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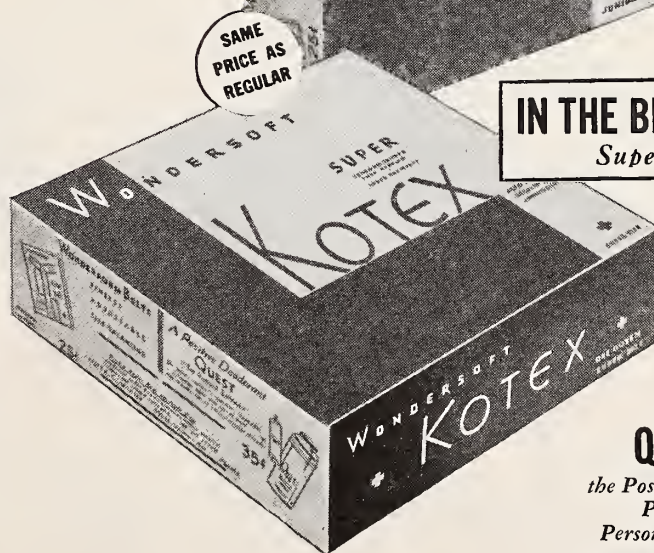
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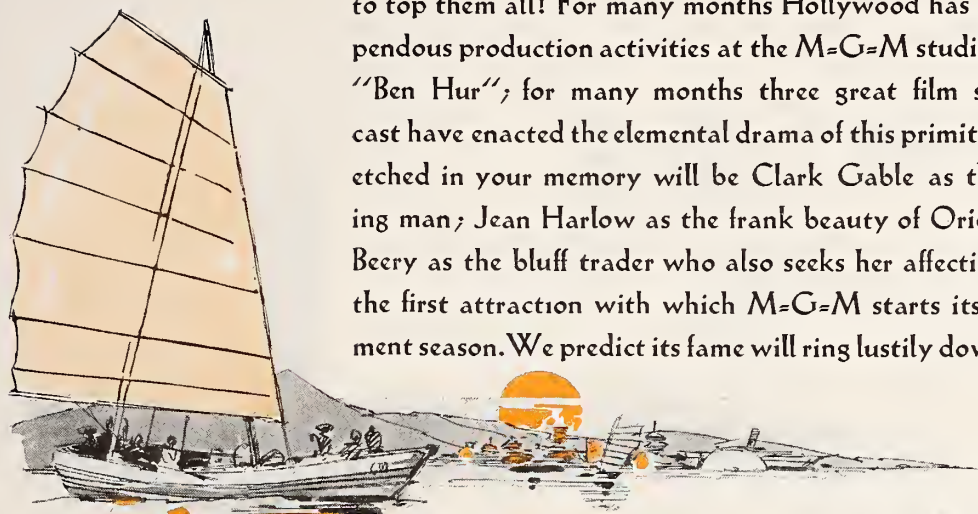
MARY BURGUM, EDITOR ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
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A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul=adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BERRY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-



MAYER PICTURE

Beauty Advice

by Mary Biddle

a SYMPHONY of legs helped to make the musical "In Caliente" a success. But then what musical comedy hasn't featured a symphony of beautiful legs, of supple, graceful ankles in intricate dance patterns? Speaking boldly, at least it would be speaking boldly if it were back in the days of the full skirted bathing suit, Hollywood legs must have "It." When we see what literally seems to be mile after mile of slim, shapely limbs, we come to realize how important it is for even the extra girls in the chorus to measure up to ankle standards of pulchritude. If one of the studios happened to be casting for a night club scene, or a bathing beach number, would your legs entitle you to a job as an "extra" in the crowd? Or would the casting director be inclined to say of you after a glance footward, "Sorry, you won't do"?

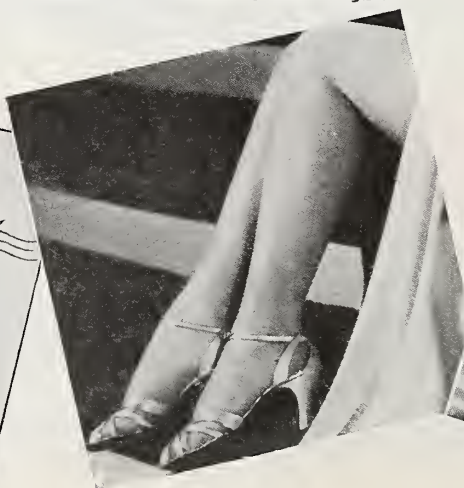
It's an old Hollywood custom for

screen notables to make their footprints in the cement forecourt of the Chinese Grauman Theatre in Hollywood. And there the footprints stand in something more enduring than the sands of time. How would your footprint look, without benefit of shoes, if it were sculptured in cement? Would it show a fat pudgy foot and fallen arch? I know from many of your tragic, despairing letters just what kind of an unfortunate footing you've been on at the beach this summer. Some of you have been developing inferiority complexes over thick ankles, and others over skinny legs, and still others over ugly nails and callouses. What between evening sandals, sport sandals, beach sandals, and no sandals at all, our feet are very much in the limelight nowadays, so let's see what we can do about acquiring lovely feet, and shapely ankles and legs.

(Continued on page 92)

Feet first into a beauty routine!

Some famous pedal extremities—can you guess who's who? Well, read down from the right as follows: Frances Drake's with toes untinted, Ruby Keeler's busy tapping ones, Carole Lombard's with the red nails out of sight, a back view of June Knight's—and notice those smooth, pumpleless heels, Dolores Del Rio's pretties—and those of Constance Cummings'.





until death
do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in DuMaurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

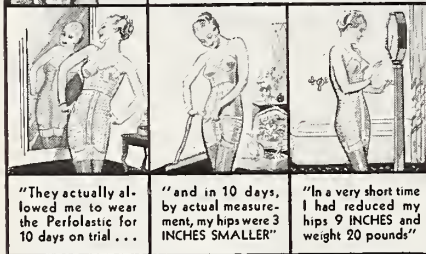
As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

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ELVIRA FERRI, Detroit, Mich.—The gentlemen with the lovely table manners in "Naughty Marietta" were Abe and Zeke played by Harold Huber and Edward Brophy respectively. Write them both at M-G-M. A great many of the stars have clauses in their contracts which permit them to make one or more pictures outside their own studio. Others are merely loaned by their own studio in exchange for a player from the other studio. Both of these in-England to make pictures.

HELEN T. L. I. N. Y.; **BETTY CULLEN**, Alliance, Ohio; **MARY POWERS**, New York, N. Y.; **MILLIE ITOEN**, Hamilton, Canada; **PATRICIA BIGGINS**, University, Mo.; **DOT TONE**, Tonkawa, Okla.; **LUCILLE LESER**, Bay City, Mich.; **RUTH DIX**, Buffalo, N. Y.; **GRACE GANG**, Newark, N. J.; **ANNA JEAN HOLLAND**, Duluth, Minn.; **FLOR-ENCE STOCKHAM**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **BEATRICE HEILMAN**, DOROTHY CARNEY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Franchot Tone's life has been as varied as the numerous and sundry roles he has portrayed on the screen. Born in Niagara Falls on February 27, he is the son of Frank J. Tone, an industrial executive. He has one brother four years older than himself, Frank Jerome Tone, Jr. Franchot attended small private schools and then entered the Hill school in Pottsdam, Pa., to prepare for Harvard. His brother, then attending Cornell, arranged for him to enter that University. He finished the course in three years, attended a summer session at the University of Rennes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and served as an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French. After graduation he joined a stock company in Buffalo and later appeared in a number of New York productions. When he was appearing in the Group Theatre production of "Success Story" he was signed by M-G-M to a long term contract. His first talking picture role was with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper in "Today We Live." His favorite sports are golf and swimming. He sees all the movies he can and enjoys dancing in the evening for recreation. He plays an excellent game of bridge, and is a fiend for mystery stories. Officially speaking, he is not married, but rumor has it that he and Joan Crawford tied the knot some time ago. Even if rumor's wrong, he's still pretty fond of the gal. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. His next picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty" will give him a he-man role. Write him at M-G-M.

KEN MCCORMICK, Garden City, N. Y.—You have every right to be impressed with the work of the office boy in "S10 Rance." Fox was so pleased with his (Bill Benedict's) work, that they have assigned him a role in Will Rogers' next picture. The lad is only 17, and his work in the aforementioned picture was procured by the strategic measure of telephoning to a casting director all the way from Oklahoma. Colossal crust—but pitiable!

VIOLA SMITH, Greenwood, Del.; **ANNREA NEILL**, New York, N. Y.; **R. C. MARKINS**, Oshkosh, Wis.; **SONNIE NORTON**, Tampa, Fla.; **MARGUERITE ARDOIN**, New Orleans, La.; **MARGARET EMERY**, Warren, Ohio; **NANCY LOWRY**, Storm Lake, Iowa; **DOROTHY CARLSON**, MARY RUTH, L. I. City, N. Y.—The truth of the matter is that Randolph Scott was headed straight for an engineering career, but was sidetracked into the movies when on a vacation in Hollywood. Break for us! Born in Orange County, Va., on January 23, 1903, he was educated at Georgia Tech and the University of Virginia. His intention was to follow in the footsteps of his father as an administrative engineer. After the completion of his courses he spent a year in Europe and returned home to work in his father's firm for two years. Then came vacation time, and Hollywood's destination. Quite naturally he caught the "acting bug" and though he joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse group merely as a lark, he became so intrigued with the work that he stayed on for eight months. Seen by a Paramount executive in one of the plays, he was given a screen test, a contract and an assignment in "Sky Bride." Then followed a series of "horse operas." Westerns to you—and it wasn't until he played in "Roberta" that the big-wigs discovered he could do something more than ride a horse. Since then he has appeared in "Village Tale" and "She" in straight acting roles. His next big break will come when he is seen opposite Margaret Sullivan in "So Red the Rose." He played football at Georgia Tech and that travelling are still his two chief hobbies. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, has light brown hair and

hazel eyes. He is not married. You can reach him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ANNETTE MANO, Racine, Wis.—Yes, John Beal is married to a non-professional—and a very attractive wife he has, too. It is hardly necessary for Mae West to use padding—those curves are her very own. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Joan Crawford weighs 110. The lad who sang "Object of My Affection" in "Times Square Lady" was none other than the composer of that popular tune, Pinky Tomlin in person. He'll be in "Smart Girl" and "King Solomon of Broadway."

ELISE GAINES, New York, N. Y.; **MISS A.R.E.**, Detroit, Mich.; **HELEN WEINBERG**, Springfield, Ill.; **MISS S. ANDERSON**, Chicago, Ill.; **FLOR-ENCE ROSER**, Glen Rock, Pa.; **MRS. LAURA GENE KRUM**, Washington, D. C.; **JOSEPHINE SCHLOTTER**, Colorado Springs, Colo.; **NELDA CARTWRIGHT**, East Liverpool, Ohio—Charles Boyer, theatrical idol of France, is fast gaining the same reputation in these parts. Born in Figeac, France, on August 28, he graduated from the Sorbonne where he earned a degree in philosophy. Although his family wished him to take up a trade, he registered at the Conservatoire de Drama on the day of his graduation, and remained there for two years gaining an education in the theatrical classics. He was then engaged by the Theatre Antoine and his success was instantaneous. Paris, London and Berlin were eventually at his feet—and now America. He was horribly disappointed in his first picture, "Caravan," which he considered "silly." But the two following, "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts," have made him feel a little better about Hollywood movies. His most recent picture is "Shanghai" in which he appears with Loretta Young. At present he is in Europe, having sailed with his wife, Pat Paterson, two months ago. There he will stay for four more, in the belief that more than six months at a time in Hollywood would "smother him." He studied the violin for 9 years, but says he "knows nothing about it." He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion. Write him care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. (Aside to Nelda Cartwright—The piece supposedly composed by Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts" was written especially for her and has never been published.)

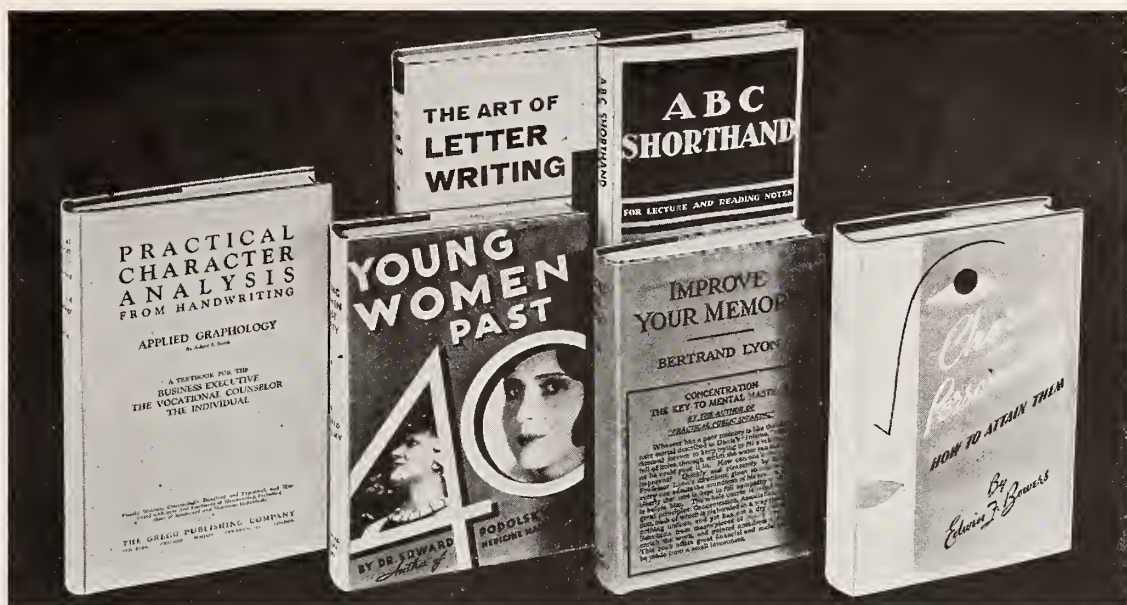
MILDRED LEACH, Bakersfield, Cal.—Robert Young's most recent picture is "Calm Yourself," in which he appears with Madge Evans. Jackie Searle played the part of Curtis as a boy, and William Henry that of Curtis grown up, in "A Wicked Woman." Bob Steele was born in Portland, Ore., on January 23, 1906.

MILDRED CURRIE, New York, N. Y.; **BUNNY FEZIG**, Hamden, Conn.; **RUTH HAEFFNER**, Baltimore, Md.; **RUTH THIERSEN**, St. Joseph, Mo.; **ESTELLE NATELSON**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **JACQUELINE M.**, Albany, N. Y.; **FLORENCE NATHANSON**, Montreal, Canada; **H. HUBERMAN**, Phila., Pa.; **JOAN DEAL**, Cynwyd, Pa.—Jeannette MacDonald one of the three talented daughters of Daniel and Anna MacDonald, was born in Phila., Pa., on June 18, 1907, of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed the rest of her education in New York City, where her family moved. As a child she studied dancing and singing, and appeared in Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theatre. When she graduated from this, she played a small part in "Irene," and then became understudy for the leading feminine players in "Tangerine." Jobs being scarce after that, she posed for com-

(Continued on page 11)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Warner Baxter lunches lightly on beer, crackers and cheese in the studio commissary on a hot day.

ARE you a *modern* hostess? If you are, then you have wisely adopted, as I have, the new Hollywood way of entertaining in an easy, informal manner. There was a time, perhaps, when the film colony went in only for impeccable butlers, passing cocktails and trim maids dispensing canapés. But nowadays—and this is especially true in summer—a “party” among the film folk consists of a gathering of congenial souls at a barbecue in the garden, a corn roast at the beach, a Sunday supper at the ranch or some such affair where hosts and guests make their appearance in simple sports attire and the food served is as completely innocent of frills.

The Warner Baxters, I had heard, were famous for just such informal get-togethers at their beach home in Malibu. So, with the necessity for giving a party myself to spur me on, I decided to find out what kind of food Warner and his charming wife, Winifred Bryson, think appropriate to such an occasion. I finally cornered Mr. Baxter at a table in the studio commissary where he was just finishing a quick mid-day snack between scenes for “Blue Chips” his latest picture for Fox.

“I see you are lunching on beer and cheese,” I remarked brightly as I seated myself opposite the attractive Mr.

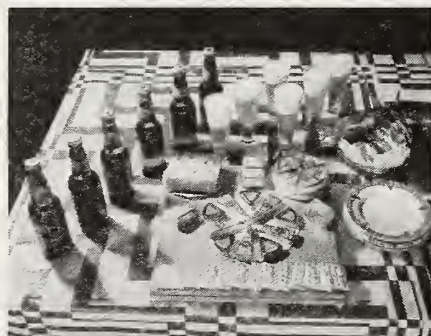
Baxter and surveyed the luncheon table very much as a general looks over the terrain before a battle. Not that I expected to battle with Warner, but you never know just how difficult this business of extracting food preferences from a movie star is going to be—especially

when said star is a man! Imagine if I should say that Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid, the gay Gauchito, likes dainty soufflés and fluffy desserts! Wouldn’t you hate that? Wouldn’t he! But don’t be alarmed, I’m not going to tell you any such thing. No, Warner Baxter’s tastes run rather toward substantial, typically masculine dishes and his wife gives orders that he shall always be served the kind of foods he likes.

When entertaining, especially, Mrs. Baxter always plans to have one or two of Warner’s favorite dishes for she knows from experience that those foods will make a hit with the male guests. And do the women forget their calories and take a second helping? They do! And you won’t be surprised when you hear more about these delectable treats.

But let’s get back to Warner: we left him, you remember, busily spreading tasty cheese on crisp crackers, with a bottle of beer at hand—as it should be for such a meal.

“Our parties are not only informal but so are the refreshments we serve,” replied (Continued on page 66)



Cold beer, all kinds of cheese, and potato salad are ideal for beach parties or light snacks.

By Marjorie Deen

Warner Baxter entertains informally and inexpensively

Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

cial photographers and worked as a fur coat model. A small part in a Greenwich Village production gave her a new start, leading up to prima donna roles in "Sunny Days," "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and "Angela." While appearing in the latter she was offered a movie contract but was forced to refuse because of her stage contract. But a year later Ernst Lubitsch signed her for Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Love Parade." After the expiration of her Paramount contract, Jeanette went on a long concert tour through Europe, and on her return signed with M-G-M and is still under contract there. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red-gold, and her eyes are green. Her real name is Jeanette MacDonald, she has never been married, but seems to be permanently engaged to Bob Ritchie, her manager. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels, and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Her next picture has not been definitely announced at this writing, but she will make another soon.

EDITH VERDE, Amsterdam, N. Y.—Richard Quine played the role of Jackie Shaw in "Dinky." He also appeared in "Dog of Flanders." He is free lancing, but you may be able to reach him at M-G-M.

DOROTHY LALLATHIN, New Matamoras, Ohio; **JUNE WENGEL**, Madison, Wis.; **JANE HUTCHINSON**, Lincoln Park, N. J.; **ZERITA SMITH**, Ponta, Tex.; **C. E. LYNN**, Wheeling, W. Va.; **IRENE HANYAK**, Barnesboro, Pa.; **BERNICE MAYZIE**, Piru, Cal.; **KIMI OGAWA**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Miss S. T. C.**, Fairport, Ohio; **BETTY PRITCHARD**, Ottawa, Canada; **BETTIE CULLEN**, Alliance, Ohio; **JENNIE ZAYKO**, Gardiner, Me.; **ALICE CANTWELL**, Chico, Cal.; **VIRGINIA BEERS**, Schenectady, N. Y.; **MARY REPELLA**, Mahanoy City, Pa.; **HELEN ELIZABETH HAY**, **MARY ELLEN MALACARA**, New York, N. Y.—Here, at last, is the "what's what" on Richard Cromwell. Starting from the very beginning, he was born Roy Radabaugh on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is of Dutch-American descent and has three sisters—Ann, Dorothy and Lillian—and one brother, Hudson. When Richard was eight his father died, and after having attended Long Beach public and high schools (where he devoted himself to amateur dramatics and art) he won a scholarship to the Chouard Art School in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, he earned his living jerking soda. He eventually opened a studio which was patronized by many of the stars, and through them he heard indirectly that someone was needed to play the title role in "Tolable David." He applied for the job on his own merits alone and, what's more, landed it, to his everlasting success. He was immediately signed to a long term contract by Columbia and it has been renewed each year since 1930. Dick is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue-green eyes and blonde hair. He has built himself a house in the Hollywood hills, and lives there alone. Says he has no desire to marry for several years. He plays tennis and swims; his favorite garment is a pair of old corduroy pants; eats oranges between meals; can scramble eggs (but that's all); dislikes having his picture taken; never misses a legitimate show; spends his free time writing and painting; and is forever hopeful that he will some day have the right to travel. His next picture, on a loan to Paramount, will be "Annapolis Farewell" with Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing. You can reach him at the Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JEAN MORT, Swissvale, Pa.—Gordon Jones played the part of Tex in "Let 'Em Have It," which was his first picture. Before that he had been a college football and track star in Los Angeles. You'll probably see him again before long.

REGINA LAYDEN, Roslindale, Mass.; **ALICE HARKINS**, Conshohocken, Pa.; **JAMES GAFFNEY**, Jersey City, N. J.; **BETTY McKINNEY**, Gary, Ind.; **M. J. LUCKRITZ**, Dubuque, Iowa; **BERNICE MAZE**, Tooele, Utah; **M. HECKELMAN**, Masspeth, N. Y.; **LOUISE BJORK**, Seattle, Wash.; **K. P.**, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; **BETTIE B.**, Elizabeth, N. J.; **A. L. VAN SICKLE**, Lakewood, Ohio; **I. BURNS**, Pittsburgh, Pa.; **SARAH YANELLO**—Russell Hardie was born on a certain May 20 in Buffalo, N. Y., the son of William Hardie, a horseshoer. While attending Canisius College in Buffalo, and St. Mary's later on, young Hardie suddenly had a desire to take up acting. So, scarcely out of his teens, he joined a Buffalo stock company and for the next three years played stock in Atlanta, Memphis, Newark, Birmingham and Kansas City. Then came the day when he crashed Broadway in "Criminal Code," which was followed by four or five more important plays. When appearing in "St. Wench" with Helen Mencken, M-G-M offered him a contract. He clicked in "Men in White," and many more pictures which followed it. His very first picture, though, was "Broadway to Hollywood." He enjoys swimming and reading books on psychology. For relaxation he plays the piano and goes to the theatre. He's one of the biggest leading men on the screen, weighing 175 solid pounds and standing 6 feet 1 inch in his bare feet. He has curly brown hair and brown eyes. There is no Mrs. Russell Hardie. His next picture will be for Fox—"In Old Kentucky," which is Will Rogers' next. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of
.....
in your department.

Name.....

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



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
2. In summer there is a greater

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

By Regina Cannon

See Modern Screen's Movie
Scoreboard on page 52

Reviews

(Below) From Garbo's latest flicker, "Anna Karenina."
(Bottom) "The Arizonian," an action Western with Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.

★★★ Becky Sharp (Pioneer-RKO)

Not since Douglas Fairbanks made "The Black Pirate" years ago have we seen a feature-length color picture until this one. If for no other reason than that, you won't want to miss "Becky Sharp." The color is *almost* natural. We say almost advisedly, for it is vivid and very definite as yet, even in its nearly perfected state. However, Robert Edmund Jones, responsible for the picture's beauty, is due a deal of credit. The story is rather a character study than a plot, revealing the highlights in the varied career of a designing dowsel of the "what I want, I take" school. Miriam Hopkins plays the woman convincingly, so convincingly in fact, that it almost seemed she must be temperamentally well cast. A bravo for Miss H! First acting honors, however, go to Nigel Bruce in the role of the rather dull-witted cinematic brather of the sweet Frances Dee, a trusting loss who was forever turning the other cheek. While Alan Mowbray gives a polished performance, we should like to have seen a more romantic-looking gentleman supplying the love interest, and why Mr. Mowbray, director, has the cost screaming in a manner that put the spectator in training for a headache, is something that is entirely *his* secret. However, there is much to recommend "Becky Sharp"—and most of it color!

Preview Postscripts

Looked like a jinx was hanging around this set for awhile. Through one disaster and another, the picture was held up for a couple months. Miriam Hopkins was ill and just returned for work when Director Lowell Sherman suddenly died. Rouben Mamoulian was called in, but didn't use one foot of film shot by the former director. Mamoulian is Armenian by birth. He directed theatrical and operatic plays in that country and in England. Brought to America by Mr. Eastman, he was in great demand for Broadway plays and inevitably trekked Hollywoodward. Directs only the brightest stars, however, and at one time was reputed to be Garbo's man of the hour . . . Miriam Hopkins is a favorite on Broadway and the screen. Has a son, Michael, four years old, and an ex-husband, Austin Parker. Continually on the wing between here and New York since she can't make up her mind which place she likes better. Frances Dee's story is too good to be true, but actually is. While out from Chicago visiting friends, she toured a studio and was prevailed on to sign up before leaving. Married to Joel McCrea, who swore he'd never marry a movie gal. They live on a huge ranch outside Hollywood, and have so far raised one son and several hundred head of cattle . . . Nigel Bruce is considered one of the best of the Britishers when it comes to acting. When it comes to acting up he's the international tops. The fact that Californians still speak to him is proof that he's pretty swell, for Nigel first saw the light in Ensenada, Calif., moved to England almost immediately, and, Native Son notwithstanding, can hardly wait to finish a picture before returning to his adopted shores . . . Alan Mowbray took to the air before the stage and was just as successful. Had the first air-mail pilot license in Canada and his own route for three years. In those days acting was only a hobby . . . Robert Edmund Jones is the real power behind the picture. He has designed all the stage sets, costumes and color schemes. Since his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Jones has been considered the finest stage designer in the country. His only other venture in the movie field was a colored short, "Lo Cucorocha."

★★★ No More Ladies (M-G-M)

Here's another Crawford glorification of the way of a modern miss in a modern world. And although the dear old censors have regulated



Joon's activities, they don't seem to object to Bob Montgomery leading the gayest and giddiest of lives. So it's still good entertainment. This play was a success on Broadway and is handled expertly on the screen with a capable cast which includes Edna May Oliver, Charles Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Vivienne Osborne. Miss Oliver is simply grand as the shack-proof grandma who has two interests in life—her granddaughter and her highbolls. She manages both with great astuteness. Charles Ruggles can have himself a better time while under the influence of Deman Rum than anyone we've yet seen and as the family pest he provides some grand comedy. Franchot Tone has very little to do or say, but he does it with a charming suavity and a more than charming smile. La Crawford swishes about in an array of glad rags that you won't want to miss and a new haircut that you won't want to copy. Her acting is notable for its restraint. However, Bob Montgomery walks off with the picture. He has his best chance at sophisticated comedy in a long time and makes the most of it.

Preview Postscripts

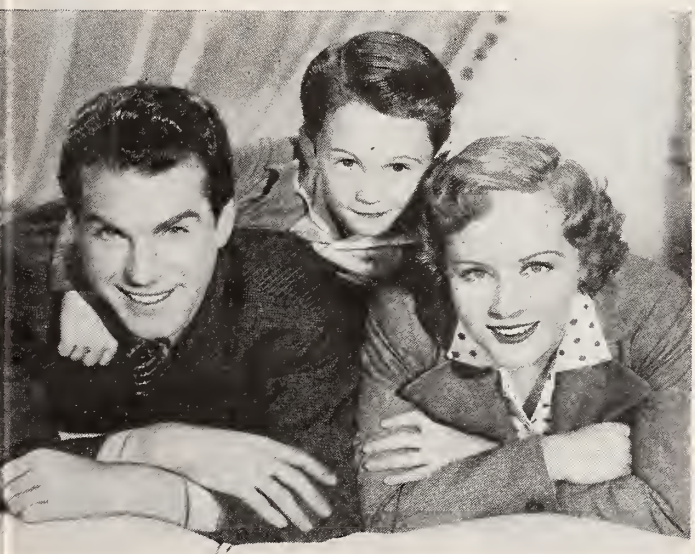
Joon Crawford is the fan's idea of a "modern" woman. Though that famous flair for clothes she is credited with is really due to Designer Adrian, Miss C. deserves a few laurels for being able to take it. Famed as a glomour gal, Joon is noted around Hollywood for her good sense, pluck and generosity. Divorced from Don Juan Fairbanks,

TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

(Below) You've heard about "Becky Sharp"—Mowbray, Dee and Hopkins. (Bottom) Fred MacMurray, David Holt and Madge Evans in "Men Without Names," another G-man film.



(Below) The much-censored "Nell Gwyn"—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle. (Bottom) Mary Ellis' and Tullio Carminati's singing in "Paris in Spring" will delight you.



Jr., Miss Crawford seems to find Franchot Tane sentimentally satisfactory. That immense ring weighing down her ring finger is not paste, but a star sapphire belonging originally to Franchot. . . . Mr. Tane, not so long ago, was seen ambling across the Cornell campus, bedecked in mortar board and flowing robes. Having accomplished that, he gave the Little Theatres the benefit of his talents and was seen traveling Hollywoodward. . . . Robert Montgomery revels in portraying young men who're as modern as tamarrows. Sometimes he does it pretty well, too. Admits that he was a very precocious child and we guess he's right, for his friends say that Bab is even "amusing" off than on the screen. . . . Edna May Oliver, though she delights in her Early American home crammed with antiques, is never seen in anything but the last gasp in modern apparel—lurid pajamas, briefest of bathing suits and madish gowns. Miss Oliver has been a familiar figure on the stage for years and is as popular on Broadway as in the fillums. . . . E. H. Griffith, credited with directing the picture, actually only completed half of it before coming down with pneumonia. Probably just got homesick, though, for his ship-shape house is his favorite hobby. Looks like an ordinary house from the outside, but many a guest has become acutely seasick on stepping inside. Every room is built like a ship's cabin, while a huge mast runs right through the center of the house. . . . Charles Ruggles has been in pictures so long that he's lost count of the years. Still likes 'em, too. But his

favorite occupation is raising dogs at the See Are Kennels here in Hollywood.

★★★ The Arizonian (RKO)

Well, whether you laugh with it or at it, this picture is gonno provide you with some good, clean fun! Mr. Dix is the hero—and wotta hero! Fastens the villain with a gimlet gaze and fairly hypnotizes him into submission! Of course, there are moments—many of 'em—when his trusty rifle does the trick, and on one occasion, when the smoke screen erected by gun fire is raised, Rich is found surrounded by his enemies—all of them dead. The boys have a treat in store in this one, even though it is a bit hard to take, viewed through adult eyes. Morgot Grahame plays the cabaret singer with a British accent you could cut with a knife. The story's locale, remember, is strictly nineteenth century Western. Some fun, eh? But who is to quibble over a bit of miscasting when the outflows are always upon us? Preston Foster, as usual, gives a nice account of himself, as do Louis Calhern and James Busch. Yep, if you like action, here it is—with a little self-sacrifice and a lot of love interest thrown in for good measure.

(Continued on page 60)

Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And... SURPRISE!... Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley... and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart... a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with
JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."



Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

**JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA**
IN

The FARMER TAKES a WIFE

Charles Bickford Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville Jane Withers
Andy Devine Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan

Directed by Victor Fleming

Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors

Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on

the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time... when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways... this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march... when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper... while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!



The stars turned out en masse for Marion Davies' benefit at the Riviera Country Club. Here is Ruby Keeler with her mother.

Intimate glimpses of

The Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, famous for her entertaining proclivities, has departed for Europe. The Countess, you know, if you are up on things socially and cinematically (and even if you're not) has what it takes to put on a party—namely, shekels and wit. And puh-lenty of the latter! She it was, so legend hath it, who sent Gary Cooper that bright telegram some years back which so intrigued him that he looked up the lady in her Eye-talian villa one sunny afternoon and remained as the house guest of her and the Count for six weeks. That, you'll admit, comes under the head of being one of the most remarkable blind dates on record! However, now they don't even speak! Anna-hoo, while the Countess is doing the Riviera, Marlene Dietrich, having rented her Hollywood hacienda, is holding high the entertainment torch. Yep, the Dietrich is doing things in a big way socially since Von Sternberg is no longer her director. More power to her and it's about time, sez we!



The hard-hearted landlord who owns the apartment building in which Mae West resides has decided to be rough on dawgs—and rough on the tenants who own 'em. Yep, either you get rid of your hound or he gets rid of you. Ida Lupino, June Clayworth and several other beauties have obeyed the No Canine rule, but Mae will neither park her pups nor leave home. She's superstitious, is our Miss W., and has been so lucky since living in her present abode that she doesn't want to move. Besides, she's had the whole bloomin' apartment redecorated at her own expense in full length mirrors and white satin. Some show case in which to set off Diamond Mae!



It could only happen in Hollywood! Though the town is noted for its strange romances, the latest sample of love-in-bloom is the pay-off. The principals involved—and we mean involved—are the languorous Estelle Taylor and flippant Lee Tracy! Yep, we haven't seen Estelle billing and cooing so earnestly since the Jack Dempsey days, and while Lee's just looked lovesick these many moons around Isabel Jewell, he now looks practically seasick.



As dawn broke over Columbia the other 4 a.m., a young man staggered out of the studio en route to his car. He had a glazed



Is the Del Rio left-handed, or are the sparklers on ye right arm too heavy to lift? With husband at Warner Banquet.



Snapped at "Becky Sharp" preview—Connie Cummings with husband, Ben Levy.



Marlene's been stepping out lately. At "Becky Sharp" with Count Carpegna.



Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy, Hollywood's newest romantic twosome.

the stars—what they're doing out Hollywood way

but glad look in both eyes, having just that minute completed a script on which he'd been feverishly scribbling since the day before. About noon the y. m. showed up at his office for more work. Mr. Harry Cohan spotted him entering. "Whassa matter?" he bellowed. "Whassa idear? Whassa meaning of coming to work at this hour?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Cohan," began our hero, "I worked here till four this morning so—"

The blood rose in Mr. Cohan's face. "See here, young man," he spluttered, "doncha try changing the subject on me!"

■ ■ ■

If Garbo's a good girl and eats her liver, the studio is gonna extend her vacation a week and perhaps George Brent will send her another postal, all of which will please the Swedish lady no end. You see, she is still said to be carrying the torch for Georgie who, like all males, occasionally fails in small attentions. For instance, one of the chief topics of conversation still around these parts is how Mr. Brent went airplaning the afternoon Greta invited him to play tennis. Well, maybe it's lack of interest and then again, maybe it's just technique!

■ ■ ■

Everyone says that some day Claudette Colbert is going to marry her physician-beau and everyone says that some day Norman Foster will wed Sally Blane and that, at last, Cesar Romero has found true love in the companionship of Betty Furness, and that Wendy Barrie now admits her "engagements" are strongly on the publicity side. But everyone said that Norma Shearer's new baby was going to be a boy—and everyone was wrong, so how can one be sure about what everyone says? Don't bother to answer.

■ ■ ■

Carole Lombard not only threw a party the other eve, but threw her guests around, too. The plot of the party evidently sprung from the Lombardian funny-bone rather'n her brain, for she rented the whole fun-house at the Venice Pier for the shindig! Of course, all the guests had to submit to the entertainment or be considered softies, and you should've seen the screen's glamorous gals and handsome he-men turned upside down, blown to bits and swirled in dizzying

swoops on the various contraptions! But did they take it! You couldn't have kept Marlene Dietrich, Dick Barthelmess, Connie Bennett, Clark Gable or any of 'em away from their hair-raising fun. Several sprains, bruises and headaches were noted as the festivities progressed, but nothing daunted, they carried on. BUT the next day! Practically every actor and actress in Hollywood was reported ill at ease if not actually sick abed.

■ ■ ■

Even though Patricia Ellis has now taken an apartment of her own with her childhood nurse serving as chaperone and mentor, she is still a big baby and "taking it" from her friends. Seems that one night recently, Paula Stone invited Pat to "stay over." After settling the affairs of the industry, the two gals hopped into bed and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. Much later, Paula was awakened by a loud, resounding thud and discovered her erstwhile bed-fellow in a heap on the floor. "Well," remarked Pat's unsympathetic hostess, "you can come in again, but the horse'll have to go!" And Miss Ellis has been dieting so strictly of late, too!

■ ■ ■

Seems like Will Rogers is Fox's "problem child." Mr. R. simply won't stick around on the set between shots. He's either off somewhere having a sandwich or writing his newspaper column or swapping stories with an electrician. Sometimes the director is ready to go "cuh-razy," but Will-to-you is a star and, even though he doesn't have to be handled with kid gloves, one can't exactly ask him to "stay put."

■ ■ ■

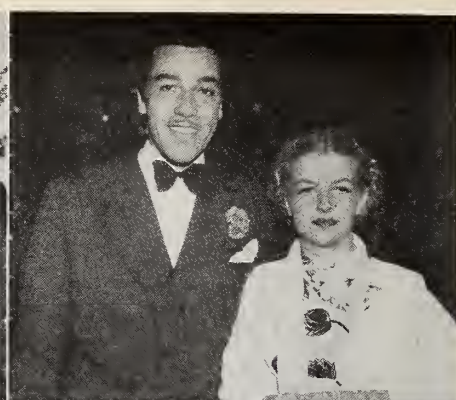
Fay Wray tells about the expert technical advisor on one of the pictures she made in England. He was allegedly well versed in all American customs, so when one scene called for a hot water bottle his objections were strenuous. American audiences, he said indignantly, wouldn't know what a hot water bottle was! Fay was intrigued and later inquired just how long he'd lived in America and where. The expert hesitated. "We-e-ell, y'see, all my time in America was spent in travelling. Ah, that is, travelling between New York and—and, er, M-G-M." Guess that explains everything.



Colleen Moore gives a fairy book story of her famous doll house to Fred Bartholomew at its exhibition in Los Angeles.



Pat O'Brien's barbecue party for Bert Lytell, of the play, "First Legion." Right, Cesar Romero and Betty Furness.



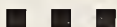
Seems Edmund Lowe has such fatal fascination for the fairer sex that they're afraid to be with him even in a picture! At fashionable late spots several famous feminine stars have gracefully but firmly bowed out of the privilege of posing with him for the camera sleuths.



'Member the blustering politician who made such a fuss about granting an interview, then cautioned the reporter to spell his three names correctly? Well, 'twould seem some film stars work like that. Joan Bennett for one. She's always acted like a distracted mother hen if photographers approached her while she had either of her daughters in tow. Joan even taught the offsprings the fancy art of ducking whenever a camera popped up. But recently a picture appeared in the newspapers showing the younger child and Joan. Later, Joan met the photographer who scooped the picture. She looked puh-lenty wrathful. "Lissen," said she, furiously, "if you want to keep your job, you'd better learn to spell Melisande's name correctly!"



Mrs. Richard Barthelmess has her troubles too, photographically speaking. Whenever the cameramen show up at parties and request her husband to pose with other guests, Mrs. Dick keeps them at bay 'til she's snatched cushions from various chairs and planted her husband on them. Three sizable cushions is her usual quota for making Dick look tall enough.



Mrs. Temple is as clever a business woman as she is a child-bringer-upper, evidently, as noted recently. One of the fan writers had thought up an excellent angle for a Shirley Temple story and approached Mrs. T. with the idea, showing her the advantages to Shirley from such favorable publicity. Mrs. T. understood all that, however, and the only thing she was concerned about, 'tis said, was whether the writer understood that from now on every writer who uses her little girl for a subject, must fork over 10% of the resulting pay-check! Curly Top must be savin' for that collitch education!



Perhaps you'll be treated to the Oakie charms for the next Tarzan picture! Seems that Jack has it on his mind that he either *is* Tarzan or should be. The other noontime, Jack wandered into the Paramount lunch room attired in a wildly designed woolen bathrobe. In a mood which matched his robe, he suddenly let out a war-whoop, and made a flying swing at the overhead chandeliers yelling, "Yippee! I'm Tarzan!" There was a mad rush for the door from several feminine lunchers—for Mr. Oakie had on *only* the bathrobe.



Richard Dix is going into the "Ole Pappy" business in a big way. It seems that Rich and his pretty wife had a hunch that Doc Stork would deal 'em out a little girl, and instead the Old Bird got generous and presented them with twin sons. You've doubtless heard that by now, but did you know that the day after the boys' arrival Mr. Dix was (Continued on page 54)

Verree Teasdale, Adolphe Menjou, Josephine Hutchinson and husband Jimmy Townsend at Warner Sales Banquet.



Joan Bennett and daughter Diana at Marion Davies' benefit. Looks much like momma, doesn't she?



At Elissa Landi's tennis party—Johnny Farrow, Paul Cavanaugh, Elissa, Maureen O'Sullivan and Count Landi.



Irene Dunne and her escort, who must remain unnamed since Irene won't tell us who he is. At "First Legion" opening.





Norma returns

Temporary absence from the screen to have little Katherine has only made Norma Shearer more beautiful and glainorous. Now she is back at M-G-M making "Romeo and Juliet" and her fans await eagerly her return as the tragic Shakesperean heroine.



Tip-Top...

Gingers Rogers having rested her tapping toes with a brief dash into the comedy-drama of "Star of Midnight" is back deftly following Fred Astaire's intricate pace and Irving Berlin's snappy music in "Top Hat." And it's top stuff!



New Find

Myrna Loy's hasty exit from the cast of "Escapade" was more than a lucky break for this charming Viennese, above. Luise Rainer is a bright new personality of rare beauty—don't miss her début.



Miss Glory

Although Marion Davies has had her make-up kit parked with the Brothers Warner for some time, "Page Miss Glory" marks her début under their regime. And did you ever see a more perennial charmer than Marion? All her sparkle and talent will be abetted in this gay opus by the singing Mr. Powell.



Dark Angel

Remember Vilma Banky in the silent version of "The Dark Angel"? Now it's exciting Merle Oberon who plays it with Herbert Marshall and Fred March.



G-Man... Hello Again

It's quite some leap from being a grim member of "G-Men" to cavorting about as "Bottom" in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—but James Cagney takes it all in his stride and will uphold Erin next in "The Irish In Us."

And glad we are to see you back on the screen which has missed you these many years, Buddy Rogers. All your old fans and a host of new ones wait eagerly for "Old Man Rhythm." How about you and Mary Pickford . . . Huh?



Happy-go-Lucky... Clean-Cut

If you think Bing Crosby is worrying about such trivial matters as a little extra girth, you're silly! With a nice Paramount contract tucked in his pocket and "Two for Tonight" scheduled, he occupies himself jovially with fishing tackle!

Old ladies and young are prone to murmur, "That *nice* Joel McCrea!" And that's what he gets for looking so darn wholesome. Anyway, Joel manages to live it all down with swell performances. His next is "Manhattan Madness."



We Disagree

Mrs. Temple says

JOEL McCREA was used to playing leading man opposite famous lady stars. In fact, Joel has been leading man to so many of Hollywood's most famous he thought none could surprise him.

Then he was cast in "Our Little Girl" with Shirley Temple!

Now, all leading men learn that certain "something" necessary to please the great stars with whom they emote. They learn those little tricks. In a long shot, the feminine star must stand nearest the camera if the man does not rate equal billing. In close-ups she must have that little edge in the lighting. On the set there is that hint of deference, that is perhaps slight, but nevertheless carries through the definite class distinction.

Hollywood is something like the army, you know. The extras on the set are the privates; the bit players the second lieutenants; the average members of the cast are first lieutenants and the leading man to a star is a major. *But the star is the general.*

And if you don't quite understand, I wish you could drop onto a set where Franchot Tone is playing in a picture with Joan Crawford. Off the set, Franchot may be the lead. Joan may listen to his every word as though it were a pearl of real wisdom, since it

By Ruth Biery

If Shirley knows she is famous, no one else guesses and that is one mark of her true genius. Below, a cross-section of the merriest tapping toes in Hollywood. This is a pedal preview of "Curly Top!" You can call it the "Curly Tap" and learn it just by following the pictured positions.



With Shirley's Mother

Shirley is no genius. We tell you why she is!

drops from lips trained by college professors. They may even be married, as so many suspect, and he may be her true lord and master at home. But on the set Franchot Tone is playing *opposite* Joan Crawford and no one ever forgets it, least of all Franchot Tone or Joan Crawford. It is just Hollywood's oldest custom—as is the distinction in the army.

I've gone to some lengths to make this situation impressive because it is impressive. And it explains the amazement of Joel McCrea after his first few days playing opposite Shirley Temple. Joel told a friend, "Well, there's certainly one place where Shirley Temple is not a big shot. On the set. She's a star, but nobody would ever know it. Least of all, Shirley Temple."

The friend said, "Joel was dumbfounded. He couldn't get over it. He kept talking about it. To play opposite a feminine star who was not a big shot—well, it couldn't be, yet it was!"

AND IT IS! The little girl who gets more fan mail today than any man or woman in Hollywood; the diminutive blonde who holds a world laced between her chubby fingers—is the one Hollywood star who feels no social distinctions.

She must know. She can't help it. Shirley is too bright, too quick to grasp the portent of what is happening around her not to understand her own importance. And yet she is the one little woman who never, never makes anyone else feel it.

A great deal of credit has been given Mrs. Temple. It should be. Much has been attributed to Producer Winfield R. Sheehan, who's order is a law: *Do not spoil Shirley Temple*. Likewise, it should be. But I believe too little credit has been awarded *Shirley Temple*!

After all, it's Shirley Temple who makes you feel her personality—makes you aware or unaware she is the most popular young lady in the world of today. Although every precaution was always taken by mother, grandmother, producers and directors to keep Jackie Cooper natural—and although Jackie, himself, has always done his best, I can assure you that no one working on a Cooper picture ever forgets Jackie is a star.

"Shirley is not a genius," Mrs. Temple has said again and again.

And I am going to have the temerity to disagree with

the mother of Shirley Temple. For I truly believe the tot has the rarest genius of all—the inborn knack of knowing how to please other people.

Not so long ago, Shirley Temple (on the set of "Curly Top") wanted coca cola. Her mother told her she might have some, but she could drink only down to a certain letter on the bottle. When she had gurgled through the straw (Shirley loves straws) to that letter, she looked at her mother and then placed the bottle carefully on the set, ready for the time she would be thirsty again.

Now, this was explained to me carefully as a crowning example of Mrs. Temple's discipline. "She lets Shirley have just so much 'rope' and if she steps over the line a fraction of an inch Mrs. Temple pulls in the 'rope,' figuratively speaking, and Shirley understands that her mother disapproves of whatever it is she has done."

ALL TRUE! But if you had seen Shirley's look—well, it was the look rarest to humans, the look of one who wants always to please rather than to be pleased! Shirley is too lively, too courageous, too full of real animal spirits to be *just disciplined*. If it were discipline, alone, she would frequently kick over the traces. She would go just a tenth of an inch over that line, like the majority of six-year-olds. There would be that natural spirit of daring. Shirley can dare just as well as any youngster, but where she differs is that she cannot dare if her intuition warns her that to dare is *not to please* another person.

You have read, of course, of how she makes paper baskets, colors pictures from magazines, weaves paper mats, etc., on the set between scenes. You know she adores it. But do you know *why* she adores it?

The moment she finishes one of her little works of art she runs and presents it to her leading man, her mother, her stand-in, a prop boy, her director, an extra! Her work is always neat, done with almost prim, childish precision. And anyone can tell you there is nothing *prim* about Shirley Temple. But a gift that is to please someone else must be neat. Perfect as she can make it. It cannot be hastily daubed. If Shirley were doing these little bits of handcraft because she liked it, wouldn't she be a bit careless? If she were just "working," as she calls it, wouldn't she rush, now and then?

I presume Shirley adores (Continued on page 83)



WORK WITH ME



1 Feet apart, raise arms above head, bend right arm.



2 Bend body to left with left arm straight out, knees stiff.



3 Bend slowly, knees stiff, pull those hip muscles real hard.



In her first article Sylvia gives you a hip reducing exercise, a diet and makes a swell offer

By Madame Sylvia

You'll be wearing your dresses two sizes smaller, if you do Sylvia's illustrated hip exercise daily for one month. Above, Sylvia and her feline companions, Finka and Kala.

WELL, darlings, here I am! All you fat gals, all you skinny gals, all you people who want health, happiness, success and vitality—this is Sylvia speaking!

I'm sure there are hundreds of you who have never heard of me, but, babies, we're going to get acquainted fast. Just wait until I start telling you how to slice off your hips, add weight to your thighs, get rid of that spare tire around your middle. In short, remodel your figure and face any way you choose. You're going to be healthy! You're going to be slim! You're going to be beautiful! Every one of you. How's that for you?

However, hundreds of letters that have poured in tell me that there are many of you who do know me already—people who have read my articles in other magazines, those who have heard me on the radio—who have

read stories about the work I did with the stars of Hollywood. To you I say, now that I'm with MODERN SCREEN, just watch my smoke! I'm going to give you something new and different, tell you things I've never told before and give you a brand new stunt to try.

So-o-o, to the readers of MODERN SCREEN, greetings!

That sounds like a Christmas card or the beginning of a lecture, doesn't it? Okay, we'll let it stand because I'm here to give you not only a Christmas present, but an all-year-round present. And along with the gift you'll get a lecture such as you've never had before.

It's all yours. Can you take it? I've remodeled the figures and faces of hundreds of motion picture stars. What I did for them can be done for you. But I warn you that you're going to work just as they worked. There

FOR BEAUTY AND HEALTH



4 Keep pulling and bending slowly. Feel those muscles stretch?



5 Bend until left hand reaches the floor. Now do the right side.



6 Do this hip exercise 15 minutes a day for one month.

will be no ifs, ands or buts—they're out! You will snap out of your lazy, sluggish ways, use your common sense and follow my instructions exactly.

I WON'T hand you a lot of soft soap. I won't flatter you and call you "milady," as a lot of beauty writers do. That isn't my way. For years I gave it to the stars, straight from the shoulder. I was honest, frank, sincere. I got results. They took it from me because they had to, because beauty was their stock in trade. Well, let me tell *you* something. Your biggest seller, no matter what job you do, is your face and your figure. When you have a lovely, slim figure, when your skin is smooth and clear, when your eyes radiate vitality and pep, the world is yours!

You don't need classic features. If classic features were the only requirement, plenty of our biggest movie stars would be pounding the pavements. But what you do need and what any woman from eight to eighty can have is slenderness, energy and health.

Are you ready, girls? Will you string along with Sylvia? Will you let me bawl you out and take you down and build you up? You will? That's swell. Because this I know: if you've got the courage and the will power and the stick-to-it-ive-ness, you can be anything you want to be, have any boy friend you like, get the jobs that suit you! Beauty and success are within the grasp of every woman.

And now I want to tell you about the present I'm going to give you. As you know, I treated Jean Harlow. The girl who came to me several years ago and the girl you see on the screen today are almost two different people. What I did for Jean any girl can do for herself. I'm going to show you the way, so that's why last month the editor of this magazine asked every girl who thinks she looks anything like Harlow to send me her picture.

You don't need platinum hair, either. Jean didn't always have it. We can change your hair, make it red or blue or green, if you like. No, your hair can be black or brown or dark blond so long as your face or your figure bears some resemblance to Harlow, the movie star, or Harlow, the little girl who first came to Hollywood.

But Jean isn't the only one who has changed completely in the last few years. Look at Joan Crawford.

Study her face and figure carefully. Would you like to be as she is today? Very well, then, all you girls who think you look like Crawford send in your pictures. When all the pictures are in I'm going to select the girl who is *basically* the most like Joan Crawford. To the one that wins I'll send a long personal letter, telling her how to keep the beauty God gave her and how to remodel what needs remodeling.

AND I'M going to do more. I'm going to print that girl's picture in this magazine. Having your very own picture in MODERN SCREEN is a thrill, isn't it? And who knows to what it might lead? Girls have been selected by their photographs alone for Hollywood stardom many times. Norma Shearer posed for commercial photographers, as did many others. Having your photograph in MODERN SCREEN might be the open door to success, because lots of times when stars get temperamental the executives sign up girls who resemble them as a sort of whip. Anyhow, we'll see. So all you girls who bear a resemblance to Crawford send me your pictures. The more I receive the better I'll like it. I'll announce the winner in a couple of months.

And now to show you that my heart's in the right place I'm going to lead off this series with a brand new exercise for reducing the hips, an exercise I've never printed before. Also I'm going to give you a grand diet. No, I don't like the word "diet." When you say that everyone immediately thinks of starvation—poor women with hollow cheeks, drawn faces and haggard expressions. I'd rather call what I give you "sensible eating." For in my routine you get enough chemicals to satisfy the system, to give you clear, pure, rich blood and strong nerves that will pull your muscles in place.

Summer is about over. You're anxious to look fine in your evening clothes for the winter dances, but you've put on weight. On the beach you've taken improper exercises that make muscles instead of tearing them down. You've done hand-stands and thrown beach balls and have done a lot of swimming. And that has made you hungry, so you have gobbled a lot of hot dogs and have drunk a lot of soda pop. Oh, boy, what that sort of food will do! Do I need to tell you or can you look in the mirror and see for yourself? You're especially big around the hips, aren't you? (Continued on page 77)



One of the tourists' big goals, M-G-M's great studio in Culver City, where you may rub elbows with Garbo, if you get past the gates!



Above, the casting office at Fox Movietone City, a port of call for all ambitious youngsters. Below, the Roosevelt Hotel where you may spot your favorite dining in the Blossom Room some night.



IF YOU

Places to go, prices,

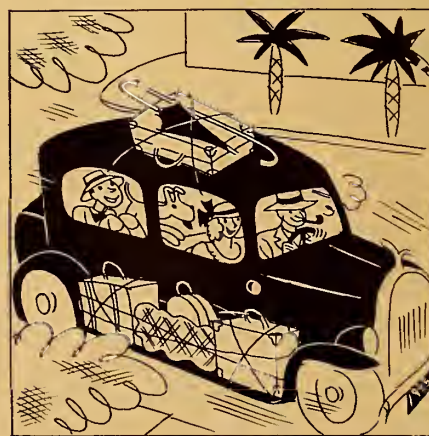
*By Caroline
Somers Hoyt*

Riveron, Cartoonist

REALIZING everyone would like to visit Hollywood, MODERN SCREEN wants you to know exactly what you should see in Hollywood and what it will cost you to stay there one week, one month or one year. This is a tourist's guide of exact information.

Three railroads, two transcontinental airlines and a large number of bus lines serve Los Angeles. This writer's family has just travelled from coast to coast by auto. The gasoline and oil for a six-cylinder, medium-weight car cost \$57.77. Tourist camp accommodations ranged from \$1.25 to \$2.50 for three people, inclusive. There was no town or city on the Lincoln Highway where one could not secure an excellent meal for fifty cents. In many smaller towns, hotel accommodations were less expensive and better than tourist camps. The trip from New York to Hollywood takes from nine to fourteen days, depending upon weather conditions. Total cost of trip for three adults and one large dog: \$152.24.

If you travel by rail, do not expect to see Hollywood celebrities en route



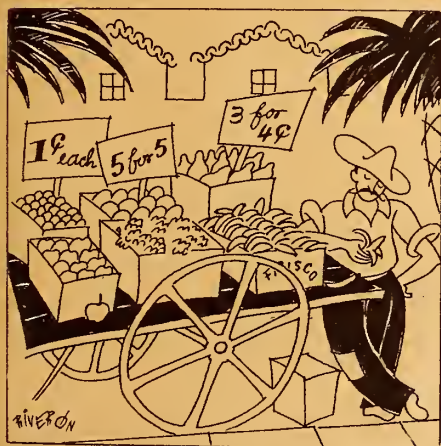
Above is a typical scene—it might be you, arriving by car for your first glimpse at the stars!

Ever Visit Hollywood

and how to see stars at work and play

unless you pay \$10 for the privilege of riding on "The Chief." Although there are many luxury trains to the coast, this is the only "extra fare" one and is designed principally for Hollywood studio travel. The stars do not patronize it because it costs more but because they are more protected. When Olive Borden was one of the most popular and highest-paid actresses, I travelled across the country on a non-extra fare train with her. Although Olive liked the crowds at the station, the friendly passengers who knocked continually on the drawing-room door, the host of reporters who swarmed on at the cities, we were both so exhausted when the trip was over we scarcely could be courteous to the friends who met us.

Most Hollywood celebrities enjoy attention. It is the final proof of



Hollywood is the housekeeper's delight with vegetables, fruit and eggs to be bought unbelievably cheap from vendors.

fame, their goal from the beginning. But they have just so much strength and can only protect it by privacy when they travel so you will not meet them on busses or every-day trains.

Now, aeroplanes are different. If you board a swift, transcontinental plane you are likely to run into some "big shot" from Hollywood. Connie Bennett flies across several times yearly, usually accompanied by Rex Cole, her business manager, for company. Somehow, there's a feeling of comfort, when you are 10,000 feet in

the air to have someone *you know* up there with you. Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper, Katharine Hepburn, Wally Beery, Margaret Sullivan, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, George Brent usually fly. The accident which killed Senator Cutting, injured director Richard Wallace and



You can take a "rubberneck" trip around Hollywood but beware of phoney ones which exist.

others of the Paramount company, happened on the day before Myrna Loy was to wing eastward. Friends urged her to change to the train but Myrna only laughed and boarded the plane. You'll find that most Hollywoodites are fatalists. They depend instinctively upon the lucky or unlucky break. Myrna waited nearly ten years for a "Thin Man" to make her a star. It would come or it wouldn't! She would be killed or she wouldn't!

BUT IF you expect to meet Myrna Loy on a plane, you'll have to be an extra-clever detective to make certain ahead of time because the aeroplane companies won't tell. Their passenger list is a deep secret until the take-off. Then the publicity breaks and a star, traveling via air, gets twice as much publicity space in the newspapers as one spending four days on a train being courteous to fellow-passengers, autograph seekers and reporters.

Whether you reach Los Angeles by train, bus or plane, you land at



The above street signs of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street mark the center of Hollywood activities.

least eight miles from Hollywood. The plane sends you to your destination by bus but you must provide your own transportation otherwise. Taxis are expensive. You should allow at least \$5 round trip (including tips). You may have your luggage sent by truck for approximately \$1 (one way) and take the red-car (ten cents) which runs directly down Hollywood Boulevard.

Hotel accommodations vary, naturally, according to luxury and location. The Roosevelt hotel, in the center of Hollywood, has some rooms that are living quarters by day and bedrooms by night. All with private baths. Cost: approximately \$6 daily (double). Other hotels dot or edge the boulevard (The Christie; the Plaza, etc.) where accommodations may be secured from \$3 to \$5. If you come in your own car, parking by the night is fifty cents but special rates may be secured in fire-proof garages for as low as \$6 monthly or for \$4-\$5 in private, wooden garages.

Small, little-advertised but comfortable hotels may be found on side streets, running from the boulevard, for \$2 nightly or \$50 monthly. Although the "swank" is missing, the rooms are clean, comfortable and have private baths. To find them, take the Los Angeles telephone book, look under hotels in the classified advertising section and ask any drug store attendant to help you place the localities. You will find the average clerk in Hollywood extremely courteous as long as he may put in his plug for the "unusual weather." Here is a tip: Never discourage a Californian (Continued on page 89)



His marriage to Dolores made a different man of Jack Barrymore—but this was not to last.

The most

SHE was the most beautiful bride I have ever seen. Her face was as delicate as the lillies-of-the-valley clasped to her shoulder by a diamond pin. Her personality was as dainty as the spider-web lace draped over her bisque slip. Her eyes were great moonbeams shining with faith from their heaven.

When she had been pronounced the wife of John Barrymore, I slipped away to see her father, Maurice Costello, who had not been invited to the wedding.

He was ill in bed. He clutched the worn coverlet in one hand and the battered bedside with the other. There were tears in his eyes, on his cheeks, in the whiskers of an unshaven chin while he talked.

"I did all I could to stop that marriage. God knows, I lost my home, job, the affection of my children in trying to stop it. Why, John Barrymore is of my generation—not Dolores'."

He did not paint a pretty picture. I did not write one word of it—then. Who could tell that radiant young girl, who had just taken the most sacred vow of life, her father's grim story?

Today, it seems as though Maurice Costello may have

(Left, below) Beautiful Dolores whose dad predicted tragedy for his "baby" if she wed John, twice her age.



Tragic Love Story

The Barrymore-Castello marriage has hit the racks . . . a girl's dreams are shattered . . .

By Ruth Biery

been a prophet. This is the story he told me.

"I was not in Hollywood when my family first came. They had been here nine months when I arrived. Dolores was already playing in 'The Sea Beast' with John Barrymore. I objected to his association with Dolores as I would have expected a father to object to my association with a very young girl under the same circumstances.

"Funny, my divorce was granted on Dolores' birthday, September 17. Everyone says I'm going to sue John Barrymore for alienation of my children's affections. My lawyer helped me write them a letter which should answer that. It ended, 'I have given my forgiveness and blessing for a long and happy wedlock. Lovingly, Dad.'

"I am something like John Barrymore myself and that is the reason I do not want him for the husband of my baby. Barrymore's contract is typical of the man. No one has anything to say except Barrymore. He has the final word on everything: cameramen, extra girls, electricians. He always will. God help Dolores!

"Barrymore was standing one day on a balcony argu-

ing with one of the Warner brothers. Dolores chanced to walk out. Barrymore said, 'Who's that girl?'

"'Dolores Costello.'

"'All right, I'll have her as my leading lady in 'The Sea Beast.'"

"That ended that and this began. One morning I came down to breakfast, not long after my arrival. I can remember that conversation word for word. Like to hear it? All right. Dolores, Helene and her mother were there.

"I began, 'I am going to step out of my character for a moment.'

"'What character?'

"'The character of minding my own business. John Barrymore is no man for Dolores. In the first place, he's old enough to be her father. In the second place, he's a married man. (Michael Strange had not yet divorced him.) In the third place, he's a gigantic mass of contradictions. He comes just too close to being a really great man.'

"My wife answered, 'Why, John Barrymore's made Dolores a star.'

(Continued on page 78)

(Left, below) Back in the happy days with their children Dolores Ethel Mae and John, Jr. What about them now?

(Below) Mrs. Barrie, Jack and his new protégée, Elaine Barrie, whom he is grooming for stage stardom.





Advance model

She's not of the glamor school; she's 'way ahead of it, something zippy, gay and new. An exciting personality is Rosalind, Hollywood says she'll go far. And she's well on her way in "China Seas" with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow.

**Meet Rosalind Russell,
a sprightly new version
of young-stor-to-be!**

By Faith Service

STREAMLINE · stardom—airflow lines—advance model—that is Rosalind Russell!

"She's going places," that's what they say of her—the critics, fans and studios—here in Hollywood and elsewhere.

In "Evelyn Prentice," "The Night Is Young," "The President Vanishes," "The Casino Murder Case," "Forsaking All Others," "China Seas," "Reckless"—she's had fattish parts and fervid recognition in all of them.

Her next role will be opposite Bill Powell in a Loyish part. "Ha," they say—the types who always insist that Little Willie is the spittin' image of Great-Aunt Belinda—"ha, she's like Myrna!" But she isn't. Nothing mysterious or enigmatic about "Roz." Her brain does a perpetual somersault, her tongue a sprightly marathon. She's not like anybody yet jelled in gelatin. She has no predecessors. She's bound to have "descendants." She doesn't copy. She will be copied. We may be in for a Russell rash. She is an original, others will be carbons. She's set a new style in stars—advance model—this girl.

'Ware there, all the old established stars, the new model is out!

BACKGROUND? Uh-uh, no contest winner, no foreign importation, no dark lady willing to give all for her art. None of the old legends. But this:

A rambling, jolly family home in Waterbury, Con-

necticut. A spacious Park Avenue apartment for the winter seasons. Seven children in the warm and gracious family circle. A mother and father so profoundly in love that they blushed when they looked at each other, after twenty-five years of married life. *Real* marriage. A home where love lived—that was Rosalind's background.

Memories of that delightful, dear home when the seven were children together—riding, all seven of them, each on his or her own horse. "We looked," said Rosalind, "like the Connecticut Cavalry in action."

Mother and Dad going off on their annual six months' trip together—round the world, to Europe, to South America, always honeymooning. The sudden decision to go; it was always sudden. Then the children dragging down luggage, helping to pack, the lusty Irish woman who could be "trusted" and who stood guard while Mother and Dad were away. Mother's birthdays and the family ritual—the seven children summoned to Dad's office, asked, each in turn, what he or she had planned for Mother's gifts. Small Rosalind's turn: "I thought a black suede bag." Dad's quick nod, "That's good—how much will it cost?" Rosalind blandly, "Twenty-five dollars."

Of course, she told me, it wouldn't cost that much and she knew it; ten at most. She said, "We were demons." Then the seven going shopping and returning to Dad's office while he inspected each (Continued on page 68)

hAVE you ever stopped to think how the least decision we make can change our entire life? How a chance word or a chance act can turn an unhappy pattern into a happy pattern. Or vice versa. The threads upon which our destinies hang are so very slender.

Take, by way of striking example, the case of Walter Huston. But for a chance activity in a school dramatic club he would be an engineer today, not an actor.

I saw him when he was in New York recently, en route for England, where he will play the title role in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for Gaumont-British. The hotel suite in which we talked, over Scotch and soda, might have been a stage setting for a sophisticated man about town or a more typical matinée idol. Beyond the windows, hung with stiff gold taffeta, the towers of Manhattan formed a severe, geometrical pattern against the spring dusk. The walls were black, gold striped. The ceiling gold. The carpet black. And there were red and gold parchment lamps of a formal Empire design to light the scene.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. His gray eyes have the narrowed look which comes from long stretches in the sun. In his slightly weather-beaten neck there are deep wrinkles. When he laughs deep lines radiate from his eyes. There are patches of iron gray in his hair. And if you notice his clothes at all it is because of their excellent tailoring. He looks so much more like the engineer he started out to be than like an actor.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. But he enjoyed being in such a room.

Walter Huston could have long-term contracts galore, but he prefers to do a movie or a play, as he desires.

Because he is an actor. And as an actor has learned to enjoy life and all the luxury and beauty and charm it has to offer. And as an actor hasn't been obliged to spend his life adjusting himself to practical, routine demands, and to pay for his success—as too many business men do—by his very joy of living. Also acquiring in the bargain a holy horror of anything not one hundred per cent conservative.

All of which he knows himself. For he's intelligent and analytical enough to realize that he has come to a much fuller, richer life than he ever would have known had he continued in the engineering world. Or in almost any other world.

"I'm darn grateful for that school dramatic club," he says, "because it whetted my appetite for the theatre to such a degree that I couldn't stay away from it."

He talks very quietly. He isn't even slightly the exhibitionist who loves the sound of his own voice.

"Acting," he went on, leaning back in the small black satin sofa which stood in the embrasure

of a window, "you touch the highspots of living. For instance, I go to Washington and I'm invited to meet the President. I play a submarine commander in a certain film and for weeks I'm working with high naval officials and learning a tremendous amount about the sea, about submarines. I come to New York now, on my way to England, and Mr. John Hays Hammond invites me to spend an evening with him and we talk of Rhodes and of Africa until I leave steeped in all that adventure and romance. In England I'm to make a presentation of some kind to the King.

"One interest leads to another. Constantly. Life is stimulating and colorful. (Continued on page 82)

From the stage play "Dodsworth" with wife, Nan Sunderland. And now he's in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for G.B.

The Theatre's *Loss* Walter Huston turns movie- ward after a successful year in "Dodsworth"

By Adele Whitely Fletcher





*By
Martha
Kerr*

Gary Cooper isn't the shy, timid soul he used to be. The change which has come over him was first apparent in his animated characterization in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." As a result of his excellent work, Paramount cast him opposite Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson." He will be Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "The Pearl Necklace."

Gary
isn't the
same...

hollywood has a new Gary Cooper! He is not, of course, a completely new human being but an adult who is the outgrowth of the bashful, gawky, restless recruit who stumbled accidentally among us ten years ago. Ten years is a long time but it has taken a long time for the boy-Gary to become the man-Cooper.

Men are usually slow in slipping from tempestuous adolescence to the more intriguing maturity. Some never make the transition. Many of us feared Gary was fated to the perennial youth which has helped to wreck the personal happiness and professional career of many an actor. And I believe there was this very real danger until that invisible Something which controls our destinies wielded three influences marking a terrific change

In a single year Gary Cooper has become a changed man. Here's why



Gary admits that he owes a lot to women. Above, Sandra Shaw, his charming wife.

in Gary, reshaping his life into a new pattern. Marriage! "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer!" A series of fan-magazine stories!

Since all three came in a single year, it is impossible to segregate their influences. We must look at them together, as they were handed to him.

Gary dislikes to have anyone write about him in his relation to women. In the old days, he hesitated to talk about them because he did not know what to say. He did not understand them and was afraid of sounding dumb. Today, he refuses because he believes his private life is nobody else's business. A proof in itself that he has graduated from fearful boyishness to firm adulthood.

But Gary understands, today, also that all men either grow up or remain like "little boys" largely because of their experiences with women. To the boy, women are mysterious, ethereal creatures never quite understood.

They are on that "other side" of an invisible wall which they continually try to climb. Until they do, they are boys. If they never manage to scale the top, they are still boys.

Naturally, woman is clever. She does not want man to make that jump—to come to really know, completely understand her. For when he does, woman loses her most adroit weapon in bending man to her will and her whims. She loses that czarina domination!

Gary began wondering about women in Montana. They were even more wondrous, more mysterious to him than they are to most boys because Gary was raised on the plains where his only companions were tough, hard-drinking, story-spinning cowboys, scurrying chipmunks, wise-eyed owls, threatening coyotes, and his Victorian, idealistic mother and father. No sisters, one brother. He understood these—he dreamed of women as he dashed like a whirl of wind itself on his saddleless ponies. And he dreamed them to be more delicate, more wonderful than any boy who has played hide-and-seek or jumped rope with the neighborhood girls. It was only natural he should become easily influenced by what he had dreamed to be God's most marvellous creation.

A woman influenced Gary to enter Grinnell College in Iowa. A white-haired, tender-hearted woman yearning in her schoolroom over the destinies of other women's children. A girl influenced Gary to seek a security-for-living in the big cities where quick advancement for quick marriage seemed more assured than the former rustling cattle, guiding tourists through national parks or sitting in small offices in small Montana cities. He considered New York. "I couldn't bear the thought of walking in those chasms between false walls or watching the imitation pinnacles of skyscrapers after the real chasms and pinnacles of nature in our mountains in Montana," he once told me. He heard that Los Angeles sprawled over mountain top and desert, so he went there.

He had intended to write the girl in Grinnell College daily letters. But a man who stumbles, half-starving, during the day from door to door selling—or rather not selling—photograph coupons can spend little energy writing letters at night. And when he stumbled, through sheer accident, into his first extra role as an archer in a Tom Mix picture, wearing a pair of green tights and with feather in cap, he caught sight of Billie Dove,

Tom's leading lady. Now the sight of Billy Dove, with her truly exquisite beauty, has made the greatest male cynics decide they know little, after all, about women. Gary decided to remain in this strange, new pasture into which he had ridden.

I do not know that he ever saw Billie again. But it wasn't very long before all the women in Hollywood were eyeing this tall, well-knit figure who ambled around Hollywood with a combination of wistful (Continued on page 80)

**She wanted to be a great
path thorny. Continue**

Part 2

THIS IS the second of a series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl, who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confession remain anonymous.

Last month she described her arrival in Hollywood, determined to become a star in a year's time. Discouraged when a cheap director of a small "quickie" company insulted her, she decided that she would steer clear of the offer made to her on a bus by an artist, who wanted her to pose for a stocking ad. But when she discovered on a Saturday that she had lost ten dollars and only had a few pennies to last her until Monday morning, when she couldn't get in the bank, she went to the artist's studio early Sunday morning, thinking she would make a few dollars. Now go on with her exciting adventures.

WHEN I arrived at the artist's studio the door was opened for me by the man I had met on the bus. It seemed as if he hardly recognized me. Hurriedly he said, "Oh, yes, it's you. Come in." And then he turned, leaving me standing there looking foolish, and went on talking to the other man I now saw in the room.

"But I tell you," the artist said, "it can be done. Acting is a spurious art. It is imitative, not creative. The stars simply do what the directors tell them—and that's all."

Standing in the cluttered studio, unnoticed by the two men in the room, I looked about me. There were the usual artists' materials, the easel, palette, tubes of paint, sketch books, model throne, etc. In one corner sat the artist and another man—an older man, grey at the temples, well dressed. They were having not only breakfast, but a violent argument. Although the smell of hot buttered toast and bacon tantalized me—for I had not eaten since noon of the day before—I stood quietly in the middle of the room and awaited the next move.

I HEARD the older man saying, "You're all wrong, Bradley. A good actor combines technique with emotion. It is as fine and as subtle an art as a painter's."

"Nonsense," said the artist, "the actor's emotions are pseudo. His technique is a bag of cheap, clap-trap tricks." I waited patiently. Suddenly he turned and looked at me. "Now, take this girl here," he said to the older man, "young, inexperienced—never had a real emotion in her. Give her a good director and she can act as well as your greatest stars."

"Take this young girl, she's never had a real emotion," said the older man to Bradley.

I was terribly hungry. And I was mad, too, at being left standing there while these two

The Confessions

star but she found the her exciting adventures

had an argument and ate breakfast. "You're a liar," I shouted. "I *have* had real emotions. Right now my most real emotion is hunger." And I began to cry.

They both laughed. Without introducing me to the other man, the artist made a place for me at the little card table, buttered some toast and poured a cup of coffee. They both looked at me as if I were something under glass in a museum. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bradley," the older man said, "we'll make an experiment. Do you consider me a good director?"

The artist nodded.

"Then we'll give this little inexperienced girl, with or without emotion, a test. You claim she'll be a great actress. I say she may or may not show a little native ability and that's all."

"It isn't fair," the artist protested. "She needs background, setting, any number of things."

"Backing down?" the director laughed. "What you're saying is just what I'm saying, that one must have technique to be a good actor. But you were arguing differently a moment ago."

The artist laughed now, too. "All right, my original statement goes. We'll give the kid a test."

NOW CAN you movie-struck girls imagine my mooted emotions at this point? Can you imagine how I felt hearing these two men deciding, so it seemed to me, my fate; holding the thing I wanted most in the world, a screen test, in front of my nose, then jerking it away and then dangling it again; doing it all perfectly casual, over a breakfast table argument; acting as if I were a piece of furniture; paying no attention to me as a person at all and yet giving me a glimpse of hell and paradise all in a few short minutes.

I sat quietly by. I had made a mistake during my first week in Hollywood by being too impetuous when the "quickie" director offered me a role. This experience was almost too good to be true and I was determined not to spoil it. One word from me might make them change their minds. I could not keep my hand from trembling as I put the sugar in my coffee, but I could certainly keep my mouth shut.

I was there, so I thought, to pose for a stocking ad, but I did not mention it. I had been hungry a moment before, but I was hungry no longer, for the director said, "Come on, then, we'll take a run out to the studio and shoot the test right away."

My heart leapt. This was too good to be true.

The artist said, "But I've got some work to do."

My heart sank. Would I lose this, my only, chance?

"Backing down?" the director asked again, with a broad grin on his face.

My heart stood still. I couldn't imagine how this would end.

(Continued on page 64)

**"You're a liar,"
shouted the girl.
"Right now my
most real emotion is
hunger."**

of an Extra Girl

Carl Mueller, Illustrator



CARL
MUELLER

Making people laugh is Edna May Oliver's fate

THE company making "No More Ladies" at M-G-M had gone to lunch. The set was dark on the huge sound stage and, I thought, deserted, until I heard unmistakable sounds of an argument coming from an obscure corner.

My reportorial temperature rose when I recognized the voice of Edna May Oliver. "A fight!" I breathed to myself, as I tiptoed closer to hear what was going on.

"Why do you eat that stuff?" Miss Oliver demanded of Oliver Marsh, the cameraman on the picture. "Why don't you bring some sandwiches from home?"

Oliver was sitting on a stool just off the set, eating his lunch from a tray and, apparently, was just as surprised as I was at this sudden onslaught.

"I don't have time," he replied weakly.

"No time! No time!" she repeated with a scornful sniff. "You have a wife, haven't you? You've been home sick with stomach trouble for three days and look at you—eating those soggy-looking sandwiches and drinking ice-cold milk! Why don't you eat whole wheat bread? No wonder you're sick!"

And, with a gesture of exasperation, she walked away.

To the casual observer she seems fairly to bristle at times, and to those who don't know her it would seem she is a meddlesome person. But to Mr. Marsh, or anyone who knows her, that incident is just another proof of her concern for the welfare of anyone with whom she has the slightest contact.

"That poor boy is sick," she explained to me. "He should have something hot for his lunch."

Another side of Edna May Oliver had been revealed to me.

Making people laugh is easy for her. In fact, they'll generally laugh whether she wants them to or not. This fact was illustrated a few moments later when the entire company of actors, including Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery and others returned from lunch and work was resumed.

"I smell smoke," Miss Oliver said suddenly, stopping in the middle of a scene, wrinkling her nose (you know her wrinkling system) and sniffing dramatically in every direction.

Now, a fire any place within the confines of a studio is a very serious thing, but everyone on the set began to laugh.

"I do," she insisted. "I smell smoke. Something is burning!"

Continued and louder laughter was her reward.

"Well," she said resignedly, "I suppose the place could burn down and no one would believe it if I spread the alarm. No one takes *me* seriously."

The fact that there was smoke, which was caused by some crossed wiring, made the situation even funnier to Edna May's co-workers. They gleefully accepted the fact that she had noticed it before they did as a humorous tribute to the efficacy of her characteristic, high-powered sniff.

Edna May Oliver, comedienne, came into being when the discovery was made that (Continued on page 74)

How can you help liking her?

By Franc Dillon

Miss Oliver wanted to be a dramatic actress but—

She's Joan's high-ball drinking granny in "No More Ladies."

Edna May's humor never fails to delight audiences.



Revealing a brand new
slant on the "Cisca Kid"

Baxter's Best Girl

A SCENE as touching as anything he ever played upon a screen was enacted just the other afternoon in the palatial home of Warner Baxter, atop the rugged Bel-Air Hills. Baxter had a showdown with his mother, the beloved Mrs. Jennie Barrett Baxter, a widow since Warner was three months old. The showdown had to do with Warner's fan mail. Now it must be understood that ever since that day in 1915 when Warner received his first fan letter, Mrs. Baxter has been head of his fan mail department, and has watched it grow from a letter a month to thousands each week. She has read and handled every letter! And now Warner had heard that his mother, just turned sixty-six years, had been to an eye specialist—was having trouble with her eyes. Thus, the showdown.

Mrs. Baxter, in answer to her son's summons, tripped up the soft-carpeted stairs to his study on the second floor. "What's on your mind, son?" she inquired.

"It's about the fan mail," he began. "Well, what about the fan mail?" "Mother," said Warner, softly, "I've heard about your eyes and while I hate like everything to tell you this, I've decided to take all the mail off your hands. It's time you retired." Warner grinned, and put his arm around her.

For a moment she said nothing. Then she began to choke up, and her eyes filled with tears. "Warner," she said, "don't do it! I can't darn your socks, wash your shirts—do the things mothers do for their boys—but if you take that mail away from me, Warner, it would kill me."

So Mrs. Baxter remains at the head of the fan mail department.

At the risk of being crowned by my friend Baxter, I'm going to disclose that Warner, in recounting that tale to me, did a little choking up himself! "As a matter of fact," he said, "mother has more vitality than her son. She drives her own car, has a full, busy day, every day, is never ill, and at sixty-six finds that life is getting very interesting indeed. And speaking of her vitality, I'll tell you something that isn't generally known about her. Not so long ago she jumped from the third floor of a burning building into a net spread by firemen, and suffered neither shock nor bruises!

"As you know, mother, ever since my marriage in 1917, has refused to live with us. Her contention has always been that no house was big enough for a man, his wife and a mother-in-law. From time to time, in the intervening years, Winnie (the lovely Winifred Bryson, who was a famous stage and screen star) and I have tried to get her to live with us, but she refused, point blank and cold-bloodedly, insisting that she loved the privacy of an apartment, with a kitchenette, where she could cook for herself when she desired home cooking. So, when Winnie and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy now to get her to come and live with us, we planned a big surprise for her. We built into the house a little apartment for mother. Remembering her plea for privacy, we arranged an entrance (Continued on page 93)




Did you know that Warner's mother, pictured with him below, has handled all of his fan mail since 1915? And she wouldn't give up that job for the world.



by Harry T. Brundidge

The Truth About The

If it had not been for



Myrna Loy, once doomed to playing half-caste roles, now enjoys being a normal American.

WHEN HER father died, Myrna, her mother and her brother David left Helena, Montana, and settled in Culver City, California. Myrna's mother was not in very good health, and it wasn't long before the freckled-faced, red-haired Myrna was assuming the responsibility of taking care of the family. Always interested in dancing, Myrna decided to take it up seriously and eventually start a class of her own. Inside of a year, this is exactly what she did do. However, the revenue from this work was very small and Myrna got herself a job in a revue at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre.

While Myrna was doing a number, Henry Waxman, a photographer at Warner Brothers, noticed the red-haired miss and offered to photograph her. The pictures turned out beautifully and one day while Rudolph Valentino was in his studio, he asked Waxman to introduce him to her. Impressed with her rare beauty, Rudy decided to test her for a part in "What Price Beauty" starring Nita Naldi. Of course, Myrna was thrilled over this bit of good fortune. When she appeared to take the screen test, Rudy made her up with his own hands and Natacha Rambova, his wife, brought her her own clothes to wear. Myrna will never forget the kindness and friendliness of these two people. And she was so anxious that the test be a success. But, alas, she was bit-



Stepping stones in Myrna's career (reading across the page): in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"; a bit in "Love Me

Mysterious Miss Loy

the men in her life, Myrna would not be a star

terly disappointed. Her spirits downcast, she did not want to go back to dancing. Myrna thought she might obtain extra work at M-G-M. Day after day she sat on the narrow wooden bench in the Casting Office, determined to get a break.

MYRNA SAID, "When that voice called to me that day in the casting office—that day after so many, many days—'Hey, you there in the blue suit—wanter work to-day?' it was precisely as though Sandolphin, the Angel of Glory, had, with dulcet accents, beckoned me through the heavenly portals to reign there forever . . .

"I have had a great many charming things said to me since then, flattering things, poetic things, but never words so winged and wonderful as those!

"I walked through that humdrum wooden door and it was a Golden Gate to me. I walked onto that lot, for the first time in my life, on shoes a little run down at the heel and my feet seemed not to touch the earth they trod.

"Visions of sugarplums danced through my head. Perhaps, I thought, my hidden genius had burned right through that little wooden grille and I had been 'discovered'!

"I was sent to the wardrobe department. I there found out that I was to make a costume test. They didn't want me, Myrna Loy. They wanted a body. Any body weighing less than one hundred and twenty pounds on which to drape the leper costume Kathleen Key was to wear in 'Ben Hur' starring Ramon Novarro! A figure for a leper costume—that was my grand entrance into motion pictures!

"They didn't want me to use make-up. They weren't concerned with my face. They were testing the costume

in color and the costume was all they cared about. But my vanity rose up in its majesty at the thought of being photographed, even from the neck down, with all my freckles in their ungarnished glory. I demurred. They finally told me to go ahead and fix my face, it really didn't matter. I did. And when I reached the set, lavishly daubed and mascaraed, Lillian Rosine, the make-up expert, took one long look at me and cried out, 'Migod, where did you get the false face!' and propelled me off the set forthwith. She made me up, professionally, as she has done so many times since, and there's many a time that we have laughed together over my first appearance.

"I sat around waiting to take the costume test. And as I sat there I was conscious that Christy Cabanne, directing one of the units of 'Ben Hur,' was watching me. I couldn't figure out whether he had perceived the camouflaged freckles and was fascinated or whether he was intent upon my undiscovered genius. Still he looked kindly. He was extremely kind to me.

"Later he came over to me and asked whether I was a member of the studio stock company. I told him, 'No, this is the first time I've been able to get my foot on this lot. I'm—I'm just about to try on a leper costume!

"He then explained to me that he was looking for a Madonna type to play the Virgin Mary in the picture. He would like to make a test of me for the part. And so, directly the color stuff of the leper costume was made, it was whipped off me and I was draped in white robes and a blonde wig and tested for the Madonna. I was thin enough and anxious enough and haunted enough, I suppose, to look holy.

"The next day I was on (Continued on page 85)

By

Gladys Hall



Tonight"; "Topaze" with Barrymore; "Animal Kingdom" with Howard; "The Thin Man" and "Broadway Bill."

Costume Pictures



Countess Di Frasso's amusing party

Dietrich made Liz Allan up as herself—and a swell job, too. Below, her own lovely swan costume.

Above, Jack Oakie and the hostess, Dorothy Di Frasso. Below, Sally Blane and beau Norman Foster.

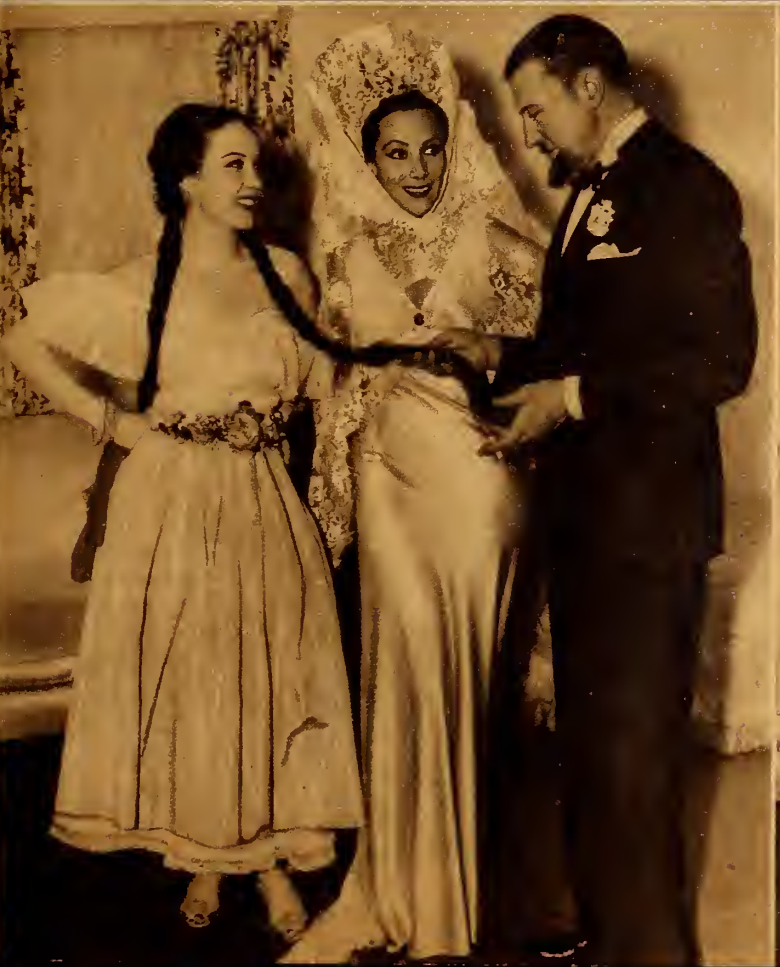


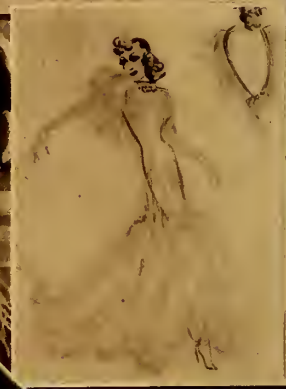


puts Hollywood into famous choracter roles!

Josephine Baker (Ruth Chatterton) with a China-
man friend, Cliff Webb! Fay Wray, Dolores Del
Rio and Clive Brook, below.

More Orientals! Charlie Chaplin with
Paulette Goddard—and below, Loretta
Young with sea-going Lewis Milestone.





Toppers off to Ginger's 'Top Hat' Clothes

Across the top of the page we go in a smart whirl of Ginger's new costumes—you not only see the finished costume but also Bernard Newman's original sketches. First left, the Piccolino dress of white starched chiffon besprinkled with silver paillettes. Next, a light blue satin trimmed with matching ostrich feathers (the whole studio had to pick them up after each dance!). Then Indigo blue and white striped woolen for daytime. The cape comes off, leaving a jacket. And Ginger's stunning pajamas with tunic coat of metal shot taffeta. Lower left, dusty pink lace with silver thread tracery. And last, Ginger and Newman approve her riding habit—the last word in equestrian correctness.



Gay, sophisticated



fashions dance through Rogers-Astaire opus



... New clothes

School clothes are a major subject this time

JUST about this time of the year there is an off-stage tolling of bells—and, if you are of the campus age, they ring like a knell in your ears! The only compensation for vacations ending is, for the feminine contingent, the immediate possibility of going on a clothes binge. No woman can stay depressed for long with new clothes in the offing—even if they are school clothes.

But don't stop reading if you aren't headed for either a high school or college scene because these

fall fashion tips, though aimed at you school-minded readers, are just as applicable to the rest of you.

A well-known Hollywood writer remarked to me, one day at lunch, that she thought, of all the younger Hollywood actresses, Anita Louise was the most clothes-conscious. She went on to say that Anita didn't have just a superficial flair for style but that she really studied herself in relation to her clothes with results that were decidedly smart. Remembering this conversation, I asked

By Adelia Bird



Anita Louise "bones up" on the way to class. Amber-colored sweater over a brown skirt and tricky green scarf.



Beige jersey for a classic subject—the shirtwaist dress. Note the cute striped bow tie under the tailored collar.



Off to a big date! Anita Louise in a white kidskin fur coat. Brown or gray is a more practical choice.





Academically Speaking

of year so Anita Louise picks some that rate high!

Anita to pick out the sort of clothes she would take off to college, if she were going this fall. She had great fun doing it but explained that she had picked them with a California school in mind and that with slight changes in fabric, her selections are much the same as she would imagine other college girls would wear.

Every college has its own pet fads and it isn't until you get there that you get on to them. For this reason, it is well to choose a few classic campus costumes and leave the extras until you have been on campus

awhile and know what the others are wearing. However, if there is a store in your town that features a college shop, it is well to go there and chat with some of the representative college girls who have been invited to help you choose the right clothes for your specific school.

Anyway, to get back to Anita Louise, the two pages of her college selections offer some good basic fashion ideas for you.

She rates a tailored suit as important. Hers is in brown covert cloth. Anita explained that she picked

Co-eds by Gladys Parker



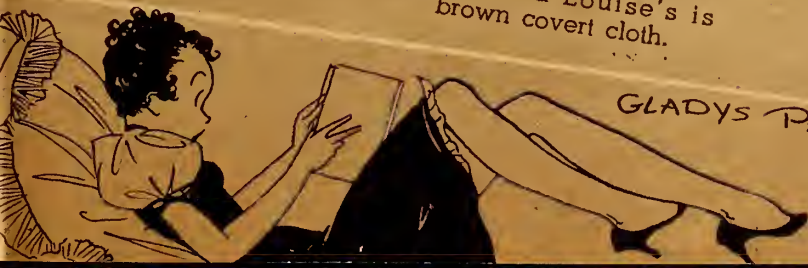
A jaunty swagger coat in gay steamer rug plaid for campus and week-ends.



At least one tailored suit should be on your school list. Anita Louise's is brown covert cloth.



This is a double date evening frock—can be semi-formal with the cape, or quite formal without it!



GLADYS PARKER





Above are five good fall ideas whether or not you are campus bound. Top left, Virginia Bruce's brown and beige tweed ensemble with three-quarter length flared jacket. And right, her smart camel's hair coat in double-breasted style with wide beaver collar and tie belt. Below left to right, Florine McKinney's green velvet coat and muff with corded detail. Next, Betty Furness in checked wool cape over a matching jacket and plain wool skirt. Fay Wray in slate blue woolen and taffeta.

covert cloth, rather than tweed, because it is better suited to California's climate. However, you, who live out of a warm clime, will undoubtedly choose from one of the stunning new sports woolens of rustic weave. They are very new and smart, looking a great deal like the coarser linens and cottons that you adored so this summer. They are perfect for young daytime suit fashions.

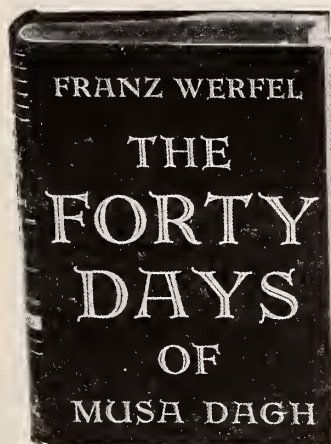
Anita's suit is a more formal version of the tuxedo, one-button suit. The jacket is bound in braid and has wide, sharply pointed lapels. She thinks this type of suit

is ideal for the school girl who will be making week-end jaunts because it is perfect for traveling and can be worn under a top coat or fur coat later on. Her accessories are brown—her stitched fabric hat has a slightly peaked crown. And she tucks a silk scarf into her neckline, Ascot fashion. That giddy boutonniere is made of California's best brand of straw flowers.

Simplicity in all school clothes is Anita Louise's dictum. Wisely, she thinks nothing is sillier than girls teetering around on very high (Continued on page 70)

\$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Get in on this contest. You may win top prize



ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

FIRST	\$1,000.00	SEVEN AT \$50.00 EACH	350.00
SECOND	500.00	NINETY AT \$5.00 EACH	450.00
THIRD	200.00	TOTAL—100 PRIZES....	\$2,500.00

Here's all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes illustrated on this page will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935. Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

MODERN SCREEN offers \$2500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

This is a simple contest to enter—all you have to do is write a letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured on this page or, if you prefer, you may write about some other "great moment" from the story.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least \$5.00 or possibly \$1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells.



An avalanche comes down the mountain-side and forces Turks to flee.



A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife with another.



Gabriel's son drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.



Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.



The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle—many lives are lost.



Turkish forces lead a group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.



Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.



In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.



Modern Screen's

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	Daily N. Y. News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★		3★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Bardertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		3★	3★		2½★	2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★			3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★		4★	4★	3★

Critics' picture ratings—5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good;

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon
New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe
New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johanneson
New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Movie Scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		3★	2½★	2★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★				3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★		2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★

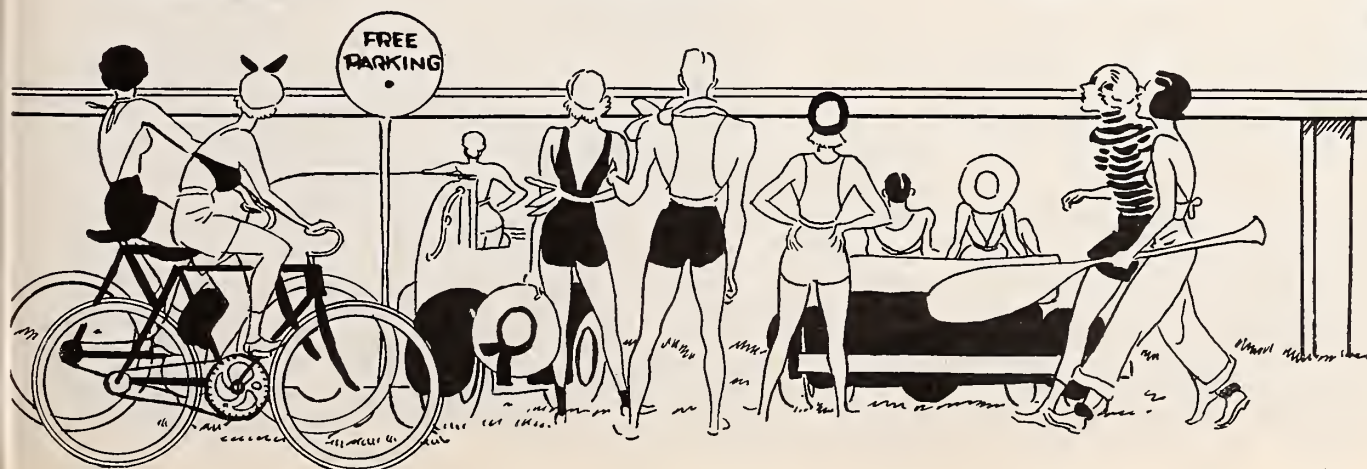
(Continued on page 72)

3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty
New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

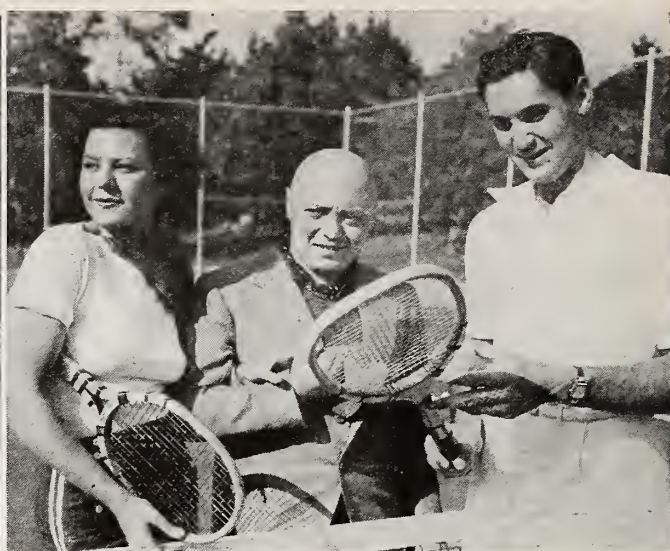
New York Sun
Eileen Creelman
Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Times
Andre Sennwald
Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons





Edward Arnold buys charming Binnie Barnes a drink while looking over the San Diego Exposition.



Three of the ardent tennis fans who tried out Elissa Landi's new court, Hazel Hayes, Peter Lorre, Phil Reed.

More Good News

(Continued from page 18)

tearing up and down Hollywood Boulevard exchanging one pink layette for two blue ones? And that he delayed his departure for London until he had the nursery redecorated and twin cribs installed? That all comes under the head of Fond Parent stuff, you'll admit.

■ ■ ■

Next month Jackie Coogan comes into the enormous sum of money held in trust for him until his twenty-first birthday and they do say that the engagement to Toby Wing is on again! Jackie would like to make some real roles instead of posing in publicity "stills," before keeping that date at the altar. However, the breaks haven't seemed to be theirs in that direction thus far. Paula Stone and Henry Willson are a couple more young 'uns with feet headed toward the bridal path.

■ ■ ■

Having nothing to do one afternoon on the "Dark Angel" set, the actors began swapping yarns about their various narrow escapes from death. Several men were World War veterans and had some harrowing tales to tell; others had barely escaped death in airplane, automobile and train wrecks. There was a pause in conversation, when suddenly little George Breakston piped up, "I've seen four men shot down at once."

The grown-ups smiled indulgently. "But I have seen four men shot down at once," persisted George. "My mother sent me to the grocery store the day the gunmen killed a child in the Bronx. The police had chased them out to our end of town and opened fire at our corner. Four men dropped—they left 'em, too—lying in the gutter for a long time. I hid behind a potato barrel and was pretty scared!"

Needless to say, George won the prize for the day's narrow-escape stories!

Guess what Henry Hull's favorite literature is? The Sears-Roebuck catalogue! In spite of being a gifted actor, linguist and an authority on almost any intellectual subject, Mr. Hull would rather give up every other form of entertainment, than sacrifice the joys of his mail-order catalogue each month.

Y'see, Mr. Hull has a farm in Old Lyme, Connecticut, which is his pride and joy. So like all good farmers, who want to stay that way, he consults the catalogue as he would an oracle.

■ ■ ■

For six long years, Stuart Erwin has carried a pair of battered pennies about for good luck pieces. But awhile back Stu was the most miserable man in Hollywood—he'd lost a penny! Convinced that his bad luck was about to begin, Stu sadly went to the studio to report for work—found his first job for the day was signing a brand new contract with a fat salary increase. He went home at night to find that his small son had captured the kindergarten commencement prize and that two of his own dogs had won first prize at the San Diego Exposition showing! Whereupon Mr. Erwin hastily tossed his other copper into the fish pond.

■ ■ ■

Merle Oberon can do something else besides look dangerous! Right now she's busily scribbling away on a screen play based on the life of Ann Boleyn. She has Korda or Goldwyn in mind for buyers, but claims she's not even going to try to sell them on the idea—just charm 'em! Well, when strong men like Howard Hawks and David Niven have no sales-resistance, you can plan on seeing Ann Boleyn's life in the fillums soon.

■ ■ ■

Imagine Fred Astaire's s'prise to be the recipient of a "shower" recently! No, he

isn't getting married, or planning any of those events for which shower parties are generally given. He and his wife were just down at the depot, embarking for a trip to Bermuda when it-all happened. Just before the train departed, a messenger appeared and poured dozens of candy bars into Fred's lap! Seems Fred has a passion for nickel bars, so Joan Crawford bought five dollars worth as a bon voyage gift.

■ ■ ■

Looks like the Ann Sothern-Gene Raymond feud is cooling down since they're both to appear in "Believe Me, Beloved," named after that swell song hit. But Gene really looks more burnt up than ever these days. He appeared at the studio the other day with his face the color of ripe tomatoes and his eyes and lips a swollen purple. But nope, it developed that Ann had nothing to do with this burning question. Gene had fallen asleep down at the beach and slept peacefully through the hottest afternoon seen down there!

■ ■ ■

A certain famous blonde star was shopping at one of the local Hollywood markets. An alert photographer who happened to be hovering in the neighborhood spotted her walking out with a bag of groceries clutched in one hand and her small son's hand in the other. The lady in question spotted him, too, just as he snapped the picture. Furious, she approached him, and yelled, "You're taking unfair advantage of me—you know I never allow a picture taken of me and my adopted son! You have an awful nerve!"

"Nerve, huh!" snapped the camera sleuth. "What I call nerve is for a dame like you to bring up a child that's the spitting image of yourself, and then call it adopted!"

(Continued on page 56)



All aboard! Catalina, Malibu and San Diego, Scotty's been traveling!

First stop is the San Diego Exposition. Anita Louise and Helen Mack meet a dummy of Eddie Cantor from the Motion Picture Hall of Fame group. Right above, Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy inspect a miniature model home at the California Housing Exposition. Directly below, Jack Oakie gives Wendy Barrie a "cig" at the Jay Paley party. Left above, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller stroll about Catalina Island but—it seems this was one of their non-speaking days. Just one of those small family tiffs, yuh know. And left, Ralph Forbes with his pretty wife, Heather Angel, absorb some of California's rays at their summer beach place in Malibu—tricky sun helmet of Rafe's!



The Warner Brothers Annual Sales Convention Banquet brought Paul Muni, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton into this earnest looking huddle.



Refreshment and an Hawaiian serenade for four San Diego Exposition visitors, George Murphy, Tala Birell, Katherine De Mille, Vic Jory.

More Good News

(Continued from page 54)

Jane Withers is the newest "child wonder" out at Fox. She displays somewhat the same certain sumpin' that La Temple has—but seems to be just a bit more impressed with her success. She and little Jackie Searl are together in "Ginger" and Jane suggested to Jackie that she would be glad to present him with an autographed picture of herself. Jackie didn't object, so Jane presented him with an almost life-size portrait of herself the next morning. In firm, round letters was inscribed: "To my first leading-man with every speck of my love, Jane Withers, Fox Contract Player." That's dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" for you!

■ ■ ■

Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames can give the biggest parties in Hollywood with the least effort. If they send out invitations for a lawn, tennis or swimming party and it rains or becomes chilly, the party is painlessly transplanted to the huge amusement room where indoor tennis, pool, ping-pong, marble games and many other kinds of diversion may be enjoyed. But the prize strain-saver device is an amusing contraption that spares Stephen the bother of shaking his own cocktails! They're two immense liquor containers, in which a key is inserted when the guests are thirsty. This winds up the machinery and away it goes 'til the outside is thickly frosted and your cocktails are done to a T.

■ ■ ■

Was Binnie Barnes' face red! Listen to this story and learn, you gals who go in for skin-tight rubber swim-suits. Binnie suddenly felt a yearning for the wild waves one Sunday afternoon, so she hopped into her brand new rubber suit, then into her roadster, and so to the beach. The beach was jammed with people, but Binnie picked her way through them and found a place to drop her coat on the sand. Then she leaned down to unfasten her slippers—when sud-

denly an agonizing and terrific RIP rent the air, followed by smothered giggles from all the bystanders and by-lyers. Hurriedly straightening up, Binnie's horrified gaze noted that not only was she wearing a backless TOP—but the shorts were backless, TOO!

■ ■ ■

And are we relieved! That Lillian Bond and Sidney Smith have finally gotten married! This has been the most on-again, off-again, gone-again affair that Hollywood has seen in many a moon. Smith's a well-known New York broker, but hasn't done much business this year, what with following Lil to England, to New York, to Hollywood, to Paris and back again. Most of us keep our squabbles for homework, but Lil and Sid made theirs an international affair. The newlyweds are planning to make their home in New York.

■ ■ ■

Stu Erwin has been fired with a Great Cause of late. He wanted to do something really constructive for his children as proof of his devotion, so he decided to build them a lovely playhouse in the backyard. He hammered and he chiseled and he sawed for many weeks 'til finally it was completed. BUT the little Erwins still have no playhouse! Seems it looked so very nice when finished, that Stu immediately moved in a magnificent bar and is using it for a grown-up playhouse.

■ ■ ■

The Brown Derby's the best place to feel the pulse of Hollywood romance. Found lunching in dim corners several days in succession were Virginia Bruce (Mrs. "Ex" Gilbert) with Count Cargena; Toby Wing with Cesar Romero and Sue Carol with Nick Stuart and

their little daughter. Looks like their daughter's parents are falling in love all over again!

■ ■ ■

Wotta life! moaned Hugh O'Connell the first six months he was in Hollywood. The sudden change from Broadway was just too much for the poor man, accustomed as he was to sleeping all day and working all night. Hugh was too much for the directors, too, for the minute he was not watched, the comedian would fall to slumbering behind a convenient camera. Finally, in desperation, the studio hired a special trainer to look after the Broadway Bad Boy, so that any time signs of drowsiness were detected, the burly trainer could rush him showerwards! These Spartan measures are having their effect, for the victim is now discreetly retiring before midnight for the first time in some twenty years.

■ ■ ■

All brides are beautiful, but Esther Ralston sort of topped the list the recent Sunday afternoon she became the wife of the handsome crooner, Bill Morgan. The ceremony was held in a tiny sylvan dell on Lucille Morrison's Bel Air estate, the whole setting being reminiscent of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mrs. Morgan—Esther to you—was gownned in shell pink lace and the groom wore a Palm Beach suit, or was it blue gabardine?—oh dear, who ever looks at the poor groom anyway? Mary Brian appeared in her now familiar off-screen role of bridesmaid and Esther's brother served as best man. Here's wishing the young Morgans much happiness!

■ ■ ■

More marriage notes: Lili Damita to Errol Flynn; Lyda Roberti to Bud Ernst.

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It explains the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter came from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork.

Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or, it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores after this by bathing the face with cold water.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the underskin! Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

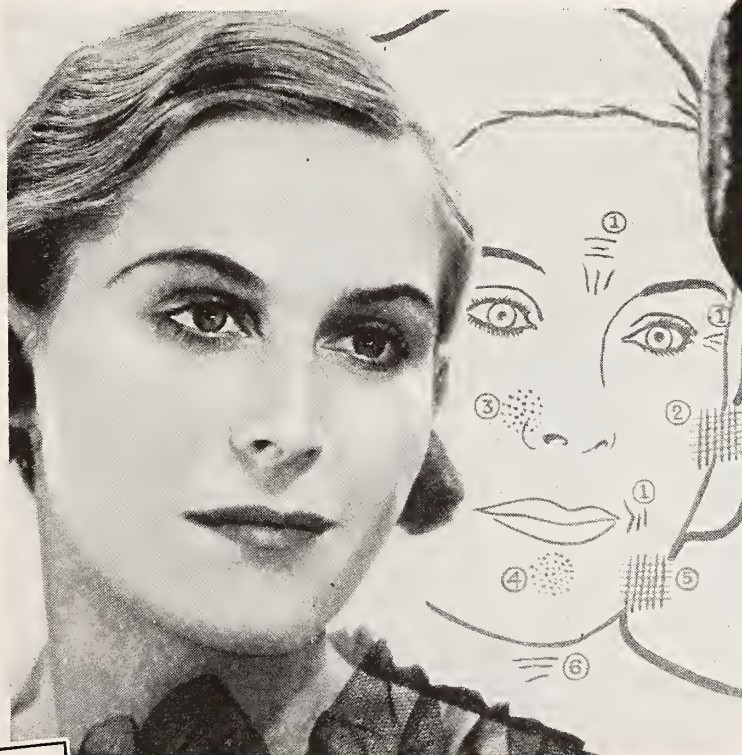
Practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin. You can ward them off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out every speck of dirt, make-up, as well as waste matter from within the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny, ready for make-up.

Just send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. See your skin grow clearer, fresher—smoother.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.



**Marjorie Gould
Drexel**

now Mrs. John Murton Cundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

1. **LINES** form when underskin grows thin.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores stay clogged with matter from within skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging matter is not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands cease to supply oils that make skin soft, supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, fibres lose their snap.

If you could see into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!



Mail this Coupon — for Generous Package

POND'S, Dept. J50, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Between You And Me

If you are enraged or delighted with a star, a movie, or a bit of gossip, write us about it

From Across the Sea



If Joan Crawford is so ambitious, why doesn't she learn how to act? I'm sick of seeing her in one smart picture after another doing nothing but wearing a series of incredible clothes which would be utterly impossible for ordinary people to wear in ordinary life, and sporting a different hair style in each scene. She is the essence of artificiality, both in her screen roles and in her highly publicised "private life."

It makes me furious to read of people running down Shearer because she usually has well-known actors playing opposite her. Look at Crawford! In "Chained" she had Gable and Kruger; in "Dancing Lady," Gable and Tone; in "Sadie McKee," Tone again, and the grand acting of Edward Arnold to save the picture from being a ghastly flop; and now in "Forsaking All Others," she has Gable and Montgomery. Crawford leaves all the acting to her leading men, and just struts about in fantastic garments, pouting that ridiculous mouth of hers.

It seems this glorified clothes-prop is a tremendous favorite in America, but believe me in England we prefer people who can act, and films that have some resemblance to real life.—Star-gazer, Cornwall, England.

Orchids to Norma



A great load of orchids to incomparable Norma Shearer for having attained a home, husband and babies entirely minus ballyhoo and without endangering her career. Truly the very perfection of Twentieth Century womanhood.—Iris Billing, Manchester, England.

Dream Lover



I have recently seen "Scarface." I missed it when it played several years ago but by special request the theatre that I patronize happened to show it again and I made up my mind to see it. Yes, Paul Muni was magnificent but I had eyes only for George Raft. The moment I saw him my heart just puffed up so full of emotion and everything that it hasn't got back to normal yet and that was nearly two weeks ago.

I am a very emotional person and have many moods. I go into my rose and gold castle and dream of the ideal lover that someday I hope will come along—in my dream world, understand—and until I saw George Raft in "Scarface" there had never been a dream lover, but now I am content.

I never miss a picture he plays in; if I do the family and boy friend have to put up with my nasty temper for a good while.—A Devoted George Raft Admirer, Exeter, Rhode Island.

No Hokum



I have just finished reading "I Have Said Good-Bye to Youth" in your July issue. I have never before been interested enough in a press story to comment on it.

Stars are made out to be something more than human, glorified in every possible way and interviewers seem to vie with one another to put forth a dish of nothing but plain hokum and expect an intelligent public not to get indigestion. So it was with a sense of appreciation and gratitude to come across a story sans hokum.

This article dealing with Richard Barthelmess was of interest to me because I had for a while back been fed up on parts Mr. Barthelmess played. I had always "liked" Barthelmess on the screen, then, due to the roles he played, I had no desire to enter a picture house where he was featured. Then I saw "Four Hours to Kill," mainly because of the other players in it. However, I came out with one thought in mind: I have seen gangsters played often but never had anyone played the part as Barthelmess played it. When you feel admiration where once was disinterest, it certainly proves that an actor gave a wonderful performance. Dick was acting a part suitable for him and not the too young roles that had turned me away from him.

So in "Good-Bye to Youth" I found plain truths. Truths, because I knew the facts from my own deductions. Mr. Barthelmess must be in real life a man with plenty of common sense and the ability to face facts as they are and to act accordingly.—Mabel Hughes, Williamsport, Pa.

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone.
Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

More About Crooners



There seems to be a lot of furore between the Crosby-Ross fans and Marie Rippel. I do not believe she thought very much before writing what she did about Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross. As a matter of fact, I thought she was very unjust, but I think the people who write replies to her were still more unjust.

No doubt Janice Bronson has no crows handy, so she has to listen to the next best thing, which, it seems, is Dick Powell. How sad! My condolences to you, Estelle, and I wonder what you'd look like on a string!

And Romaine Fox, you say Dick isn't "fit for sea gulls to listen to," but he is fit for you since you've listened to him. I wonder how regularly he bores you!

You must have been brought up on something worse than "limburger cheese" when you say that about Dick, Evelyn Sachs.

Why couldn't everyone have been as sensible as Estelle Myers who merely said: "While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were unjust." And also orchids to Sue Albizzati, Betsey Seipel and Lillian Ohr, for writing such intelligent replies.—Robert Bradford, New Bedford, Mass.

Jolly Irishman



For over two years our family has enjoyed the interesting manner in which your magazine portrays the screen world. Previous to our acquaintance with MON-ERN SCREEN we were of the opinion that one could not expect much of interest in a ten cent movie magazine. But you have certainly changed our thought on this subject. The pictures of the movie stars always do justice to them. The articles and comments about them help to give us greater appreciation of their talents and lives. There is one member of the screen world, however, whom we enjoy seeing so much on the screen and who seems to pep up every picture in which he plays that I am wondering how it is he has been overlooked by your good magazine during these past two years.

I refer to Frank McHugh, that jolly Irishman who is so full of fun and whose quaint laugh never fails to give us a kick. So many of our friends feel as we do about him that I am sure an article about him would be greatly appreciated by your readers.—James Taft, San Diego, Calif.

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USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**



Reviews

Summer movie-fare is exceptionally entertaining



(Above) Montgomery, Crawford and Tone in "No More Ladies." Joan's hair-dos and gowns are sumpin'! (Above, right) Gorgeous Dolores Del Rio in the musical, "In Caliente" with Pat O'Brien and Leo Carrillo. (Right) Kent Taylor and Arline Judge in "College Scandal," a fast-moving campus tale. Popular Wendy Barrie is in this one, too.

(Continued from page 13)

Preview Postscripts

Preston Foster's the biggest man in pictures. Just six foot two, with a chest expansion of forty-six. Which record beats every he-mon on the screen by a good many inches . . . Richard Dix hails from St. Paul, Minnesota, but has been a confirmed Californian for a good many years now. The last scene on this picture beat a few records for speed, since Richard's wife, formerly his secretary, was being rushed to the hospital. She waited an hour for him, though, and then delivered the famous twins. "Braodest shouldered boys I ever sow," brogs the proud popo . . . Louis Colhern, James Busch and Richard Dix all used to play stack in the old Belasco Theatre on days gone by and had their first reunion on this picture in years . . . Morgot Grahame is an English stor who appeared in forty-seven pictures abroad. This is her first Western and was she thrilled by it-all! Most of the picture was made at the RKO ranch in Son Fernando Valley. Dix's horse, "Benny," is just a leetle bit wild! He almost stomped Mr. D's ston-d-in, George Lallier, to death. Mr. Lallier was also assistant director on the picture, and what with that responsibility and the fact that he'd been secretly married the day previous, Mr. Lallier wasn't in any mood to be stamped on . . . Charles Vidor, the director, noticed that most of his cost were not paying much attention to what was going on around the set one day. The company was on location at Vosquez Rocks when their attention began wandering. Mr. Vidor turned sleuth and

discovered a nudist colony having on auting on the adjacent rocks. . . Karen Marley is Mrs. Vidor and they have a young son who shows signs of following his famous father's footsteps. At least he directs everything at home.

★★★ Paris in Spring (Paramount)

Here is a lighter-than-air musical, punctuated with charming tunes, beautiful girls and a cast of principals thoroughly grounded in the ways of histrionics. The deft touches of Director Lewis Milestone, too, are conspicuous; in fact, there's nothing wrong with this picture that an application of the shears won't remedy. Occasionally, funny sequences are dragged out far beyond the laughing point. Would Tullio Carminati's attempted suicide amuse you? Yep, it did us, too, until it went on for so long that we felt like shouting, "If you don't jump, pal, we'll push!" Mary Ellis is given the opportunity of her cinematic career in this one and she clicks like the proverbial camera, both photographically and vocally. Mr. Carminati plays a familiar role familiarly, and a newcomer, James Blakely, is excellent in the juvenile role. We had hitherto been of the opinion that the young man's chief claim to fame was as a member of Bar-



bara Hutton's (Princess Whoosis to you) social entourage, but it seems, no! The lad can act. So can Ida Lupino.

Preview Postscripts

Tullio Carminati is the screen's super-sophisticate. That accent, even without its accompanying bored expression, makes him heir to the title. Speaks nine tongues fluently, but never bothered with the Amurrican slanguage 'til forced to learn it or give up his talkie career. . . . Mary Ellis made her debut at the Metrapaliton Opera but she prefers acting to just singing. She's appeared in many stage plays in London, a few here, and one other picture, besides this one, "All the King's Horses." She was kindo tired making this, and na wonder, for she couldn't sit down all the time she wore some of those fancy costumes. . . . Ida Lupino's as interesting a movie storlet as you'll find out here—ask Mr. Carminati who presented her with a watch-compot at the end of the picture; or inquire of Lewis Milestone, the picture's director, who cooched her after hours at the nite spots.

(Continued on page 95)

Fashion says— LIPS AND FINGER TIPS NOW MUST MATCH



Cutex offers you 4 harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes

YOU must be just as careful—fashion now says—about matching your lips and your fingernails as you are about matching your hat and your dress!

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NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



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dURING the past month I've had a lot of letters from folks who want to make the world laugh. Several have told me that in planning this course of instruction I lean too heavily on the dramatic side of acting. So—as I've explained to you, this is your department and your wish is my law—this month I bring you Una Merkel, one of the greatest commediennes on the screen. She is not only a splendid actress but a gracious and charming person and I'm sure that you'll find what she has to say not only instructive but entertaining as well.

Incidentally, before I go on, let me remind you that there is still plenty of room for MODERN SCREEN Dramatic Clubs. Those who have already formed them tell me they're having the time of their lives. So the rest of you should get in on the fun. Write to me, care of MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you full instructions for starting a club in your community. Also I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems.

And now for Una and her perfectly slick lecture.

"It's an almost daily wonder to me that I won success by being considered funny. Although I always loved fun in others, I'm not funny at home and my folks never thought of me as a comic. So, perhaps it boils down to this: Don't be yourself, be your opposite. If you want to be funny, be serious. If you take yourself seriously, you will flop just as I did at the start.

"If you happen to be cursed with an inferiority complex, as I am, conquer it by doing the things you don't wish to do.

"And now I will answer the question, how did I become a comedienne? Audiences may think I was born that way. On the contrary, I had to make myself over, once I got the idea of screen fun.

"AS A child, I was a straight-laced little piece. Always scrubbed a bright pink, I wore the largest of hair ribbons, and rarely went outside to play. Even today I am methodical and almost prissy.

"I was bitten by the acting bug at an early age. I can remember plaguing my family to listen to lectures I delivered while I was holding the family dictionary—to

make it seem authentic. I'd dress up in mother's clothes and put on shows. One night a cousin of mine laughed in the wrong place. There was no show that night. I walked off the platform to stay. That was, I believe, my first and last display of 'temperament.'

"The love of acting followed me throughout my school years, and when I was graduated, I decided to go to a dramatic school. I think such training most valuable.

"I had no idea of making acting a career. I had hopes of some day being able to teach dramatics, and I still have the book in which I wrote down copious notes covering everything I learned from my lessons. You see, I figured they might be valuable to pass along to my pupils in the future.

"When I worked in silent pictures, they compared me to Lillian Gish, and I did my best to live up to that comparison. My first roles on the stage were Gishy things. I soon learned, however, that seriousness and this voice of

mine just wouldn't mix. I just didn't go over as a dramatic actress.

"As I've come along, I've conceived the philosophy that all of us with inferiority complexes strike a better medium of expression by doing the type of thing that is directly opposite to our natures. Mine is one of many such cases.

OF COURSE, there are general rules to consider if one is to be a success in any line. But in acting one has to find out many things for himself.

Every comedian has his own way of working. Often the best results are achieved by doing a thing the wrong way.

"Charlie Butterworth, Stuart Erwin, Ted Healy and all the comedians I know have a way all their own of going about a thing. They use their physical selves, or rather their personalities, to project what they have inside. Each one could be given the same scene with the same lines, yet because of their personalities each performance would be entirely different.

"To be successful, salesmen must believe in their product, even if they have to kid themselves into it. The same thing applies to comedy. It is better to create a reason for believing in a thing, than to have none.

"I do not advise working out a comedy situation, for I think spontaneity is best, as far as comedy is concerned. The biggest laughs come when you don't think of humor. It's fatal to try to be funny. I (Continued on page 91)



Una Merkel, one of the screen's most reliable commediennes, is this month's guest lecturer.

Modern Screen's *Dramatic* School

Directed by
Katherine Albert

This month Una Merkel tells you how to be funny

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The Confessions of an Extro Girl

(Continued from page 39)

NO, by God," the artist said. And while he was getting his hat and coat I heard the director calling a familiar number (that of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood, a number I had called dozens of times with no success); heard him give his name to the operator—a name I knew well, that of a famous director (I'll call it Nolan); heard him say he didn't care whether it was Sunday or not that he wanted some workmen taken off a set he knew was working that day and to make a test of a girl he had just discovered; heard him order requisitions put through for cameras, lights, everything; heard him call his secretary at home and ask her to come to the studio with the make-up man, who it seemed was a friend of hers. Yes, there I stood hearing such exciting orders given. I was to have a test. I, who had struggled to get a test for weeks, was to have one to settle a silly argument between a couple of men.

Can you possibly imagine how I felt? That was some five years ago and yet as I write about it now I get gooseflesh. And they said I had no emotion!

We were whisked to the studio in the director's car. Trying to keep myself from being too excited I listened to the conversation between these two and discovered that the director was the artist's uncle. So this was a family fight. Well, hurray for family fights!

The gate was opened for us, the magic gate I had been unable to crash. The lot was quiet, it being Sunday. Only one company was working, but I was taken directly to the director's office where the make-up man and the director's secretary were awaiting us. The director started to introduce me to his secretary and then realized that he didn't even know my name. I had to tell him what it was. I wondered what that girl thought of me.

I was in a daze. Make-up was slapped on my face. We hurried out to the test set. The secretary gave me part of a script and told me to memorize some lines. How I ever did it, I'll never know. I discovered that the lines were a speech in which I was supposed to be talking to an imaginary lover who had left me for another woman.

I DON'T know how I got through with that scene, but somehow I did and when it was over the artist turned to his uncle and said, "Well, I win." My hopes were high, for the artist had claimed that anyone could act. Then the director said, "Not so fast, Bradley, wait until we see it on the screen."

They started to walk away, leaving me standing there. I rushed after them. "Don't you want my address?" I asked. "Er—in case you might need me for a part or something?"

The director looked down at me. I saw that I had been merely an experiment. "Oh, yes," he said, "it might be a good idea. Give it to my secretary."

I had to keep back the tears as I scribbled my name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to the girl. She smiled sweetly at me but I could not smile back. I ran off the lot before I realized that I had gone to the artist's studio only to make a little money to tide me over until Monday and that instead I had had a screen test. But it was Sunday, I was miles away from

home and had just nine cents in my pocket-book. I stood at the gate bewildered, not knowing what to do next. And then I saw the secretary in a little roadster. She motioned me to hop in.

I was too upset to speak. She smiled at me. "Listen, dear," she said. "Don't let Hollywood get you down. It isn't always like this. In fact, this is all very unusual. It just happens that Mr. Nolan is one of the most eccentric directors on this or any other lot. His nephew is just about as crazy. Mr. Nolan wanted to give Bradley a big job at the studio, but Brad wouldn't take it. They argue all the time. Mr. Nolan gets away with more nonsense like this episode this morning than any man in town, but because he's such a wonderful director and makes so much money for the company they give in to his whims."

I told her then how I happened to meet him. She laughed. "That's typical," she said. "Say, we'd better get some lunch, and here's half a dollar for you for dinner tonight." I thanked her. She laughed again. "Gosh! That Nolan. Imagine him dragging me to the studio today for this." "I'm sorry," I said. "It was my fault." And I began to cry.

"Forget it," she said. "Forget everything, dear. I'm sorry to disappoint you. This has all been fun for you, but you'd better forget the test, too. You'll never hear from it again."

I don't know how I spent the rest of that amazing Sunday. I'm sure I did a lot of crying.

MONDAY morning a box of flowers was delivered to my door. The card read, "You're a sweet kid. Let me take you to dinner tonight." It was signed Bradley. I was furious. I wouldn't even telephone him, so I sent him a wire saying I had an engagement.

I tramped around to the studios all day that Monday but I was terribly discouraged and when I got home that night I found Bradley sitting in the little lobby waiting for me.

"I told you I had an engagement," I said. "I never want to see you again, anyhow. You and your funny uncle shouldn't be allowed to do things like that to girls—get their hopes up and then dash them away. I don't like either of you."

He took my hands and looked into my eyes. I had noticed that he was handsome when I first met him on the bus but I didn't realize how good looking he was until now.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's too bad when I like you so much and stop by to tell you that if you're foolish enough to want to work in pictures, report tomorrow morning at nine on the set. It may be a pretty good part."

My heart pounded but I said, "I don't want to work for your uncle. I don't want any favors."

"This isn't for my uncle. Someone else saw your test and liked it. No one is doing you a favor."

I didn't know until much later that my test had not then been printed and that Bradley had simply wangled a job for me because he thought he had done me an injustice and because he liked me a little.

And so I was happy because at last I was actually to work and—the picture was a Garbo film "Romance."

(To be continued)

The TINTEX Color-Magician Says:



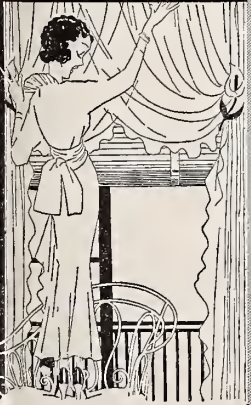
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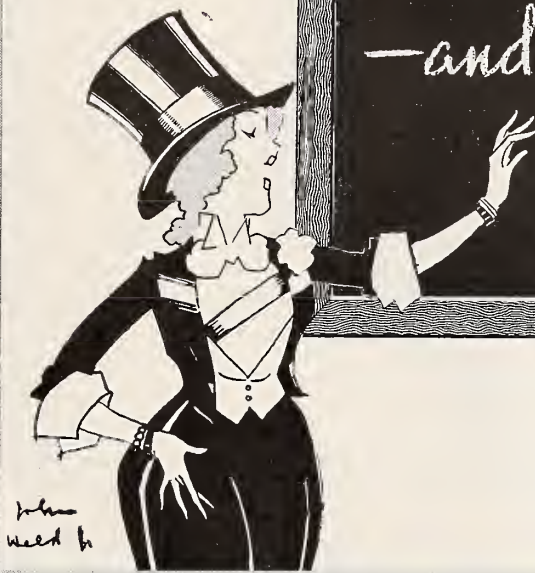
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Do you want to perform a miracle of color? Then—just Tintex all your faded summer apparel and home-decorations and make everything as fresh and color-gay as when new. Tintex is so easy—so quick...results are *always* perfect! And Tintex gives you 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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remember the universal preference for coffee made the Drip-O-lator way. To you as a hostess the Drip-O-lator conserves your time, assures perfect results always and quick service when encores require a second brew. When purchasing a Drip-O-lator, be sure you get what you ask for. The trade mark is stamped in the bottom to identify the original. You'll find a Drip-O-lator display at all utensil counters.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)

Warner Baxter to the questions I asked along those lines. "My party specialty is Chili Con Carne. I use the word 'my' intentionally for I consider myself quite a master at the art of making a delicious Chili. And no praise for a successful picture performance rings more pleasantly in my ears than words of praise for my Chili or the one or two other dishes I really can make up myself.

ANOTHER of these is Welsh Rarebit," he continued, as I urged him to tell me more. "My Rarebit is the smooth, hot, non-stringy, non-grainy kind that is made with beer as one of the necessary ingredients. The main dish for one of our parties probably would be the Chili or Rarebit I spoke of. These foods are so good in themselves that it is not necessary to serve numerous other dishes. Just serve plenty of the one, supply condiments and cheese, provide coffee and beer and watch the expressions of complete satisfaction suffuse the faces of your guests."

Well, there you are, you ambitious hostesses! While you've been wondering all the time what to serve at your next party—fretting over the number of fancy viands you'd have to supply, the expensive beverages you feared you'd have to purchase, smart people like the Warner Baxters, these days, go in for simplicity in entertaining. Just think how much of the time and expense of party-giving you would save by following the Baxter's example and the Baxter's recipes which I'll tell you how to get later on.

Of course, you'll agree with me, that Sunday night suppers and informal gatherings such as these seem just naturally to plan themselves around beer as the featured beverage. Somehow when men are present it seems a little wishy-washy to serve only iced tea or coffee, while it is beyond the means of most of us to supply a variety of liquors, high in both cost and alcoholic content. Fortunately almost everyone likes beer, especially the men folk who have learned to place a high value on this richly-flavored, foaming beverage.

IN planning refreshments to go with it, the clever hostess will bear in mind the popularity of the "free lunch" of another generation and will serve that type of man-sized portion of he-man food. The Warner Baxter recipes, of which more anon, will provide four suggestions for main dishes of this sort. Only one "made" dish is necessary for this kind of party, the other refreshments being of the ready-to-serve order such as delicious cold cuts, the perennial pretzel (although I have noticed a slight falling off in the popularity of this twisted version of the cracker family in recent gatherings), dill pickles, sauerkraut and cheese, of course—many kinds of cheese, with crisp, salted crackers.

The varieties of cheese suitable for such feasts are too many to name but those of outstanding merit are Chateau, Velveeta, Snappy, Swiss, Camembert, the appropriately named "Buffet," good old store cheese and extremely pungent Liederkranz known as "the man's cheese." Cream cheese is not recommended since sharp rather than bland flavors go best with beer. For this same reason creamed foods, whipped cream and sweet dishes are not advised; salty, tangy foods being best. However, if you feel that you must serve a dessert, plan on having an apple pie, cheese cake or

pastry of the German Coffee Cake variety.

Germans, by the way, are convinced not only of the goodness of beer but of its health-giving qualities. They speak laughingly of "taking the beer cure." Both thirst and a sense of fatigue, they claim, are cured by a long stein of beer. Certainly they are not alone in that belief!

The use of the stein originated for a very good reason, I discovered. The thickness of the stein (from the German word for stone) was intended to aid in keeping a long refreshing drink of beer cold—much on the same principle as the present day thermos bottle. Those who take their beer-drinking seriously go so far as to chill the stein thoroughly before it is put into use—a good thing to remember to do. But don't make the mistake of having the beer itself too cold, for intense cold impairs the flavor since it benumbs the taste nerves, making the beer have an insipid taste in consequence.

Historically, beer can be traced back as far as 7000 years B. C. A brewery, buried for thousands of years, was unearthed in Mesopotamia. But the beer that we know today was probably made first by the monks of Bavaria.

Beer, it is said, first arrived on the American continent as a passenger on the Mayflower. Yes, many families trace their origin to the arrival of that famous ship at our shores; the Beers, it would seem, among them. It is a far cry indeed from the few barrels brought over in that ship to the present day, vast modern brewery, turning out of its enormous glass-lined tanks 137,000 barrels a day.

Where whole volumes are given to the origin, history, uses and manufacture of beer, complete chapters also are given to containers from which it should be quaffed. Personally I am of the opinion that, if one is thirsty, it matters little or not at all whether one uses a stein, a glass mug, a long thin goblet or a plain water tumbler. The proper service is a means, not an end—if it makes the hostess happier to do the "correct" thing by all means let her make the comparatively small outlay necessary for the "right" glasses or mugs. But the very nicest thing about parties of the kind we have been discussing is the complete informality that should characterize them—the wooden cheese board, the gay colored table cloth, the paper napkins, and the casual assortment of glasses (if you haven't enough of one kind to go around).

And now let's proceed to the very important subject of the featured main dish—which might well be one of the Warner Baxter favorites, especially the Chili Con Carne so highly spoken of by that debonaire star. Warner parted with the recipe for this concoction of his rather reluctantly. After all, when you are famous for a certain culinary triumph you hate to broadcast the ingredients that have gone into earning you your fame. But after some persuasion on my part the complete cooking directions were mine. They can be yours, too, if you want to have them, for Warner's Chili Con Carne recipe is printed on one of the cards in this month's Modern Hostess recipe leaflet. You'll find directions how to get your copy a little later on (if you do not already know). Another card in the leaflet contains the Baxter Welsh Rarebit recipe which turns out to be as easy as any and more "fool proof" than most.

Still another card will bring you, this month, a knockout Potato Salad—the kind

that Winifred Bryson Baxter has made up in huge quantities when numerous guests are expected. There are Potato Salads and Potato Salads as you yourself doubtless have discovered. This particular one is made with homemade dressing and has several odd and interesting things added to make it seem like a real company dish. The male members of the party will give you a vote of thanks for this he-man concoction.

And they'll call you "pal" for sure, if, instead of "putting on the dog" you serve simple, delicious "Party Dogs" for which directions will be found in the leaflet. After all no party of this kind is complete without hot dogs, just as no hot dogs are complete without the addition of mustard (which supplies their bark and their bite). This recipe provides easy directions for making up these novel sandwiches.

WHY not satisfy your curiosity about all these swell sounding foods by sending for this month's leaflet which contains all four of these delicious Warner Baxter recipes. You will please your family and thrill your guests by making up the splendid dishes described therein.

And, whether you serve the Baxter Chili Con Carne, the Warner Welsh Rarebit, the Company Potato Salad or the Party Dogs you are bound to add to your reputation as a cook and hostess. So be wise! Write for your free copy of this month's leaflet immediately, send out your invitations, get in some pickles, cheese and crackers, order your case of beer, follow one of the four Warner Baxter recipes which we will send you promptly and wait confidently for praise! I'm ready to guarantee that if you follow this advice your very next party will be a wow!

The coupon that brings you the recipes follows this simple recipe for "Cheese Fingers" which you also can serve at your party as a tasty accompaniment for the Potato Salad. So cut out both the recipe and the coupon and use them, soon!

CHEESE FINGERS

- 3 (1/4 inch) slices of bread
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- grated cheese

Remove crusts from bread slices. Cut each slice into 3 or 4 thin strips or "fingers." Beat egg, add melted butter, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Dip bread fingers into this mixture and roll them in grated cheese until thoroughly coated. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until cheese is melted and fingers are a golden brown (about 10 minutes). Drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve hot.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me Warner Baxter's recipes for September, 1935, at no cost to me.

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Address.....

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(City) (State)

MY HUSBAND'S GONE BACK ON ME

*Here's a spaghetti he
likes better than mine*

AND SO DO I — THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the *best* spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices

and seasonings that give delicate piquancy . . . subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four por-

tions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.



Free!**THIS LOVELY NEW
MAKE-UP MIRROR****Given to Induce
You to Try
YEAST FOAM
TABLETS****... the dry health
yeast that brings
quicker relief from
constipation, indi-
gestion and skin
troubles.**

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all drugists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror. MM-9-35

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

Advance Madel

(Continued from page 34)

of the gifts, personally supervised the wrapping, each package matching the other.

Rosalind said, "Romances? I've had them, of course. Here and there. I haven't met up with marriage yet. Love my family too much, perhaps. Besides, I couldn't, you know, ever contemplate the 'if-it-doesn't-work-there's-always-Reno' sort of thing. Not after Mother and Dad.

"Dad died, several years ago, in his office. Of course, for Mother—well, she has us. And she is not the sort to whine—"

Out of these seven children—there had been ten—of James E. and Clara Knight Russell, the small Roz attended a primary school in Waterbury and, later, Marymount private school at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Then college and after college, dramatic school—six months of it.

HER father, an eminent and successful lawyer, gave all his children the advantages of school, college and travel. And he made it clear, from the beginning, that drones in the hive would not be tolerated. He taught them, early in their lives, the sturdy beauty and dignity of labor. It was not, he told them, necessarily a question of working for money, it was a question of working for self-respect. "I don't care," he'd say, "whether you only make two dollars a week and spend that two dollars for silk stockings so long as you are producers."

The result of this is that one of Rosalind's sisters is Fashion Editor of *Town & Country*. Another sister, recently graduated from Sarah Lawrence, in New York, now teaches economics there. Two brothers are lawyers, a third brother graduates from Yale Law School in 1937 and a younger sister is graduating this year from high and enters college in the fall. And Rosalind chose the stage. But the screen chose Rosalind!

She said, "I studied dancing when I was a youngster. I was about fourteen when I had my first offer of a job. A chance to go West with a troupe of dancers. Mother was aghast. She said, 'Why, Rosalind, of course not! I wouldn't dream of having you in one of those backstage dressing-rooms with gas jets, gin bottles and swearing women!' Some years later, when mother paid me her first backstage

visit in a Boston theatre I said to her, 'I can't manage a gas jet for you, dear, but with a little effort I think I could work up a gin bottle and a couple of swearing women!' Of course, she denied absolutely ever having said such a thing. She flattered me. Could I have made it up? Would I be likely to forget it?

WHEN I entered dramatic school—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, formerly the Sargent Dramatic School—I told Mother I thought I'd be a teacher. She said that would be very nice work for me, she was sure. She had visions of her daughter intellectually instructing classrooms in the proper delivery of the Gettysburg Address or Hamlet's Soliloquy, no doubt. But I eased into it that way. The six months over, I had a leading part in the school play, won a prize or something and had two offers, then and there, of parts on Broadway. One from Crosby Gaige. I turned him down. I said, 'My good man, are you mad? I couldn't do it. I haven't worked enough, haven't had the experience. I wouldn't dream of it.'

"Mother said, 'Were you offered one hundred a week?' And I said, 'Of course, why not?'

"My first job was with a tent show. I mean, a real tent show. Up at Lake Placid. I heard about it in an agency. Two actors were sitting there talking about it, I edged up and listened in. I got the manager's name, Edward Casey, and the fact that he lived in Forest Hills, Long Island. I eased out, called him on the phone and made an appointment to meet him. I told him a lot of little 'Great White Way' lies, of course. Sort of murmured things about my stock experience in Hartford, Erie, here and there. He liked me. That's why he gave me the job. I was with that tent show for two summers and loved it. Swell time. Grand people.

"Then stock, lots of stock. I tried to get one-night stands and couldn't. Best I could do was split weeks and three-a-week. But it was grand and the people were elegant. I stepped off Broadway, later on, and went on the road on more than one occasion. Just because I wanted to. In the small towns they really want good theatre and know it. Broadway audiences—



Some star hemstitching goes on between scenes on "China Seas!" Roz Russell and Jean Harlow run up some neat bits of fancy work.

well, they have the same out-of-towners, tourists, but they also have jaded first-nighters and critics.

"I'm a regular Chamber of Commerce actress. I always attended all of the Chamber of Commerce luncheons and dinners in all of the small towns. I met all of the women I could meet. It was good business. I was getting a percentage of the profits and the audiences were the profits. I've looked in the mirror once or twice and said to myself, 'Beauty won't get you there, my girl, other things may, but not beauty!'" Having decided that I had to think what *would* bring 'em in. I decided that clothes would do it—clothes always bring women into the theatre. And so, I wore clothes they'd talk about and want to see.

"Then there were Broadway plays—'Talent,' starring Mady Christians. Theatre Guild things. The 'Garrrick Gaieties,' in which I sang in my very odd voice and manner both of which are strictly tabu at home. Then came 'The Second Man,' starring Bert Lytell and that one bought my ticket for Hollywood. I had an offer. My agent conferred with me, so I named my price. She said they'd never pay it. That was all right, I said. But they did—and I came. I don't give a rap for stardom. I want to make money. I want to make money for the company. If I don't, they should drop me and probably would. I doubt that I'll be here ten years from now—Lord, what a thought! Progress has always been what interested me most—going on—"

She laughed, so slender, black-clad, brown hair and eyes accented by vivid lips. Slender, yet eating her head off as we sat at tea in the Beverly Brown Derby.

ADVANCE model—

Forthright, frank, amused—knowing nothing of "glamor" and caring less. Scrapping the sticky old gods and bowing down to no new ones, she takes her "Art" as a "job," blows expert smoke into the face of the old tabus and laughs off as preposterous the notion that a gal must ogle a producer in order to get where she wants to go.

No special reverence for Broadway, she prefers the sticks—and favors farmers over first-nighters for audience. She is, undoubtedly, the first Thespian who has not genuflected to the "Great White Way."

She's told the most powerful Broadway producers that what they should ask an aspiring actress is, not what Broadway hit she has been in, but how much stock experience she has had, how many real parts, how much real work she has done. It's far more valuable and means infinitely more, says Rosalind, to have really worked in stock than it does to have brought in the mail or parked a cup of tea on a table in a Pulitzer Prize Play on Broadway, doing something a dog could be trained to do. To know your job, says Roz, that's the winning ticket. Or should be.

She drives around Hollywood, Rolls-royce Hollywood, in an antiquated Ford, vintage of '29 and minus a cover, because she's fond of the old dear and likes the wind in her hair. She was once advised to profess, for publicity, a yearning for orchids, a dislike for such folksy beverages as milk and tea, a passion for champagne and exotic thises and thatses. "I couldn't," said Roz, "live with *that* person for five minutes!"

She is a sound business woman, drives a hard contract, expects to make money for the company she is with in order to earn it. She uses her own high-powered brain to think with and pays no attention to what others are doing, or have done.

She scoffs at the idea that an actress must be an exhibitionist when she is

Neither Blonde nor Brunette—



Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

BROWN HAIR AND EYES—and a skin as white as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone.

Brunette and blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to *study your own skin*. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *bright blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of *brilliant green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed to give it life! They blended these colors *invisibly* in their new powder shades.

*5 different
shades
FREE!*

What shade powder shall I use?



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror:—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent.
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin.
Brunette—clears creamy skins.
Rose Brunette—warms dull skin.
Dark Brunette (Sun-Tan)—gives a lovely sunny glow.

Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up—How natural it looks on. And it stays that way *for hours!* Fresh—*flattering!*

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. J94, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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CITY _____ STATE _____

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)

romantic

alluring



FAOEN No. 44—warm,
vibrant . . . romantic



FAOEN No. 19—Fresh,
elusive . . . alluring



FAOEN No. 3—cling-
ing, oriental . . . exotic



FAOEN No. 12—cool,
delicate . . . intriguing

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)

10¢

In ten cent tuckaway
sizes as illustrated
at all 5 and 10
cent stores.

*Beauty
Aids*

off the stage or screen. She loathes cheapness, debunks the idea that you must know "the right people" or attend bibulous parties and smile pretty for the front office in order to get along.

She thinks the Park Avenue debs who crash the stage or screen for the thrill of it, putting up their own money in order to get into a show and, thereby shoving some needy working girl out of the picture, are vermin. And says so.

She has been to one big Hollywood party in the eight months she has been here and found it "somehow tragic." "Do you know," she said, "no one really laughed!"

Rosalind really laughs, really talks, really lives. Her job is vital but it isn't all of her life. If she didn't have a stage or screen job, she'd find work elsewhere. "I'd probably go in for merchandising," she said. She believes firmly in the dignity of labor, any kind of labor so that it is honestly performed.

She laughs at the idea that Hollywood may "change" her. It is rumored to make changelings of them all. She says, "How could it?" She's got her job and it's swell. After the job is done, she slams down the lid of her desk and goes home to other

things—to read, to write letters home, to talk with her brother who has been spending the past six months with her.

She doesn't believe that success is handed to anyone on a silver spoon. Least of all in Hollywood, hotbed of hot competition. If it is, the silver spoon soon slips and is your mouth empty!

She thinks the picture people are swell, likes them all. None of this snooty attitude of "looking down" on movies and movie makers. None of the silly attitude, either, of looking up to them. A job to be done, that's all—fellow workers, good sports. She has two or three old school friends out here, knows a couple of doctors and their wives, often drives to Caliente by herself. She likes Ronald Colman on the screen and wants to meet him.

Well-bred, well brought up, sane, ambitious and American—that's Roz. She talks like a lady. She thinks like a man. She expects to give good measure and to get good measure in return. She trims her sails to the advantageous winds. She's sleek and slick and smart and alive. She's regular—and remarkable.

She's headed for stardom, streamline stardom—the new way.

New Clothes, Academically Speaking

(Continued from page 50)

heels and dressed to the teeth at all hours of the day. You should look casual and comfortable. To such an end is her second selection, a beige jersey shirtwaist dress, trim as to detail and workmanlike as to its purpose.

You can go a bit on the gay side in a topcoat, if you wish. She loves the big steamer rug plaids and selects one in tones of yellow and brown for a swagger topper for daytime clothes. With this she wears a brown felt sports hat and medium-heeled, widely strapped shoes. Some of the new fall topcoat textures for sportswear have a very fleecy look as contrasted with the smoother surfaces of recent seasons. They are flattering, no end, and are worth keeping an eye out for.

The sweater and skirt combination is practically a uniform for collegians and other school-goers. You can match bright sweaters to bright wool skirts or you can go in for contrast as Anita Louise does. To flatter her lovely blonde coloring, she contrasts a beautiful amber-colored sweater with a brown woolen skirt. Her sweater is a twin combination but in our picture Anita wears it without its extra jacket. The self-fringed green wool scarf is amusingly held by a class ring! And Anita adds that if it is the ring of your best heart beat, so much the more thrilling! Here's a new fad for you to try.

IF your budget permits the extra stretching that it takes to include a fur coat, Anita Louise thinks it's a good investment. She has a white kidskin one that has the simply cut, rather tailored lines that she thinks are right for school. Hers, she explains, is white because she finds more use for a white one in California, but for other climes, gray or brown would be more in order. It's grand to wear over dresses for tea dates, perfect for football games and will double as an evening wrap, too.

A black net evening gown is a good all year round item for formal use. It isn't dated in fabric by the season and can do for both formal and semi-formal duty when

topped by a self cape as in the choice of Anita Louise. Of course, later on, you may want to have one grand prom dress in one of the stunning velvets or sheer metals. And, of course, there are always the popular satins for cocktail and dinner dresses. You will be intrigued, too, by the new wooly looking silks for that indispensable afternoon dress to wear to sorority teas and fraternity after-the-game dances.

I was talking with Bernard Newman the other day—he, you know, does those smooth clothes for Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. He is an amusing and sophisticated gent who knows more about women's clothes than they do themselves! He thinks that a new era of fashion is breaking in Hollywood because the designers are going to cease worrying so much about the dramatic quality of the costumes and think more about what you, in the audience, are going to want to wear.

This idea is in line with Adrian's and Joan Crawford's recent announcement that her new costumes will be simple, much the sort of thing she wears off screen and not the over elaborate costumes which have characterized her recent pictures. Joan thinks an actress's facial expressions should be more eye-compelling than her clothes. And as you know, watching recent films, you can't concentrate on the acting when your eye is constantly distracted by a flamboyant costume.

And now for some fashion tips you'll want to guide your fall shopping. Travis Banton, just back from a trip abroad, and to Paris in particular, says that he is going to use less fur on his new screen creations. He is going to put more energy and imagination into intricate details of design and less into large splashes of luxurious furs.

Banton brought back some fabrics from abroad which he will use in making costumes for Colbert, Lombard and others. These are fabrics which he thinks were indirectly inspired by California's scenery. There are intricately woven woolens with the graceful tracery of palm trees visible in them—some have feathers and others

tropical motifs discernible in the weaves. This definite fabric interest probably accounts for Banton's intention of letting the design, rather than the trimming, carry the costume.

You'll be intrigued to know that Mr. Banton sees shorter skirts coming in. He reports British women wearing very short daytime skirts and that Parisiennes are definitely interested in the trend. Do you suppose he will influence Hollywood in this?

KAY FRANCIS has been favoring Paris with some expert shopping. Kay always has liked imported clothes although she wears the Hollywood product most of the year. Her pet contention is, you know, that she doesn't give a hang about clothes at all—but listen to what she picked out at Schiaparelli's while abroad! A black crinkly silk ensemble trimmed with silver fox. Into the neckline is tucked a chiffon scarf embroidered in rhinestones. Another costume is black crepe with a jacket of white crepe through which runs a woven design of black clover. And a third is a two-piece affair in silk with stripings of two tones of dark red and black. You notice that Kay sticks to the black theme which she finds so becoming.

You will find black big on the fall color card, too. Red in varying tones, quite a lot of purple, olive green and red-browns are sure to be great favorites. This will give you some idea of the color direction to follow in buying your first new things.

Besides Anita Louise's college suggestions, I have picked several other costumes that are suited to campus activities or for early fall use anywhere. There's Virginia Bruce's stunning tweed ensemble composed of a short flared coat in dark brown over a tan, severely tailored dress of the same tweed pattern. The coat is one of those grand things you can wear with any number of other costumes—the large patch pockets and deep cuffs giving it a lot of dash.

Virginia's camel's hair coat is slick, too. The wide beaver collar and the double-breasted cut lift it away from the usual polo coat class. It's an excellent all winter coat. Virginia has a golfing outfit that I haven't shown but which would make another perfect campus outfit for all of you. Over a sweater and skirt of coffee brown wool, she wears a trim tan pigskin jacket that buttons up to a small turnover collar. Slash pockets extend down from the shoulder yoke and have slide fastener openings. On the right side there is another little pocket above the belt and a larger flap pocket below. A matching beret and tan and brown sports shoes finish this off with smartness.

Then there's Fay Wray's simple slate gray tweed dress pictured. This has unusual pocket detail, too. And the taffeta collar and cuffs give this a more dress-up look. A perfect dress to wear under your fur coat to the game because it will look right at a fraternity party afterwards.

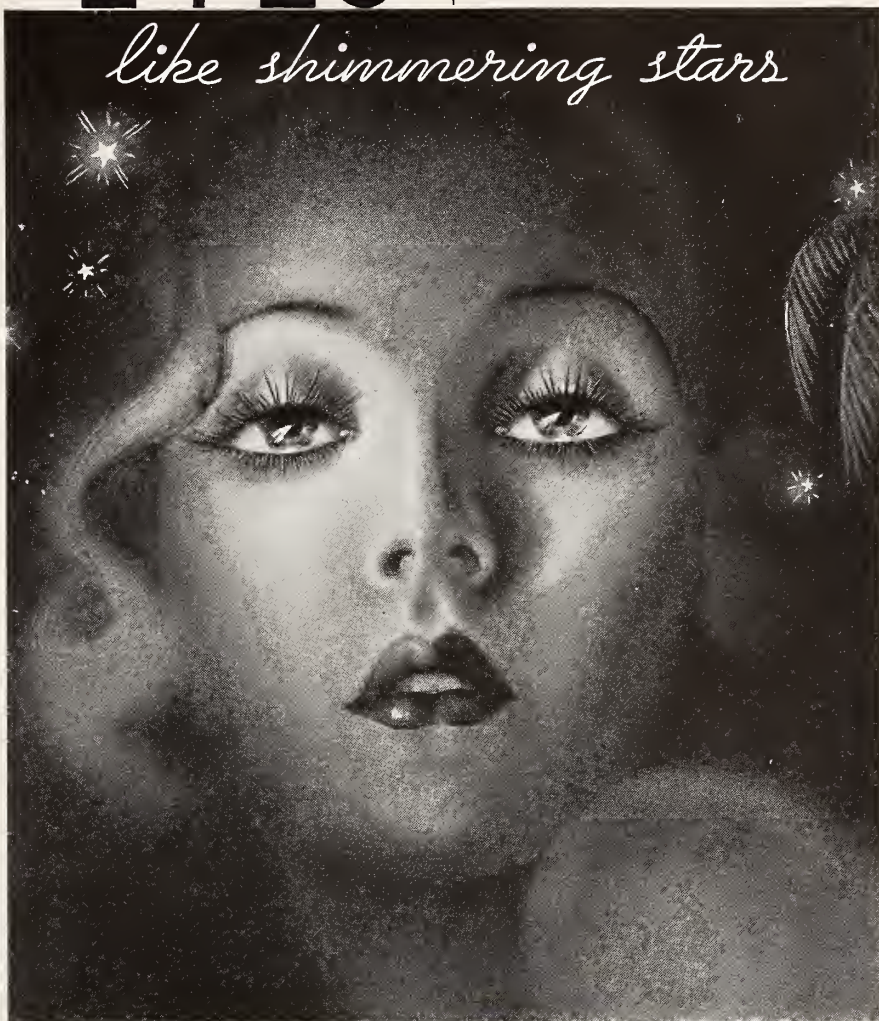
Capes are not out of the picture this fall, especially not for young things. Betty Furness wears a smart one in two tones of gray plaid over a matching jacket and a plain gray tweed skirt. Her alligator shoes and soft felt hat are nice extras.

And Florine McKinney's velvet evening wrap with matching muff is one of those good looking but not too elaborate evening things you should have. The unusual corded treatment at the front and on the sleeves makes a simple wrap look very luxurious.

I've hardly been able to touch adequately on school fashions in a limited space but it does give you a start and you probably have loads of good ideas of your own.

EYES

like shimmering stars



TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES

with this new form of mascara

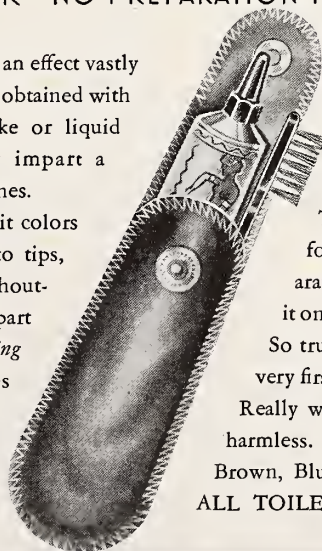
NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly; it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a *stunning* illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their

real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light reaching out to show the way to "heaven"!

Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water—no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush. So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result. Really waterproof—smart-proof—harmless. *Tattoo your eyelashes!* Black, Brown, Blue. NOW ON SALE AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS.



TATTOO *for Eyelashes and Brows*

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 53)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★				4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★			3★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★			2½★	2★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Song for You (G-B)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★		2★		1★		2★		2★			2★	
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★			2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★			2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			2★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	3★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			2★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★		2★			1½★			1½★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Mojestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★		3★	4★	3★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★		2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★			3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

MODERN SCREEN

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	1½★				
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★		4★	1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (G-B)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★		2½★	2½★	1★		2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★

JOHNNIE GOES

PLACES!

Tennis Tournaments
at Forest Hills

America's Finest
15 Cent Cigarette

"Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**"

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK BROWN BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

How Can You Help Liking Her?

(Continued from page 40)

she could, without lifting a finger, make audiences rock with laughter. A good comedienne, being as rare as quintuplets and fully as profitable to a theatrical producer, her fate was sealed.

"Ever since I was a child I've wanted to act," she said, "but I wanted to be a great dramatic actress and I'm sure I was at the age of five," she laughed.

"My brother and I had a theatre in the backyard. I wrote all the plays, directed and acted in them. I insisted upon being the boss. Not only did I insist that they do what I told them but also that they think the way I thought."

During her childhood there was one person who encouraged her in her ambition to act. That was a cousin, who now lives in Hollywood, and is Miss Oliver's only living relative.

"She told me to keep on, never to stop, that she was sure I would be a great actress some day. She was the only person who believed in me," Miss Oliver said solemnly, and a tender note crept into her voice as she remembered back to the lean, hard years when a little encouragement meant so much.

The kindness of this older girl has never been forgotten and over a period of years she has been the object of Miss Oliver's lavish affection. Material gifts in the way of trips to Honolulu and Europe have also been provided by the generous Miss Oliver.

At the age of fourteen she was singing in a church in Boston, her birthplace, and soon after she toured the New England states with an open air opera company. Her burning ambition at this time was to become a great singer and, possessed of a beautiful singing voice, she had reason to suspect she might succeed. But her hopes were blasted when she lost her voice and was forced to turn to the dramatic stage. She decided to join a stock company in Boston.

Getting a foothold was not easy. Her physical appearance was against her. Young, unformed, shy, inexperienced and, although still very young, she was taller

than most men, a handicap difficult to overcome. It was not always that she could get work in the theatre.

At one time, unable to get the work she loved, and forced by absolute necessity to do something, she worked in a dressmaking establishment for three dollars a week. And another time in a millinery shop at the same meager wages. It took her four years to save forty dollars, the amount she thought necessary to take her to New York, where she expected to be a sensation. The forty dollars dwindled and one day she hid behind a trunk in her room to avoid facing an irate landlord to whom she owed eighty dollars.

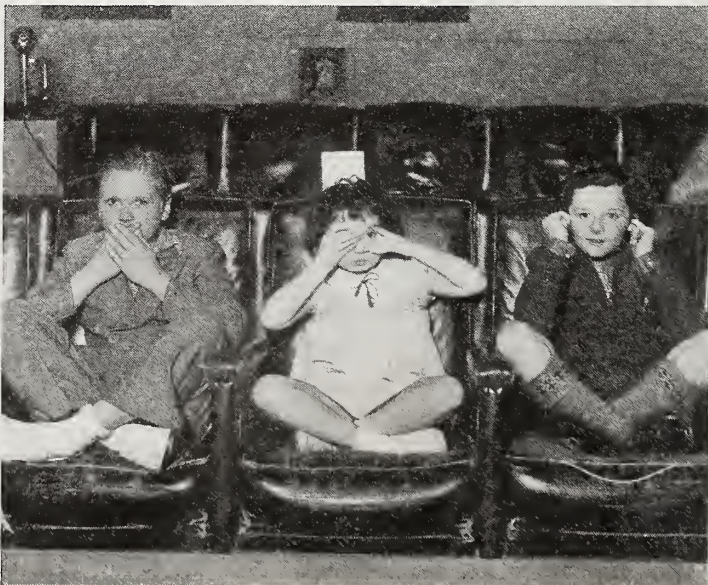
Of course, there were good times mixed with the bad and the list of her successes on Broadway suggests nothing of the heartaches which preceded them. Miss Oliver was on the stage thirty years before she received what is referred to as "big money." But she never lost her sense of humor. She never lost her courage for a moment.

Of all the disappointments she had to face during her career, the most heart-breaking one was the realization that she must spend the rest of her career in making people laugh. Particularly was this a bitter pill in view of the fact that she had proven herself a great dramatic actress in "The Master," "Icebound," and other plays on that very same Broadway.

"Of course, I don't like to be laughed at," she will tell you with some asperity. "I don't think anyone does. However, there are two distinct kinds of humor. One is genuine—the laughs you get from a ridiculous situation, by funny remarks or—looking comical. The other kind comes from the so-called wits, who keep you in stitches with their bright remarks, which are always directed at some unfortunate person—wit at the expense of somebody's feelings."

Miss Oliver may relax, secure in the knowledge that her humor will never be followed by hurt feelings. Except her own, possibly, and she tries hard to hide that.

"We never let on that we don't like to



'Member the three monkeys? Here they are—Jackie (Speak no evil) Cooper, Cora Sue (See no evil) Collins and Freddie (Hear no evil) Bartholomew—viewing M-G-M's color cartoon, "Three Little Monkeys."

be laughed at," she said. "There is a side of us that we keep to ourselves, that we never give to the public."

Fortunately, Miss Oliver has been able to maintain a private existence that is cloaked in virtual anonymity so far as the general public, or even Hollywood in particular, is concerned.

It has enabled her to preserve a personality that is at once unique and charming. So today Edna May Oliver stands as one great Hollywood institution that has escaped being absorbed by Hollywood. She is as definitely herself today as she was the day she arrived here three years ago, following a successful two years as Patty Ann Hawks in "Show Boat" in New York and Chicago. She has become a truly important figure in the Hollywood scheme but is never present on the Hollywood scene. As a matter of choice she would probably avoid Hollywood parties, anyway, but, as matters stand, she is just too busy to devote time to social events.

AFTER all, her job is such a big one—the job of bolstering up pictures that have, so to speak, flat feet. For producers are well aware that her name in a cast is a magic remedy for a weak picture, and she is in demand for twice as much work as she is able to do.

Miss Oliver probably has fewer acquaintances and more real friends than any prominent actress in motion pictures. This isn't an effort to make it appear that she lives a hermit's existence. On the contrary, although she declares, "I live simply," she goes every place and sees everything of interest. She entertains charmingly with small dinner parties and often takes her guests to a good show or a concert later. But you will never see her at one of the gay night spots.

"There is so little time in life to do the things you want to do," she explains. And one of the things she apparently wants and tries to do is to help anyone and everyone in distress. She has the most amazing capacity for giving of herself.

But I do not conclude from this that Miss Oliver is easily taken advantage of by undeserving persons or that she hasn't a proper conception of the value of money. Anyone who has ever tried to cheat her can testify that her indignation in actual life can be quite as forceful and effective as she has depicted that emotion on the screen.

She told me of an incident concerning the manager of an apartment house where she had gone to rent an apartment for a friend. After agreeing on the price, she wrote a check for that amount. When the manager saw the signature, "Edna May Oliver," on the check he said there had been a mistake, that the price was twenty dollars higher.

"Not of my money," declared Miss Oliver, as she tore the check to bits and stalked out in quest of another apartment.

"I'll give away fifty dollars—anything—but I won't pay one cent too much if I think anyone is trying to cheat me," she declared.

Well able to take care of herself in her home land, our heroine is unable to cope with avaricious tradespeople, porters, waiters, cab drivers, etc., when travelling abroad because she refuses to bother to learn foreign languages or how to count foreign money.

So, arguments over money matters in foreign lands invariably end with Miss Oliver dramatically emptying all the contents of her purse into her lap and screaming, "Take what you want and go away."

Extremely shy, she admits her worst fault is physical cowardice.

"I am," she declares solemnly, "afraid of everything. Every time I come on a

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

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

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS

by
Jane
Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

LOTS of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.

Hold
the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! TWEETZETTE, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! \$1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try SHADETTE, at \$1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accentuating brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also \$1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-9. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 5.

set I look around and wonder which of those big lamps overhead is going to drop on my head, or which way I should run if there should suddenly be an earthquake."

She has a particular dread of airplanes. The members of the company who worked with her in "Murder on a Honeymoon" still chuckle remembering what ensued when, as Miss Oliver was sitting in the cabin of a large plane, the motor was started. Terrified at the thought of the plane possibly leaving the ground, she raised her umbrella, broke the nearest window and started to climb out.

Yet, fearful as she is, she loves to swim and often goes to the ocean alone and ventures far beyond what her loving friends believe to be a safe distance from the shore.

ONE time I was thoroughly frightened in the water," she told me. "That was one day when I was swimming in the Mediterranean. From the hotel window the water had looked invitingly blue, and I couldn't see the seaweed, which began to tangle itself around my arms and legs like the tentacles of an octopus before I had got very far from shore. I began screaming.

"Then I remembered that an astrologer had said I would never die by drowning, so I said to myself, 'Swim, Oliver. You'll never die here.' And finally I reached the shore safely."

Being ordinarily a fearful person, she is naturally a cautious one and when she was packing to make a trip to Italy last year she decided not to take any chances on foreign citrus fruit. She took a supply of lemons with her.

The lemons on the boat proved to be up to the most exacting standards and when she landed in Italy, the land of lemons, she found no need to unpack hers. Six weeks later, when she started home, she still had her five dozen lemons intact.

Arriving in Los Angeles harbor, she was informed by the customs officer that she couldn't bring any fresh fruit into this country from Europe. And, in spite of her protests that they were California lemons, that she had merely taken them on a trip to Europe, they were unceremoniously dumped into the harbor.

It was on that trip, incidentally, that she had a little adventure that set the whole city of Florence to chuckling. Late one afternoon, wearied by a round of sight-seeing, she entered the magnificent tomb of one of the Medicis and seated herself to enjoy in leisurely fashion the contemplation of the fine sculpturing in the tomb. How long she sat there is not a matter of record, but she suddenly found herself roused from her reveries by the shouts of guards and frantic friends, who had been searching for her. She had been locked in the tomb after it was closed for the day, but didn't realize it until the arrival of the rescue party.

She dislikes attracting attention but unwittingly does so. No matter where she travels, everyone recognizes her. In Italy little children ran after her on the streets and, pointing their fingers at her, screamed delightedly, "Edna May Oliver!"

"It's this face of mine," she wails. "No one can mistake it."

She has an impulse to run when accosted by strangers, a feeling brought on by actual terror plus New England reserve.

"If I were a dramatic actress, people wouldn't dare approach me as they do," she says with a sigh. "Being just a comic, they come up to me wherever I am and ask me anything!"

She loves to cook and she loves to dance, but in nothing is Miss Oliver so feminine as in a charming inconsistency which keeps her friends guessing as to what she

will do next. Having often declared she would never buy a home, she has bought one. And scarcely was she settled in it than she decided to take a trip. And scarcely was she on her way when she began to lament, "Why did I ever leave my nice, comfortable home? If I ever get home again, I'll never, never leave, I promise."

SHE really does love that home of hers, however, in spite of her periodical urges to gather some of her friends up and take them on trips with her. She has a touching pride in it, for it is the first home she has ever owned. And in its exquisitely simple elegance it reflects a trait that few picture-goers realize she possesses. She has excellent taste and likes only the best.

Her pride in her home is illustrated by a little story told on her by one of her neighbors.

Each morning, according to the story, a dilapidated old car was parked in front of the neighbor's house. There it would sit all day and sometimes until late at night. One day, seeing Miss Oliver's chauffeur, the neighbor asked him if he knew to whom the car belonged.

"It's my car, ma'am," he admitted readily enough, "but Miss Oliver told me not to park the old wreck in front of her house." Her servants adore her and if she only knew it, she could no doubt hire them for half the money she pays them. Recently she spent several days on a distant location where she would have no use for her chauffeur, so she gave him a week off. She departed for location and the chauffeur left for San Francisco. The next day she was surprised to look up and see him standing at her elbow.

"Where did you come from?" she demanded. "I thought you were having a vacation. What does this mean? Is something wrong?"

"I thought you might need me, Miss Oliver," he explained, "so here I am."

Such loyalty in servants is indeed rare, but, you see, Edna May Oliver arouses it.

An accomplished pianist herself, one of her greatest pleasures lies in attending musical events and she is a dependable patroness of all worth while artistic ventures in Los Angeles. And it is when dressed for these events that Miss Oliver will give the greatest surprise to those who know her only from her screen rôles. Attired in the most flawless taste, she has what many beautiful stars have not and would give the world to possess. That is distinction.

She is often seen in company with the beautiful Virginia Hammond.

"I like to be with Virginia because she is so beautiful," Miss Oliver explains, adding laughingly. "You wouldn't expect me to want to look up and see a face like mine, would you? I like to look at beautiful things."

That same modest realization of the basis for much of her screen fame was illustrated in her answer to a query as to whether she was the heroine of an episode reported by a columnist recently.

The story said that when a bandit attempted to hold up this actress, she gave vent to a scream which she had often used in mystery plays, letting him have it fortissimo. Whereupon the bandit dropped his gun. "Please, lady," he pleaded, "don't scream like that. Just forget the whole thing, will you?" and disappeared into the darkness scared out of his wits, no doubt.

"If that actress was me and the robber got a good look at my face, he's probably running yet," Miss Oliver replied grimly.

How can you help liking her?

Work With Me for Beauty and Health

(Continued from page 29)

I know girls who think they can reduce the hips by artificial methods. And to them I want to say, forget it. Sweat baths and steam cabinets are the bunk! You need your strength or you'll never reduce in spots. And when you reduce artificially the muscles—awful, old flabby muscles—will still be there.

NOW go about it the right way. Study the pictures with this article and do exactly as I'm doing. Follow instructions carefully. Stand with the feet straight but slightly apart. Raise your arms above your head, then bend the right arm. Now, as you do this, bend your body to the left with the left arm straight. Keep your knees stiff—and that's important. Pull those hip muscles and pull them hard, pulling and bending very, very slowly until the finger tips of the left hand touch the floor. Repeat on the other side.

Feel those muscles pulling? That's swell, baby, that's getting after those hips with a bang. Sure, I know you'll be sore after you've done this exercise. But don't complain. You're using muscles you haven't used for ages. Just remember that what you're doing is shaving off your hips as if you had taken a razor blade to them, that you're flattening out the muscles and breaking down the fatty tissue beneath them. Isn't that worth a little soreness? I guarantee that if you take a size sixteen dress now, you'll be able to wear a size fourteen if you do this exercise religiously for fifteen minutes a day for one month! How's that for a promise? But it works. I know it. I take that exercise. But be sure that you feel those hip muscles pulling, pulling. When you're doing it correctly the pull begins just below the waist and goes down into the legs.

And now I want to give you a sensible eating program along with a grand dessert which I gave Jean Harlow for the preservation of her gorgeous complexion. It will work wonders on your skin. Besides, most of you gals who are reducing yell and scream for dessert. Well, here it is. Eat it. Twice a day. It's good for you.

Wash in cold water but do not seed, three pounds of cherries. Place them in a double boiler with just a little water in with them. Let them simmer until they're soft enough so you can press out the juice. When this juice is very hot—but not boiling—pour in a package of gelatin. When gelatin is dissolved add three tablespoons of brown sugar. Pour this into moulds that have been rinsed with cold water. Cool off and chill in refrigerator. Serve with a few chopped un-salted almonds and two tablespoons of top milk on each mould. This is not only perfectly delicious, but it is a blood producer as well. It will give you pep and plenty of it.

And now for a sensible eating menu to tide you over until next month. Here it is.

BREAKFAST

Glass of cold water mixed with the juice of half a lemon

Melon (with lemon juice) or any kind of berries. If you must sweeten



*It's Only
NERVOUS
POWDERING
But It Looks So
Common and
Artificial*

Test This New Powder That ENDS "MAKE-UP WORRY"

**Completely Moisture-Proof . . .
Lasts Hours Longer . . .
So Much Smoother**

OF course, you don't like to powder constantly either! It makes any man think you vain—shallow—even a trifle "cheap." It's due almost entirely to consciousness of face powders that don't stay on—that soon lose their fresh charm.

But you can say "goodbye" to make-up worry! Try new Golden Peacock Face Powder. It's *really* moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it. It clings for hours; but it doesn't cake in chalky lumps; doesn't clog your pores.

Like Natural Girlish Bloom

But that's not all—Golden Peacock Face Powder goes on with an utterly new smooth-

ness. Its skin-flattering tone blends perfectly with your skin. Result: A wonderful, natural effect, alluring peachbloom softness, that looks so young—so fresh!

Free Sample Offer

Get Golden Peacock Face Powder today. Only 50 cents at any drug or department store! For a test, get the handy purse size at any 10-cent store. Or, write us, enclosing 6 cents for postage, and get generous 3 weeks' supply FREE. Send name, address, and correct powder shade to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-203, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

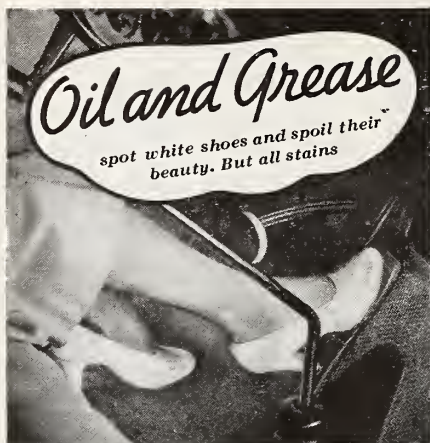
Thrilling Loveliness in REALLY WHITE SKIN

**Discover This Way to Help Nature
Shed Freckles . . Blemishes . . Tan**

The alluring charm no man can resist—and every woman wants—is easy now! Simply apply dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme five nights, as directed, and see how it speeds Nature's own method, to roll away that film of tanned, darkened skin. See how much clearer and healthier the skin looks, too, with disfiguring pimples from outward causes and blemishes banished! It's needless now to hide your charm under a mask of freckles, or dark skin! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store today. Money back if you are not delighted. Handy trial size, 10c, at all 5-and-10-cent stores.

Golden Peacock *Bleach Creme*





★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

use a little brown sugar

Half a glass of certified milk
A coddled egg. (Place an egg in a pan of boiling water. Then turn off the flame under the pan and allow the egg to stand for ten minutes.)

Two slices of whole wheat toast or rye wafers with very little butter
Coffee—clear

LUNCHEON

Large bowl of shredded white or red cabbage with lemon juice

Cottage cheese mixed with a little sour cream

Rye wafer without butter

Cherry gelatin dessert

DINNER

Cup of clear soup

Any meat or fish broiled or roasted (no pork)

Two heaping tablespoons steamed turnip tops

Eight stalks of asparagus (on all vegetables spread a little butter after the vegetable is off the fire—and not before. Use no salt.)

Very small baked potato (eat skin and all)

Lettuce salad with lemon juice

Small dish of fresh fruit or cherry gelatin

Demi-tasse

This is a sensible eating routine. It will not put an ounce of weight on you. It gives you all the vitamins and minerals

you need. In future articles I will give you some sensible eating programs which will take you down fifteen pounds a month.

AND now you girls who bear a resemblance to Joan Crawford, get busy and send your photographs to me. Every one will have my personal attention. Address, Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Next month I'm going to ask the girls who look like Constance Bennett and after that the girls who look like Claudette Colbert to send in their pictures. So you had better not miss a single one of my articles. Anyhow, I think we're going to have a lot of fun and I know you're going to learn how to make yourself as you've dreamed of being.

Also you are at liberty to write me regarding any problem that worries you. I'll tell you what to do and how to do it.

I'm thrilled to have this opportunity to talk to MODERN SCREEN readers. I can't help it if I sound hard boiled as I give you the devil for being too lazy to reduce. The truth is I know so well how grand you can look, if you will, that it breaks my heart to see any woman carrying a burden of excess weight. My fingers tingle to start digging into those ugly muscles. I can't do that but I can tell you what to do for yourselves. And if I get you out of your sluggish lethargy, if I can give you a good mental shaking up, and can make you work with me toward beauty and health, then I'll be perfectly happy.

Come on, darlings, snap into it!

The Most Tragic Love Story

(Continued from page 33)

"That was not true and I told them so. All the press notices gave Dolores the credit. He gave her a chance. She made good. She did not have to go on being grateful to John. We've all given girls breaks. Some make good; some don't. She was a star in her own right, now, and she could have told Barrymore to go to —"

"As to love . . ." his voice softened. "You remember the first man who ever made love to you, don't you? The man who awakened your feeling of romance, made the stars seem nearer and the moon something besides a useless ball in the heavens? John did that to Dolores. You can never quite forget the first man; you can never believe another will give you quite the same lovely yearning. Dolores thinks this is love. Look at her. Of course, she thinks it. As for John, he isn't capable of that kind of love anymore. And when she awakens . . ."

"Dolores is not a grown woman yet. She's a young girl living in a young girl's dreamland. But underneath, she's stubborn. Like her mother—and father. I hope it works out, but when it doesn't—"

THERE was more, much more. Making allowances for the ancient rivalry between the Costellos and the Barrymores (a rivalry dating far back into theatrical history); making allowances for Maurice Costello's jealousy of a Barrymore who had supplanted him in the bosom of a Costello family, still there was an urgent ring of sincerity to his words that made me shudder, only an hour after the most beautiful screen girl had married the handsomest screen lover.

His description of the youngest Barrymore sounded weirdly like two birds of the same plumage exchanging honest self-

appraisals. There was not much he did not tell of the history of the erratic John from his love for his monkey to his fondness for rich foods and garlic. "My wife's a wonderful cook. No wonder John liked to live at our house. He got used to eating there before I returned to discover a Barrymore had replaced a Costello. I wish now my wife and I had separated fifteen years ago. We only stayed together because of the children."

I thought I would never forget the bitterness, the anguish of that father's denunciation of the man his daughter had just married.

And yet, with the rest of Hollywood, I did forget him and the other prophets. They were so happy. John Barrymore told everyone of the peace, the quiet joy, that had come to bless him. Dolores, although seen seldom, appeared equally content. Her eyes still shone with faith.

In fact, Hollywood had seldom seen such a complete metamorphosis in one of its people. The Barrymore monkey was forgotten. The people who worked in pictures ceased to fear Barrymore and began to treat him like another human being. Less than three years ago, a press agent told me, "I would rather go to John Barrymore's to make pictures than any other star's estate. *He's so human.* He and Dolores don't care particularly about publicity but they are always pleasant. You feel like a guest rather than a worker." This about the man who had been formerly notorious for insulting press people!

Even the famous Barrymore profile, which had caused cameramen so many sleepless nights when he first entered pictures because of his fear that it would not be photographed from the proper angle, was forgotten. He laughed about it.

In other words, John Barrymore mel-
lowed. He became the father of two ador-
able children who made him realize what
a poor substitute are monkeys.

The Barrymores were seldom at their
lovely estate when John was not work-
ing. Their yacht, "The Infanta," car-
ried them from the South Seas to the
Arctic. Dolores' love had been a first
love, as her father said, and a first love
is always anxious to prove the depth of
its devotion. So when John wanted to
room, she wanted to room with him.
Perhaps Dolores learned to really enjoy
yachting. Love can teach a woman to
thrill to what she has despised before
love. I remember her telling me, a few
months before they were married, that
she did not care for the sea. Possibly
she has never learned to like it. Then
her mad packings, her readiness to go
to sea upon a two hours' notice, are more
to be admired.

ALTHOUGH the divorce suit came as
a surprise to the world, it shocked,
but did not surprise Hollywood. I sup-
pose no marital situation has been more
closely guarded from unfavorable pub-
licity than this. Rumors began sneaking
their snakey ways around the luncheon
tables more than two years ago. But no
one could check them. Then, Dolores
began appearing infrequently in public
for the first time since she dedicated her-
self to a secluded life with her husband
and babies. She looked so radiant no
one could believe she was not happy. I
believe now this was the secret of her
circulating again amongst us. She was
turning a bright face to the world so the
gossips could not revive old wives' tales

about her Barrymore husband.

Then John Barrymore became very ill—
he was on the verge of death! Holly-
wood shuddered. Barrymore's studio,
RKO, denied it. They even announced,
via radio, that John Barrymore and Dolores
Costello were on a third honeymoon in the
Arctic.

We know now John was ill. Just how
ill, no one is certain. There are rumors
of a strange illness, a curious one, that
includes a memory which may have fal-
tered. Surely, the man has changed
again. Whether he has returned to the
erratic, genius-like personality which his
father-in-law so feared for his daughter,
or whether genius has slipped into an
entirely new cloak, as a genius keyed
too highly sometimes does, no one can
tell, today. But whatever it is, the trag-
edy lies naked—unable to be longer
hidden.

I doubt if Dolores Costello Barrymore
would have hinted of divorce or spoken
of her problem had not pride and self-
preservation been literally whipped into
action. After all, she has protected him
for more than two years with the most
superb acting of her career. I knew this
quiet, refined girl during her first days
in pictures and I believe she would have
suffered without a murmur if John Barry-
more had not dashed about the seas in
their yacht on gay parties; if he had not
announced in black type he would no
longer be responsible for debts incurred
by anyone but himself.

A woman's love, no matter how great,
has always two vulnerable points. Pride
and a love for her children. A pride
can be insulted just once too often—a
mother love will always spring to de-

fend its young.

The newspapers talk of another young
girl, Elaine Barrie, in the life of John
Barrymore, the great screen actor. Re-
porters quote this young girl's father as
saying John is interested only in her
screen future. A "protégée" they call her.

Ah, Dolores was that, too, in the be-
ginning. She was the beautiful child given
an opportunity in "The Sea Beast." She
was a protégée professionally speaking.

And as I read the quoted words of the
father of this protégée, I hear the words
of the father of the first protégée ring-
ing in my ears:

"My family live just up the hill, above
me. I can see their home from here. I
often look up there. If the pillows in my
car could speak they would tell you a
great story. I used to drive into the hills
and cry myself to sleep. Sometimes, I
would take a newspaper and read myself
to sleep in my car and awaken in the
morning. Sometimes, I have cried myself
out of the idea of murder. I would wake
up there in the hills and look at the
sunshine and decide this was better than
San Quentin, that after all—John Bar-
rymore was not worth murdering."

One emotional genius speaking of
another. One emotional genius speaking
as a father of a son-in-law, somewhat
like himself.

When a Costello married a Barrymore,
the two greatest theatrical families of
our generation gave Hollywood its great-
est love tragedy. But from this cross
should come the world's greatest actors
of tomorrow. John, Junior, and Dolores,
little son and little daughter! From
tragedy often comes life's greatest
promise.

THESE YOUNG WIVES ARE WISE ABOUT WASHDAY



"Use Rinso for whiter, brighter washes,"
say makers of these 34 washers

A B C	Dexter	National	Universal	Whirlv
American	Fairbanks-	"1900"	Voss	Woodrow
Beauty	Morse	Norge	Westinghouse	Zenith
Apex	Fairday	One Minute		
Automatic	Faultless	Prima		
Barton	Gainaday	Rotarex		
Bee-Vac	Haag	Roto-Verso		
Blackstone	Horton	Savage		
Boss	Magnetic	Speed Queen		
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IN tub washing, Rinso saves scrubbing and
boiling. Rinso's suds (so rich and lasting
even in hardest water) *soak* out dirt. Clothes
come really white. They last longer washed
this "no-scrub" way. Saves you money.

I'M APPROVED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
INSTITUTE



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

"I SUFFERED BY DAY I SUFFERED BY NIGHT



No One Will Ever Know
the Agony I Under-
went in Silence!"

IF there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort

Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is soothing. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

Gary Isn't the Same

(Continued from page 37)

and restless demeanor. I have always thought it was his great capacity for silence rather than his virility which thrilled Hollywood's army of women. Men had always talked to Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez. In fact, woman has always had to lean forward, elbows on the dinner table, and listen eagerly to man. But here was a man who listened. He was like a great sponge absorbing each word of theirs as though it were a precious drop of clear wisdom. By his very silence he made them feel important and made himself mysterious and "different."

It is strange to watch Gary's effect upon women. Take Lupe, for example. Lupe is always a cartridge in the constant act of exploding but she has never exploded so graciously as when she was with Gary Cooper. People who visited at her dinner table were wont to comment, "Why does she not sit at the head of her own table?" She would answer, "I cannot see Gary, then. Flowers and dishes and things are in the way. He never says anything but I am always watching him to see if I can know what he is thinking."

Clara Bow did her best work while she was in love with him. Remember when they played in "It" together? Evelyn Brent reached her greatest success, too, while she was playing opposite Gary.

And the effect on Gary? Gary had slipped away from the ranks of the extra in "Wings." He had become a leading man in "It." The most glamorous girl in Hollywood (Clara) had fallen in love with him. He told me, then, "I don't just see how all this could have happened to me but it did and I've just got to make good and prove I deserve it."

There is pathos in the gratitude of the very young. Imagine a barefooted straggler welcomed into the regular army and made immediately into a sergeant. How much he believes he owes that army! He must prove even to himself his right to such honor.

The duty of Hollywood's army is making pictures. After his miraculous, story-book beginning in "Wings" and "It," Gary made pictures. One monotonous, humdrum picture after another. Many pictures that seemed exactly like those he had made

before. Certainly nothing noble; not one to make him feel he was becoming a great actor. He found himself making love on the screen, making love off. His fame as a lover had spread around the world. Everything he did off the screen—whether he was escorting Clara, Evelyn or Lupe—was photographed and broadcast in the magazines and newspapers.

It was then that he made two very startling statements to me. First, "I would not dare to marry. I've been married so many times on the screen that I'd feel I was doing something I'd done before. I'd feel it was just another piece of acting. It wouldn't mean anything." And second: "All women are alike. I don't know what they want but they all say the same things trying to get it."

Most people believe the change in Gary came when Lupe Velez drove him to the train in Pasadena and saw him off on his secret, run-away-from-Hollywood trip to the hot sands of Egypt. Gary was ill. Most ill. The strain of one picture after another with no rest in between, with not even a very good picture to relieve the monotony, had taxed his strength until the doctors told him he must skip. And still the young boy, he slipped away without telling anyone, not even his studio. Only Lupe.

Gary had changed outwardly when he returned to us. His clothes were from Bond Street, London. His manners were from homes of the smartest nobility of Italy and England. I ate breakfast with him one morning soon after his return. He repeated his remark about women. "All women are alike—"

Certain European women were planning on following him to Hollywood. Gary was half-planning to dash away to China to get the Pacific Ocean between himself and the women of America and Europe! He was half-planning to leave pictures forever because he couldn't understand himself, pictures or women.

When he didn't go, Gary took his first firm step out of boyish adolescence. He didn't step far. He still ran a yellow car at breakneck speed. He even courted Sanda Shaw in it. But he was beginning to think in terms of life as it is rather



The boys seem to be "ganging" on Joan Blondell at the O'Brien party. Left to right, Leo Carrillo, Joan, Pat O'Brien, Joe E. Brown and Wally Ford.

than as he had pictured it in Montana. I talked with him shortly before he married Sandra. He was trying to find his way back into his proper niche in Hollywood's army of actors. That is not easy when one has been away as long as had Gary.

"I guess the producers know their business, after all," he smiled, a bit crookedly. "When I had a little success I thought I should do something big. I hated doing the same old thing over and over but, after all, just what did I know about acting? I was learning by that routine, only I didn't know it. I still want to do something big. I'd like to do 'The Bengal Lancers!'" His eyes lit with a yearning I had never seen in them even when he was working on "Wings!" "Why, I couldn't even wear clothes. I was going through a course of training. Necessary training. I didn't like it. None of us do. Perhaps I'll be able to act so well someday that I won't really act at all but just be natural. If I do, how much will I owe to that necessary routine I hated!

"I don't know much more about women. But I do owe them a lot. I still remember the face of my dream girl in the clouds. Always one woman. One who was different. If I could find her now—"

And only a little later, he decided he had found her. Not a Hollywood woman, whose pictures would circle the globe in newspapers, but a girl from social circles who detested newspaper notoriety.

I talked to him a few days after he returned from their honeymoon. The transition was definitely beginning. Gary Cooper was either to grow up or slip back into a permanent, happy-today, unhappy-tomorrow, boyish adolescence. This statement showed he was standing on the bridge of life: "I don't know about marriage. I don't want to talk about it. It's between us. It should help. A married man knows where he is going to be. He has time for his work because he has found routine in his private life just as he must have found it in his work if he is to be successful."

But Gary had always hated routine. He had side-stepped it in Montana. He had hated it when he was in school in England. He had even hated the English gardens because they had been so formal. "Flowers couldn't grow their own way," he had told me. He had hated the Hollywood training, the formality of his membership in Hollywood's army.

Marriage is a routine. He didn't know it yet. But I did. And Sandra Shaw was the product of a routine of America's finest and highest culture. What would Gary Cooper, the boy who had raced at will with coyotes and dashed ahead of rain and wind storms for the thrill he felt from mere dashing, do about it?

He was cast in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Five magazine stories were written questioning the permanence of Gary Cooper's marriage.

I wrote two of them. I don't pretend I wrote them to help Gary. I didn't. I wrote them because the magazines would pay for them. Gary was furious. He was angered as I have never seen him angered. "This marriage is my own. Who in Hell are you to mix in it?" Not only to me but to all the other writers. He gave out a statement to the newspapers, "I will never see another magazine writer and these five stories are the reason." I noted my two among the list and I am afraid I chuckled. For I knew then that Gary Cooper had squared his well-formed shoulders, buckled his belt firmly around his slim waist and decided to run his own life without interference.

And then he started work in "The Bengal Lancers."

THERE'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!



Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape



NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST EASILY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.—in few weeks!

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain before. Here's a new treatment for them that puts on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, and suffer with indigestion, constipation and a blemished skin, is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This special vitamin-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add wonderful energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

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Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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Tullio Carminati

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NATURAL LIPS
IN UNIQUE TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS TULLIO CARMINATI SAW



Movie star
tells why
Tangee lips
were most
appealing



● "Her lips were natural and rosy... not coated with paint," said Tullio Carminati of the girl with Tangee lips. That's because Tangee accentuates your own natural color. It can't make your lips look "painted," because *Tangee isn't paint!* In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, through its magic color principle, it changes to the one shade of blush rose meant for you. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening wear, there is Tangee Theatrical.

Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or send 10c and the coupon for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

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★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM95
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check ☐ Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

You saw Gary in that picture. You knew it was a new man before you. Gary Cooper was no longer a young boy looking the well-trained lover. There was no woman to love in the picture. He was a man proving he is a well-trained actor.

And when he was finished, he went to the mountains to shoot lions. His wife, not much more than a bride, remained at home, waiting for him to bring his trophies to her.

And I knew then, Gary and Sandra had adjusted that difficult problem of marriage. Although I did not see the scene, I imagined it clearly. The new, grown-up Gary standing solidly on two feet, seeing his little woman as she is—not a dream but a real person to admire him for wanting to shoot lions and get away, alone, once in a while, to the freedom

of his chasms and pinnacles of Nature.

Gary Cooper was never able in the old days to refuse a woman—not even an interview to a woman reporter. When a lady friend hit him with a slipper, he let her hit him. When a studio overworked him, he took the overworking until his health forced him to run away. That was the little boy from Montana learning his practical lessons. But he learned them! And when we are big enough, fine enough, unselfish enough and intelligent enough to learn from the cards shuffled by life, we become real men and women. Gary had grown up and the man who stands firmly straight today and says "No" and means it, is twice as interesting, romantic and exciting as the boy who intrigued you rather than commanded your sincere admiration.

The Theatre's Loss

(Continued from page 35)

Exciting. I tell you if I had to choose between being only a moderately successful actor or a supremely successful anything else I'd choose to be the actor. For life's sake."

The gratitude he feels because he became an actor is in his face. As all the emotions he knows are in his face which is like a sounding board against which life beats to leave its marks.

"Living," he said later that afternoon, "takes a lot of understanding!"

It would for him. It always must for anyone who is sensitive. So sensitive they feel for others as well as for themselves. In self-defense such men and women must search for a balm to ease the things they know. And there's only one such understanding.

On Walter Huston's writing table there was a photograph of him and Nan Sunderland, his wife, taken on the porch of their ranch house at Arrowhead. While a picture is actually in production he goes down to Hollywood and stops at a hotel. The rest of the time he's up in this "ranch house gone luxurious," as he describes it.

His wife wasn't going to England with him. She had stage work to keep her here. But it was planned that she might join him later, if her activities permitted. He never asks her to fit her career in with his. He knows that with any career worth having this cannot be done.

"And after all," he says with a nice slow smile, "I've never seen the guy get very far who takes the attitude, 'You're my wife and you must do what I want!' Very far, from a happiness standpoint, I mean."

Not long ago, for instance, when he was busy in the studios he realized that Nan was becoming restless, unhappy. He knew she needed to have work to do.

"Find a play and go to New York and do it," he told her. "If it's something I can play in later on when I finish this picture, fine. If not, you do it alone."

He said, "She would have stayed with me had I asked it. But she wouldn't have been happy. And neither would I."

He's so convinced a recent Hollywood split-up never would have happened if the husband, a motion picture star, had taken the same attitude. But when this man's wife, who previously had been successful on the stage, was offered a tempting role he objected to her leaving him.

YOU know," Walter Huston said, "that if he had told her to go ahead, wished her luck, when she reached New York and had the lonely times which are inevitable when we're separated from someone we

love, she would have been anxious to get back to that swell guy who had proven so unselfish and understanding. Less anxious, too, to leave him the next time. They'd have been together today. Together and happy. Instead of separated and unhappy. Disillusioned also because something they had once thought was pretty grand had turned sour."

The modern woman he counts a boon to men.

"Goodness knows she asks little enough," he said. "She only wants the truth. And it's only when she doesn't get this—because a lot of men haven't grown accustomed to the idea that women can take the unvarnished, unembroidered truth—that misunderstandings and mix-ups occur."

I asked if he always understood his wife, if he always knew why she reacted as she did or wanted what she wanted or felt as she felt. He shook his head. With the bewilderment all men feel about all women at times.

"But I try to understand," he said, leaning forward.

"And when you still can't understand," I asked him, "what then?"

He grinned. "Well, I'll tell you. I remember all the times in my life when the strong feelings and instincts I had about certain things were totally incomprehensible to others. And then I tell myself that, of course, it's sometimes impossible for any human being really to understand another. But the fact that one feels a certain way commands respect for it, whatever it may be or however inexplicable."

Often, I'm sure, Walter Huston must puzzle the ambitious members of the film colony who count success in terms of princely yearly salaries, estates which crown the innumerable Beverly Hills, jade swimming pools, imported motors and all the rest of the luxurious fanfare. When he leaves Hollywood flat, and the fabulous money to be earned there, to trek to New York and to appear on the stage for a year because the Sinclair Lewis character of "Dodsworth" happens to be a role after his own heart and he likes stage work. (He'll do this for the screen after "Rhodes, Empire Builder" likely enough, incidentally.) When he goes out and buys a new thirteen-hundred-dollar car, American family model, and gets a bigger kick out of it and its performance than many get out of their thirteen-thousand-dollar cars, chi-chi foreign models. Because he lives up at Arrowhead, contentedly turning out chairs and beds and tables on his own lathe, reading from dinner time to his early bedtime, with Nan Sunderland sitting on the other



Jack Benny is the wag who writes a gossip column for "Broadway Melody of 1936." Here you see him in an inspired (?) moment.

side of the big fireplace where great logs blaze. Because he refuses to have a telephone installed in this "ranch house gone luxurious." And says quietly to those who insist that really he should have a phone, "Ever try living in a house without one? No? Well, it's marvelous!"

He measures success differently than most people, you see. He counts it getting along. Putting something aside for those years which aren't so apt to yield an income of their own. Never losing track of the things you really want to do. Doing some of these things always. Finding your happiness day by day.

He's quite right, of course. Living takes a lot of understanding. And he has this. More of it than anyone I've ever known. Which accounts for him being such a swell human being. And results in him being such a superb actor that there are thousands who rejoice with him that years ago fate up and did a cartwheel which landed him in the theatre and put his engineering days definitely behind him.

We Disagree With Shirley's Mother

(Continued from page 27)

bunnies, most children do. But, if she had hated the little rabbits—in their brand new hutches—which Winfield R. Sheehan gave her for Easter, I'll wager not a person, not even her mother would have known it. Shirley Temple instinctively would have made everyone believe she wanted to play with the rabbits because she instinctively would have known it pleased her nice "boss" for her to play with them.

TAKE her so-called passion for autographs. She has one of the finest collections in the country and it will probably be the *finest* before she is finished. Now, on the face of it, a child who was just six on April 23, is too young to really appreciate the significance of autographs. But friends on the lot, like Jack Donohue, Fox dance director, began asking for hers. And Shirley *knew* if he wanted hers, he might like to have her want his. So she asked

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Shirley Temple has a way with all her leading men. John Boles is the latest slave to the Temple wiles and here you see them in a scene from "Curly Top."

for his autograph in return. He, and those others who sought hers, were pleased. They smiled. *She* had pleased them so she began asking everyone to sign her autograph book for her.

Incidentally, here are a few random examples from the big book with its lovely leather binding which was a birthday present from director David Butler ("Little Colonel," "Bright Eyes," "Curly Top")—

"You're sweet
"You're cute
"You're swell
"You're grand
"Good luck—"

(Signed) Jimmy Dunn.

Adolphe Menjou wrote: "To Shirley, a talented Artiste."

Madge Evans: "To Shirley: A lovely little girl and a great film actress."

Sir Guy Standing: "To Shirley: With whom it has been an honor and pleasure to play."

WITH these and hundreds more like them; with each one read to her, of course, Shirley Temple knows her own importance. I repeat, *she can't help it*. But she also knows the way to make others happy is to make *them* feel important.

Why, a child far less intelligent than our Shirley would grasp the significance of a stand-in. And I know few stand-ins in Hollywood who do not grasp the significance of their own positions as *orderlies*. And yet Shirley's stand-in is just another little girl with a chance in motion pictures because Shirley treats her like one—more as a playmate.

When she played in her first pictures, Shirley was a prompter. When Jimmy Dunn or another "friend" forgot his lines, Shirley piped up with them. *She was helping out*. She doesn't do that, now. Which one it was who gave the first flash of quick resentment at a six-year-old's learning and remembering, not only her own lines, but the other fellow's, too—we shall never know. Perhaps Shirley didn't even notice the first time but it didn't take long. And now Shirley busies herself with her handwork, her lessons in spelling or reading or French and pretends she has forgotten about the other fellow even though she may be *just aching*, in her helpful little way, to cover his slip or bad memory.

After watching this situation over months, I asked someone, who is often on Shirley's set, why no one, not even a leading man, ever remembers Shirley is a star when he has worked with her for a day or two. She answered, "If any person tried to kowtow to Shirley it would be embarrassing for that person because it just wouldn't—wouldn't—" she hesitated, "*synchronize*. It just wouldn't fit in with Shirley Temple."

And there you have your answer from one who has watched each step of the amazing career of this still almost-a-baby. To make a class distinction between Shirley Temple and others would not synchronize with Shirley Temple.

LIKEWISE, to make that class distinction does not synchronize with Garbo or Helen Hayes. For those who actually have worked with Garbo, adore her. Garbo is always trying to please those around her. I dined once with her. And that is the one memory I carry foremost—her intuitive effort to make me, a comparative nobody, happy and this despite the fact that she had not wanted to see me. Helen Hayes has the same intuitive regard for everyone else's pleasure. Will Rogers has it. And also Clara Bow, Gloria Stuart, Clark Gable.

Of course, there are others. But those names flash first. I wonder why. I wonder if, after all, real genius is not that fourth-dimensional sense of knowing how to please either one person, on a set or at a luncheon table, as well as thousands sitting before a stage, in either a legitimate or motion picture theatre? Instinctively to know how to please others—is that not the true secret of entertainment, and therefore, of true genius?

So, when the mother of Shirley Temple says the child is not a genius, I take my reportorial nerve in hand to argue. I think she is the rarest of all geniuses, Mrs. Temple—the one who is born with the spark to which no one can be entirely trained.

And that does not detract from the training of Shirley's mother. It adds to it. For one born with kindness, unselfishness and all the other virtues may be trained out of them. Bad habits can ruin even *real genius*. The genius in Hollywood's favorite star has been nourished correctly. But the first credit does go to the little lady in person no matter what anyone says.

The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(Continued from page 43)

the back lot—an extra—playing the part of a trollop. Christy Cabanne came out to the set. He looked jubilant, the bearer of glad tidings. He laughed and said, 'It seems rather odd to tell a trollop that she is to play the Madonna but that is just what I've come to tell you. The test was okay. The part is yours.'

"I don't know how I registered as a trollop for the duration of the day. I was so filled with Christian beatitude. It seemed to me, then, that all of my work and worry, the long months of dancing at the Egyptian, the dancing-school work, the dreary sitting on that casting bench—all of it was worth while since it had led to the playing of the Madonna! I even thought that this was, perhaps, a direct answer to my childhood prayers. There seemed to be something symbolic and sweet about it.

"Only one thorn rankled in my flesh that day. I had failed Valentino!

"Late that same afternoon Mr. Christy came onto the set again. This time he was the bearer of ill tidings. The sun was going down over the back lot, I remember, and I felt chilled as I looked at his face and thought, dramatically, 'The sun is going down on my hopes, too!' It was. Christy said that there had been some confusion of interests—a certain faction in the studio was 'pulling' for Betty Bronson. Another faction was 'pulling' for an unknown girl to play the Virgin. The unknown girl would be me. There appeared, also, to have been some sort of a previous arrangement with Betty and the sum total was that Betty got the part and I did not.

THAT was Terrible Blow No. 2. I should have felt fated, it would seem, after the Valentino fiasco and then this. I did feel a pang of self-pity. I had worked so hard. I had gone without all of the things that other girls live for, or by. I hadn't any beaux or pretty clothes or gay times or any of the laughing side of life.

"That night, as I left the studio and collected my \$7.50 from Bob McIntyre who was the god in the grille—the casting director at M-G-M at the time. He opened the grille and spoke to me. He told me he'd hoped I would get the part of the Madonna and was sorry but for me not to worry because he was going to give me all of the extra work he possibly could. I was to report again in the morning. Many months later he told me that he gave me work, not because he believed in me as an actress but because he thought I was hungry. He said that I had haunted his dreams at night, sitting there day after day on that wooden bench, so thin and starved looking. I must have looked thin and starved to have penetrated the consciousness of the man who looked out upon personal tragedies and frustrated ambitions and fading hopes every day of his life.

"Bob was as good as his word, too. He did keep on giving me extra work. He even gave me extra work in 'Ben Hur.' And I was on the set the day Betty Bronson did her scene as the Madonna.

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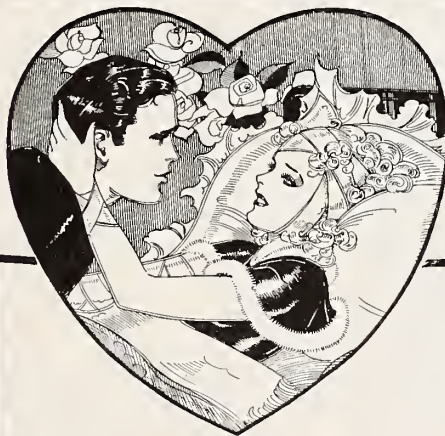
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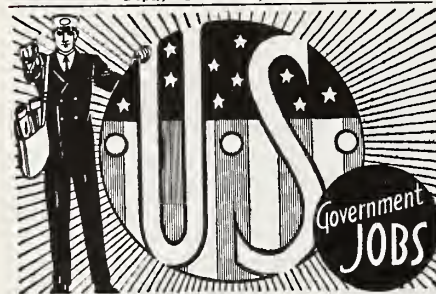
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That was pretty hard to take. I remember now how I had to bite my lips and pretend to be laughing and kidding with someone near me in order to keep the resentful tears out of my eyes."

Myrna is absolutely convinced, she says, that luck plays the trump card in success. The older she grows the surer she is. For some whilom reason you happen to be here instead of there and some director or producer happens to see you and because he happens to see you he gives you a part. If she had played the Madonna, she says, her whole career might well have been completely different. She would very probably never have played the exotic roles which slanted her gray-green eyes and covered her with brown greasepaint for so long. "If," said Myrna, "is the most potent word in the tongue of man . . ."

And so there were extra parts in this and that picture. And the little girl from Montana used to watch the established stars go to and fro and she would stare at them in envy. She once passed Ramon Novarro on the lot in his costume as "Ben Hur" and nearly fainted. She thought she had never seen anything so incredibly beautiful.

"He was poetry, walking," she said. "If anyone had told me then that the day would come when Ramon and I would work together, would lunch together in my dressing-room on that very lot, would even be rumored engaged, I would have laughed (or cried) it off as feverish fantasy. All of which makes Life the enchanting volume it is. And yet another reason why I never bother about Tomorrow. Each Today is a page in the book and contains enough fascination, enough problems and interest to hold the attention without having it wander into the future . . ."

"I was given a bit as one of the dancers in Joan Crawford's 'Pretty Ladies' next. Only because I could dance. It was Joan's first important picture. It was, in a way, the beginning of Joan. Lilyan Tashman was in that picture, too, and Gwen Lee. Joan was very friendly and very kind to me. And we became very good friends. I remember how she would lie on the floor, her head in my lap, in her dressing-room or wherever we happened to be, and worry and cry. Joan always worried terribly. I did, too, but I never showed it. I couldn't. I am a very inarticulate person unless I am given lines to read.

WE talked about our names, I remember, and I told Joan how Peter Rurick, a writer, had really rechristened me. He had been in Henry Waxman's studio one day when I was there and he told me that I should change the name of Williams. It was a very good name, he said, for a little girl from Montana, but it didn't fit the pictures Henry had made of me. It wasn't exotic enough. I thought that was funny because I knew that I wasn't a bit exotic. And it went through my head that the name of Williams fitted very well the girl who walked to and from work because she didn't have any other means of getting there, the girl who 'helped with the dishes' and sponged and pressed her own clothes and contrived makeshifts with her mother and worried about the education of her little brother.

"But I didn't, of course, tell him my thoughts and we—or rather he decided upon the name of Loy—Myrna Loy. I think he'd got the name of Loy from a book of Chinese poems. Anyway, that was just about the time of—of Valentino. "But to get back to Joan. She used to ask me to go to the Ambassador for tea

with her or to the Biltmore for dinner. Those were Joan's pre-Charleston days. She was doing, then, the correct, young-girl thing. But I didn't go. I didn't want to. Things like that bored me and still do. I have never had much use for small talk. There were too many years when I had to talk about vital things, necessary things, how-to-live-from-day-to-day things.

"Now and again, at that time, I went out dancing with Don Alvarado, I remember, and one or two other boys. I went, really, because my mother worried about me. She said to me that if all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy what would it do to Jill?"

It was just about then that Natacha Rambova suddenly sent for Myrna. The test had not been the awful flop Myrna thought it was. Natacha had intended from the beginning to call Myrna about it. She had never told her anything and she had no idea of the cold hell her silence had meant to the sensitive silent girl. Now she wanted her for the part of Intellect.

"I think," said Myrna, "that if Rudy and Natacha hadn't sent for me I would have gone all of my life with a sore spot in my ego, or in my heart. No later success could ever have healed that tender place. And so I went to the studio again and Natacha dressed me in a red velvet gown, long-sleeved, very tight, high at the throat; she dressed my hair in a cap effect with points of hair on my forehead, she slanted my eyes and, unquestionably, that bizarre role was the beginning of my artistic career.

"And then, again, Henry Waxman precipitated the next turning point in my life. He made pictures of me as Intellect and took them over to Warner Brothers. The result was a part in the picture, 'Satan in Sables,' which poor dear Lowell Sherman was taking part in. It was only a bit for me but a very showy one and on the strength of it I got my first contract with Warner Brothers in 1925."

Myrna felt, then, that she could draw a free breath for the first time since she had come out of Montana. She could buy a few pretty clothes, have a little relaxation. She moved, with her mother and her brother, out of the house in Culver City and took an apartment in Hollywood in order to be nearer to the studio.

And she fell in love.

To reconstruct the romances of Myrna is to deal with the very ravellings of rumor, an insubstantial substance. There have been hints and rumors, very vague and very veiled, but no one seems to know.

And so, all that her brief Boswell can record is hearsay—which does say that at about this time Myrna fell in love, really in love. Her first adult love. It was real, intense, serious and lasted, this I do know, for two and a half years. He was a young actor. She was a young actress. He didn't care for people, for small talk and partying. Neither did she. It was an idyll, a world inhabited by two beautiful young people under a cloudless canopy of blue sky. And then, well, and then it seems that he didn't quite measure up, this young actor, to the heroic ideals born, originally, in the heart of the little Myrna Williams on the plains of Montana, with tales of frontiersmen and pioneers still ringing in her ears. Gradually she came to realize, I think, that here was not a man, really, but a boy whose playtime was not over. And once again Myrna was alone, this time with her dream of a dream which is sadder than the dream. And the break in that young heart was worn, as once the child had worn it, under tightly squeezed eyes and the air of one having great fun!

FREE, FREE, FREE!

Ralph Morgan is having his knitting problems with Betty Furness. A between-scenes shot on "Calm Yourself" set.

AND so she began, at Warner Brothers, her Oriental career. She played sirens of all nations—Chinese sirens, Malayan, Hindu, Javanese, Indian, Polynesian. For a time, she says, it was fun. It was not being herself and Myrna has always enjoyed not being herself. "Escape," psychiatrists would call it. At that time, she says, she believed her real personality would not photograph and would not register significantly if it did. And so, she threw herself into Orientalism as she had always thrown herself into anything that would aid her work. She steeped herself in Oriental philosophy, she dipped into the occult sciences.

She said, laughing, "It got so that I began to have nightmares. I spent the nights being pursued by fantastical dream creatures with horned hair and slanted eyes. I'd look into the mirror and see my familiar freckled face change to a strange and sinister one. I began to pray for the time when I could play a nice, normal American woman with nice, normal actions and reactions.

"It began to strike me as very funny . . . plain little Myrna Williams from Helena, Montana, as the *femme fatale* of all nations. And it began to seem very childish to me—a sort of throw-back to the days of make-believe out of which I had grown up. I became tired of it.

"Then, in 1930, I played Warner Baxter's leading woman in 'Renegade.' But the part wasn't big enough to break the, as it were, Javanese jinx. Director William K. Howard was heroic enough to cast me as the dutiful wife in his 'Transatlantic' and I really had hopes that I could put away the brown grease-paint after that and look a white man in the eye. But a few days after the picture was released a casting director said to me, 'Miss Loy, you were splendid in 'Transatlantic,' but the public is accustomed to seeing you in Oriental parts and so, your next picture . . .'"

It was after "Transatlantic," however, that M-G-M signed Myrna to her long term contract with them. And so, after five years, Myrna entered again the studio where she had begun as a holder-downer-of-henches and a leper!

She says that only recently did she learn that when Mr. Thalberg sent for her to sign that contract they really had it in mind for her to play in "Freaks." She was to have played the part Baclanova finally did. It would have been a neat sequence of events, Myrna thinks, to have entered those gates as an extra to play a leper and to enter them later to play in "Freaks!"

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It looked for a time, then, as though her vamp days were really over. In "Emma," "The Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old" and a few others, she wore smart Adrian gowns and played straight dramatic roles. She got fan mail full of surprise that she really was an American after all!

But the hold of habit is a strangle hold and some of us never escape it! Almost without realizing it she found herself in the cast of "The Mask of Fu Manchu" with the "monster" Boris Karloff and then as the half-caste murderess in "Thirteen Women."

"There were more nightmares," says Myrna, "and then—and then 'Animal Kingdom' with Leslie Howard. I regard that picture as my final break with the 'exotics.' It was the first straight dramatic part I'd played of sufficient importance to really attract attention. I think that then and only then was I on my way to this—" and Myrna waved her small, competent hand and indicated the de luxe star dressing-room bearing, in letters of gold, the name of Myrna Loy.

MYRNA has been very much in pictures ever since that eventful 1925 and—next to Garbo—less is known about her private life than about the private life of any other star on the screen. She is called a "Mystery Woman," but she is not a Mystery Woman in the banal and tabloid-paper sense of the word. She never refuses to grant an interview nor to pose for publicity pictures. She invites the Press to tea at her house. She is seen occasionally at the Trocadero or the Vendome, less occasionally at the Coconut Grove. She says that the majority of such parties are only fun if you want to drink and since she doesn't want to drink only boredom is to be gained. She doesn't dress exotically. She talks simply and with seeming frankness. She tells you anything you may think of asking about her external life . . . she moves every year, from house to house, because she is restless and likes new views, new furniture, new atmosphere. Her mother and brother live together now. She lives alone. She is careful and competent with money and squanders it only on the things that are of the essence of time and beauty—old brasses and etchings and water colors and porcelains. She likes Mexican food and the formalities of living. She likes to drive her own car and exceed the speed limit when possible. She always attends the recitals of Mary Wigman and La Argentina and she says that Norma Shearer is one of her favorite actresses and that Bill Powell has sex appeal. She is very proud of her brother and talks at length about his art work, the commercial art he is doing . . . All these things and many more we know of Myrna Loy. The life she lives with her mind, with her ambition, is plain to us. The life she lives in her heart is—in her heart.

Yet, she says, honestly, that she never would have become a star if it were not for the men in her life. She gives full credit to Christy Cabanne for his early interest in her, to Bob McIntyre who cared because he thought she was hungry. She says that E. H. Griffith can never be repaid for the part he gave her in "Rebound" with Ina Claire and, later, for her pivotal part in "Animal Kingdom." She says that Rouben Mamoulian is another who helped her. "When I learned," she told me, "that Mr. Mamoulian wanted me for a part in Chevalier's picture, 'Love Me Tonight,' I wasn't keen for so small a role but at least it would permit me to speak English instead of Senegalese and to wear sensible clothes. It was my first comedy role."

She likes to talk of W. S. Van Dyke and how his skilled hand has helped. "These men," she says, "gave me the one thing I most sorely needed—confidence in myself. They made me feel that my real personality did photograph on the screen, that I had a personality, that I didn't have to hide Myrna Loy under a mask of brown paint. They made me conscious that I was a person and not just a 'type.'"

"It was Mr. Van Dyke who said, while we were making 'Penthouse,' that he had a prognostication to make. He said, 'I prophesy that you will be a star within the year. And not only a star but one of the most valuable box office stars. Well, I am. I mean, I am a star. I made 'Manhattan Melodrama' and 'The Thin Man' and 'Stamboul Quest' and Mr. Van Dyke's crystal-gazing came true. Here I am. But I would not be here if it were not for 'the men in my life' and the faith they have had in me."

YES, here she is giving a largesse of credit to the helping hands of men, to the believing judgments of men. But strangely, persistently silent about the interests, the men, in her heart. As is everyone else. She will insist, when pressed, that her lovers are screen lovers, her love words in her scripts, her adventures on the sets.

Still we have only the stuff of rumor to draw on . . . the hint of an older man described as an "intellectual interest" who wanted Myrna to marry him and live abroad. A man, we have heard, of profound culture and knowledge. But Myrna refused to marry him because she knew that she could never be happy away, for any length of time, from the Hollywood she worked so hard to conquer.

There was an artist, so we hear, who pleaded passionately with Myrna to marry him—an artist of the temperamental species and Myrna, also in love with him, refused to marry him because, when she does marry, she wants a home, children, domesticity and not a studio housing a star and a palette and brush. Unrequited loves . . . the wrong men . . . such are the rumors which seem to die, still-born . . .

The real story is that she is a star. And as she sat in her dressing-room the other day she said to me, "I have been away from the studio for several weeks, for the first time in years. When I came back this dressing-room suite was ready for me, decorated according to my specifications, lovely. And I admit that I had a definite thrill as I walked into it and sat down and looked about me. For the first time I got that sharp dramatic sense of contrast—between the days of the wooden bench in the Casting Office, the day when I was told to wear the leper costume for Kathleen Key and—and this. I think if Bob McIntyre had still been on this lot I would have sent for him so that we might have had a good laugh—or a good cry—together."

Yes, she has come a long way, this girl called Myrna Loy. And by the proud set of her small and shapely head, by the slight dilation of her nostrils, the low, sure pitch of her voice, the intrepid expression in her eyes, you know that she is the rightful heir of Grandmother Annabelle and of those other sturdy Scotch and Welsh forebears who drove their Covered Wagons to new, uncharted lands, through sloughs of despond and morasses of doubt. For she, too, drove a Covered Wagon containing her little family to a new uncharted land and with a firm hand and a steady spirit staked her claim in the flowering wilderness.

(This is the second of two articles on Myrna Loy's life.)

If You Ever Visit Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

from bragging about his climate. The stranger who lends a willing ear and a gesture of agreement will get ten dollars worth of information for nothing.

"Why must we be close to Hollywood Boulevard?" is a question frequently asked by visitors. You needn't—although all the stars pass down the boulevard at one time or another. It is Hollywood's Fifth Avenue. However, the Ambassador Hotel with its gardens, swimming pool and famed Coconut Grove is a vantage point, mid-way between Hollywood and Los Angeles. There, you may sit nightly in the lobby and watch celebrities arrive and depart at the Grove. Almost any night may be the time chosen for a party by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Joan Blondell and her husband, Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier, etc. Many people prefer to spend less time and more money in Hollywood so they may live in the "luxury" hotels frequented by the stars.

If you can remain a month or more, a hotel is unnecessary, as Hollywood has more furnished apartment houses than any town in the world. The fashionable Chateau Elysee is a rendezvous for stars. Almost all of them have lived there for short or long periods. They go there while their houses are being renovated. Its rentals range a little under a hundred dollars monthly to several hundred. The dining room serves luncheons from fifty cents and dinners varying around the dollar mark—or you can cook your own meals.

TO give an adequate description of the variety of apartments would take a large-sized book. You can secure comfortable, cunningly arranged bungalow courts as low as \$27.50 monthly; rooms in private homes for \$15; adorably furnished apartments with full kitchens and baths in colored tile—everything furnished, including linen, silver and glassware—for \$40. You can live in moderate "swank" for \$50-\$60.

Food is cheap in comparison to the balance of the United States. While New Yorkers are paying sixty cents a dozen for oranges, we are paying one penny a piece. You can usually buy carrots, beets and other bunch vegetables for two and three for a nickel and there are times in the summer when you pay only a penny a bunch. If you have a car, choose some such roads as Ventura Boulevard, running north from Highland Avenue (Hollywood and Highland Avenue form the center of Hollywood) and you will find wagons standing on both sides loaded with oranges, lemons, watermelons, potatoes, bananas, cherries, muskmelons, etc., according to the season. You will be amazed how cheaply you can purchase these wares.

While you are "in the country," watch for "Eggs For Sale," "Walnuts For Sale," "Fresh Chickens Killed While You Wait" signs on the tiny farms, which we call ranches. Buying from the little landowner is a popular pastime and is fun as well as a money-saver. Be sure and talk to those people. Everyone in California likes to chat intimately and you'll be surprised at what you can learn. You may stop at the same door where Marlene Dietrich's or Joan Crawford's chauffeur stopped for eggs the day before and you'll learn more about them.

Our "drive-in" markets are famous, of course. You park your car in the store and load up on everything from drugs to

liquors to pies. They will sell you chop-suey, hot and ready to serve, for 25c to 30c a quart. "Pigeon blood" is ten cents extra but enough for a dozen servings! A family of three, paying \$40 a month rent, can live comfortably for \$125 monthly, if careful. I know because I have done it. This includes the running of an automobile because a car is essential to those remaining for any long period as the distances are so great and car and bus fare expensive (usually ten cents with inadequate transfer facilities). Gasoline usually averages, over a year, seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

IF we come to Hollywood, how much will we see of the motion picture people? Can we get into a studio? etc."

You will have to depend upon the breaks! Practically all the stars live in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Toluca Lake or Van Nuys, the latter being the farming community where Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Buck Jones, Louise Fazenda, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have recently purchased or built homes. You will find automobiles parked along the roadways advertising trips to the stars' homes. Be careful. Although many are legitimate, I have taken trial trips and had Jack Warner's estate pointed out as Ronald Colman's. Hollywood, like any modern city, is full of rackets.

Almost anyone in Beverly Hills can direct you to Pickfair, Harold Lloyd's, Gloria Swanson's. If you go to "the circle" in Brentwood Heights, the average stroller can show you Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's place, across the street from Joan Crawford's. Elissa Landi's lovely new home with its pipe organ, is close by, as is director William K. Howard's artistic New England estate. You will find high-fences and "no trespassing" signs. We advise you to heed them as there are ugly watch dogs. The attendants are probably the only seemingly discourteous folk you will meet, with the possible exception of studio gatekeepers. They have to be! Kidnappers are more of a menace than the average person realizes. You can buy lists of addresses and telephone numbers. Again, we warn you. The stars protect their telephone numbers, change them the moment they are unprotected and, if you find one right one among a dozen, you are fortunate.

Again, a little tip. Find the "little fellow" in Hollywood who has lived there several years. Be friendly. Tell him who you are—and you'll be surprised. Again, I speak of the drug store attendant, the service station man, the small-shop clerk, etc. One girl has been behind a certain lingerie counter for ten years. She has sold dainties to most of the stars. She knows their habits from breakfast until breakfast. If you offer her pay, she'll tilt her saucy nose five inches higher. If you let her know you're a friendly stranger, hungry for a peep behind Hollywood's gauze curtain, she'll become a willing guide from a spirit of hospitality. She's a college girl, knows her home-town and her people. She cannot be patronized but she can be wooed. But she will have to be convinced you are not trying to sell, molest or steal from the stars. If you are really friendly and well-meaning, you'll buy stockings or lingerie but not as a bribe. She would see through that game at once. And there are hundreds upon hundreds like her.

No, you cannot get into the studios.

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Tourists may still be driven through the Universal plant but will seldom see a picture in the making. And that "certain pull," which will slip you within, is becoming more and more difficult to contact. Your exhibitor at home is your best bet (may the theatre owners forgive us!) because he *buys* motion pictures, but you will find him very limited in the courtesies he may extend. Please do not blame Hollywood for this. Those of us who are allowed personally upon most motion picture sets understand, and, if we are honest, approve. The reason is simple.

THE average layman cannot realize that time is the most valuable asset in Hollywood. The newspapers have just reported Garbo's salary, on her new contract, at \$250,000 per picture. Her last production took four weeks to make. Therefore, the studio pays out \$62,500 per week (six days) or \$15,625 a day while she is working. Since she only makes two pictures a year, the salary is not large for her talent, yet the studio is actually spending this huge amount for *four weeks* on Garbo, alone. To make a picture within a profitable budget, work must be rapid. And the least noise, the least hint of intrusion, is a disturbing influence on the set. *It takes time.* No one is ever allowed on a Garbo set, but if he were, he could not avoid costing the studio money.

A guest coughed while a shot was being taken. The studio people worked it out and discovered one visitor's cough cost \$502 in actual cash. And the leading actor on that picture was receiving less than \$1000 weekly.

Again, a tip. And may the studios forgive us! If you seriously want to see a picture made, watch the daily newspapers for information on "location trips." Although newspapers do not carry all such information, if you read all the columnists dealing exclusively with motion pictures and the two Hollywood trade papers, "Variety" and "The Hollywood Reporter," you will usually find them mentioned in one. Also, a cleverly-worded telephone call to a studio may elicit information as to "companies on location."

Although location shots are also becoming less and less frequent, there are still companies shooting almost daily at favorite spots in or near Los Angeles. Pasadena's huge estates are used very often. The San Pedro harbor, easily accessible to you via the "red-car"; Idylwild, Lake Arrowhead (a day for the round trip by auto or bus), the San Fernando valley, etc. Confidentially, I frequently follow a star on location for an interview. They are so much more informal away from studio regulations.

MENTIONING the trade papers—you will find it well worth your while to buy both while you are visiting Hollywood. (Five cents a copy.) They are to be found upon the breakfast table of practically every motion picture worker and are Hollywood's system of intercommunication.

Studios frequently advertise previews. Attend them. They are pre-showings for the purpose of discovering how an audience likes a just completed picture. If the public shows disapproval, the picture is returned for additional cutting, re-takes, etc. The stars usually attend if they are *first* previews. Naturally, some theatre managers advertise previews for extra pictures slipped-in. An advertising stunt! But this is seldom. Among the theatres most likely to run advance showings are "The Ritz," on Wilshire Boulevard, "The Uptown," on Western Avenue; "The Alexander," in Glendale. Get there early! Seats are usually sold out at least an hour be-

fore the picture opens.

Incidentally, if you are to attend the Fair in San Diego, the exhibition will not be a fake. Scenes from real pictures, with their working casts, will be made almost daily, although the week-ends will provide the majority of the "big scenes." Sponsored by the Artists' Guild, composed of Hollywood's biggest stars, the stars themselves are providing for this exhibition—not a commercial house, hoping to make money.

Naturally, your best "bet" for seeing stars is at the famous eating places. Sardis, owned and managed by Eddie Brandstatter (who gave us the Montmartre and Embassy, when Hollywood was growing up), is on the Boulevard near Vine Street, and is a favorite luncheon rendezvous. There is an excellent and most famous luncheon for ninety cents—the same that made the old Montmartre well known, only it then cost two dollars! The Brown Derby attracts more male stars, on the average. Wally Beery is there almost daily, when not working. Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Gary Cooper, George Raft, etc. Luncheons à la carte. Prepare to spend a minimum of seventy-five cents. Very minimum.

The Vendôme, on Sunset Boulevard (between Vine and Highland), is celebrity-crowded at the luncheon hour. You may see Dolores Del Rio, very chic in the latest creation, or perhaps Margaret Sullivan in slacks. By two-thirty the sidewalk is crowded with well-knowns waiting for their chauffeurs to get into line. A la carte. High priced. If you spend less than \$2, you will not eat much. Excellent food.

Victor Hugo's is one of Los Angeles' oldest and most renowned eating places. It has just moved to ultra-ultra quarters in Beverly Hills. We also can promise you a peep at filmland there at rates comparable to the Vendôme. While in Beverly, slip into the Beverly Hills Brown Derby for tea and you are certain to catch some of the younger set—Joan Bennett, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Sally Eilers, etc.—for tea. And the English, if they do not happen to be *teing* at home.

THE Trocadero at night, of course. That is, at the present. You can never tell when a Hollywood eating place will cease to be the "fad" and a new one catch Hollywood's restless eye. The history of Hollywood could be written according to the history of its ever-changing eating places. You should "dress" for the Trocadero and prepare to spend \$10 upwards for two. But you will see the elite on dress parade, including Marlene Dietrich and, if you have a lucky talisman, Garbo.

From the Trocadero to a Pullman diner on Sixth Street, almost downtown, across from The Ferris Hotel. It looks like—well, an old, dismantled diner out of place. But what a steak! From seventy-five cents upward, sold by the pound—cooked. I doubt if there are many stars who haven't slipped behind its plain, wooden counter or tables. Don't go there in the summer. You'll find a sign, "Too hot to work. Gone fishing!"

The "drive-in sandwich shop" at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Streets (sandwiches twenty cents); Levy's, on Vine Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard (luncheon, seventy-five cents up); the big drug store in Beverly Hills; the shops, big and little, along the boulevard. Hollywood folk are at home and they go "into town" frequently like most of us. I have seen twenty-five headlines casually in a day and have not seen one in a week. It's the person who stays a month or more who sees Hollywood from behind its imaginary but nevertheless very high fences. And you will find Mae West at prizefights, big and little.

We frequently receive letters asking, "What clothes shall we bring for our visit to Hollywood?" And we Californians are always amused and dismayed at the way visitors do *not* bring coats. You need a coat the year around for the evenings. A medium weight for both summer and winter. Our cold nights are not fiction, although the statement we *never* have a warm one *is*. Sport clothes for the street, all seasons; slacks, tennis shorts (summer)—in fact, anything in the clothes line goes in Hollywood. We always shock New Yorkers because of our indifferent apparel and yet, when they have been with us three months, they are boasting about the freedom of Hollywood fashions. A visitor

must be certain he is prepared for an extremely hot day and an extremely cool one, coming, perhaps, one after another. In the winter—rubbers, raincoat, umbrella. And we must not forget that group of visiting Masons who sat on our curbstones, sheltered by umbrellas, and fished in our overflowing gutters in the latter part of June.

"How can I get work in Hollywood!"—Have a job before you come! That is the only sensible answer to conclude a story that has attempted to neither enhance nor detract from the most interesting city in the world, but simply to tell you plain, little truths you may not know, but which you would like to know.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(Continued from page 62)

remember my first real comedy part in pictures. I was supposed to be one of those girls who might be either dumb or smart. I had fallen into the water, and they dragged me ashore and gave me a drink. 'There,' said my rescuer, 'how does that taste?'

"Just as if I had been cut to ribbons," I answered. I didn't think the line was funny at all, yet that got more laughs than any other line in the picture.

"Another time, when I played in 'The Impatient Maiden' I was supposed to get locked in a strait-jacket accidentally while visiting an insane asylum. The director told me not to rehearse the scene. I was just to imagine myself in that predicament and try to get loose.

"The scene lasted for five minutes, and I struggled, screamed and wrenched. I was black and blue when it was over, but the scene got a lot of laughs.

"A kindly spirit should be back of all laughs. Fun should come without malice. Comedians must guard against being fresh and always having an answer that tops the other fellow's. The most successful laugh-

getters are those who are always in a predicament. They get themselves into embarrassing situations and thereby find many kindred souls.

"Above all, I believe one must get an exciting reaction from one's work. It has always helped me to be happy and have a lot of fun while doing a part.

"Before starting a picture I get scared and nervous. Yet I wouldn't be relieved of that tension for anything in the world. The first day or so may be trying, and I worry about how I am going to be funny, then all of a sudden I realize I'm having a grand time. Having a sense of enjoyment helps others to enjoy a thing, too."

Thanks, Una, that's marvelous advice and I'm sure that all our Dramatic School pupils appreciate it.

And now, what do you want to know? Just write me your requests and they will be fulfilled to the best of my ability. All letters are gladly answered. Address, Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. And don't forget that stamped, addressed envelope.



Bus Berkeley, who does those tricky dance ensembles, lines up the "Broadway Joe" trio. Left to right, Patricia Ellis, Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak.

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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

FIRST of all let's start at the bottom. It's the feet that really have started things in a decorative way. Pedicures are very essential, whether for preparing the toes to wriggle in the sand, or to perform on the dance floor. Sandals that are cut low at the sides and cut out at the toes expose our toe-tips almost as frankly as our finger-tips. Hence feet should receive their weekly pedicure as well as hands should receive their manicure, and you can work out a stunning ensemble when lips, finger-tips, and toe-tips match. Have them match with the whole of your costume ensemble, or with some item of it. For example, a pink bathing suit would call for the harmony of a rose shade of liquid nail polish, and a soft blush-pink shade of lipstick. A pale blue evening gown, however, would be lovely with the contrast of a few items of coral jewelry, and a coral shade of polish and lipstick.

Speaking of lip, finger-tip, and toe-tip ensembles, I am reminded of Carole Lombard. Ever since I interviewed her, when she was vacationing in New York, people have been asking me in eager tones, "What was Carole Lombard like? And what did she wear?" Well, she was a glamorized, modernized Dresden shepherdess . . . like a painting in soft pastels . . . blue eyes, golden hair, skin like a rose-leaf, and a costume of soft pink with dark red touches for color accent. Yet she was too exhilarating to be compared to a painting. She was as sparkling as a glass of champagne yet very human. . . .

CAROLE'S lounging ensemble was a thing of dreams. A beautifully made pink brocade coat, cut on full flowing lines and touching the floor all around, was worn over lovely pink satin pajamas. The costume was a dressmaker's masterpiece and a designer's inspiration. But the color ensemble that was worked out with it was Carole's inspiration. Her nails were tinted with a dark ruby shade of nail polish, and so were her toe-tips. Her ring was set with an enormous ruby. And tucked into the bow, at the neckline of the pajamas, was a deep red carnation. With all the flurry of orchids and gardenias out in Hollywood, it is pleasant to have someone dare a plain ordinary carnation, in an out-of-the-ordinary shade. Her lipstick exactly matched these ruby red touches.

Carole is individual, and that's a sure way to distinction in Hollywood . . . and everywhere else. This importance of individuality is one reason why I think different shades of nail polish are a godsend to clever women. There's no limit to the stunning ensembles you may work out for yourself with different nail tints as inspiration, and tinted toe-tips do have a way of making one feel deliciously wicked. Now I'm not being unreasonable, and expecting you to take nail polish off and on as you do a hat. If you're busy with housework or office work, you may find the logical solution to your nail polish problem to be the adoption of a colorless or natural shade that will go with any and all costumes, and that won't seem inappropriate, even with gingham aprons. However, there are sometimes late afternoon and evening occasions when you want to be startling and different and distinctive, when you want to forget that you're a wife or mother or secretary, and be just you. I'll send you my color chart of the different nail tints to choose with the different gowns.

And before I leave this fascinating subject of color, I want to remind you never to use lipstick that has an orange cast in it along with nail polish that has a red-blue cast in it. One clever manufacturer puts out a complete line of matching lipsticks and nail polishes, so you can't go wrong in your choice of shades. If you have reason to doubt your own color sense, better seek the results of this manufacturer's color analysis.

Before you can apply liquid polish to your toe-tips, you have to have the basis of a satisfactory pedicure. It can be a very simple one. First bathe your feet in warm soapy water, and if your feet are inclined to perspire, finish in cool water in which you have put about a handful of salt. If your feet are full of aches, try Epsom Salts in the water.

Here's a trick for callouses and rough spots that mar the beauty of your feet. Just moisten the callous with a good cuticle remover. Pat on the cuticle remover with a small piece of cotton, let it stay on a minute or two, and then rinse off with clear water. Pumice stone is also helpful for removing unsightly callous.

AFTER drying the feet thoroughly, trim the toe nails straight across. Never clip the sides or you'll have ingrowing toe nails first thing you know. Now smooth the edge of each nail with an emery board, and there'll be no rough spots to catch your brand new pair of hose. Then twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick, and dip it into your cuticle remover. Work it around the cuticle, pushing the cuticle back just as you do when manicuring your finger nails. Rinse, dry, and you're ready to apply your nail polish. One way to lengthen the life of a coat of polish is to put on two layers. Use a thin coat of colorless or light polish for the first layer. After this has dried, apply a heavier coat of bright polish over it. This gives the lacquer body and prevents it from chipping.

Treat your feet to a cold cream massage every once in a while after your pedicure or your bath. Curiously enough, it will do wonders for your face too—tired, neglected feet have a way of etching frown lines in the forehead. If you're going in for knee-high stockings, it is well to apply a little softening cream to the knees and elbows at the same time that you massage your feet. Incidentally, a tiny bit of rouge on the knees has been known to have devastating effects.

Now we've arrived at the business of considering your ankles, and some helpful advice from Ann Sothorn, the lovely blonde Columbia star. Slim, strong, shapely ankles and straight feet need not be an unobtainable dream for any woman today. You have Ann's word for it. And the word of an eminent physical culture authority whom I interviewed on this very subject. This latter authority says that exercise (correct shoes and posture), massage, concentration, and infinite patience and hard work can achieve for you (unless there is a case of bone deformity) a regular Hollywood pair of ankles and feet. Moreover, he stresses the fact that children should never be allowed to grow up with flat feet, weak ankles, or heavy, clumsy legs and ankles, subject to strain and fatigue. Correct posture, dancing, exercise, massage, and properly fitted shoes will achieve for a child her birthright of beautiful legs.

LOOK at your ankles. Either they are shapely, or too thin, or thick and lumpy. If you possess the first kind, thank your fairy godmother and keep them that way with good shoes and enough exercise (not too much). If your ankles are thin, Ann Sothorn advises that you try tennis, golf, hiking, bicycle riding, or anything that means working or playing on your feet. Ankles are easier to build up than to reduce, for anything that involves considerable muscular activity of the ankles will only tend to develop them rather than reduce them. If you're trying to bolster up a pair of skinny ankles and legs . . . walk, walk and walk.

If, on the other hand, you want to reduce thick ankles, avoid much exercising on your feet. Take your exercises sitting or lying down, with the feet elevated. The best exercise I know for reducing the ankles is one that I call the "Circle Stretch." You lie flat on the floor and cross one knee over the other. Then take the crossed foot first and stretch the toes over to the right as far as you can, then down, then to the left, and then bring them back toward you. It will take some practice, but eventually you'll be able to make the circle with ease and without strain. Concentrate on pulling at the flesh, not the muscles. Other simple exercises for reducing and building up the ankles, and suggestions in the way of self-administered massage are available in my exercise sheet which is yours for the asking and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. You'll find a coupon for your convenience at the end of these columns.

Just one word of warning before you start in on an exercise campaign. Remem-

ber that posture plays an important part in determining whether you have a graceful ankle or not. If you walk with the shoulders straight and the abdomen "pulled in," then the muscles of the legs are pulled straight, and those small revolving bones in the ankles act as a delicate piece of machinery, throwing the weight of the body gracefully from toe to toe. Much can be accomplished by sitting and standing correctly. The girl who walks well doesn't turn her feet out at right angles, or move her head from side to side, jerkily. She holds herself erect, her head well poised, and swings her legs from the hips, not from the knees. She doesn't mince or stride but walks with perfect grace. And I hope you're going to walk right into this picture of gracefulness with a set of exercises, pedicuring preparations, and a knowledge that you're putting your best foot forward. Let me help you.

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Baxter's Best Girl

(Continued from page 41)

so she could come and go as she pleased, and recalling the home-cooking plea, we put in a kitchenette.

"It will be a cinch to 'sell' her now," we argued. "With her own entrance, to use when she wants to use it, with her kitchenette, to cook when she wants to cook, it will be like living in an apartment and when she tires of living with us she can rush to her own secluded nook." Now mother had been in the house dozens of times during its construction, but we had refrained from mentioning anything about her apartment. And so, when the house was finished and appointed, we drove to her apartment. "Come on," we said, "we've a surprise for you."

"We took her to the apartment. 'This is yours,' we said. 'You move in NOW.'"

"Mother looked through the rooms. I could see the tears she was holding back. She examined everything, then, turning to Winnie and me, said:

"Listen, children, do you know why we three have been such great pals? Well, it's because we've never lived together. Let's keep it that way. I love the apartment—it's wonderful and I'll come out week-ends, now and then, and live in it. But as for living with you—say, what do you kids think I am—an old woman? Listen, I have my own life to live! Do you think I'm going to be tied down by a couple of kids? Not me!"

AND that," said Warner, "was that. She's out to see us every day or two, and spends an occasional night in the apartment, but continues to reside in her

Sunset Boulevard apartment, which is only six or seven minutes away from us."

Warner Baxter is Hollywood's truest "mother's boy." This may be a revelation about the "Cisco Kid," but it is 100 per cent true. And the beautiful thing about it is that Winifred Baxter glories in the fact that her fascinating husband and his marvelous mother are the greatest pals in Hollywood! And let me say right here that Mrs. Warner Baxter's love for her husband's mother is just about one-tenth of a degree less than her husband's. For Winifred Baxter and Jennie Baxter are almost inseparable. They adore each other; even as Winifred and Warner adore each other after all these years, and if you don't think they do—you're nuts! Warner and Winifred are the happiest married pair in Hollywood, and you can make a bet on that. But I'm digressing.

"The relationship between mother and me had a very early beginning," Baxter grinned. "In fact, it dates back to the time when I was born at 830 North Hill Street in Columbus, Ohio. But I think we became real pals the time I painted the little boy next door with a lot of paint I found in the basement, and exhibited him, stark naked, for five pins, as the one and only 'Tattooed Boy.' It took a gallon of turpentine to get the paint off the boy and mother rightly promised his mother that she'd give me a sound thrashing. But mother couldn't control her laughter, and after we got home, and I'd given her my solemn promise to forget show business for ever, she gave me cookies instead of a beating. Needless to say, I didn't keep my promise."



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*Photo of myself after
losing 28 lbs. and re-
ducing 4½ inches.*

Let's beat back a bit and peer into the past of Baxter and his mother—the past that tied them so closely together. I say that because his mother has been closely identified with his every step up the ladder to success! Warner's father, Edwin Baxter, died when Warner was three months old, leaving nothing but some unpaid bills. The furniture was sold and the widow moved with her lusty-lunged infant into an upstairs room in the home of a brother and sister-in-law. She put a card in the parlor window announcing to all Columbus that she did sewing of all kinds. The long, hard struggle for existence for herself and baby began.

"Mother sewed me through grade and high school," Warner told me. "But I realized she couldn't sew me into college, so I got a job with a farm implement concern and after a few weeks was given the office routine in connection with the sales territory of Ohio. My salary was \$60 a month, but mother kept on sewing. And I kept on dreaming of a career on the stage. I spent my spare time backstage in the Columbus theatres. I engaged in amateur theatricals. At last I got a chance to go on the road in a vaudeville act. I quit my job, and went. I had four months of this, and during those four months, mother, who knew the old story of the boy who goes on the stage and never returns home, kept writing me to come back. I knew she was right, and went back to my old job.

"But once a trouper, always a trouper. I was no good to the implement company and when a representative of the Travelers Life Insurance Company offered to send me to the company's training school at Hartford, I accepted. For four months I listened to lectures and then was assigned to the Philadelphia office at \$150 a month. Mother wrote, 'Warner, insurance is not your career.' I knew she was right. I quit. I tried the garage business in Tulsa, Okla. That proved a bust. Mother, who had disliked the idea of my going on the stage, finally agreed that my career lay in that direction. She encouraged me. I found a job at \$25 a week in the North Brothers Stock Company, a tent show, and in two months was leading man at \$35 a week. We toured Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Oklahoma.

THROUGHOUT this period mother was writing encouraging letters. I was sending a little money home each week, and she was forever writing glowing letters telling me how much money she was earning and pointing out that if I had any surplus to spend it upon my wardrobe as a promising young actor needs clothes. Late in 1913 I received a letter from her in which she said that a lot of motion pictures were being made in a place called Hollywood, Cal., and maybe I had better have a try at pictures. Now I, too, had been hearing a lot about pictures, and I wrote mother that I was going to Hollywood and that if things looked bright, I'd send for her."

Baxter, almost a pioneer in pictures, arrived in Hollywood in 1914 and began visiting the studios. In those days casting directors got rid of stage people by saying, "Sorry, but you're not the type," or "Too bad, you're a little late, you're just the type I could have used." Baxter heard this for weeks. He wrote and told his mother; she answered "Keep trying—there's a place for you." Discouraged, broke, and hungry, Baxter walked from studio to studio. Then one day a casting director looked at Baxter and said, "You're the man I've been looking for! I've a grand role for you. Report to me in two weeks."

Baxter walked on air—seven miles to his

boarding house. He borrowed a dollar from his landlady to send a telegram to his mother. The message read: Great luck. Got grand part. Start packing. Meantime wire money on which to eat for two weeks.

"Mother sent the money," Warner told me, "and her son walked about in the grand manner! At the end of the two weeks period I reported for work. On that very day I learned something about Hollywood! The casting director who had hired me not only refused to see me, but refused to give me an explanation relative to his change of mind. It was then that my real struggle began. I wrote mother the truth.

"Do you know what happened? Well, the little lady who once made me promise to forget show business sent me a money order—money she could ill afford to send—and a little verse of poetry which had to do with the theme, 'Be not discouraged.' Well, I continued haunting the studios. I continued receiving money orders from mother, accompanied by words of encouragement. By the time she had sent me her last dime I was still without work.

"Then, faced by actual starvation, I learned that Frank Underwood, stage director of the old Morosco Theatre, needed a man for a small part. I went to see him. He offered me \$25 a week. Hungry, without a dime to my name, I held out for \$35 and got it. I would have taken it for \$10. I borrowed a dollar to wire mother the good news. I received, in turn, a telegram which today would be interpreted as saying 'Give 'em the works.' I did!

"Three months of hard work followed. I sent a little money home, and received constant letters of encouragement. Then after 90 days, I was given a contract at \$60 a week, and saved enough money to send for mother. A lot of things happened before she got here. Most important of all, I met and fell in love with Winifred Bryson. And I became a leading man.

"Mother arrived. Winnie and I met her at the train, and believe me, it was a joyful reunion.

"Have you had dinner?" I asked.

"No, son," she answered.

THEN we'll hurry to the theatre, park your bags backstage, and the three of us will have dinner together."

"Grand," said mother.

"Now," said Warner, "I'm going to tell you a story that I had forgotten, but which mother told on me yesterday."

It was at that precise moment that Jennie Baxter walked into the brown leather and mahogany study.

She had overheard that last statement!

"Why not let ME tell it, son?" she laughed.

"Shoot, Mrs. Baxter," he laughed.

"I'll tell you," his mother began. "I got off the train, hot, tired and dusty. I'll have to admit, too, that I had a bit of an appetite, being tired of dining-car fare after so long a journey. But the thing that really thrilled me was the light of love that shone so beautifully out of the eyes of my son, and the pretty Winifred. They tried to be very casual about it. Imagine! But they didn't fool me, not even a little bit, and because they seemed so eager to take me to dinner, I agreed to go—just to worry 'em. They hurried me to the theatre, and parked my luggage, and then took me to dinner. I watched them, and read the signs, but, imagine my surprise when the waiter presented the check to Warner, and my son turned to me and asked: 'Mother, have you got any money?'

"Thank goodness, I had enough to pay the check!"

Reviews

(Continued from page 60)

★★★ Broadway Gondolier
(Warners)

Here is a peppy little plot featuring the activities of those who do their stuff behind the mike, the Big Brains who sponsor radio programs and the poor execs who have to "take it" from temperamental talent. While the tale is plenty far-fetched, it is all done in the spirit of fun and you don't much give a hang whether or not you really believe that a Bronx taxi driver may become a great favorite masquerading as an Italian tenor, or not. While you're in the theatre, you're having a grand quota of laughs, which is just what counts when the story is labelled "comedy." The players are excellent; in fact, such swell performances are in order that it is difficult to name 'em in order of praiseworthiness. Dick Powell radiates charm, renders a few lilting tunes and, indeed, does himself proud. Louise Fazenda is simply guh-rand in the role of the wealthy Mrs. Flagenheim, sponsor of the odorless cheese hour. Adolphe Menjou is excellent in a character rôle and Joan Blondell, splendid, as the wise-cracking love interest. As if this were not enough in the talent line, the Warners have added Ted Fio Rito and the Four Mills Brothers. Yep, you'll want to see "Broadway Gondolier" and you'll be whistling its tunes for weeks to come.

Preview Postscripts

"The play must go on" in most pictures, no matter what actor may fall ill. But when Adolphe Menjou was rushed hospitalward, this picture was held up one month. He's that good. What's more, Adolphe's a real trouper. With a nurse and doctor in tow he reported for work. The nurse—very pretty—hovered around constantly, armed with hot water bottles and glass tubes through which she fed Mr. Menjou every hour. Adolphe would rather be caught pantless than spatless. . . . Joan Blondell's famous not only for her screen characterizations, but for the fact that she's actually a happy Hollywoodian. Married to George Barnes, who was head cameraman on this picture, she lives in a Brentwood Heights mansion bristling with iron bars as kidnap-insurance for the new Barnes heir. . . . Dick Powell's the answer to many a maiden's prayer, if fan mail is any criterion. And a very busy young man, too, what with just having completed a small private hotel up at Toluca Lake, where he intends to spend his declining bachelor days. Joan will tell you that Dick's a meanie, though. That gondola scene, supposedly taken on a warm Venetian night, was in reality taken on a chilly California evening in March. Dick reported for work in a wooly pair of red flannels under his dress-suit, but poor Joan could only wear a chiffon evening gown. It was anything but a hot love affair to her. . . . Louise Fazenda is a pioneer of the Mock Sennett Bathing Beauties, but has just as much spunk and spirit today. She has three hobbies—antiques, a year-old son, and a husband, Hal Wallace, who's production chief at Warner's. Ted Fio Rito and the Mills Brothers are equally well known. Ted started on the way to fame via a college orchestra and is now one of the highest paid dance band directors in the country. The Mills Brothers are tops for quartet warbling on both radio and stage.

★★★ Hardrock Harrigan
(Sol Lesser-Fox)

Even if you're a drawing-room picture

addict, you'll enjoy this rough 'n' tough type of flicker in spite of yourself. The rugged mountains of the Colorado River Aqueduct are fitting background for George O'Brien's broad chest and ready fists. Most of the other actors are superb specimens of rippling muscle and brawn vs. brain, too, but it's all convincing, hearty stuff with plenty of punch. The story would have got along very nicely without any love interest, but Irene Hervey as the gal in the case and the cook in the camp does an excellent job of being both. The plot's main interest, though, lies in the long-standing feud between "Hardrock Harrigan" (George O'Brien) and "Black Jack" Riley (Fred Kohler). What these two men couldn't think up to annoy one another, hasn't yet been thought up! You'll find real suspense in the outcome of their enmity, in the tunnel cave-in and the dangers of engineering projects three miles down in terra firma. The picture's an eye-opener to the average person who merely takes Boulder Dams, Colorado Aqueducts, etc. for granted. Take along the boy friend or friend husband to this one. He'll think your movie judgment is infallible—which is almost worth sitting through a completely he-man picture.

Preview Postscripts

Here's a picture where the scenery is all "real stuff." It was made at the Coachella Tunnel, part of the 220 million dollar project which is to be the Colorado River Aqueduct. All of the scenes within the tunnel are actually three miles from the mouth of the excavation, so even the perspiration beetling the brows of the heroes is authentic. The company lived at Camp Berdoo, close to the desert town of Indio, while making the picture and had "one swell time and sweller feed" according to Mr. O'Brien. George startled the real engineering crew by displaying a thorough knowledge of pressure drills. While a student at Santa Clara College, he worked one of those mysterious machines every summer to keep in football physique. He's the son of a former famed San Francisco chief-of-police, husband of Marguerite Churchill and proud papa of a brand new daughter. Started his movie career as assistant cameraman to Tom Mix in the good ol' days. . . . Victor Potel and Lee Shumway also remember "way back when" in the movies. They've been involved in the business longer than even they can recall. . . . Dean Benton, however, is a newcomer. Universal interviewed 3500 boys and girls with fillum aspirations about a year ago and selected 25 for training. Of these only two were given contracts, and Dean was one of them. . . . Irene Hervey's another young'un. Daughter of John Herwick, noted artist, Irene hopped into movies from high school. She had an owful time getting down into the tunnel for the pictures, since the men have a superstition that for every woman who goes underground, one man is carried out. But there wasn't one accident while the company was working there. . . . Fred Kohler's role is a new one for him. He's played the "dirty heavy" for yars and yars in Hollywood with nary a drop of sympathy. Good-looking Fred Kohler, Jr., is his son. Junior's in pictures, too—when he's not too busy beaueing Anne Shirley around.

★★★★ Love Me Forever
(Columbia)

Well, here it is, the successor to the hit "One Night of Love" and you aren't going



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to be disappointed. Grace Moore does herself proud and warbles the sentimental arias of "La Boheme" with all the charm and beauty you could wish. Michael Bartlett, who sings Rodolph, acquits himself admirably but has only a brief glory. Leo Carrillo, the gambler-angel of La Moore, has the best break in years and makes the most of it. There are a few amazing bits of plot juggling, especially in the awarding of Carrillo to the heroine at the end, but it's all fun. You can hum "Love Me Forever," composed for the opus and you'll applaud your old opera favorites. Swell entertainment decidedly.

★★ College Scandal (Paramount)

Chief attraction in these cinematic campus doings is Arline Judge; chief nuisance is a tow-headed youth whose name escapes us. There are a couple of mysterious student murders, the rehearsal of a school play, the song hit, "In the Middle of a Kiss," two or three love affairs and heaven knows what else in this movie hodge-podge. Just to put added strain on your gray matter on discredit your eyes or sumpin', a crazy servant girl is permitted to wander through the scenes. Knowing that one should never suspect the guilty-looking person, you realize immediately that this woman had nothing to do with the plot and her presence merely adds a thoroughly unwholesome touch. Kent Taylor is the in-love college prof, with Wendy Barrie, newcomer to the American movies, the object of his affections. In fact, Wendy is just the hit of the piece with all the boys. She's a fair-to-middlin' actress reminiscent of Mary Brian in appearance. Johnny Downs does a nice bit of vocalizing and is killed all too early in the picture. Then, of course, as we've said, there is Arline Judge who is sorta worth the price of admission to the whole silly business.

Preview Postscripts

There really *were* scandalous goings-on on this set, what with practically every Paramount youngster drafted to appear in the picture! Each vied with the other on practical joking and general cutting-up, and when you consider that Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie—Gwendolyn Jenkins to her Ma—and Billy Benedict were among those present, you'll get some idea of the competition. Arline Judge is married to Director Wesley Ruggles, but could easily pass for his fourteen-year-old daughter. However, Arline has a two-year-old son, with the same sparkling black eyes and crisp curls as his Mama—and the same dangerous twinkle in those eyes . . . Wendy Barrie is the English girl who was given a contract just because a director admired the way she handled her knife and fork in a London restaurant! Made a hit in "Henry the Eighth" and was rushed to Hollywood. . . . Billy Benedict is that young man with the large tow-head and large nimble feet. Having made a success in vaudeville, he's now doing the same thing in the fillums. Nearly drove Director Elliot Nugent crazy, though teaching the gang the latest tap steps when they should've been acting. Mr. Nugent was practically cuh-razy, anyhow, what with having to contend with these kids and a brand new one at home.

★★★ The Raven (Universal)

Your blood won't just run cold on this one, it'll freeze solid. As if Boris Karloff isn't demonish enough for one picture, the calloused director has added Bela Lugosi for good measure. To make the plot doubly potent, they have based the story on one of the classic incidents of hair-raising



Our friend Dick Powell all done up artistic-like with Joan Blondell in "Broadway Gondolier."

power—the mad love of Poe for his Lenore and the resulting torture which he inflicts on her when she does not respond to his ardor. Pleasant Mr. Lugosi is the cro-o-o-l villain who does the filthy, dirty work. And Mr. Karloff, who disfigures so beautifully, is the pal whom he selects to dress up and use for ulterior ends. We assure you, they beat all-time records for gruesomeness—and even their own past records!

Irene Ware, a comparative newcomer to the fillums, should rate a permanent position from now on. Although pretty enough, Miss Ware's claim to fame will rest largely on her extraordinary lung capacity. Her blood-curdling screams should make even Fay Wray hang her head in shame. Samuel Hinds and Inez Courtney add some terrible touches to the picture, too. If you are faced with budgets, taxes or homework, see this celluloider and you'll not lack time at night to work on 'em. The only thing you'll lack for a week or so is sleep.

Preview Postscripts

Boris Karloff created the world's worst looking specimen of humanity—if Frankenstein could be called human. Mr. Karloff really is a very agreeable looking, nice-mannered Englishman, by the name of William Henry Pratt, who loves nothing better than to putter around with the nasturtiums in his backyard. Has a five-acre plot of ground around his home up in Coldwater Canyon and raises stock—particularly pigs. A friend of his sent him a china pig filled with dime-store perfume when he first moved on his ranch as a stock starter. Boris thought this such a swell idea that he's raised them ever since—flesh and blood ones, though, and unperfumed. Originally trained for the consular service, but thought it too dry. However, there are four other Pratt brothers still at it in England . . . Bela Lugosi runs a close second to Mr. Karloff as the gruesome "Dracula" originator. He lives in an isolated canyon above Hollywood and is married to a very devoted woman who doesn't seem scared to death, in fact, not even scared. They're both Hungarians . . . Irene Ware was once famous for her face and figger as she is for her vocal chords today. "Miss America" she was, some years ago.

★★ Calm Yourself (M-G-M)

Like the cornbeef hash, this picture has everything in it. Slapstick comedy, an unwitting kidnapping, a man engaged to one girl and in love with another, a mad chase;

well, just about everything you've seen before and which was done much better on that occasion. Granted the plot was constructed for laughs, but even so, a bit of plausibility would have been welcome. Robert Young and Madge Evans do their darndest, but their darndest isn't half good enough to make you forget the phony antics they are put through. Betty Furness is good in a small rôle, as is Hardie Albright. The story—and there seems little else to tell about this picture—is about a young man who goes into a Personal Service business. He volunteers to perform any little disagreeable task you might wish to put over, meanwhile advising you to "Calm Yourself" while he does the dirty work. Of course, all's well that ends well, and at the finish we have the familiar clinch with everybody happy, including the kidnapped baby, who looks as disgusted with the whole nonsensical business as the surrounding adult cast.

Preview Postscripts

'Member the little girl kicking her heels on a cake of "Fairy Soap" some years ago? Well, that was Madge Evans, star of this picture. Still blonde and blue-eyed, Madge is well known and well liked in Hollywood—'specially by Tom Gallery, Zazu Pitts' ex, who right now is wearing a very long face due to the fact that Madge has departed for the British Isles to make her next picture. Outstandingly modish, Miss Evans stunned the feminine population of the world by doing every bit of wardrobe shopping right in her home town, before leaving for New York and abroad. Thinks Hollywood is the fashion center of the universe . . . Robert Young's the yokel boy who made good. Had his heart set on acting in pictures since a child in Hollywood. Finally crashed the gates and zoomed overnight to the high places. But the Young head remained unturned. He promptly married his high-school sweetheart, built a rose-covered cottage and's busy raising a family. . . . Betty Furness hails from New York and flies back every chance she gets, without wasting a minute. In fact, never wastes a minute here, either. Never seen without a knitting bag, Betty outfits herself, her friends, her friends' babies and her toy bull dog with snappy worsted numbers . . . Nat Pendleton not only looks hefty enough to be a knock-out, drag-'em-out prize fighter, but was. A whizz at mathematics, Nat would get a bigger kick out of struggling with a geometrical problem than with Braddock . . . Ralph Morgan is brother of the illustrious Frank. They always visit one another's sets and give out weighty advice on how to play their respective parts. Besides being business advisers they're also swell friends . . . Raymond Hutton has been among the missing for a long, long time on the screen. Once one of the kings of comedy, he's back now and's still funny.

★★★ Men Without Names (Paramount)

Here is a swell little picture, punctuated with fine performances, showing the G-men doing their stuff once again. If you think for a moment that crime could possibly pay you, you'll be quickly set right after seeing Fred MacMurray, Lynne Overman and their big bosses get their men—the biggest bunch of crooks that ever stepped before a camera. The picture is full of suspense and has its comedy moments, too, with a slight love theme, which would never be missed, running through the thrilling story. Fred MacMurray, as you are probably aware by now, is a screen "natural." He plays with ease and charm and looks like a regular guy rather than the stereotyped profile-boy hero of which the movies are far too full. An excellent

performance is contributed by Lynne Overman, who really gets an opportunity in this picture, and small parts are expertly handled by such fine players as Elizabeth Patterson, Helen Shipman and Grant Mitchell. David Holt is more amusing than precocious in the child role, and anybody could have done what Madge Evans was called upon to essay as the "smarty" heroine. You'll like "Men Without Names."

Preview Postscripts

Fred MacMurray hit the high spots on a saxophone before hitting those places in the flickers. Earned his way through college via the sax route. Was going to be a criminal lawyer, but so many were the demands on his musical ability that he didn't, somehow, get much law study during those schooldays. When he landed a job with Libby Holman he definitely cast law and order out of his life. Fred made his first cinema success with Claudette Colbert in "Gilded Lily" and seems to be set for big things now. . . . Madge Evans is as ambitious as she is pretty. Since just a baby, she has known the cold, cruel world of the woikin' gal, and has practically grown up in front of a camera. She modelled baby bottles, hair-ribbons, lingerie and odds and ends before going in for moving pictures. . . . Lynne Overman is on his way to film fame, for the same reasons that he won recognition on the Broadway stage. He's a swell person and the same kind of comedian. Lynne started out in life with aspirations to be the world's foremost jockey, and was pretty good 'till he discovered he was getting too big for a horse. Then he turned to warbling on the stage for his supper, but a throat infection put an end to that, so now he's just an actor. . . . Elizabeth Patterson's the daughter of an old Southern family who staged another Civil War when they heard that their daughter had footlight fever. But Elizabeth's side won and Broadway got a grand character actress.

★ Make a Million (Monogram)

Nope, this isn't a chain-letter plot, it's even more insane. Charles Starrett, an ex-prof of economics, decides to test his theories literally, so he advertises in the paper that he wishes to become a millionaire and everyone who is interested in seeing him accomplish this little trick may send him one dollar (\$1). You can imagine the suspense of watching the plot thicken from there on. Watching Pauline Brooks, however, was almost as bad. Whether she can't act or just wasn't in the mood, we wouldn't be knowing. George Stone as the publicity man who is overflowing with brilliant ideas—all useless—does some good work, while James Burke is excellent as the hobo who gives the professor some valuable business pointers and arranges for his I. W. W. pals to furnish background. Monte Carter, Jimmy Aubrey and George Cleveland are among this elect group of panhandlers and provide an occasional good laugh at long intervals. But even they can't dim the fact that the picture is really as dull as the plot on which it's based, that the direction is slipshod, and that the whole thing has been turned out too fast for even a "quickie."

Preview Postscripts

Charles Starrett understands the prof situation perfectly, having been entangled with it too often for comfort while at Dartmouth. He learned football but was also exposed to a higher larnin'. Made All-American in his junior year and in his senior, made the New York stage. Just a small part but it

decided him on pursuing the stage for life. Claims he's just lucky, for a picture contract followed almost immediately. He was to go with the Viking expedition on that seavoyage, but at the last minute was unable to catch the boat—which blew up in mid-ocean, killing thirty-three picture people. Charlie's luck is still good, for his biggest break is husky twin boys. . . . Pauline Brooks has been around acting people all her life, and had small parts since she was old enough to toddle across a stage. However, she's not morrying on actor but a prizefighter—Jimmy McLarnin—for whose sake she rushed East on completion of this picture. Got there just in time to put ice-bags on Jimmy's head after that argument with Ross. . . . James Burke is another one brought up on the stage. Vaudeville's his long line, though, and this is his first real chance in the flickers. Lives on nothing more nor less than ham and eggs. Always carries his own menu with him and hands it to waiters—whether at the Ritz or Sloppy Joe's. . . . George Stone will be remembered as the gutter rat of "Seventh Heaven," unless you've forgotten. Since then no gangster picture has been complete without Mr. Stone's decorative visage. Leads a very complacent existence in Hollywood as a bachelor. . . . Monte Carter Jimmy Aubrey and George Cleveland are all left-overs from the custard pie days.

★★★★ Nell Gwyn (United Artists)

They do some things especially well in England. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, for example, and men's tailoring—and historical screen dramas. "Nell Gwyn" is handsomely produced, beautifully acted, painstakingly directed and, added to that, it's a fine, robust, romantic story. You've seen Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays the tolerant and kingly Charles II, in several American pictures—notably, as the bishop in "Les Misérables." He gets the acting honors for the picture. Anna Neagle—the bewitching Nell—comes a close second. She's a tall and hearty girl—quite different from the usual Hollywood beauty. We think you'll like her lovely face, admire her graceful dancing, and laugh at her vigorous humor. The producers stuck as close to history as censorship would let 'em and give you a colorful pageant wherein you see Samuel Pepys; the designing Duchess of Portsmouth; Chiffinch, the perfect servant of the King's household; the Drury Lane Theatre, Whitehall, and the fascinating muddle that was London in the seventeenth century. See it, by all means.

Preview Postscripts

Speaking of censorship—which we're barely able to do without getting apoplectic with rage—the long, lean gentleman with the ingrowing moral sense (or is it merely a dirty mind?) had quite a hand in the history of this picture. It was completed in England, over a year ago, shipped over here, previewed with considerable pomp and circumstance shortly after its arrival—and then held up until recently. Finally, United Artists, who handled the release of the picture, were talked into making minor cuts in the film and adding a stupid, but fortunately short and unimportant prologue and epilogue—said additions showing Nell Gwyn on her deathbed, amid the utmost squalor. This you see, is supposed to convince audiences Nell was suitably punished for being the devoted mistress of the King. Certain spicy—but thoroughly charming and subtle bits—are cut. Thus the action may seem occasionally abrupt to you. Too bad, but such cuts are few and do not have any important effect upon the story.

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★★ Mad Love (M-G-M)

Not being too ardent an enthusiast over these "horror pictures," we were impressed by the fact that this latest chiller held us enthralled. Peter Lorre, of course, is the whole works, but nevertheless the plot which forms the background is the most fascinating yarn yet invented for this type of flicker. It's as preposterous as all the rest of 'em, actually, yet so convincingly are the gruesome details presented, that for the moment, at least, they appear plausible. Photography, recording and timing are so artistically done that they lend a feeling of reality to the whole. Mr. Lorre tries a new stunt, this time to make your hair stand on end. He's a famous French surgeon who specializes on piecing together any part of the human body which has been blown to bits, mangled or deformed. When a famous pianist, Colin Clive, must have his hands amputated, the doctor replaces them with the hands of a recently executed murderer. From then on, Mr. Clive has trouble with more difficult things than scales. Frances Drake, as his wife, does a nice piece of acting and a truly remarkable piece of screaming.

Preview Postscripts

Even the cast had severe cases of chills while this picture was being made, what with the dank, eerie sets, the weird music and grotesque make-ups. Peter Lorre is actually a very gentle, kindly man, but he did enjoy scaring chance visitors on the set once in awhile. In one scene where he was working on a supposed corpse, stretched out on the operating table, Mr. Lorre suddenly swirled around and pointing his scalpel at a dear old lady visitor, he shouted, "You're next!" But it wasn't all fun for Peter, for the heat of the klieg lights was so intense on his shaved head, that he had to sit around in a chamois dripping with ice-water on his head most of the time. He and Frances Drake struck up a close friendship while working together and were always sneaking off for lunch and cocktails at odd hours, in spite of his "Mad Love" for her in the flicker. . . . Miss Drake is a case of a chorus gal who worked up in pictures. . . . Ted Healy's another one who has worked right up to his present place as a very popular comedian. Famous for his stooges in days gone by, Ted is now a comedian in his own right, having graduated with honors from the slaostick school. . . . Keye Luke's a great favorite in this town. He came from China not so many years ago to study painting, on top of an excellent education obtained at Chinese universities. His art exhibit gained him so much publicity that studio directors heard of him and gave him a chance in fillums. He hasn't disappointed them, either.

★★★ Accent on Youth (Paramount)

Surely Playwright Raphaelson differs with Oscar Wilde, who is reported to have said, "Youth is so wonderful, it's a shame to waste it on the young." After viewing this one, you're apt to be convinced that young men should neither be seen nor heard. They're a humorless, stupid, conceited lot and the gent in the foolish forties is really the lad who has "what it takes." The picture is almost a replica of the stage play which, while a bit talkie at times, abounds in subtle wit, amusing dialogue and a novel situation. Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall are excellent in the roles of a young lady much in love with an "old" man. However, Ernest Cossart, as the butler, sort of histrionically overshadows the rest of the fine cast which includes Phillip Reed, Astrid Allwyn and Holmes Herbert. The locale of the story is a playwright's

New York penthouse, with a Santa Barbara sequence revealing a rather unusual honeymoon in which a young bridegroom and his equally young pal figure prominently for comedy purposes. Director Wesley Ruggles has done a neat job; in fact, everyone did, except the gent who designed Miss Sidney's clothes, which are pretty dreadful "creations" and give her more weight than a big fudge sundae.

Preview Postscripts

Sylvia Sidney claims she was "born serious." Not that she doesn't have her moments of silliness, but life on the whole has been a problem to her. From childhood, Sylvia's been an omnivorous reader—mention any classic and you're on her home territory. At fourteen, she set out to earn a living. Was crazy about the theatre, but considered herself best adapted to the technical end of it. Got a job with the Theatre Guild dressing and designing sets. After eating paint for two years, she decided to try the acting end of the stage. Went on the road at sixteen and was starred that same year in "Crime"—and from there you know the rest. . . . Herbert Marshall's well known on the London and Broadway stages, where he played for several years with his wife, Edna Best, in a number of successful plays. That quiet, unassuming Marshall manner seems fatal to the ladies. He devoted hours to teaching Miss Sidney the mysteries of billiards while on the set. That view of Manhattan seen from the pent-house terrace, was just a huge cardboard picture! Photographs of buildings were "blown up" many times their original size and fitted together to form the magnificent "view." With lights behind, you'd swear it was gay Gotham at its best. Director Wesley Ruggles has an antipathy against blondes, so instructed Astrid Allwyn to dye her blonde curls a dark brown before reporting for work. . . . Ernest Cossart's a genuine old-time stage hand. After over forty years in the London and American theatre, he was prevailed upon to appear in a movie. It was the Hecht-MacArthur "Scoundrel." Mr. Cossart thinks the movies are swell, now. . . . Philip Reed had a tough proposition. He was playing in the stage version of "Accent on Youth" every evening at the same time he was making this picture. His lines in the picture weren't very different, but just enough to make them exasperatingly difficult to remember. He would surprise the stage cast every now and then with brand new lines.

★★★ The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)

Here's another Fields picture, which means W. C. is star, director, writer, producer and prop-man. Titles mean nothing, plot means nothing, the cast means nothing when the bulbous-nosed Fields wanders within camera range. So it is with this latest flicker! We can't for the life of us tell who or what we laughed at, but from the beginning to the end, the audience ran the gamut from guffaws to giggles. Mr. Fields is just another hen-pecked husband, at the mercy of not only his wife but her mother and brother. Between the three of them, you can imagine how much chance the poor, bewildered man has to fortify himself with his favorite spirits. He finally has to resort to cleaning his teeth with home-brew in order to taste a drop! The story ambles along at a leisurely rate, with Mr. Fields taking plenty of time, as usual, to speed things up. Mary Brian, pretty as ever, does a nice piece of work as Mr. Fields' daughter, Kathleen Howard is excellent as the shrew whom Mr. Fields really does tame, while Grady Sutton does a good job of making himself detestable as the brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

The greatest treat in the world to W. C. Fields is a bed. From the time he was seven 'til he was twenty-seven, W. C. Fields slept in one. Alleys, park benches, barrels and such comfortable accommodations were his lot after knocking his father unconscious at the age of seven and starting out to see the world. Learned his famous juggling act from having to be quick about swiping fruit from vendors for years. Finally got a job on the stage and life became a little less complicated. Now is in the money—and still thinks a bed is the height of luxury. . . . Mary's known as the sweetest girl in Hollywood, and's been the college boys' despair all over the country. Looks like there's something to this "six times a bridesmaid" stuff, for she's gone up the aisle ahead of practically every star in Hollywood. . . . This was the first time Lucien Littlefield has even played himself in pictures for twenty years. At least it's the only time he's appeared without three-inch make-up on his visage, since his specialization has been in the Lon Chaney type of role. . . . Sam Hardy is another old-timer. He's noted to be the best dressed gag-man in Hollywood. Fields claims Sam's plaid pants, green caps and lurid ties are the cause of his astigmatism. . . . Kathleen Howard is the only woman in Hollywood that Mr. Fields will consider for his reel wife. He just flatly refuses to have any other woman scream at him. Miss Howard was formerly a Metropolitan Opera singer. After twelve years of warbling, she turned to fashion writing and became editor of a woman's magazine. When "Death Takes a Holiday" was filmed, Miss Howard was offered a part and's been on the screen ever since.

★★★ Anna Karenina (M-G-M)

If you were a fan ten years ago, you will recall that Garbo played in the silent version of this Tolstoy classic, too. Oddly enough, this story of a woman who sacrifices everything—husband, child, friends and finally her life—for love, stands up well even in this day when tolerance of indiscretion seems to be the vogue. Clarence Brown has done rather an enthralling job of directing and Miss Garbo, given an opportunity to run the gamut of emotions, makes the most of every moment. While Fredric March is not too convincing in his impassioned scenes, he gives a nice account of himself at other times. Little Freddie Bartholomew is pretty fine and Reginald Owen and Basil Rathbone rate their share of honors. The picture itself is one of the most elaborately mounted we have ever seen, and everyone, from the scenic designer to the gentleman who supplied the beautiful musical score, is entitled to a bow.

Preview Postscripts

Garba hopped a boat for Sweden the minute this picture was completed. But Greta tank she'll come back again, having signed up with M-G-M for another term at a sum that would give you the staggers. . . . May Robson, grand old great grandmother and great lady of the screen, claims that Greta is just a shy, sweet girl, who's glamorous languar comes from not consuming enough liver and vitamin E. . . . Freddie Bartholomew took the American public by storm after that performance in "Copperfield." It's a fact, though, that the child is even more amazing in real life. He has charm and brains enough to put many a noted actor in the shade. A tutor is always at Freddie's elbow on the set, to give him a little larnin' between actin'. He and Greta, though, managed to sneak away almost every day for a game of croquet together. Freddie generally beat, since his dralleries would get the Swedish siren so convulsed with giggles that she couldn't hit the balls straight.

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