. 6 State St.
Ottawa, Ill.

Pearl Mitchell
11722 Union
Cleveland, Ohio.

Anne Mullins
408 West 6th St.
Columbia, Tenn.

To the Gentlemen:

Walter Oates
1329 Valley St.
Seattle, Washington

Eddie Baum
Forest Hills
Danville, Virginia

James Rogers, Jr.
Glenbrook, Conn.

Edward George
8832 85th St.
Woodhaven, N. Y.

Louis E. Kameron
223 Clifton Av.
Sharon Hills, Pa.



Pretty...Entertaining... But One Fault Made Her Seem Ill-Bred

HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder *wouldn't* stick.

She woke up then—and decided to try the powder one of her friends had been praising. It was Golden Peacock Face Powder.

Perfect Freshness All Evening

And how wonderfully it worked. For Golden Peacock Face Powder is different from ordinary kinds. This triple-fine powder *repels* moisture, for one thing. It covers with perfect velvet smoothness—because it refuses to unite with skin oils, and clog pores or get "caked." For another thing, Golden Peacock Powder contains a wonderful skin-toning and refining ingredient that works actively to undo the harm done by ordinary make-up preparations, which get into pores and make them coarse and oily.

Next time she went out she never had to "re-make" her face all evening—yet it glowed with a dainty, natural peach-bloom smoothness that hid every tiny imperfection and made her radiantly lovely.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder now! Ask for it at any good toilet-goods counter—only 50c—or 10c at any 10-cent store for the generous purse size. If your dealer cannot supply you just write today to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. D-202, Paris, Tenn. Specify your shade, whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette, and we will send a generous sample free.



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The Perfect Ink Permanent Yet Washable"

WRITE THOSE WORDS WITH QUILL INK on the top flap of the box and mail to us together with stamped addressed envelope. Our marvelous GRAPHOLOGIST will send you a correct analysis of your character, read from your HANDWRITING. QUILL INK, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

A Rose Like Complexion May Be Yours



If your skin is unsightly and external treatment fails to help you, all may not be well inside. What you probably need is Calcium because most complexion troubles are the result of faulty elimination and impoverished blood due to lack of Calcium in the system. Make this test at once—give your system a little Calcium and watch for improvement.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers offer you an easy way to replace the needed Calcium and correct faulty elimination. In just a few days you should feel and see a wondrous change. Countless numbers of women now depend on them entirely to hold the beauty Nature intended they should have always.

A five-day test is often sufficient to prove to you that real Complexion Beauty must come from within and the decided benefit from the use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Try them this week-end. If you wish a free sample, send the coupon below.

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Eugene McEvoy
1624 W. Highland Av.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Billy Quirk
729 Merrick Aves.
Collingswood, N. J.

He Went Up to See Her One Time

(Continued from page 47)

say I'm not regular."

"You can imagine how I felt at that. To this day, I haven't found out what was said during that telephone conversation. But when I got home I nearly fell over, for my mother said, 'I hear you're going to act with Miss West. She's—what was that she called herself—oh yes, a regular dame.' You can't imagine how funny that sounded when my mother said it."

"I don't know whether Mae promised to keep an eye on me or not, but that is exactly what she did. I was given the part and all during rehearsals Mae would draw me out about my ambitions and the play I wanted to write. She said everyone who wanted to write for the theatre should get to know it from the inside, as I was doing, and that it was up to me to decide from experience what my real goal was to be—writing or acting. She not only helped me with my part, but she'd teach me stage technique and she was always telling me to 'save myself.' 'The way you go at that hysterical scene, kid,' she'd say, 'you're heading for a breakdown—not a Broadway opening.'"

WHEN the play was tried out, out of town, and the backers didn't send through the money on time to pay us, Timony, Mae's famous man-

ager—a big bear of a fellow with a heart of gold—used to rush to New York to get it and Mae would take care of our hotel bills until we were paid.

"I'll never forget the night when three other fellows and I went to the swankiest restaurant in Washington and ordered a big steak with all the trimmings. When we were finished with our dinner we called the manager and told him that we didn't have the money to pay for the meal. Outraged, he learned who we were and of course called up Mae. She rushed over, paid the bill and invited everyone in the place to see the show. Back in the hotel, she put us on the carpet. When she learned that we had gone in and ordered the meal because we were tired of living on nickel bars of chocolate, she gave me hell for not telling her before how broke we were, and after that she saw that we ate regularly whether the money came through or not.

"She was just as good to the girls as she was to us fellows. One of the girls in the show was English. Mae found her crying one night and learned that she had a bad case of plain homesickness. What did Mae do but give her her passage money home! I think she even saw to the girl's passport, although she had her own worries about

getting another girl to fill the vacant place.

"But the thing I shall always remember her for was her great kindness to me when I broke a blood vessel in my throat. In my hysterical scene—the one Mae was always telling me to 'save myself' over!—I had to proclaim my innocence of a murder over a wind-storm. With the enthusiasm of the inexperienced, I hadn't heeded Mae's advice and I used to let go until, one night, my throat couldn't stand it. Mae sent for a doctor and a nurse but she could have dispensed with the latter, for all that night she only let the nurse fill ice-packs. Mae herself fed me cold broths and saw that I kept the packs on. My own mother couldn't have been more worried about me.

"Besides all this, she wouldn't let the understudy go on in my place or send to New York for another character-juvenile as her backers wanted her to. She said to me, 'Kid, you've worked hard, and you're going to be in the play.' She rewrote my part, took the hysteria out and turned me into a funny young poet. She even took laughs away from herself to give me. The week following my accident, she used to take me to the theatre each night in her cab.

In New York, when I regretted losing my 'big scene,' she said:

"'It would have made you a hit with the critics maybe, but your health comes first, kid.'

"Is it any wonder that actors work hard for her and people remain loyal? She's gone a long way since 'The Wicked Age' and I'm still plugging along at writing. The stage experience she gave me has proven invaluable and the knowledge of her as a human being has kept alive my illusions about people, strange as it may sound. For the woman who lets herself be known as the hard-boiled Mae West doesn't drink or smoke or even listen to smutty jokes offstage.

"I've heard that she's just the same now as she was then; that even her maid, who was an actress herself, adores her, and that she's trying to get some of her former leading men their chance in pictures. This surprises me no more than the fact that she hasn't 'gone Hollywood.' Mae never could—she's got too much good sense and understanding of people and you have to get up pretty early to fool her.

"To paraphrase her own words, there isn't a person whom she's contacted who can't say 'She's regular!'"



blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off"... and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good "horse-sense" to reflect and reason that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood...and no one can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician... if you feel weak...lack a keen appetite...if your skin is pale and off-color...try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite...your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S.S.S. Co.



builds sturdy health

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 46)

E: ALL OF ME (Paramount)

Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March,
Helen Mack, George Raft

IN WHICH THE STARS DON'T TWINKLE. Mining engineer, Fred-die March, wants rich débutante, Miriam Hopkins, to marry him and find happiness in the mud and sweat of Boulder Dam. Miriam is afraid of life and marriage, saying that "marriage kills romance." George Raft and Helen Mack are good in their gangster-moll rôles.

B: A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram)

John Halliday, Marguerite De
La Motte, Wallace Ford

RATHER WELL DONE. You may start wondering where Marguerite De La Motte has been all these years, after you see her portray the moom picture star who slipped. She does some good work, as does John Halliday as the former director of the "slipping star." Wallace Ford, who can be swell, was miscast as the prize-fighter who falls for the glamorous star. His scenes tend to slow up the action. You might like it. At least you can understand the "Hollywood" in this one, for a change.

B: LEGONG (Bennett Productions)

All Native Cast

SIMPLE BEAUTY, IN COLOR. You'll be interested in this because it's the first picture made by Connie Bennett's company and directed by the Marquis, but you will find other interests, too. A gorgeously pictorial background for a simple little theme concerning a native girl who sacrifices herself to the gods when she finds that the man she loves has eyes only for her sister. The plot is secondary to the beauty of the picture, and it's all in technicolor. A restfully beautiful evening in store for you.

B: I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (Warners)

Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien,
Glenda Farrell

LAUGHINGLY GOOD MOVIE FARE! This is a jolly little piece of entertainment, chuck full of gags, rapid-fire action and snappy performances. Joan Blondell is a switchboard operator while Pat O'Brien and his disgusted assistant are the repair boys whose line extends to all the pretty gals. The gangster element creeps into the plot, which is already replete with telephone connections, and from there

HOW TO HAVE

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Complete Scientific NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you to introduce the new FLAME-GLO AUTOMATIC Lipstick. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. What is your number? Your sweetheart's? Your friends? Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Have fun. Amaze your friends. Study personalities. Learn the science of numerology. Mail name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs, Inc., Dept. D-52, 395 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FLAME-GLO, the only really automatic lipstick as fine as the most expensive—one flip and it's ready for use. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Try FLAME-GLO today and learn how lovely your lips can be. Why pay \$1.00 or more? Get the finest for only 20c at most five and ten cent stores.



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on it's very hectic, indeed. We seem to have a couple of these "telephone repair" stories on this month's calendar, but if they're good, we should care. You'll laugh—again and again, if we know our audience.

B: SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

(Paramount)

Larry Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Bob Armstrong, Toby Wing

NICE, CLEAN, FUN. Two Olympic champions engage in writing and editing a beauty and health magazine until they learn that the promoters are trying to make a racket out of it. They sell out (for some cash and mostly an old, broken-down farm) and clear out. Soon the O.B.D. farm is a blooming Health Resort. Larry (Buster) Crabbe is good as the enthusiastic health advocate and Ida Lupino is easy on the eyes. But after seeing Toby Wing, we wonder why Paramount kept her idle so long. She's really a cute little trick.

C: HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY

(RKO)

Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd

SLAP-STICKY! An hilarious number of the Wheeler and Woolsey type of entertainment, with the duo doing their nip-ups in a more subdued manner than usual. As the promoters of Dr. Dudley's Flavor Lipsticks, they get into plenty of jams, find themselves pursued by the police and have to skip the country. In the meantime, however, they get mixed up in a cross-country race and come out winners. Dorothy Lee and Thelma Todd contribute the feminine interest, and very interesting it is, too. Personally, we don't go for the W. and W. brand of humor, but we may be wrong since they are rated in the "First Ten" at the good old box office.

D: KEEP EM ROLLING

(RKO)

Walter Huston, Frances Dee, Minna Gombell

VERY MEDIOCRE. Story of a man who gives up wine, woman and all that, for a horse. Sounds rather incredible, especially when the woman is Minna Gombell. But Walter Huston does it when it's a case of "Me or your horse." Rodney (the horse), however, compensates his master's devotion by becoming a hero during the World War fracas when he drags a gun through shell fire. His reward is a pension and Huston's undying love. Too bad such a capable actor as Walter Huston was wasted in this opus, which is distinctly in the "lemon" class. That goes for Frances Dee and Minna Gombell, two excellent troupers. Even horse lovers won't go for this.

B: GOOD DAME

(Paramount)

Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March

THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE.

Put two such excellent players as Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March in a story that is top notch and the result is bound to spell swell entertainment. Sylvia, looking very chic in a new bob, comes through with a neat performance as the nice chorus girl who falls in love with a traveling carnival and tough-guy, Freddie March. Having no time for "dames," as a rule, Freddie, unwittingly, falls into the rôle of Sylvia's protector, with the inevitable ending, without, however, March going "respectable." The picture is rich in color, dialogue and characters who are genuine and believable. See it.

C: EASY TO LOVE

(Warners)

Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton

SO HARMLESS, IT'S BORING.

This, in spite of the fact that the story deals with a two-timing husband whose wife gives him a taste of his own medicine by vamping the fiancé of the very gal he's steppin' with at the moment. It sounds risqué, but don't let that fool you. Adolphe Menjou plays husband to Miss Tobin, while Edward Everett Horton is the fiancé who is vamped away from his girl-friend, Mary Astor. The scene where Mary Astor is forced to smoke a huge, black cigar drew a couple of chuckles.

C: THE LOST PATROL

(RKO)

Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny

ADVENTURE FOR GENTS! You know the old story about the patrol that gets lost and is attacked by Arabs? Well, this is it, only with dialogue "flash-backs" by all the men in the patrol. Karloff goes batty and all the rest of the patrol are killed with the exception of McLaglen, who outwaits everybody. If you can imagine yourself trying to make a six-reeler with just that much material, then you know what a job Jack Ford had. There's not a single gal in the picture, so you who are suffering from too much lure in your entertainment, grab it.

D: MANDALAY

(Warners)

Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Lyle Talbot

WE ADVISE YOU TO SKIP IT!

A dull and extremely tiresome number, which even a good cast couldn't bolster up. Kay Francis struggles along as a gal who is "handed from one man to another" until along comes

Modern Screen

drunkard Lyle Talbot, and his helplessness touches a "chord" in Kay's heart. Knowing that she must stick to Talbot, Miss Francis ups and poisons Villain Ricardo Cortez and the two start out on a "new life." It's truly a shame to waste such swell actors on a bunch of tripe like this.

B: SIX OF A KIND (Paramount)

Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Burns and Allen

FAIRLY RIOTOUS COMEDY! Married Couple Ruggles and Boland start out for California in their car (second honeymoon after twenty years of "bliss") with Burns and Allen and their great Dane riding along "to save expenses." What with the dog riding in the front seat, Miss Boland falling off a cliff and into the Grand Canyon (process shot), and newlyweds being interrupted in their honeymoon activities, it rolls along. When they all arrive at the hotel in Nuggetville, Nevada, where Skipworth and Fields are proprietor and Sheriff, respectively, complications set in. You ask yourself, near the end, "How long are we going to have to listen to those worn-out vaudeville jokes of Burns and Allen?" But if you like your funny pictures, perhaps you'd better see this.

C: YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

May Robson, Jean Parker, Lewis Stone

PRETTY FAIR! You will agree, however, that casting May Robson as the mother of a twelve-year-old son is so unfortunate as to be laughable. In spite of this error, Miss Robson comes through with a strong characterization as the jilted woman whose life is spent trying to avenge the jilt. Her moment comes during a financial crisis in which Lewis Stone plays the

banker with his usual ease. Jean Parker and William Bakewell round out a good cast. You may like it.

D: TWO ALONE (RKO)

Jean Parker, Tom Brown, ZaSu Pitts, Arthur Byron

DREARY! Tom Brown escapes from a Reform School and is captured by a slave-driving farmer who forces him to almost kill himself working the soil, while he falls in love with a slavey of the farm, Jean Parker. Arthur Byron's characterization of the tough farmer makes one think of a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabana"—and the acting is almost as dated. All the actors seem to be struggling, but it's all so dreary and dull that they finally give up. This could only be recommended to those who have had such a good time lately that they are searching for an antidote.

C: FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount)

Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan, Mary Boland

FOUR SOMEWHAT BORING PEOPLE would have been a better title. This little opus goes wandering around until it gets almost as "lost" as the four people. Story: A plague breaks out on board ship and the four people (Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bill Gargan and Mary Boland) escape in a small boat and enter the jungles. Yes, that's all. From there on I couldn't figure it out much. Claudette, a school teacher, loses her glasses in the underbrush and her inferiority complex at the same time. This brings her closer to Marshall and the inevitable ending. You are likely to say as you leave the theatre, "So what?" And we wouldn't blame you, except that we warned you first.



Lupe Velez and Bill Cagney in a scene from "Palooka."



Victor McLaglen and Boris Karloff in "The Lost Patrol."

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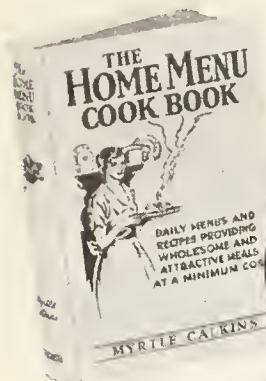
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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 77)

separate an egg and beat the egg white until it is foamy. Then you take a piece of soft butter and divide it into four pieces. You spread the rolled-out dough with one piece of butter and spread the butter with beaten egg white. Then you roll the dough up tight like a jelly roll. Next you fold the ends of the roll in to the middle and fold the whole thing in half, so that you have four layers. Flatten this out and repeat the rolling-out, spreading with butter and egg white, re-rolling and folding processes until the butter is used up—four times in all, as you use one quarter of the butter for each spreading. When the dough is folded for the fourth time, you wrap it in waxed paper and put it into a tightly covered container and tuck it into the refrigerator until you are ready to make your pie. It must remain in the refrigerator for at least two hours, but you can leave it there for days if you want to, comfortably secure in the knowledge that you can make a pie at a moment's notice.

That's all there is to it—according to Judith—and you can take it from us that better pastry was never eaten anywhere.

When you are ready to make your pie, you cut off a piece of pastry large

enough to make one or two crusts—depending upon the kind of pie you are going to make. If you happen to be going to create a Butterscotch Pie like the one Miss Allen is displaying so happily in the picture, you would only need enough for an under crust. You shape the portion of pastry into a neat ball and place it in the middle of a lightly floured board. Then you flour your rolling pin a bit. With short, light, springy strokes you then roll out the dough—working from the center toward the edges, keeping the pastry approximately round all the time. Roll it out until it is somewhat larger than your pie plate, so that it will fit the plate loosely. No pulling or stretching—that will break the extremely delicate pastry.

Now fold the pastry in half, then fold again, pick it up and slip it into the pie plate. You do not need to grease the pie tin as there is so much shortening in the pastry.

NEXT you unfold the dough and fit it loosely into the plate, holding the dough away from the sides of the pan with one hand and pressing it down into the crease of the pan with the other. Cut off all the ragged edges around the rim. Your lower crust is now ready to



Listen, Pat O'Brien, there's a time and place for everything. And the preview of "Lost Patrol" isn't the place to eat peanuts. We see you digging into that bag. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Jenkins are with the O'Briens.

receive the filling.

One way to finish the edges of a one-crust pie is to provide it with a fluted collar. To achieve this, cut the pastry about half an inch away from the edge of the pan, using a pair of scissors. Then roll this extra pastry back onto the rim, cut side under, and pinch it into a fluting.

Crusts which are baked before the filling is put into them are apt to bulge unless you remember to prick them thoroughly with a fork before putting them into the oven. And they must be put into a hot oven (450°)—otherwise they are apt to collapse weakly into the bottom of the pan. Both the bulging and collapsing hazards can be eliminated by fitting an empty pan the same size as the one in which the pastry is being baked over the dough before it is put into the oven. This second pan must be removed a few minutes before the baking is finished, however, to permit the crust to brown as nicely as it should.

And that is all of the information you need in order to prepare pie crusts worthy of the delicious fillings, the recipes for which Judith Allen has collected in many different places and from many different sources.

MY recipe for Mock Cherry Pie," Miss Allen told us, "is one I was given by the same southern cook who taught me how to make pastry and I've never found a recipe to beat it. It is made with raisins and cranberries. Honestly, it is a knockout—and how men love it! Then, there is a recipe for Prune and Apricot Pie of which I'm very proud—it calls for a meringue towering into the air. I discovered how to make a meringue which won't do odd, unpleasant things, too. I use the same meringue on Prune Pie as I do on Lemon Pie. Another favorite of mine is Butterscotch Pie which I always have served with a topping of whipped cream, dotted with toasted almonds. Oh dear! I've talked myself into such a famished condition!"

"Would you let us have your recipes?" we asked, right out. "All of them! The readers of MODERN SCREEN would adore having them—and we must admit that we are dying to try them, too."

Miss Allen opened her beautiful eyes wide in surprise. "Why of course," she agreed, "I'd love to give them to you. I'd have offered them to you myself, only it never occurred to me that anyone would be interested!"

"And by the way," she went on, "there's one pie recipe I regret not having as it is one of the best pies I've ever tasted. I always order it when I go to a famous restaurant in New York. It's called Raspberry Cream Pie and if you can get the recipe I'd adore having it."

WELL, we had quite a time tracking that recipe to its lair, but we *did* get it. And, since it can be made with either fresh or canned raspberries it knows no seasons. We had it printed as one of this month's recipes for Miss Allen and for you and you and you! In this month's Star Recipe Folder you will also find recipes for two other

Judith Allen pie preferences as well as definite proportions for the marvellous pastry she described for you in this article. So you'll have directions for making Butterscotch Pie and Prune-Apricot Pie, as well as Raspberry. That is, you'll have them if you send in right away for your copy by filling in and mailing the coupon on page 77. So hurry, hurry and send for your copy of the recipes, all printed on cards to facilitate filing. Undoubtedly, if you use these recipes, you will become famous for your skill as a maker of superb pastry and the most delicious and unusual fillings.

While you are waiting for your Star Recipes to reach you through the mail, cut out these two Judith Allen favorites, paste them on filing cards and try them out. We guarantee that you'll adore them all.

MOCK CHERRY PIE

2 cups cranberries (cut in halves)
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup sugar
1½ tablespoons flour
pastry

Combine sugar and flour, add halved cranberries and raisins. Mix together thoroughly. Pour into lined pie plate. Dot with small pieces of butter. Moisten outer edge of lower crust with cold water. Place upper crust on filled lower crust, pressing edges together. Trim off any surplus pastry around edge and cut slits in top of pie for steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350°) and bake 30 minutes longer.

LEMON PIE

1½ cups granulated sugar
4 tablespoons cornstarch
1½ cups boiling water
yolks of 3 eggs
2 teaspoons butter
grated rind of 1 lemon
4 tablespoons lemon juice
pinch of salt

Combine sugar and cornstarch in top of double boiler, add boiling water slowly. Beat yolks slightly and add slowly to cornstarch mixture. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, add butter, lemon rind and juice. Beat together thoroughly. Cool. Pour into baked pastry shell. Top with meringue.

MERINGUE

whites of 3 eggs
2 teaspoons cold water
¼ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons granulated sugar

Beat chilled egg whites until foaming, add water and continue beating until mixtures will stand in peaks. Fold in sugar carefully, add lemon juice and vanilla. Pile lightly on filled crust and bake in moderate oven (375°) 15 minutes.



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If you'll let this list be your guide to the movies in town—to the very best (A), quite good (B), middlin' good (C), and not so good (D)—neither Mamma, Papa, boy friend nor girl friend will have cause for complaint

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
CAPTURED (Warners).
CONVENTION CITY (First National).
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
ESKIMO (M-G-M).
FASHIONS OF 1934 (Warners).
FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners).
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners).
HI, NELLIE (Warners).
I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
MORNING GLORY (RKO).
MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON (Paramount).
ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
PALOOKA (20th Century).
THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M).
ROMAN SCANDALS (United Artists).
STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
STRANGE HOLIDAY (Paramount).
THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
VOLTAIRE (Warners).
WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M).
THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO).
THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
FEMALE (Warners).
FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount).
FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
GOOD DAME (Paramount).
HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
HER BODYGUARD (Paramount).
HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
HOOP-LA (Fox).
THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (Warners).
JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
KING FOR A NIGHT (Universal).
THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
LADY KILLER (Warners).
LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
THE MAD GAME (Fox).
MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
THE MASQUERADER (United Artists).
THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
MY WEAKNESS (Fox).
MY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PILGRIMAGE (Fox).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
ALL OF ME (Paramount).
ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M).
BELOVED (Universal).
THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox).
BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).

Modern Screen

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
SMOKY (Fox).
SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
THE BOWERY (20th Century).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
FOG (Columbia).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
MANDALAY (Warners).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SO YOU WON'T SING, EH? (RKO).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
TWO ALONE (RKO).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).

ESPECIALLY FOR THE KIDDIES

We've tried to weed out some pictures that will
be fun for the kiddies! Here they are

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
ESKIMO (M-G-M).
FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PALOOKA (20th Century).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).
THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
SMOKY (Fox).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

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THE INFORMATION DESK

In this department you will find questions—with answers to match—about the stars and the talkies.

Have you a question to ask us?

ARE movie tests fair? I have a friend who went to the trouble of taking one and never heard from it, nor could she get any information as to its disposal.—Harry Evans, Detroit, Mich.

Indeed, Mr. Evans, a test is apt to be fair. First of all it costs a company \$300 to make one. A candidate has to show plenty of promise before they will go to the expense. And, a movie organization is only too anxious to discover talent. It would probably be impossible to inform all test-takers as to the fate of their acting. Suffice it to say, if the test proved successful, the candidate would hear soon enough.

MARY BRIAN looks like such a sweet, sensible person, I should think the announcements of her various "engagements" would displease her. Is she interested in anyone, or is it all publicity?—Elinor Howard, Dallas, Texas.

We have a notion when and if Mary ever becomes serious, she will be the one to do the announcing. We don't think all these rumors please her too much, because it must make her look like the perennial ingenue or just a beautiful gal that men forget.

IS it true that it was Kenneth McKenna who walked out on Kay Francis? If so, has he no taste?—E. V. Markham, Mobile, Ala.

We heard it, too, but can't believe it, either. One of the things to be said for the couple's separation, however, is the dignified manner in which it was done. No mud-slinging here. They are a pair of well-bred people, evidently.

ARE Toby and Pat Wing really sisters? One is so dark and the other so blonde. Also, why is Charles Farrell playing with Janet Gaynor again?—"Edna Wells."

The little Wings are sisters and once upon a time both had sable locks, but—you've heard of the platinum urge? Well, Toby hearkened and acted.

Perhaps Charlie realized that even after his declamations about merely

Here is a department to which you may write for information about movies and movie players. All questions will be answered in this department, so you may dispense with the formality of sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Avoid questions which are too personal and infringe upon good taste. Otherwise—we are at your service!

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

being Janet's leading man, no matter what the billing read, he did better at that than anything else. This free-lancing isn't all it's cracked up to be. A company doesn't bother to "build" a player if he is only with them for one or two pictures.

WHO played the mimic in "Mr. Skitch," that amusing picture in which Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts appeared?—E. L. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence Desmond, who knows a thing or two about acting, played this role and didn't she do right by it—and herself? We think so.

WHO enacted the role of Culpepper in "Henry the Eighth," and who played Morley in "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"?—Marie Phipps, Rochester, N. Y.

Robert Donat in "Henry the Eighth" and Charles Starrett in the other film.

WHAT has become of Eric Linden? He seemed like such a promising young actor and suddenly disappeared from the face of the screen.—Betty, Lowell, Mass.

Well, Betty, the story goes that young Eric is attempting to mend a broken heart somewhere in Europe. It seems he was much in love with Frances Dee and when the lovely lady decided in favor of Joel McCrea, Mr. Linden just couldn't go on with his career. He even broke his contract to Get Away From It All.

HAS Joe Cook ever played in the films?—Walter Hunter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Not that we know of. However, you will see him in a picture in the not distant future. In fact, when Mr. Cook returns from his musical comedy, "Hold Your Horses," now on tour. He has a Fox contract.

DOES Mae West actually write her own material, or is it just publicity?—Allen Swain, Montreal.

Everybody is becoming skeptical these days. Tch. Tch. Yes, believe it or not, Mae wrote lines before she ever acted. She has a novel to her credit, too.

WHY did Samuel Goldwyn spend so much money on an unknown like Anna Sten? We have lots of players in this country that, surely, are just as good.—A. D. S., Lakeland, Fla.

Mr. Goldwyn is a pretty shrewd gentleman and evidently expects to recoup every penny, and plenty more, that he has spent in introducing Miss Sten to American movie-goers. Anna is well-known abroad and, if those in the know are correct, will create quite a stir in this land.

WILL Joan and Franchot marry? They seem to have little in common but their picture professions.

Our guess is, "Yes." Joan, of course, says nothing, and Franchot claims he is going to keep on asking her. Miss Crawford has developed so much charm, and personality since her career began that we think she would be a credit to any man.

WHO is going to be Mae West's leading man in "It Ain't No Sin"? Will it be Max Baer or Cary Grant? I've heard rumors on both.—Katie, N. Y. C.

At the moment of writing, it's George Raft. Cary is ill in England. And Our Maxie demanded too much money, it seems.

They all wanted NANA . . .



Colonel Andre
offered wealth.



Old Greiner
promised fame.



The Grand Duke
had position.



Lieutenant George
offered youth.

... and each thought he had won!

LIKE a blazing, speeding comet, Nana burst upon the consciousness of Paris. Whirling from the streets to the heights of theatrical fame, she captivated the town with her beauty, her charm, and her wit.

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