

Modern Screen

MARCH

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A Moment of Magic

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

TWO PEOPLE meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive... and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put

a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub

it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an un failing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.



**"My complexion
cleared up
like Magic!"**



**THE
3
MINUTE WAY**

**"I RELY ON
THIS TRULY MODERN
LAXATIVE"**

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to



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now showing

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*Again they thrill you
with Glorious Melody!*

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Noughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" . . . The romantic drama of a pompered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

Jeanette
M^{AC}DONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with

REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!'
300 rugged male voices led
by Nelson Eddy in the most
stirring song of our time!



EXCITEMENT RIDES THE *Hollywood* RANGE . . . AS THE "TRADE" CRITICS *Preview*



*"THE

LOUIS



PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success

throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*.

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali-coate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that "*The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*



The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"



STORY OF PASTEUR



Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live



JACK
ALISCOATE

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula.... There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality. . . . Expertly acted and directed, . . . its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. . . . Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."



MARTIN
QUIGLEY

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. . . . It stands among the significant works of the screen. . . . Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. . . . Muni is superb. . . . Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."



MAURICE
KANN

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers

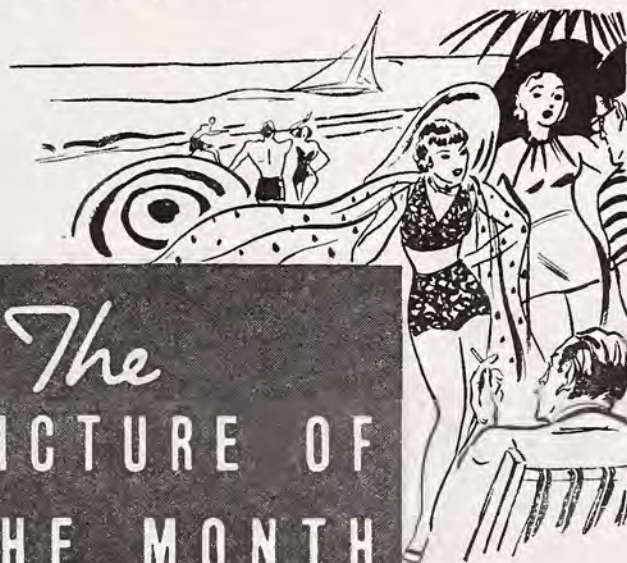


"CHICK"
LEWIS

that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal."

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The
PICTURE OF
THE MONTH



• Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

IF YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking . . . marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange . . . try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Lipstick

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount).....	3★	The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M).....	2★	The Gilded Lily (Paramount).....	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M).....	4★	Ginger (Fox).....	3★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB).....	2★	The Girl Friend (Columbia).....	1★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal).....	2★	The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National).....	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners).....	3★	The Glass Key (Paramount).....	3★
Alice Adams (RKO).....	4★	Goin' to Town (Paramount).....	3★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M).....	4★	Go Into Your Dance (First National).....	3★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount).....	2½★	The Good Fairy (Universal).....	3★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4★	Goose and the Gander (First National).....	2★
The Arizonian (RKO).....	3★	Grand Exit (Columbia).....	1★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists).....	3★	Hands Across the Table (Paramount).....	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO).....	3★	Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox).....	2★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Paramount).....	3★	Harmony Lane (Mascot).....	2★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M).....	3★	Here Comes Cookie (Paramount).....	3★
Black Fury (First National).....	4★	Here Comes the Band (M-G-M).....	1★
Black Sheep (Fox).....	2★	Here Is My Heart (Paramount).....	4★
Break of Hearts (RKO).....	3★	Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists).....	2★	Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount).....	3★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount).....	3★	Hooray for Love (RKO).....	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal).....	3★	I Dream Too Much (RKO).....	3★
Bright Lights (First National).....	3★	I Found Stella Parish (Warners).....	2★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners).....	3★	If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4★
Broadway Hostess (First National).....	1★	I Live for Love (Warners).....	2★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M).....	4★	I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★
Call of the Wild (20th Century).....	3★	The Informer (RKO).....	4★
Captain Blood (Warners).....	4★	In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists).....	4★	In Person (RKO).....	2★
Car 99 (Paramount).....	3★	The Irish in Us (First National).....	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National).....	3★	The Iron Duke (GB).....	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National).....	2★	It Happened in New York (Universal).....	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox).....	3★	It's in the Air (M-G-M).....	2★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Jalna (RKO).....	3★
China Seas (M-G-M).....	4★	Java Head (First Division).....	2★
The Clairvoyant (GB).....	2★	King Solomon of Broadway (Universal).....	1★
Clive of India (20th Century).....	4★	Laddie (RKO).....	3★
College Rhythm (Paramount).....	3★	Lady Tubbs (Universal).....	2★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★	The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO).....	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia).....	3★	The Last Outpost (Paramount).....	2★
The Crusades (Paramount).....	4★	Let 'Em Have It (United Artists).....	3★
Curly Top (Fox).....	3★	Let's Live Tonight (Columbia).....	2★
Dangerous (Warners).....	3½★	Life Begins at Forty (Fox).....	4★
Dante's Inferno (Fox).....	2★	Little Big Shot (Warners).....	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn).....	4★	The Little Colonel (Fox).....	3★
The Daring Young Man (Fox).....	2★	The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M).....	5★	Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount).....	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal).....	3★	Living on Velvet (Warners).....	2★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners).....	2★	Love in Bloom (Paramount).....	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox).....	3★	Love Me Forever (Columbia).....	4★
Dr. Socrates (Warners).....	2★	Loves of a Dictator (GB).....	3★
East of Java (Universal).....	2★	Mad Love (M-G-M).....	2★
Escapade (M-G-M).....	3★	Manhattan Moon (Universal).....	1★
Escape Me Never (United Artists).....	3★	Man of Iron (Warners).....	1★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount).....	2★	The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount).....	3★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★	The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox).....	3★	Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M).....	2★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia).....	2★	Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount).....	3★
The Flame Within (M-G-M).....	2★	McFadden's Flats (Paramount).....	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M).....	3★	The Melody Lingers On (United Artists).....	2★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount).....	3★		
Frisco Kid (Warners).....	3★		
Front Page Woman (Warners).....	3★		

(Continued on page 104)

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

HOLLYWOOD SHOTS..

ALL-STAR SPECTATORS AT RECENT CINEMA DOINGS



Cinema folks love to relax at some exciting sports event and they don't care much whether it's racing, fights, polo or tennis. Two recent events brought all the big names out to the sidelines—the pro tennis matches at the Ambassador Hotel and the polo match at the Uplifters' Club. Top row, left to right, you see the tennis rooters—Tom Brown with Marian Marsh, snapped in the hotel lobby. And next Bob Montgomery, plus sideburns, watches with Kay Johnson. Next row, left to right, Mary Pickford with Bob Taylor at the Uplifters' polo match. Did you ever see Mary looking any younger or more charming? And some indoor sports—harmonizing. Dick Powell, Edward Arnold and Bob Taylor, with Binnie Barnes at the piano. Right, Mickey Rooney, Edith Fellows and Freddie Bartholomew dolled up for a big party.



The year's first gee-gee running at Santa Anita race track brought forth every Hollywoodite who could get away from work. And here are some of the biggest betters and better biggies of the film colony. Below, Carole Lombard, looking very chic, arrives with Robert Riskin. Also below, Michael Bartlett, minus his moustache, squires Florence Rice (this looks romantic). Right, bottom to top, the Cedric Gibbons look pretty snooty as they pass Scotty's camera. Dolores Del Rio Gibbons also looks very elegant. Next Roger Prior arrives with—guess who?—of course, Ann Sothern. They still say it ain't love but they're always together just the same. And last, Cesar Romero gives Betty Furness some good betting tips. Betty's wearing one of those daffy hats she's famous for.



SPORT OF MOVIE KINGS





BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
keep YOUR boy friend away**

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

GOOD NEWS

It's open season for big social and sports doings



Arline Judge gets a corner in pool with Jack Oakie, Ed Robinson, Clark Gable, Arline and Carl Brisson.



Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer and Dolores Del Rio at the Di Frasso's shindig.



"Why not lead off this month's news with a Mae West item?" we have just asked ourselves, and hearing no reply at all, here is this month's Mae West item: As you know, Mae's leading man in "Klondike Lou" is Victor McLaglen. Now, Vic is big and tough, but around the ladies he's not exactly what you'd call a Gablemore. He is, briefly, shy. So our Mae took him in hand during a love scene, and in conspiracy with director Raoul Walsh, gave Vic what is known in technical circles as "the works." By the time the scene ended, the McLaglen countenance was crimson, and he still doesn't know that the torrid love episode was filmed, not for the picture but for Raoul Walsh's private collection of scenes that Mr. Hays

and his hirelings will never view.

■ ■ ■

While we're on the subject of Mr. Walsh, it might be nice to mention a fine gesture on his part during the shooting of "Klondike Lou." During several weeks before Christmas, Walsh shot scenes which required the presence of a number of old timers. Instead of choosing his players at random from the casting office, Walsh ordered a couple of assistants to check on the financial status of the candidates. As a result, the neediest cases were given jobs and a much more pleasant Christmas than they anticipated.

■ ■ ■

Here's a conversation between a photographer and Claudette Colbert's

in our gay cinema town By Leo Townsend



Cook's night out! The newly wedded Tones dine at the Cafe Lamaze. Joan looks very elegant but a trifle glum about something.



Grace Moore without hubby, Val Parera, is news! George Brent, left, and Clifton Webb squire the gal for this party picture.

Photos by Scotty

Doctor Pressman we thought you'd like to hear. Cameramen, as you know, are anathema to the good doctor—in fact, he doesn't like them. One of them cornered him a few weeks ago, however, and asked him to explain his aversion to the lensmen. "It's purely a question of ethics," replied the Dr. "News photographs hardly lend themselves to the dignity of the medical profession." "That's funny," said the photographer, preparing for a quick getaway, "the Mayo brothers never objected!"



We dropped in on Eddie Cantor's "Strike Me Pink" set the other day, hoping, to be frank with you, to get in on one of the big chorus numbers. Instead we drew Cantor and Parkyakarkas, with the latter suspended in mid-air by a series of wires. After a few attempts at the scene, director Norman Taurag called time out for lunch. We all marched over to the studio cafe, where all was serene until along about coffee-time when Eddie suddenly yelled: "Hey, where's Parkyakarkas?" A startled assistant rushed back to the set, and there was

Mr. P., dangling just where he had been left. "Strike Me Pink," by the way, was originally "Shoot the Chutes." The title change came about when it was discovered that in England, where the Cantor epics make considerable money, "Shoot the Shutes" is an unknown expression.



Perhaps by this time Bob Montgomery and his studio have patched up their troubles, but as we go to press Mr. M. is not on the friendliest of terms with his bosses. Bob, it seems, objects to the philandering playboy type of role he has been playing, while the studio insists that the Montgomery public expects and likes him in that type of thing. Bob's major complaint, however, is that he wanted to play Romeo opposite Norma Shearer's Juliet. Bob doesn't begrudge Leslie Howard the role, but everyone knows he was disappointed in losing out on it.



Norman Foster and Sally Blane are tops among the film colony's lovebirds these days, and Hollywood is pointing with pride to what it believes to be an ideal—"ideal marriage." (Continued on page 15)



REVIEWS

A TOUR
OF TODAY'S
TALKIES



Above, Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn give excellent performances in "Sylvia Scarlett." Next, Joseph Calleia, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy in the swiftly-paced "Riffraff." And, right, a scene from the Dickens' classic, "A Tale of Two Cities," with Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan.

By *Leo Townsend*

★★★★★ A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)

Fans of Ronald Colman owe a debt of gratitude to Charles Dickens for creating Sydney Cartan. Playing the cynical and chronically inebriated young lawyer, Colman's performance can only be spoken of as perfect. It is highly doubtful, according to historians, that Mr. Dickens had Ronald in mind when he wrote his classic tale, but were he alive, and about today, he would agree with M-G-M that there is no better Sydney Cartan in all Hollywood than Ronald Colman. It is his portrayal that lifts "A Tale of Two Cities" to the top in the month's ranking. Everyone is aware that Cartan's destiny is the guillotine, where he makes the supreme gesture for the woman he loves, but one's interest is held throughout by the excellent acting of Mr. Colman and his colleagues. Notable among the large cast are Blanche Yurka (whose Madame DeFarge is second only to the star's performance), Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, and, in minor roles, Isabel Jewell, Walter Catlett, Billy Bevan and E. E. Clive.

Preview Postscripts

Mr. Dickens would have been staggered at what his brain-waves

cost M-G-M. No expense was spared to make "A Tale of Two Cities" authentic in every detail. Over a year was spent in research alone. Costumes, scenery and properties were studied and collected from every available source. The largest set for this picture was that of the Bastille. Over 5000 extras were employed for this scene alone, which took several days to shoot. An interesting comparison between the mode of life in the French Revolution days with the elaborate and costly French palaces on one set and alongside was the set of the dreary, rotting hovels of the laborers and the famous gaol with its darkly stained floors and cobwebs swinging in the breeze. Those rats scuttling across the dirt floor were the real thing—at \$5 a day. All the principal character actors and a large percentage of the supporting cast were English so four o'clock tea became imperative. An atmosphere of great dignity always pervades a company in which Mr. Colman is starred. Mr. C. indulges in great thought and little conversation while at work. The only time he seemed to be enjoying himself was on the way to the guillotine. The horse turned temperamental when faced with the milling mobs so the star took him in hand. Five days were needed to shoot this scene which takes less than five minutes on the screen. The (Continued on page 92)

(Continued from page 13)

Note: When Fritz Leiber and his wife, Virginia Bronson, opened their new home in Beverly Hills they spent their first day there interviewing prospective cooks. After looking over all the candidates, they chose a middle-aged Mexican woman, who said she had several children to support and had been on home relief for months. Hired, she removed her hat and set to work, but Mrs. Leiber couldn't conceal her amazement at the gal's elaborate coiffure. Questioned about it, she said: "My hair? Ah, all my life have I wanted a *permanente*, so when the *presidente* put us on the *gratificacion*—what you call it?—I send my *niños* away to our relatives and save up two weeks to get one!"



Grace Bradley's hay ride party was probably the chilliest affair of the season. Guests arriving at the Bradley ranch in Van Nuys, were plumped into trucks spread with hay and transported to the Malibu Country Club at Malibu Lake, which had been given a bucolic going-over for the evening. Cornstalks decorated the walks, and everyone sat on bales of hay—everyone except Dorothy Lee, who sat on the prostrate form of a peacefully smiling young gentleman who had evidently done too much rehearsing for the affair.



Another highly unusual gathering was Paula Stone's cocktail party on the afternoon of the Bradley festivities. Paula's soiree was to honor her sister Dorothy and her husband, Charles Collins. At the appointed time everyone was present but the hostess and her guests of honor. An hour later, the first of the Stones came rolling in. It was Paula, in screen make-up, and she had just returned from a location trip. Another hour passed, and in marched Dorothy, fresh from a screen test. Her husband was also making tests, and couldn't be present at all. And at the last minute papa Fred Stone arrived, attired in backwoods costume. He had just come from work on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." P. S. to the Stones: it was a swell party; you should have been there.



Competition for novel party ideas in Hollywood is so keen that Carole Lombard is reported to have offered Grace Bradley \$500, and finally \$1000, if she would sell her the "rights" to her hay ride party. After all, the Lombard gal has a reputation to maintain, for she is Hollywood's Number One novel party thrower. Her tops to date are the rough-and-tumble affair she sponsored at the Venice Fun House, and her Hospital party, at which food was wheeled in on stretchers and guests ate with scalpels and other physician's tools. It was all too, too medical, really. And now, just to give Carole more sleepless nights, comes the Countess Di Frasso with plans for a Physical Culture party—whatever that may be—at the Rollerdom in Culver City. Some fun, eh, Countess?



Little Jean Parker has been seen here, and occasionally there, with Igor Gorin, the baritone, but you can discount any rumors of hearts and flowers since they are both under contract to the same studio and Igor is in the process of getting a romantic build-up. Incidentally, Jean, who owns a style shop, should be told by her employees that organdie gowns in mid-winter don't really set a girl off at parties.

(Continued on page 24)

Unprintable ...but **TRUE!**

{ They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description }

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is

best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative. At all drug stores.

PLEASE TRY EX-LAX

AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Age _____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal) MM36



Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Enter

RUBY KEELER'S

CONTEST NOW!



6th prize—Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio.

Play hostess to this lovely star and win a big prize! It's easy!

Contest Rules

1. On the next page you will find the Ruby Keeler prize menu. Fill in each of the blank spaces (those that are preceded by asterisks) with the name of some food or special dish beginning with the letter on that line. Your complete menu should provide a balanced and appetizing meal. Then, in the space at the bottom of the menu, give your reason in ten words or less for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen."

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who submit the best menus, typewritten or printed in pencil, with all the correct spaces filled in, with each dish on the menu beginning with the specified letter, and who, in the opinion of the judges give the best reasons (in ten words or less) for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen." Neatness will count.

3. The first prize is \$400.00 in cash; the second prize \$250.00; the third prize \$200.00 and the fourth prize \$150.00. The fifth prize is a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the sixth prize the new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio. There are five

64-piece H & W Chino Dinner Sets as seventh prizes. There are fifteen General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers as eighth prizes. There are ten Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets as ninth prizes.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose, each entry to be accompanied by the menu card coupon on the following page. No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

5. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

7. Send all entries to RUBY KEELER CONTEST, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of April 15, 1936.

THIS is your *last* chance to enter the Ruby Keeler Prize contest and your *big* chance to compete for one of the wonderful prizes we are offering. One of the nicest features of this contest—apart from the useful awards—is its simplicity. You don't have to be a cross-word puzzle addict, a jig-saw puzzle expert or even a cook! All you have to do is to decide what you would serve to Ruby Keeler if she were to be your guest at dinner!

There is one rule that you must observe, however, so listen carefully and look at the sample menu on the opposite page as you read the explanation here.

For this is important: every dish of your prize menu must begin with the initial given at the beginning of each line. The filled in menu card will illustrate what we mean.

The dishes do not need to be listed in the order in which they would be served. You can start off with dessert and end up with soup, if you choose, so long as you keep to the RUBY KEELER, COLLEEN line-up. One of the blank spaces, you will notice, has no initial heading it. In that space, therefore, you can add any dish you care to. This enables you to complete your menu (*Continued on page 90*)



5th prize—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator.



Three more prizes—H & W China Set, Portable Mixer and Buffeteer Toaster Set.

Prizes

1st—\$400.00 in cash

2nd—\$250.00 in cash

3rd—\$200.00 in cash

4th—\$150.00 in cash

5th—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator

6th—The new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio

7th—Five prizes of 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets

8th—Fifteen prizes of General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers

9th—Ten prizes of Manning-Bowman Toaster Sets.

FILL IN THIS COUPON (PLEASE TYPEWRITE OR PRINT IN PENCIL) AND MAIL IT TO:

THIS IS A SAMPLE COUPON. YOURS SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN YOU SEND IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

*R _____
U _____
*B _____
Y _____
* _____
K _____
*E _____
E _____
*L _____
E _____
*R _____

*C _____
O _____
*L _____
L _____
*E _____
E _____
*N _____

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

*R ROLLS
U _____
*B BOUILLON
Y _____
* GREEN PEAS (ANY INITIAL)
K _____
*E EGG AND SARDINE CANAPE
E _____
*L LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
E _____
*R RASPBERRY ICE

*C (CANNED) CORN PUDDING
O _____
*L LYONNAISE POTATOES
L _____
*E ENDIVE SALAD, ROQUEFORT DRESSING
E _____
*N NUTS AND RAISINS

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

BECAUSE SHE IS MY FAVORITE TAP DANCER, AND SO PRETTY.

Name JANE SMITH
Street 99-22 BEVERLY AVE.
City BYRNETTE State IOWA

THE TREAT'S ON RUBY!

La Keeler wants you to crunch cookies with her

By Marjorie Deen

HAVE YOU a cookie jar in your home?

Well, if you have, here's your golden opportunity to secure new recipes from Ruby Keeler which will enable you to fill this kitchen treasure chest of yours with crispy, crunchy rounds of goodness.

But did I hear some of you say that you have no cookie jar? And no knack for making cookies?

Well, that's too bad, really! For there is nothing more universally popular than the cookie family and nothing in the dessert line easier to make. Such at least is the opinion Ruby Keeler expressed to me the other day. And Ruby should know, for she is an enthusiastic "cookie cruncher" if your Modern Hostess ever saw one.

"AS A KID," said the petite Miss Keeler, "when I had a penny to spare (and those occasions were few), I'd never buy a lollypop or 'a penny's-worth-a-candy' at the corner stationery store down under the elevated tracks. No, indeed, I'd get cookies—the two-for-a-penny kind at the bakery on the next street. I can still remember the delicious warm smell of baking bread that came out of that place as I stood—my little nose pressed against the window pane—feasting my eyes on the trays of goodies inside. With but a single cent, fairly burning a hole in my pocket, I'd put off the glorious moment of entering the shop while I pretended to myself that I couldn't make up my mind between the chocolate layer cake or the white frosted angel food. Naturally, I knew all the time that I couldn't possibly afford either. But do you think I cared? Not I! I knew I had money enough for two cookies and I asked no more of fate. To this very day I'd choose cookies in preference to cakes any old time at all."

I forgot to ask Mrs. Jolson whether her famous husband shares her enthusiasm for these baked sweets. But I'm perfectly sure, without asking, that there is one person who soon will be making very definite inroads on the cookie supply in the Jolson household. That's young Albert Jolson, Jr. For children adore cookies—from the tiniest tot who begs for one at Mother's tea table to the school child who cheers joyfully when cookies are included in his lunch box. And if it's true (which you know it is) that "men are just grown up little boys," it is just as true that they carry their liking for cookies on into manhood. Why only recently a man wrote a



**THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**

Please send me a free leaflet containing Ruby Keeler's recipes for special cookies.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE



Courtesy Borden's

A plateful of goodies.

popular song called "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie"—and meant it as a sincere compliment!

So let's be wise, follow Ruby's advice and reestablish the old-fashioned cookie jar as a regular item of household furnishing. Let's fill it to overflowing with not one style of cookie, but several! You can buy these, of course, as Ruby once did, at the baker's. But better still you can have the home-made kind that Ruby now enjoys.

FOR THIS little lady has recipes for several kinds of cookies to which she is especially partial. Furthermore she allowed me to choose from among her favorites an outstanding example of each different type of cookie. Cookies, you know, fall under four groupings. Rolled Cookies, Dropped Cookies, Refrigerator Cookies and Filled Cookies, with a thousand variations possible on each theme. Later on we will discuss the four groups just mentioned in a very general way. But right here I want to tell you more about the recipes I have for you this month—those four pets of Ruby Keeler's. (I also want to tell you that you, too, can have copies of these recipes just by mailing in the coupon on the opposite page.)

The first of the cookie recipes in the leaflet, which is yours for the asking, is one that tastes just like an old-fashioned sugar cookie, but which is actually as up-to-date as the tap dancing feet of the person after whom it is named. The "Keeler Cookie" is delicious served plain, sprinkled with sugar, or frosted. Personally, I favor a frosted cookie for special occasions so I've included directions for

(Continued on page 66)



I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**.. AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.



WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY... ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**... THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds two marvelous dirt-looseners—richer, golden soap with lots of *naptha* added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's. © 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



Now! two forms of
Winx Mascara
which gives you

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★



WINX
for Lovely Eyes

★ If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name

Street

City State



The Rogers-Astaire team
can't be topped for per-
fection, says one reader.



'Tain't fair the way
everyone pans La Ben-
nett, a reader laments.

Between You 'n'

\$5 Prize Letter Rogers vs. Powell

I guess I'll never be as burned up, riled, or irritated as I was when I glanced at a letter in your January issue concerning Ginger Rogers. To say that "as a dancing partner, Ginger Rogers is not good enough for Fred Astaire" and that Eleanor Powell would be "a tremendous sensation with Astaire" is certainly using very, very bad judgment. It is recognized that Miss Powell is a great feminine tap dancer, but her style and technique would not compare with the rhythm and charm of the Rogers-Astaire combination.

Astaire's and Roger's dancing blends into a completely harmonious delivery, expressing the very words harmonious rhythm. They so completely belong together as a dancing pair that they are beyond compare, both in ballroom and tap dancing.

Miss Powell's main forte is her tap dancing, which is superb, but she is most certainly not on a par with Ginger Rogers in any other respect.—Miriam Barr, Tucson, Arizona.

\$1 Prize Letter Romantic Lady

For some time I have been missing a little lady from the screen, and, when I say lady I mean just that. To me she has always been a sweet, modest girl, a pleasant change from the half-draped females with artificially slanted eyes, affected walks, etc.

Many of us have looked at her and found the qualities we should like a daughter to possess, in fact I wish she were my daughter so that I might know her better.

We have laughed with her, cried with her, and left the theatre with her pictures fresh in our memories. I shall never forget "Merely Mary Ann," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Sunny Side Up." I can still hear her singing "I'm a Dreamer."

Write a letter and win a cash prize! Motion pictures offer a wide field for discussion. We want your criticisms, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of movies that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

So let's have more pictures with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, for together they spell ROMANCE.—Blanche Mott, New York, N. Y.

\$1 Prize Letter Defending Connie

It's about time someone came to the defense of Connie Bennett. Every magazine I pick up has some dirty crack about her in it. Once and only once have I read an article on her which stated that she was deathly afraid of crowds. Did it ever occur to anyone that Connie's so-called "high hat" is merely put on in self-defense?

She is accused by one of your readers of "posing with a cigarette in one hand and hot air in the other." If the script

Arizona girl wins \$5.00!



The Gaynor gal's roles haven't been significant enough, says this lady.

Me...

calls for it, she's got to do it. Very few actresses could pull the same act and get away with it. Connie is the screen's prime sophisticate, one who can really put over the lousy parts handed to her. Let's have her in a picture where she really has a chance to shine.

Just as long as people sling sarcastic remarks about Constance, I'll be right here to defend "the most misunderstood actress in Hollywood."—Joan Goodwillie, Chicago, Ill.

\$1 Prize Letter Right You Are!

I second, third and fourth M. Woolsey's suggestion of Eddy and Swarthout in "Carmen." I'd second a motion for Nelson Eddy to sing anything, but he certainly would be some Toreador, and for a picture that part could be built up beautifully.

Harriet Bossard has the right idea about starved-looking stars. Some pictures leave us with the same impression we might have after a visit to a sanatorium. Too many of our leading players have an overwrought, high-strung look. That is probably why a fine, healthy specimen like Eddy made such a hit—Clark Gable, too, has always radiated sound health with nerves under control. I'm no Tarzan fan, but I don't like to see taunted nerves or the evidence of them on display.—R. E. Dee, Peoria, Ill.

\$1 Prize Letter A Teetotaler Says—

In the December issue one of your readers said he was disgusted with the great amount of nudity on the screen. I believe there is another thing which is shown entirely too frequently on the screen and that is drinking.

Do producers and directors think that the only way to show people enjoying
(Continued on page 100)

So can you!



Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

But *why*—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes "accident panic." It's *certain-safe*! It stays soft! It stays safe!



Dance and play—you're truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear *blue line* (the moisture-proof side) away from body and protection is complete!



**End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!**

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store



Which type are you and do you know tricks to bring out your individuality? (Top, left) The Irish-American Alice Faye and, right, our own American Loretta Young. (Bottom, left and right) Two dark beauties, Mademoiselle Simone Simon and Señorita Rita Cansino.

BE INDIVIDUAL

MAYBE IT'S the Irish in us, but this month we've decided to get fighting mad and go individualistic with a vengeance.

It—individuality—is the life of international trade in beauty. Think of Hollywood's imports; Garbo from Sweden, Dietrich from Germany, Merle Oberon from England, Dolores Del Rio from the romantic land of Mexico . . . a long string of names forging to the front. You'll find some talented newcomers on this page, and they're all youngsters with individuality. Here we have a tiny Parisienne, a Spanish señorita, a little blonde as Irish as a shamrock, and a young American girl. They are all as different as night is from day, so I've chosen them to support our individualistic theory in beauty, since they have already registered a "personality" trademark.

"In our make-up department, we don't merely put cosmetics on faces," declared Mel Burns, who is master of the greasepaint at RKO-Radio. "Rather, we deal in personality. The fact that it is radiated through the eyes and mouth means that we have to decide in which feature more personality lies, and bring out that feature through proper make-up."

"Then beauty itself is of minor importance?" I ventured.

"Yes," he responded frankly. "Show me an actress with a flawless face and, nine times out of ten, I'll show you a dumb actress."

Burns believes that women should learn to look at their faces impersonally, and that once they discover their best points and make the most of them, the battle is over. Moreover, he emphasized that by "best points," he didn't necessarily mean from the standpoint of mere physical perfection, but those through which their personalities are evident to the outside world.

Once upon a time Gloria Swanson fussed and fretted and worried over her nose as a screen liability. And it turned out that her turned-up nose became an asset; her profile became her "personality trademark," an in-

triguing part of her individuality.

Now let's turn our noses toward Paris. There is Simone Simon, the exciting French stage and screen star, who is making her debut in America with Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags." Would you call her beautiful? Certainly not from a classical viewpoint. But she has something more important—an individuality, enhanced by her tiny unclassical nose. She accents her piquancy by make-up. Her long lashes and pert mouth are made up enticingly with mascara and lipstick, and her chiseled brows are accentuated with eyebrow pencil. She uses a Rachel Claire powder to enhance her naturally creamy skin. She wears smart, snug little dresses to enhance her figure. Yes, she is a pretty clever young sophisticate, we must admit.

*By Mary
Biddle*

Take these stars' beauty advice

Rita Cansino is the dancing daughter of a famous dancing family. Hers is the colorful charm that belongs to the beauties of Old Spain. It isn't beauty that she has . . . it is color, verve, vividness. She has an ivory complexion, dark brown hair and large brown eyes. She makes the most of her striking coloring by using a brilliant shade of lipstick and no rouge on her cheeks. Her powder is usually a dark rachel shade. She always pays particular attention to keeping her brows beautifully arched; too straight a line would detract from her special kind of distinction; too heavy a line would tend to coarsen her brunette coloring. Rita is wise enough to keep her hair sleek and smooth and long. "Long may the permanent wave," say I, but if in this permanented age you *can* wear long, straight hair, be individual enough to capitalize upon it.

FROM brunette to blonde, and to the palest of silken blonde hair we come to Alice Faye, a provocative vixen if there ever was one. She is of Irish-American ancestry, and we don't need to have kissed the blarney stone in order to call her "alluring." But beautiful? Certainly not. That isn't important where an Irish Faye is concerned. Alice has two important "personality trademarks," her eyebrows and her mouth. It takes the fairest of fair skin, wide-set eyes, and the most provocative of profiles to "carry off" eyebrows like hers. To most girls, they would give a ludicrous, doll-like artificiality, but to Alice they give a pert individuality. Such eyebrows would be utterly out of keeping with Loretta Young's flower-like beauty, but they're actually part of Alice Faye. Then her mouth. She is as generous with her lipstick as with her smile.

If you're interested in Alice's make-up, her powder is of a light naturelle shade, in consideration of her fair complexion. If you're lucky enough to have a fair complexion, use a light enough shade of powder. How many times I've seen a fair skin coarsened in appearance by the use of too dark powder. And you blondes, use brown mascara, not black!

Now we come to a different type of American sweetheart, with a little of the Irish, too, in her big brown eyes. It's Janet Gaynor, who, according to strictly academic standards, hasn't a single outstanding feature, and yet the wistful charm of her face has given her a hold on the heartstrings of the public. Part of her personality and appeal is her tininess. So many girls bewail the fact of their littleness; you want to go glamorous and sophisticated, and well, yes, (Continued on page 92)

"Let Camay open your eyes to



Your Own Loveliness"



MC From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

Boise, Idaho
September 3, 1935

*Melba Courtney
(Mrs. Alvin Courtney)*

THE "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a complexion as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

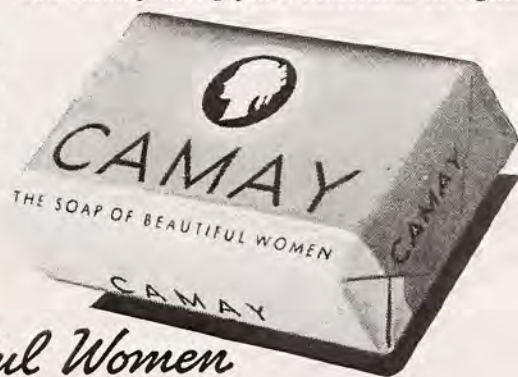
There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can feel those energetic little bubbles clean

your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can see the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women





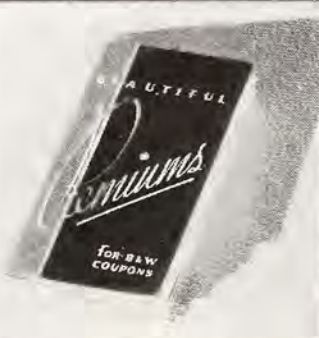
WE'RE FOOLS ABOUT KOOLS—Who doesn't rave about this cigarette that's mildly mentholated to refresh the throat, smoothly blended to please the taste, cork-tipped, and packed with a valuable B & W coupon good for handsome premiums? (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) If you've never tried **KOOLS**, you're missing the parade! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Cigarette Box—Two shades of laminated wood. Chrome knob. 100 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10



Silex Coffee Maker—Pyrex and chrome. Electric. Makes 8 cups . . . 475 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

More Good News

(Continued from page 15)

Questions-Without-Answers: What well known director, promised a bonus if he finished a picture within a certain time limit, had his schedule and his dream of extra cash wrecked by the he-man star of the production, who had a habit of sleeping late mornings? A few nights after the finish of the picture, the director sat in a night club brooding over his loss when the star ambled in. What would have been a beautiful fist fight was spoiled by an army of waiters, who separated the two belligerents.

■ ■ ■

The most insured person in Hollywood these days isn't Garbo or Gable, as you might suspect, but Shirley Temple, a streamlined blonde whose presence is so valuable to her studio, 20th Century-Fox, that they have just taken out life insurance totalling \$2,000,000. The policy was so large it had to be divided between four insurance companies, and it makes little Miss T. one of the most expensive young ladies in the world. With Shirley rated as the world's best box-office bet, we don't blame her studio a bit for taking such precautions.

■ ■ ■

We talked to Loretta Young, who has had her own romantic troubles, about Sally and Norman Foster recently, and she said, "It almost makes me weep to see two people so happy. If this marriage doesn't last, then nothing can survive in Hollywood."

■ ■ ■

The last shot on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was hardly completed when Henry Fonda breezed into New York for the holidays. He stayed at The Gotham, the cinema crowd's popular rendezvous.

(Continued on page 105)



Joan Bennett and husband, Gene Markey, have a quiet family game of billiards, at Arline Judge's recent party. Joan doesn't look as if she expected Gene to top her shot!

One woman gave him the thrill of reckless kisses. The other gave him the glow of a deathless love. And in the burning crucible of three souls in conflict is born this triumphant heart song of a million wives and sweethearts.

ANN HARDING *and*
HERBERT MARSHALL

in "The
LADY CONSENTS"
with

MARGARET LINDSAY

WALTER ABEL • EDWARD ELLIS

HOBART CAVANAUGH • ILKA CHASE

Directed by Stephen Roberts



AN RKO—RADIO
PICTURE

"You are the best I could get. And now I've got you — she'll never be able to win you back again!"

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

*Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's
story of rollicking and exciting adventure!*



VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's
love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproari-
ous and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett

"I TAKE MY FIGHTS WHERE I FIND 'EM!
I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"





NORMA SHEARER

Juliet, loveliest and most romantic of all Shakespeare's heroines, is reincarnated for the screen by Norma. We've waited so many months to know who Romeo would be, but the wait was worth it when the decision was made to give Leslie Howard the much coveted role. Norma never has looked more beautiful and don't you love her softly curled coiffure, which Adrian created for her as a perfect Juliet head-dress, copying it from a famous old painting?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



and HENRY FONDA

For the first time in months, Claudette has time on her hands. And being one of the busiest stars in the cinema town, it must seem swell to have no immediate picture scheduled after "The Bride Comes Home." Don't think the dynamic Colbert is relaxing for a second, however. Between getting her beautiful new home organized and nimbly dodging the news sleuths who dog her steps since she has eloped with her Dr. Pressman, she's as busy as a bird dog. As for Henry Fonda, you'll be seeing him in color! The rugged Fonda charm is going to set the femme fans palpitating when they see him mountaineering in that rip-snorting old melodrama, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," now being revived in full color. Henry's heart interest is Shirley Ross, who may be Mrs. F. by now.



**JOHN
BOLES**

A busy fellow is Boles. Hardly had he wiped off his make-up for "Rose of the Rancho" before he was putting on a fresh one for "A Message to Garcia" with Barbara Stanwyck and Wallace Beery.



MARGARET
SULLAVAN

This is a very serious study of the prankish Maggie, who delights in playing practical jokes off screen. Perhaps she's in character for the romantic drama, "Next Time We Love," with James Stewart.



Charming Elizabeth Allan, having made a hit in "A Tale of Two Cities," has gone back home to England to play in a picture for Gaumont-British. Transatlantic commuting seems to be Hollywood's pastime these days.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

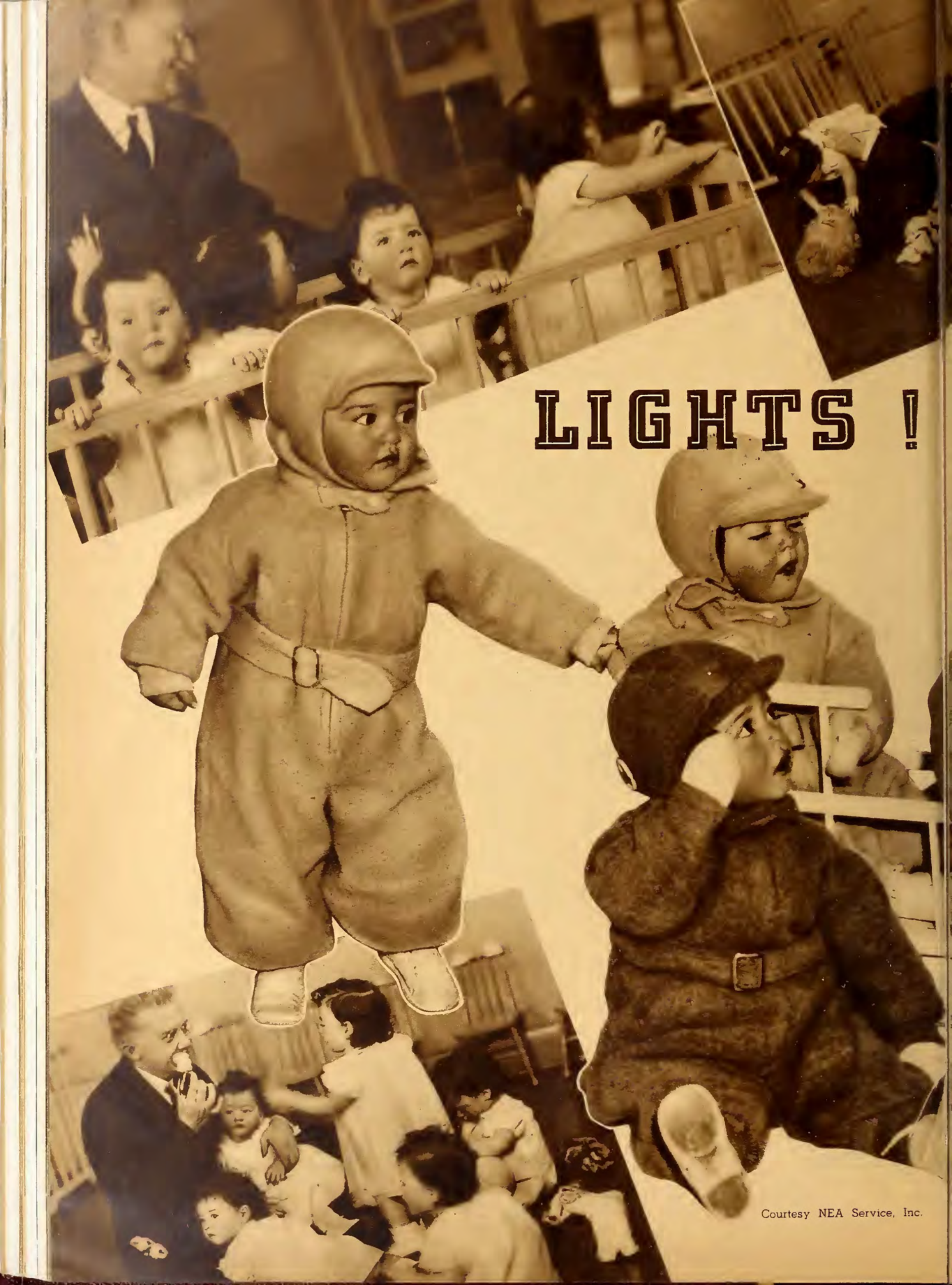


DESIRE

The best news of the year is that one of the screen's most thrilling twosomes is united again. Remember Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"? If you do, you will know what an exciting pair they are as screen lovers. "Desire" is a romantic comedy involving Marlene, a beautiful Continental jewel thief, and Gary, a stalwart and very honest young American engineer. What happens when they meet and fall in love is something that will have you amused and charmed. Dietrich never looked lovelier than she does in this, her best picture—and her clothes! They are a whole fashion bulletin in pictures for all you feminine fans. Gary, of course, is the same grand romantic fellow who always turns out a swell performance. "Desire" is directed by Frank Borzage, who did such a fine job with Gary in "A Farewell to Arms."



(Adv't.)

The advertisement is a collage of vintage-style images. It features several cutouts of babies in different outfits: a baby in a light-colored hooded jumpsuit with a belt, a baby in a dark jumpsuit with a cap, and a baby in a light-colored outfit with a hat. These cutouts are placed over a background of black and white photographs. The photographs show a nursery setting with wooden cribs, a man in a suit, and several babies. The word "LIGHTS !" is printed in a bold, serif font across the middle of the page.

LIGHTS !

Courtesy NEA Service, Inc.



Jean (Dr. Dafoe) Hersholt and his quintette of star performers.



CAMERA ! IT'S THE QUINTS !



*Here's the first story
of five little Garbos
who crashed pictures*

By Gladys Hall

FROM the pocket of his coat, reverently, Jean Hersholt extracted a tiny wooden whistle in the shape of a doll. The round head was nicked and chewed, unmistakable marks of tiny teeth. I held it in my hand. It had been teathed on by—the Quintuplets!

And Jean, returned that very day, with Dorothy Peterson, Director Henry King & Co., from Callander, where they had been working with the famous babies in "The Country Doctor"—Jean, who owns, among other priceless treasures the most complete set of Hans Christian Andersen manuscripts in existence, said to me, "This little whistle is my most valuable possession, my treasure beyond



Courtesy NEA Service, Inc.

any price. I carry it with me, always, for good luck."

"And I also want to tell you," said Jean, laughing, "that for the first time in my life I went up in my lines when I did my first scene with Mademoiselles Yvonne, Annette, Marie,

Emilie and Cecile. I did the worst bit of acting I have ever done in my twenty odd years on the screen. I was terrible. I, who have worked with Garbo more often, I think, than any other one actor, was knocked right off my feet. I was awkward and ill at ease before those five self-possessed, incredible little personalities. They were not camera-shy. I was. They went to it like little veteran troupers and were what all fine actors must be, completely natural and uninhibited. No wonder I was floored. Why, I felt as though the Garbo personality had been turned on me not once, but five times!"

And then I heard all about them. Jean gave me the first and the exclusive interview on that fabulous excursion to one of the shrines of the world. The snow from Callander was barely melting from his shoes when we talked. And then, later, I talked with Dorothy Peterson and she gave me the woman's reaction to the five famous babies. And so, these are first-hand, eye-and-ear witness facts about the "Quints"—from Jean Hersholt, who plays the part of their beloved Dr. Dafoe and from Dorothy Peterson, who plays their nurse, two people who worked with them and played with them in their hospital nursery every day for six days.

THEY ARE identically alike, the Quintuplets (and by the way, you pronounce the much disputed word "Quintuplets" with the accent on the first syllable, Jean told me. Thus does Dr. Dafoe pronounce it—and he should know!)

Anyway, they are identically alike, physically. They have precisely the same shade of hair, the same color eyes, the same tone of skin and shape of head, hands and feet. Their voices are alike, with the same tone and timbre. Rich little voices, all five of them.

But they are NOT alike in their personalities. Each one is a definite and distinct-from-the-other little individual. Each one has her own mannerisms and cunning "ways." Each one reacts differently. Dr. Dafoe cannot tell very easily which one is which when he comes up on them sleeping side by side. But the instant they are awake and at play anyone, who has been with them for an hour or two, can tell Cecile from Marie, and Marie from Annette and so on.

Marie, for instance, is by far the most independent, the most domineering of the five. She is the one from whom the others do not dare to snatch toys or make too free. She has been reported to be the smallest and frailest of

From left to right, the five stars, Yvonne, Marie, Emilie, Annette and Cecile. Marie looks very meek but she's the executive of all the "Quints."

the five. She is, Jean told me, actually only a few ounces lighter than her sisters. She is, too, the only one of the five who does not walk as yet. But the difference is not so marked as it has been said to be. And such slight physical difference, as

there has been, is more than made up for by small Marie's sturdy independence of mind. She is the leader and the dictator of the group.

Dorothy Peterson told me that, while Marie does not walk, she has an extremely rapid and effective method of getting about. She puts her two hands flat on the floor, propels herself with her feet, her small behind sticking aggressively up in the air as she skitters about.

Yvonne is the most emotional of the five. She is the readiest to laugh, the quickest to respond to affection. She is the only one of the five who cried at all during the six days Jean worked with them. And that only for a very few moments. She has, Dr. Dafoe explained, reached the "shy stage," the coy feminine stage of being whimsical. She decided one day, said Miss Peterson, that she was "through with pictures" and retreated into a corner from which she had to be wooed and won again. It was obvious, Jean told me, chuckling, that she knew she was employing woman's most potent weapon—tears. She peered out from behind her fingers' and gauged the effect nicely.

Cecile, Dr. Dafoe told Jean, went through this same shy stage a few weeks ago but had emerged from it, a new and very debonair woman by the time "The Country Doctor" company arrived. And she is, now, the most casual and off-hand of the five. A sort of "take things as I find them" attitude.

EMILIE and Annette are the most observant of the five. Emilie, for instance, recently discovered the electric light switch near her crib. She was overjoyed when she found out that, by pressing the button, she could turn the light on and the dark off. Dr. Dafoe had to send for an electrician to move the switch and install it elsewhere, electric appliances not being exactly the toys for eighteen month oldsters. Annette discovers the door knobs and toys that have rolled under chairs, things out of sight. She misses nothing.

They were not camera-shy in the least. As secluded as they have been, they never once cried or shrank back or evinced the slightest degree of fear when the company began to work with them. They were not nervous. They were merely healthily curious and interested. They are perfect demonstrations, Jean told me, of what science can do when it raises human beings—even little human beings as handicapped as these babies were at birth.

"They are also," Miss Peterson (*Continued on page 84*)

by Mary E. Parks



Gay, pert Wendy—you'd never know she'd been jilted recently. She's in "Don't Bet on Love," an apt title. Above, with Louis Hayward, a friend.

*Wendy
Barrie
tells how
to patch a
broken heart*

IF YOU ARE JILTED—THEN WHAT?

AFTER YOUR heart is broken—what?"

We sat in the garden of Wendy's Westwood Hills home. And pungent chrysanthemums and vivid China lilies flowered about the feet of the China-born young Wendy Barrie as she repeated my sad question, with a laugh—though the laugh, like the question, held a knife.

"After your heart is broken," she said, "violence! Do something violent, just at first. Do something different. To cut the cord, you know. Run away from wherever you are. If you live in a small town, go to a big city. If you live in a big city, go to some rural village. Anywhere—anywhere—so long as it is away!

"Or do something violent! Turn into someone you never were before. Do something radical and desperate. Do anything but *one* thing. Don't pity yourself.

"And another 'don't' to girls who have had their hearts broken—don't try to lick heartbreak by plunging into another love affair. It isn't a panacea, it's an irritant. It's the worst thing you can do. It's like trying to contract

diphtheria in order to forget that you have measles. It doesn't work. It's stupid.

"And don't sit around dramatizing yourself. Yours isn't the only broken heart in the world—it's just one of many.

SERIOUSLY," said the wand-like child, with the honey-colored hair and the topaz eyes, "seriously, heartbreak is not a gentle malaise of the imagination. Heartbreak is an illness, just as the break of any bone or the breakdown of any organ in the body is illness. It belongs to the surgeons. Heartbreak is an actual physical disease. I know that no one has ever described it thus literally before. No one has ever thought of it clinically—always romantically. That's because of the poets. They've dramatized it. But I know whereof I speak.

"I lost twenty pounds when my heart was broken. And I say this exactly as I would say that I'd lost twenty pounds when I had typhoid (*Continued on page 64*)



Above, Clark rests between shots at a "skeet" shoot. He and Gary Cooper, with him, are among Hollywood's best.

GABLE'S

How will Clark



THE ONLY possession I have ever craved, the only goddess I can serve faithfully for all my life is *FREEDOM!*" So said Clark Gable. "I'm a tramp at heart," he continued. And with those words he gave the real "inside" story of himself, of all that he wants from life, even of the marital events recently headlined and hysterics-lined.

For though Clark, in due course of time, will be "in circulation" again—he won't be. Not really.

He looked magnificent as he sat there, in his dressing room. He seemed too big and vital for the narrow confines of the room. I could see marriage, domesticity, routine—all submerged beneath tempestuous seas.

No, not for one acre of ground, this man—not for four walls, nor for one woman, nor for the hearth—but for veldts, the prairies, the jungles, the untrammelled reaches of the air.

That is the "story" back of Clark Gable and all that he has done and all that he may do—*freedom*. The wide, wide world wherein he may stretch his arms and yawn, laugh and adventure.

We talked for three hours, for this is the first interview he has given since he took off for South America.

Now and then we were interrupted by a call from the director and Clark departed, perforce, to do a scene with Jean Harlow. Once Jean herself poked her "brunette"



Clark is no Beau Brummel, off-screen. He loves casual, slouchy clothes like these. He's reading some fan mail.



Another favorite Gable pastime, fishing. Note the proud grin as he holds up two beauties from a day's catch.

NEW FREEDOM

use it? Of course you know, he's alone now

head in the door and summoned him. "Hi, there, you!" she said—and "Hi, there, right back at you," laughed Clark. They both carolled, "Love at first sight!"—and winked.

During Clark's absences on the set, I combed my hair with the Gable comb, brushed my suit with the Gable clothes brush, renovated my face with the Gable powder puff—and emerged disappointingly unchanged.

The Gable coat and hat—a careless looking raincoat and a brown Fedora—hung on a rack. A pair of the Gable socks were rolled up and thrown on the floor. The Gable dressing-table bore the comb, the clothes brush, one rather dreary-looking powder puff. A book on Astrology was on the couch, dog-eared. That was all. No dressy make-up box. No framed and autographed beauties—just a few meagre masculine necessities, neither very new nor very shiny. No "man" stood in attendance to dust off the risen star. Clark combed his own hair and forgot his face.

A YOUNG daughter of one of the studio firemen presented Clark with a home-made cake just as he was called to the set. I asked if I might have a piece while he was gone. "Certainly not!" said Clark-the-big-meanie, de-

parting. He called back, laughing, "Well, just one piece—if you can find a knife."

I found one. I shaved off a piece of the crust and hid the rest of the cake. When Clark returned he eyed the shaving with amazement and me with disbelief and said, "For Pete's sake!"

The coily hidden cake was produced and Clark ordered tea for two and we settled down again.

*By Gladys
Hall*

And that little incident is Gable all over—fun. He likes to kid. He likes to have a laugh, to give and receive snappy come-backs. If a lady languished at him, he'd list to starboard and be seen no more.

He said, gravely now, "Let's get one thing straight. I don't know what you want me to talk about, but I have my suspicions. And you may as well know that I will not discuss Mrs. Gable—not with anyone. I haven't discussed our affairs, I never shall. Not even my most intimate men friends have got a word out of me. All they know is what they have read in the papers. And if anyone 'quotes' me, which will be definitely *misquoting*, since there aren't going to be any statements, I'll—" And Clark's expression was one to strike terror into the nerviest questioner.

"I know," he continued, "that all kinds of editorial articles have been and will be (Continued on page 80)

ARE WOMEN

Whether or not you

A LITTLE, curly-headed girl of thirteen stood on the platform of the Opera House in her home town, Deep Water, Missouri. She was giving her first recital. All the folks were there, family, friends, neighbors, schoolmates. There came the high note in a difficult aria, when to the horror and consternation of both family and friends, to the special anguish of the little girl's elder sister, Roma—*she failed to make that high note.*

Something like a long-drawn sigh echoed in that auditorium. Tears in the mother's eyes, and in the sister's . . . a suppressed titter perhaps, from the schoolmates, with the young cruelty of their age, who had long been impressed with the story "Gladys is going to be a very great singer, you know."

And then, to the astonishment of everyone in the audience, the child wheeled round on the platform and demanded of her teacher, who was accompanying her, that they start over again from the beginning! The teacher whis-

Successful Gladys Swarthout whose answer to a burning modern question should be of interest to every man and woman.



INFERIOR TO MEN ?

agree, la Swarthout's answer sets you thinking

pered frantically that this was never done. The small girl whispered back that that didn't matter, *it would be done now*. And the teacher, too embarrassed to persist in the maintenance of precedent, went back to the beginning. Perhaps she recognized dimly, in that unheard of moment, that she was in the presence of a smasher of precedent. On the second valiant attempt the little girl sang the high note so truly, so triumphantly that the entire audience rose to their feet and burst into wild applause—applause for the high note; applause, no less, for the high courage that had produced it.

And thus a great career was launched—for members of a wealthy Kansas City family were present that night and they offered, then and there, to finance the little Ozark Mountain girl's career—Gladys Swarthout was on her way.

There is nothing of the "Great Diva" about Gladys Swarthout. She doesn't believe in the legendary "operatic temperament." She wrinkles her nose in the way she has and says, "Singers who fly off the handle are usually trying to substitute temperament for voice."

No trumpets ring out when Gladys Swarthout approaches. She is, very simply, a dark, vividly alive young woman. She has nut brown hair and eyes and an olive skin. She wore, the day we talked, a navy blue cape suit, topped by a small navy hat. She wore dark lipstick and no other make-up. She sat on a divan in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot, her young and very good-looking husband, Frank Chapman, at her side. She might very well have been just young Mrs. Frank Chapman,

spending her days playing golf, her evenings playing bridge, a member of a smart suburban set. She defers to her husband, as every good wife should. And it is well known, in Hollywood, that he is constantly with her, on the set as well as off, advising, consulting, encouraging.

AND SO when I said, "There has been so much talk about women being inferior to men—whether or not they are—it struck me that it would be intensely interesting for you, so successful a woman, to say what your honestly think." I said it, confident that Gladys Swarthout is the sort who would be interested in any question involving the human equation. She is. She smiled at Mr. Chapman and he smiled at her. It is quite obvious, to the most casual observer, that this is one of those rare marriages which is a perfect duet—the bass and the treble, harmonizing perfectly.

She said, "Oddly enough, Frank and I were discussing your question only last night. And I really do believe that I have the right answer."

"Women are inferior to men when it comes to real creative work. Women never create. They excel most when they handle material already created. They are inferior to men when it comes to great inventions, scientific discoveries, the building of things, the creating of the sources of material. I don't believe that we could find two women in all history who have achieved greatly in any real creative field. Oh yes, Madame Curie, I know. But even she worked with her husband. Edison, Rembrandt, the Wright Brothers, (Continued on page 70)

By Faith Service

Left below, Gladys Swarthout with Jan Kiepura and Benny Baker, centre, in a scene from "Give Us This Night." And right, relaxing from work with husband, Frank Chapman.





FROM TO EIGHT



Eight o'clock and no breakfasting on ice cream even for stars! Shirley drinks milk with fruit and toast close by, even as other girls.

What a whirl!

Every day is a busy one for little Miss Temple



Wheel! A spin before setting out for the studio. Shirley told us a Big Automobile Man—but very Big—sent her this snappy motor.

EIGHT WITH Shirley



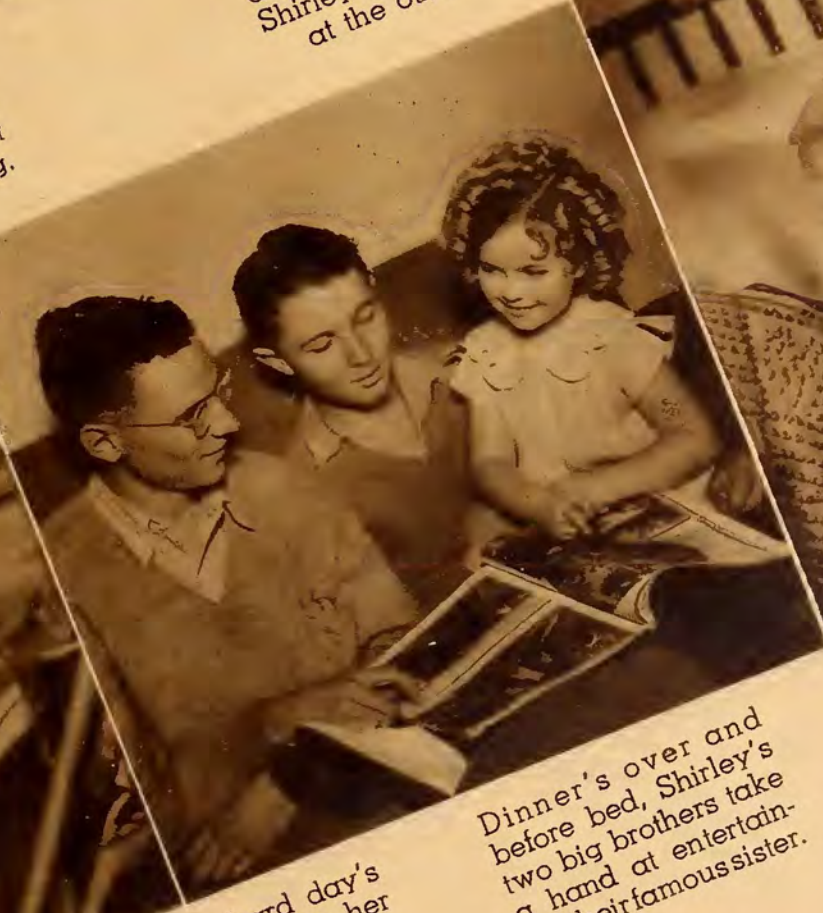
Readin' and 'rithmetic at the studio between scenes. But our star and her stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, admit it's as much fun as acting.



There's a swell spiral stairway on the "Captain January" set and it's from there Shirley likes to peer down at the others working.



"Dere frend!" But even her typewriter won't supply words for the fan letter Shirley's so puzzled over.



Home, after a hard day's work, and quick into her bathing suit for a plunge in the pool. Shirley just loves to swim.

Dinner's over and before bed, Shirley's two big brothers take a hand at entertaining their famous sister.



And so to bed—but not before prayers. All the Temple pets are included in these.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, THE

In reality, this lovable screen tramp is a



AT LAST, there is another Charlie Chaplin picture to be chuckled over, and thousands of youngsters who have grown up to movie-going age since four and one-half years ago, when his last picture was shown, are having the fun of discovering him for the first time.

During that long lapse between "City Lights" and "Modern Times," I've burst into guffaws at the most unexpected and embarrassing moments, remembering a scene from "City Lights." I and a few million others. It was one of those subtle scenes that would take a psychology professor to figure out. He swallowed a whistle, and from then on, whenever making a sound would do him the most harm, he hiccuped and the whistle blew.

A lot of long-faced professors would have us believe that Chaplin is much more profound than that. They have put him into college textbooks on the psychology of humor. Reams of learned and very dull interpretations of his pictures have been written, but don't let that fool you. The actor who slips and gets his backstop stuck in a pail of water just when he is trying to make a dignified impression belongs to us shouters more than to the thinkers.

There ought to be a law providing that everyone see each Chaplin picture at its very first showing. Then we could shout down all the wet blankets who try to tell

us about the mysticism, symbolism, and assorted hokey they discovered in his picture.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN himself is all things to all people. Stop any five of his most intimate friends (and you never saw a man who has so many intimate friends from here to Japan) and they will all tell you a different story. Mary Pickford, who counts him first among her friends, thinks he is the wisest and most dependable man she ever met. A famous author, who has often gone from New York to Hollywood at Charlie's invitation, only to find that Charlie has left town, considers him the most flighty minded and most undependable person he knows. But he'd go from here to Timbuctoo to spend five minutes with him.

Marion Davies thinks Charlie is the perfect party guest. When you have once been entertained by his untiring antics, all parties without him are a frost. A Hollywood delicatessen owner, who is one of his oldest friends, enjoys Charlie as a daily companion. He says he will sit silently munching rye bread and liverwurst for hours, then go out and prowling around the streets, and along the most sordid waterfront never saying a word, but obviously enjoying himself. H. G. Wells, who wrote "The Outline of History," and who has come from England to be Chaplin's house guest for several months, admires him tremendously because his unquenchable curiosity about

*By
Karen
Hollis*



SERIOUS FUNNY MAN

charming scamp, or a solemn chap at will

things and people has made him make up for his lack of schooling as a child by reading everything he gets his hands on, and listening intently to all the great men he meets. And he has met practically every great person alive in the world today from diplomats to bull fighters, from Professor Einstein to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. At their request, incidentally.

When I hear acquaintances talking about Charlie Chaplin, even people who have known him much longer and better than I have, I want to get up on a soap-box and scream, "He's not like that, he's like this." But everyone else feels the same way, so you can't hear a thing for the noise we make.

If you will let me ramble on, I'll tell you some of my most vivid memories of meeting Chaplin. Before anyone can get through an introduction, he says, "But surely we have met before." Nine times out of ten, he has guessed right. And does everyone get thrilled at that bit of kindly tact. Even if they have not met him before.

You are apt not to remember anything he said at your first meeting. That's because you probably did all the talking. He has a sweet, ingratiating way about him, that Chaplin.

I LIKE best to remember him at big parties. I have seen him stand behind a phonograph imitating an orchestra conductor. His anxiety, then relief, over a brief solo from the first violin, his dismay over a sour note, his frantic efforts to get more volume from his orchestra, make you see every one of the stodgy or temperamental, sleepy, or nervous, or arrogant players in his imaginary orchestra. His despairing shrug, as if to say, "I have to do everything around here, you men just aren't trying," is a masterpiece of caustic wit.

I have seen him walk around the guests at a party, impersonating a desperate man who thinks that perhaps he will take up picking pockets as a profession. It is nothing short of magic the way he makes you follow every thought of his, without words, almost without gestures. He makes you see what he thought of doing, but decided against. He makes you agonize over the poor man's temptation, and roar because a pretty girl distracts his attention from a fat bankroll.

Best of all is his parlor portrayal of a man visiting an art gallery. With his back toward you and a blank wall in front of him, you know that he is looking at beautiful landscapes that make him feel shut in from all the fragrance and freedom of the outdoors. You know that the still life of fruit and a dead fish make him hungry. Then he comes to a nude. He doesn't want to be caught staring at it, but he cannot resist. He rises to a perfect frenzy of curiosity and shyness that makes him look, turn away, look again, and turn away until his fellow guests are so worn out from laughter that they beg him to stop.

Don't get the idea that Chaplin is always the inspired clown. Quite the contrary. Back in June, 1929, he and

Lindbergh were fellow guests at a small luncheon party on a yacht anchored in the Hudson. Lindbergh had recently returned from his solo flight across the Atlantic, and Manhattan was one shoving, screaming, persistent lot of maniacal hero worshippers who all wanted to get close to him and talk to him. At luncheon Lindbergh experienced the first moments of quiet in a hectic day. He seemed happy and hurried away to pressing engagements with obvious regret. As the dinghy bearing him toward shore splashed its way through the water, the disconsolate little figure of Chaplin practically hung over the rail waving "Good-bye."

THERE HE stayed, watching Lindbergh land, get in a car, and drive away. Eventually, Chaplin straightened up and turned a curiously wistful face toward the others on deck.

"I wish I'd had nerve to ask him for an autograph," he said earnestly.

The first time I met Chaplin was in his studio in California and I was disappointed in a way. He looked so sleek and polished and spoke with such a clipped British accent. He was kindly and deferential (I was with old friends of his) and frankly I wanted either the gay little clown I had seen on the screen or the curt, temperamental madman I had heard he was.

He explained to me patiently, as if it were a recitation he had repeated thousands of times, that in his screen character the mustache stood for vanity, the derby for attempted dignity, the tight coat and the cane an attempt to put up front, the baggy trousers and enormous scuffed shoes, inescapable poverty. The most important part of the tramp's make-up, he assured me, was the part you couldn't see, the rose-colored glasses through which the character sees everything. He expects the best, you see, when he has every reason to know the worst.

Another time he was at the home of friends, and a studio associate told me that no one had seen him for days, because although the company was waiting for him on the set, he had locked himself in his study and played mournful tunes on the violin all day. No one had felt sure enough of his job to go and disturb him. He told me about learning to play the violin as a boy. He just could not stick to tunes, but imitated animals instead.

STILL later, some years later, he was at a big luncheon in a private dining room at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. He had been smuggled in a back door, because unruly mobs surged around wherever he was—admiring, adoring mobs, but over-enthusiastic, to say the least. It used to make him quite ill when he heard that women had been hurt in crowds pushing forward to see him. He seldom travels now and that is one of the reasons.

However, in spite of precautions, several people learned where he was and a cordon of waiters had to hold the crowds outside the door. Finally a waiter came in and begged Mr. Chaplin to see a (Continued on page 89)

Randy Scott discusses his personal plans

RANDOLPH SCOTT spoke definitely.

"I'm going to be married. I've been jilted twice. I've had my heart broken. I'm going to stay married once I enter the holy estate. I'm not going to marry an actress. I'm not going to marry for a pretty face. I'm going to marry for companionship, not sex appeal.

"There is no such thing as 'love at first sight' for me. It is more important to me to feel respect for my wife than to feel emotional attraction. I want a living woman, not a pastime. I want a home, not a hotel. I want children, not lap dogs. I want stability."

And with these twelve or more headlines Randy Scott prefaced a talk which revealed the heart of a man.

We sat together, in a closed office, on the Paramount lot. And as I listened to the tall, bronzed Virginian talk it was difficult for me to believe that this was a business office. I could sense the old country place near Orange, Virginia, where Randy and his brothers and sisters were raised on "Shortenin' Bread." I could visualize the kindly father, an engineer and a gentle husband and father. I could imagine the sweet mother counselling with her sons.

When I came to, Randy was saying, "The title 'He's Going to be Married,' may be misleading at first sight, when I tell you that I have not yet found the woman. I wish I could. I want to be married. I wish that I could walk out of this door and find her there, waiting for me. But I won't," Randy said, with a smile, though his level gray eyes under that crown of russet gold hair were serious. "I won't because I wasn't trained that way. I was brought up very conservatively, you see. My mother instilled into me, into all of us, from infancy, the importance of self-control. She gave us a belief in dignity. She gave us to understand that we must control our emotions, discipline our impulses. She was gentle, but she was firm. I have not outgrown her teachings. In some minor ways I have had to conform to the change in the times. But, basically, I believe what she taught me to believe, and the sanctity of marriage is one of those beliefs.

I THINK that one of the real reasons why I have not married before this is because of what I have observed about marriage here in Hollywood.

"I said that I've been jilted twice. I have. Practically at the altar.

"The first girl was from my home town in Virginia. We went together for eleven years. She was the only girl I saw constantly all the time. And I believed, with all my heart and soul, that we would be married. So did she. I was terribly in love with her. I loved her as we love, perhaps, only once in a lifetime. The first love, you know. One that we never forget.

"I worshipped her. She was tall and very fair and utterly charming. She was old-fashioned in her ideals and modern in her love of life. She didn't smoke or drink, not because she disapproved of these things for others but because she disliked them for herself. She played the violin exquisitely. She played tennis. She loved golf and football and dancing. She was in love with life, and I—I was in love with her.

"There was only one tiny cloud on our horizon. Her mother had ambitions for her. I knew this and feared it. And constantly and sweetly she reassured me. She told me that she was aware of the plans and hopes her mother had. And she would seem to accede to them but, of course, nothing would come of them, for we had loved each other all our lives, hadn't we, and so we would be mar-

ried. I was not to be silly about it at all.

"Then, I went to Florida and stayed there for two months. When I came home we had a date to go to a football game together. On the drive home, when the two of us were alone, I suddenly said to her, 'You are engaged to —.' And she said only, 'How did you know?'

"I couldn't explain how I knew, how my heart had eyes, but I did know, and now she has been married for several years and perhaps it is better so.

"I thought that my heart was broken. I still think that it was. But broken hearts, like broken china, can be mended and if, through the slight (Continued on page 78)

HE'S GOING TO BE *Married*



Randy's next will be "Follow the Fleet."

By Martha Kerr

SHE'S SINGLE *Again*

By William F. French



Norman Scott Barnes, Joan's male heart interest.

Joan did an about-face when marriage failed

ON THE NIGHT of the preview of "Shipmates Forever," a mysterious blonde stole the spotlight. Stepping from a car in the parking lot directly behind Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theatre, she gave the preview crowd the shock of the month.

She was a deliciously feminine, fashionably dressed, gorgeous girl that even the sharp-eyed autograph hounds (who can ferret a star out of any sort of make-up or disguise) were scratching their heads to tab.

"Who's that?" demanded one jumpy youngster, whose two well-thumbed, thick autograph books gave evidence of wide experience at previews, premieres and local rendezvous.

"Looks like Joan Blondell, only a lot classier," replied another.

"She's taller than Joan," announced a third, as they crowded closer.

"Maybe it's her sister, Gloria."

We paused. She looked like Joan, only different. A lot different. For one thing, this girl did seem taller, and a lot snappier and more attractive.

We stopped. This was a mystery that had to be solved, for the girl had

a carriage our easy-going Joan had never dreamed of. We stared and gasped.

THIS WAS Joan Blondell. A sly grin at us as she passed proved that. It was really Joan, but what a Joan! She was plumb gorgeous.

And the next day Warners' studios were buzzing with speculations and explanations of what had bitten their friendly, good-natured and somewhat careless Joan. Making up to knock the villagers' eyes out was not one of this blonde's weaknesses. Heretofore she had always been content to shuffle along in something comfortable, and to let the other girls do all the dazzling. So Joan's sudden bursting into bloom had everybody a little dizzy, though all were agreed that if divorce could accomplish a miracle like this it was worth looking into.

Of course, Joan's divorce is not the cause of this remarkable change in her, but she admits that the sudden awakening that accompanied that unhappy episode is directly responsible for it.

"I must admit," confesses Joan, "that I am looking at things quite differently than I did two months ago. Since then I have found out that I was all wrong, that I had to do an about-face, that I had to change my viewpoint, and a lot of other things, too."

"The difference
(Continued on
page 74)

Joan Blondell, 1936 Model, has taken a new lease on life.



ADVENTURE'S NOT AN

Errol is a real

HE'S ONLY twenty-six years old and into those twenty-six years, he's crammed more adventuring than you can find in the lives of any hundred ordinary men.

It was in the north of Ireland that Errol Flynn squalled his first challenge to the world, on a June day of 1909. His father, professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, looked upon the infant, marvelled at the processes of the science he taught, and wondered how much the baby had inherited of the traits of its ancestor, Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Papa was soon to see, for young Errol wasn't yet out of his 'teens before he was a swaggering roistering, come-what-may and be-damned-to-the-consequences adventurer.

Still in his 'teens, he started out to sample what there was in life to make it tangy. In 1928, he went to Amsterdam, as one of the British Olympic boxing team. There he whaled the stuffing out of assorted lads of various nationalities. It made him feel good. And that taste of the world made him want more—the next thing he knew, he found himself over in New Guinea, of all places, where head hunters still eat human flesh and shoot poisoned darts into white people. He asked

He's roamed the world for thrills, but finds acting worth its pay only!



BEHOLD

Dietrich

*You'd like the witty,
mischievous Marlene
whom only her close
friends really know*

By Hilary Lynn



Above,
a roman-
tic close-up
with Cooper
in "Desire."

MARLENE DIETRICH is a vibrant personality, sparkling almost as brilliantly as the jewels she loves to wear. First and foremost, she has a grand sense of humor. She could live by her wit alone—without ever having to depend upon her beauty to fascinate. Too bad you can't meet her in person!

I'm not indulging in the favorite Hollywood pastime of telling you that "for the first time," the real Dietrich will be revealed. You *will* see Dietrich as she *really* is. In other words, through the eyes of those intimates who were allowed to share her life-apart-in-Hollywood. People who saw her day and night during that period when she built a wall about herself and pretended, in between pictures, that she actually was living that sophisticated, high-tension life she had left abroad.

The make-believe drama which Marlene played in that special salon of hers, made brilliant by her presence and her tantalizing wit, was helped by the fact that none of her friends spoke English. Only to those who understand Marlene Dietrich's mother tongue has been made known the power of her personality—something, I am sure, never mentioned in anything you've read about her.

This remote-from-Hollywood life was helped also by the constant interchange of cablegrams between her and her family and friends abroad. There were never less

than twenty a day. And whenever the illusion began to grow thin, Marlene would telephone across the sea and have a long conversation about trivialities—the sort of talk that goes on between friends who are sure to see one another every day. On one of these occasions she even asked her friend to close the window of her apartment because the roar of the foreign city's street cars was too loud in Hollywood!

Those privileged ones, who were allowed to see her true personality, will rave by the hour of her keen brain and dazzling wit.

"If Marlene could write as well as she can talk, she would be considered one of the most important writers of this age," her closest friend told me. "The comments she makes are worthy of the best wags of the day. Unfortunately, most of them are untranslatable because she always employs her native slang and colloquial expressions, and these can never be transferred from one language to another. But if you speak her language, you have the desire to take down her conversations in shorthand. Her graphic epigrams are smarter than the wisecracks of the most sophisticated Broadway comedy.

"However, you have to suppress your desire and hide your pencil because Marlene would consider that impulse as foolish as the adjectives which writers used to describe her.

"For example, she remarked of a certain rather crude Hollywood director, who was putting on ridiculous airs because his sudden success had gone to his head:

"He looks like a hay-seed with a monocle in his eye!"

"And about a gaudy feminine star, who had just lost her husband, and wasn't being very convincing about her 'great bereavement':

"Here comes the Merry Widow again!"

"One of her grandest little jokes," he continued, "is to suddenly break off in the middle (Continued on page 88)



George won't act where he can't breathe fresh air. That's why he's made horse operas a business. He and Marguerite Churchill are bringing up daughter, Orin, with travelling ideas, too!

HE'S A TRAVELLIN' MAN

By Franc Dillon

*George O'Brien can't stay put,
so the world's his riding range*

A GREAT director and an eager, young actor walked across the old Fox lot to the stage where the boy was to make a test for his first important role. What he lacked in experience, he more than made up for in appearance and he attracted more than one approving glance as he swung his lithe body easily along. He was being given this opportunity for two reasons: First, everyone around the studio liked him and, second, having tested every available leading man in Hollywood without finding the right one, they were jolly well up against it and ready to give any young man a trial. Especially if that young man were good looking and six feet tall.

"You haven't a chance, you know that, George," said the director, as they walked along.

"Yes, I know," George replied.

"You mustn't set your heart on it," the elder man continued kindly. "You know we've tried out about fifty fellows, all experienced actors."

"Yes, I know," George repeated stubbornly, as he set his lips in a firm, straight line and squared his shoulders as though to shake off any doubt in his own mind.

The following day it was announced that George O'Brien was the choice of William Fox for the leading role in "The Iron Horse," the most important picture to be made by Fox that year, but up to the last minute there was dubious shaking of the wise heads of the studio. He was so inexperienced and it was such an important

picture. But they came to a decision at last.

"Well, we'll kill him or cure him in the first scene," said Director John Ford. "If he gets through the first day he'll do."

The first scene they made showed George swinging off a galloping horse onto a speeding train. He did it and the rest is history. George appeared in many important Fox pictures after that and in "Sunrise" established himself as a really fine actor.

But he was irked by the confining walls of the studio. He liked the outdoors. He could ride any horse that had four legs and, due to his athletic ability, had done quite a lot of doubling for stars in dangerous stunts. It was a natural sequence that when the Fox Company decided to make a series of Western pictures, George should be chosen as the star.

Audiences all over the country, fed up with too much sex and too little scenery in their screen fare, began to follow the George O'Brien pictures and he became one of the most popular of the cowboy stars. And although Hollywood producers have been repeating, with monotonous regularity, the verdict that "Westerns are out. The public is tired of 'Horse Operas'," George has kept right on making them, year after year. He has not only held his fans but made thousands of new ones with each picture.

Having had his fling at the (Continued on page 81)

PLAY YOUR HUNCHES

by Dorothy Herzog



IT IS some 7,000 miles from Hollywood to a city in India named Darjeeling. Merle Oberon is the only actress in motion pictures who has made that long trek successfully. She traveled by way of London to click first in British, then in Hollywood pictures.

If the truth be known, Merle comes from even a greater distance than Darjeeling, India. That was but one stopping off place in her journey to the top. She was born in "down under"—in Hobart, Tasmania, an island off the coast of Australia. At the age of seven, she went on to India. At sixteen, she continued on to London. At 23, she arrived in Hollywood.

But if you want the real, inside picture of Merle Oberon—and she has never given it before—you'll have to travel back with her to Darjeeling, a small, slumbrous town high in the mountains—far from the bedlam of automobiles, street-cars, any sort of noise.

It is the darkest hour before dawn. A party of five people venture from a house in the more populated section of the town. Five horses have been saddled. The party mounts. They gallop toward the mountains.

No one in the party speaks. No sound is heard but the sounds of the night and the cozy clump of horses' hoofs. Forming a circle of phosphorous white before them is the snow-line of the mountains. It is the only light in the deep darkness. It is cold—very cold. The party reaches the ridge toward which they have been ascending. They quietly wait in the silence for the dawn. They face to the north and to the east. To the north they gaze into the mystery that is the "top of the world," the country of Tibet. To the east, they look to China and the direction of the sunrise to come.

A bird suddenly calls through the stillness. Another. Then, in the east, a ribbon of light melts through the blue-black sky. In swift beauty, the flowing light etches its pageantry of warm coloring through the heavens. The darkness retreats. A dazzling halo heralds the rising of the sun. Majestically, its rising is orchestrated by the singing of the birds, the cloudless ball of red ascends above the emblazoned horizon and a scene of mountainous grandeur is revealed

*It's the way Merle
Oberon bet on stardom!*

in all its vital aloneness.

Merle Oberon has never forgotten that dawn.

"Though I've never been back since I left, some years ago," she said.

She left because a picture came to her with that dawn, a picture she is even yet not fully aware of.

"I left," she put it, "because of a hunch."

"And that?" I asked. (Continued on page 72)



Merle is soon
to be seen in
"These Three."



(Above) Hard work and training have made Eleanor Powell as graceful as she is. Next, the charmingly wistful Luise Rainer.



SYLVIA'S ADVICE TO

THEY SAY comparisons are odious—or is it odorous? I never can remember. Anyway, odious or odorous, I have a few comparisons on my mind and you know by this time I have a habit of speaking that mind of mine. These comparisons are going to do you some good and give you some hints, so pay attention, babies.

I've been going to lots of movies lately, partly because it's my job and partly because I've heard such tales about four newcomers to the screen that I had to go and see for myself.

"See 'Broadway Melody'!" they told me. "Eleanor

Powell is marvelous!" Well, I had seen Eleanor Powell dance and while I admitted that her feet are the slickest that ever donned tap shoes, I wondered how the screen would treat her.

"See 'I Dream Too Much'!" they said. "Lily Pons' voice would win applause from a wooden Indian!" I said I'd heard her at the Metropolitan in New York—I will admit good music is one of my weaknesses—and while I had beaten my palms numb at her skyscraper notes, I wondered how she'd look on the screen.

"See Luise Rainer!" I was commanded. "She's new,

Lack? What have they which you haven't?



Left, Lily Pons offers a lesson to the pint-sized gals, who are too thin in spots, and if you have a figure like Rosalind Russell's (next) you must watch your hips.



*By Madame
Sylvia*

THE "NEW GIRLS"

she's lovely, she's entrancing!" Uh-huh—I thought back upon Anna Sten—remember all the raves about her? And the girl from Austria—what was her name? And that girl from Germany—isn't it terrible, I can't remember her name either. And all the other lovely ones who were supposed to have made Europe forget all about its war debts. Fräulein Rainer, however, was supposed to be different.

And then there were those who said, "See Rosalind Russell! Smart, chic, slim—ah, Rosalind will go places!" But I had them there—I had seen Rosalind, in person and

on the screen, and I am all set to agree that she will go places, if she watches carefully each step she takes on the way to those places.

While I was watching Eleanor Powell—and having a swell time, too—I kept thinking, "There's a girl named Ruby Keeler who can tap dance like a streak. She has a nice figure and pretty legs. But what is it that Eleanor has which Ruby lacks? Well, there is trained bodily grace, for one thing, but, of course, that comes from Eleanor's rigid ballet training. While her feet do everything but spell "Hooray for (Continued on page 76)

WHAT THEY LIKE

*Anita Louise, Betty Furness and Jane Froman
talk about their pet clothes hobbies and aversions*

By Adelia Bird

At left, Anita Louise's lovely dinner gown with flowers. And right, the dress she got such a kick out of buying when in New York. Black crepe with gold bangle trimming.



TO WEAR



Left to right, you see three of Jane Froman's favorite costumes. First the checked wool coat she wore in "Stars Over Broadway" and which she bought afterwards for her personal wardrobe. Next, two-piece rustic linen pajamas to go back to California with her. The pockets are uniquely placed high on the blouse. And isn't the beach hat giddy? And last, one of her pet evening gowns of graceful white chiffon.

I HAD a date with Anita Louise for three o'clock at her hotel. I thought that we would just sit and talk about clothes—her likes and dislikes. But no, Anita Louise was looking for a Dubonnet red afternoon dress and nothing would do but that we must shop for it that very afternoon.

On only a brief visit to New York for the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she was using every spare moment, between personal appearances and interviews, in relentlessly tracking down her red dress. You'd

have to know Anita to understand how seriously she takes her clothes. There's no hit-and-miss system with her, she knows beforehand what she wants and she'll go without rather than to buy a color, fabric or line that doesn't become her.

When we were out of earshot of Anita's mother, she confided to me that we were heading for an exclusive and expensive shop that her mother frowned upon for her.

"We'll just look," she said, "because I can't afford to spend as much as they probably would charge for a simple

afternoon dress. But I would love to have just one dress from there!"

I suggested that they had a debutante department where the prices might be a little lower. She doubted it, but anyway we soon were in the dress salon, where models were trailing up and down the room in very stunning costumes. Seated on a lounge, with practically everyone in the room staring at us, Anita carefully explained what she wanted, a very simple afternoon dress in Dubonnet red. Dresses came forth in every imaginable shade of wine red, but not in Dubonnet.

"Wouldn't you think that it would be easy to find a dress in the particular shade I want, especially when it is so smart this season?" wailed Anita. "This has gone on for days and I have tried one place after another, but nothing comes of it."

I was amused at her sad plight because so often I had had the same experience myself and had finally compromised with something else rather than go on with the tiring search. I imagine you have, too, haven't you? But not Anita. We looked at a dozen dresses while the whole sales force became increasingly upset at not being able to please their young Hollywood client. Finally, with regrets, we departed. I allowed as how her mother would be relieved to know that she hadn't succumbed to any of the dresses, for frankly I was rather thrown by the price-tags on the simple little models. Anita Louise grinned.

"Really, you don't think for a minute that I buy expensive clothes all the time, do you?" she asked. "I buy good things, but not a lot of them. The reason that I want to spend a little more on this particular dress is because I don't expect to buy another this winter. I wear so many plain dark colors, like navy blue and black, that once in awhile I get a kick out of buying a dress in some color that is smart just for a season, like this lovely Dubonnet shade. (Continued on page 86)

Betty Furness joins the chiffon worshippers; Anita Louise and Jane Froman are the other two. Grecian simplicity in line with the modern dash of a gold kid belt. Her diamond mesh bag is smart. And below, cocktails in the Savoy Room in blue and silver metal shot crepe, a gay fuchsia hat with feather flowers and a new Schiaparelli bag. Also her pet sports jacket and a new fob scarf pin.



DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Miss Mary de Mumm

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."



Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."



Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

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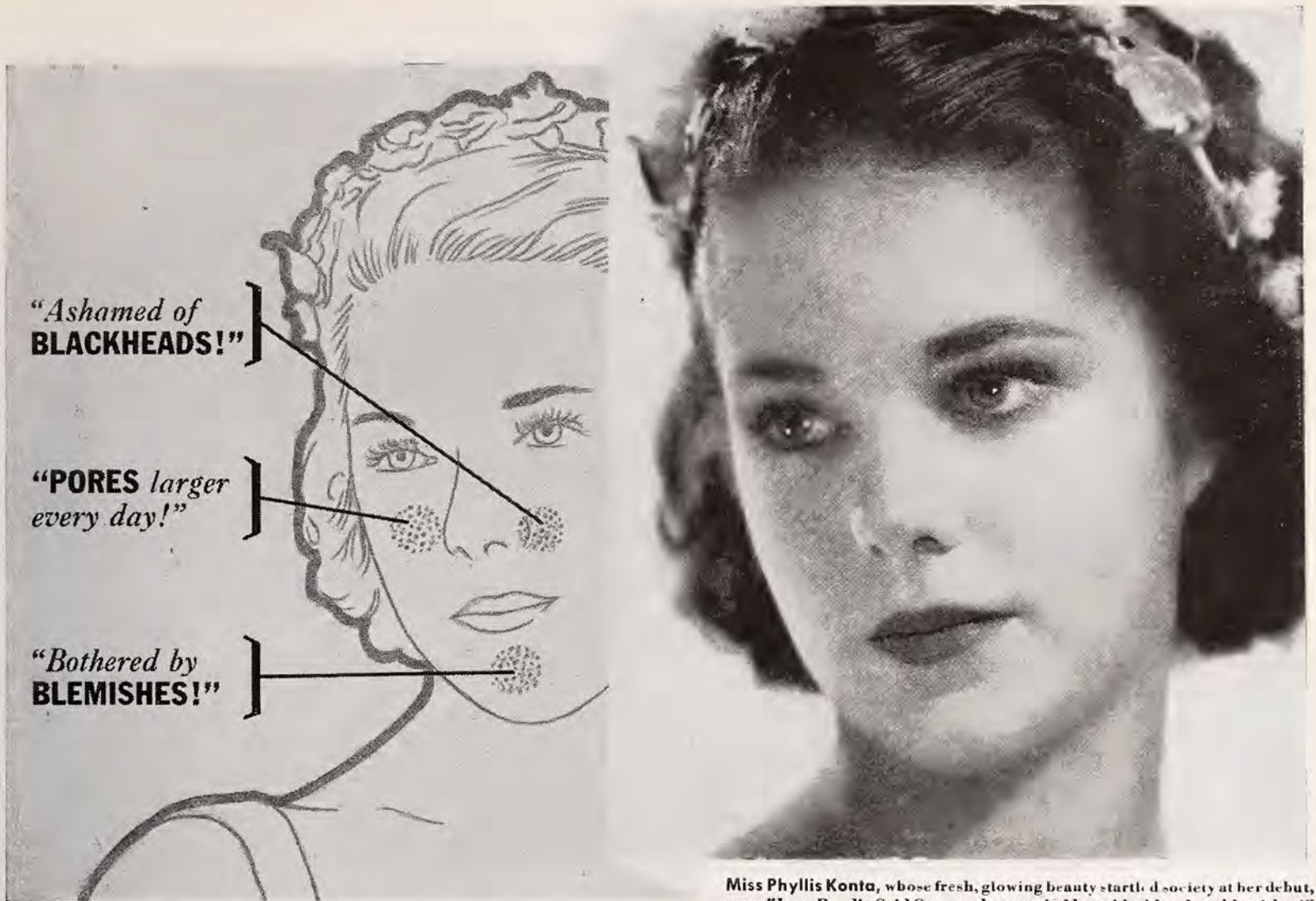
C O S T L I E R T O B A C C O S !

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



Love Call

The romantic Eddy-MacDonald team could not have gotten a better break than to have "Rose Marie" as the follow-up to their triumphs in "Naughty Marietta." Nelson, as the stalwart Northwest Mountie, and Jeanette, as the Canadian gal, are just what the fans ordered. All your favorite tunes from this beautiful operetta are resung in the MacDonald treble and the Eddy baritone—especially "Indian Love Call," which never fails to thrill despite years of repetition.



Miss Phyllis Kosta, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

3 Common Skin Faults

with the same—Your Under Skin *Starting Place*



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine textured, delicate. "Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "freshens and tones my skin. For years it has kept my pores fine as can be."

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, *where they start*—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are over-worked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it's simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use

of Pond's Cold Cream. For, Pond's specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you pat it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. C-50, Clinton, Conn.

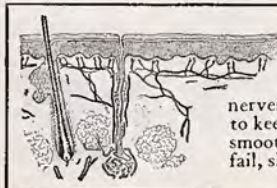
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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How they begin

Below that dark top layer, oil glands, nerves, cells must be active to keep your outer skin fine, smooth, clear. When they fail, skin faults start!

Adventure's Not An Act With Flynn

(Continued from page 49)

liked it, and decided that when he went back to civilization, he'd tackle the stage or screen. But first, he had something else he wanted to do—some pearl fishing. He made some money at it and got enough fun to be able to write a book about it. He's doing that now.

Right in the middle of his pearl-fishing, he got a cable from the film company he'd hired his boat out to. They said they could use him at Tahiti. He sold his pearl business and went to Tahiti where he discovered he had a role in the British version of "Mutiny on the Bounty." This isn't to be confused with the American-made picture. It was just an English quickie and it's never been shown in this country. "Thank the patron saints!" says Flynn.

He liked acting, and when the picture was done, he sailed for England. There he got some stage work, had a film test made, came to Hollywood—and now here he is, playing one of the season's finest roles, "Captain Blood," and is married to Lili Damita.

He met up with Lili in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. . . .

You know how it is on shipboard, don't you? There was a moon, shining full and sensuous—and there was Lili Damita—youthful, alluring and vivacious. Lili superbly aloof, however, with that disdainful arrogance that is characteristic of her, giving not one of the shipboard Romeos a tumble. Not one, that is, until . . .

"It was her darned arrogance that made me hopping mad," Errol told me. "I'd worshipped her in Paris, though she didn't know I was alive. Then when I met her on shipboard, I thought it was my big chance. So I got her alone. And then that darned high-hat stuff. I tell you, I never wanted to see the stuck-up little so-and-so again, ever! And I told her so. She hated me just as cordially. We never got within ten yards of each other again, the whole voyage."

AND Lili told me, afterward, "Yes, of a certainment, I hated thees fellow. He was so—what you call heem?—so cocky, so stuck-up, thees young fellow w'at nobody even heard of before! He was unbearable. I nevair wanted to see heem again, evair!"

. . . and so what? Well, so six months later these two, who hated each other, eloped from Hollywood to Yuma because they were in such a hurry to get married that they couldn't wait the three days California interposes between license and wedding.

That's the kind of a guy Flynn is. He takes a gal who hates him on sight and makes her marry him.

How'd he get the "Captain Blood" role? Well, Warners had been trying out a lot of Hollywood leading men for the part, but none of them had the fire, the recklessness, the to-hell-with-things air that they wanted the character to have. Flynn, who'd come over on one of those wishy-washy contracts, itched for a chance at the role, but nobody even thought of him.

"I'd have given a leg to play it, but I didn't have a chance. I was an unknown," he explained. And then somebody saw him swaggering down one of the streets on the Warner Burbank lot. They saw him rolling along, his eyes sparkling with an indefinable something that has died, long since, in most Hollywood actor's eyes. Some big shot, it was who saw him,

and the next thing Flynn knew, he was being tested for the role. He got it!

And so here I was, in the green room of the cafe on the Warner lot, talking to him. His hair was long, for the role. He came stomping in, hitched up his leather knee-breeches, picked up a menu, and beckoned a waitress. I rather expected him to bellow something like, "Yo ho ho! Come hither, my pretty wench, and bring me a sizzling joint of beef and a bottle of rum, and bestir your pins, lass!"

INSTEAD, he lifted eyes which were paradoxical in that they snapped with a masculine vigor and fire, and yet were actually beautiful! He turned them on the waitress, and she melted into a fluttery smile.

"What," he asked, "is this egg foo yung?"

"It's a Chinese omelette," she explained, "with bamboo shoots, almonds and herbs and . . ."

A shudder ran up and down "Captain Blood." He gasped.

"Enough, enough!—er—bring me an egg-yolk, a raw egg-yolk—some ketchup—and some worcestershire sauce. . ."

She scurried away. I grinned. I know what egg yolk, worcestershire sauce and ketchup betoken. Flynn smiled wanly at me. "Uh-huh," he admitted, "it was that sort of a night."

After he had swallowed the raw yolk with the burney sauce, he felt better. He rounded out some empty spots in his life story. He told me of the time he and a pal joined up with the Hong Kong Volunteers for the Chinese trouble, a few years ago.

"We thought we'd find some fighting and some looting and some—well, never mind. But instead, they made us shovel snow for five days on end, so we deserted and went to Manila, where there isn't any snow, ever."

He roamed the world in his talk. I asked him, finally, how Lili liked his wanderlust.

"She doesn't," he said.

"And what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Well—I'm going to stay here, for a while. There's so much money to be made in Hollywood. I want to make enough to be free of the petty tyrannies of not having it. I want to go places, without having to travel third class. But I do want to go places."

"You can't go places and make a success here, at the same time," I pointed out.

"I know it, damn it," he growled, and that faraway look shone in his eyes. "But after all, life is only what you get out of it in the living, isn't it? I do want money but I won't pay too much of myself to get it. I hate discipline. Time clocks are abhorrent to me."

"But—bosh!—I'll be good for a few years, I think. I hate the very sound of 'settling down,' but I've got responsibilities now! And so I've got to settle down—for a while, anyway."

"Lili says she'll go with me, to faraway places, some time in the years to come—after I've made good here. She'll go with me to India, where she has some important friends. She's never been there. I have, but I traveled third class. Only punks travel third class there—and natives. This time, I want to go back,

(Continued on page 64)



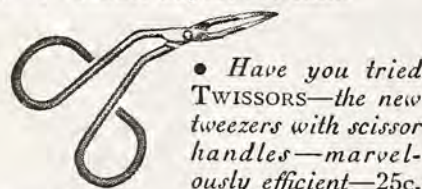
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. (\$1 at good stores.)



At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. \$1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM-3.

Kurlash

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"Girls with soft
smooth skin
have appeal..."

says
MARGARET SULLAVAN

**Don't let
Cosmetic Skin
steal away
good looks—romance!**



YOU want the
charm men find
so irresistible.
Margaret Sullivan,
lovely star of
Universal's "Next
Time We Love," tells
you how to win it.

"**U**SE all the cosmetics you wish,"
Margaret Sullivan advises. This
charming star knows it's easy to guard
against Cosmetic Skin if you remove
cosmetics *thoroughly*.

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke*
your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops
. . . dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging
pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by remov-
ing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap,"
Margaret Sullivan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather goes
pore-deep, removes every trace of dust,
dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to

keep skin lovely—and it does! That's
why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.



Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL



GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.



(Continued from page 62)

first class, and show them. Lili says she'll go with me in a few years. And to Australia, too. She rather imagines when she gets within a mile of Australia, they'll start shooting arrows at her. I want to show her Australia. Maybe New Guinea,

too. She's heard a lot about it.

"But I don't mind telling you, that if I didn't have responsibilities I could go right now, couldn't I?"

And he scratched the sole of one foot with the tip of the other.

If You Are Gilted—Then What?

(Continued from page 37)

fever. I was anemic. My glands played hob with me. My skin and hair were lifeless. My circulation was off. My blood count was down. I just didn't function, that's all.

"And so, the first and most important thing to do after heartbreak is what you should do after any shock, any illness—build up the body. Get your health back. That's what I did. Systematically. Deliberately. Under doctor's orders.

"Oh, there were the first few, crazy weeks of bitterness, of course. The natural, melodramatic reaction of a sick person thinking I'd be better off dead, considering the relative advantage of poison, guns, dizzy roofs. After that, I got down to the business of convalescence."

I knew something, as you who read may know something, of the tragic tale of young Wendy. The newspapers carried accounts, mostly garbled. The young heir to many American millions... the pretty girl who came to America to marry him....

SOME of the details I learned that day as Wendy talked. She was saying, "You know that I was born in Hong Kong, China? Dad's a K. C. there—King's Counsellor. Rather a jolly thing to be. My sister and I were born there. I lived there until I was eleven. All I wanted in those dreamy days was to look pretty and to have—a baby. I've always wanted to have a baby, more than I've wanted anything else in my life. I was forever dressing up, as a child, in scarves and bits of lace and things and posing in front of mirrors. And I always posed with a doll in my arms.

"When I was eleven I was sent to London to enter the Convent of the Assumption. Five years there and then to finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland. When I returned to London, Mother and I were lunching one day at the Savoy Grill. Have I mentioned that I believe in Fate? Oh, but absolutely! I have nothing much to do with my life. Fate is the supreme dictator. And so, that day at the Savoy, Alexander Korda was also lunching there. He saw me. He came to my table and asked me whether I had ever been in pictures. I told him never. He asked me whether I would like to be. I said 'So much.' And so I began by playing the feminine lead in 'Wedding Rehearsal' opposite Roland Young. Dad was furious. He will not admit, even today, that he sees me in pictures. But he does. I've found out! And so I made several pictures, over there in England. And then I fell in love! Oh, a dreadful, dizzy, crashing head-on fall.

"I'd known Bill for ages. I'd gone to his cousin's wedding in Paris. We'd all played around together, in London, in Paris and the Lido and Biarritz. It had all been terribly glamorous and exciting and colorful and sweet. He was a spoiled child, with a heart of gold, and I was a spoiled child who had given my heart away and didn't have one anymore—and most of my senses, too, I guess. I was terribly

happy and really quite terribly in love and very terribly and triumphantly sure that we would soon be married and have a home and a baby of our own.

"And then he asked me to come to America. His mother was there. In New York. He would go ahead, he said. I should follow in a week's time. He would meet me at the pier. We'd be married.

"I broke my contract in order to go to America to be married. That didn't matter. Nothing mattered to me save that he had gone ahead to prepare for me, that he would be there waiting for me when my ship came into port.

"I had," laughed Wendy, not too gaily, "the most incredible trousseau. You see, everyone in Europe knew about us, knew that we were to be married. And everyone, of course, knew him—and his millions. And all of the leading jewellers, furriers, designers in London and Paris simply pleaded with me to help myself—and I was young and very greedy. Tomorrow I would be married with youth and love and gold and—a baby.

"And so I sailed. The ship drew into harbor. We docked. I stood, with my friends, all laughing and excited, at the ship's rail, looking over, confidently, for that one beloved face. *He was not there. No one was there.* No one, for me. He had not come to meet me. No one had come to meet me. But it wasn't possible! I'd had cables aboard ship. I had his letters, making our plans, telling me what ship to sail on, advising me that he had engaged a suite for me at a smart hotel.

"And he was not there. I knew, then.

AND then and there I did the best piece of acting I have ever done, or ever will do so long as I live. I laughed. I laughed, a lot. I said that, of course, I'd known it all along, known that he wouldn't be able to meet me, that he had been called out of town on urgent business (he, who never had any business, who even had police escorts when he went to football games, lest he be delayed in getting in). He'd cabled me the change of plans, I said. He was returning within the week. We would be married then. I'd just been a cut-up, not telling them sooner. I couldn't let them see my heart break, you know. That is a horrid sight.

"I went off alone, protesting gaily that it was quite all right, just what I'd expected, but just what I had known for days. I probably deceived no one, but I didn't 'lose face,' as the Chinese say.

"I didn't know a soul in New York. Only his friends whom I had known, casually, abroad. I didn't know where to go so I went to the hotel where the suite had been engaged for me. I had very little money. I was terrifically in debt. The furs and jewels I had been flattered into buying began to weigh me down like the solid gold they were to cost me—are still costing me. I had burned my bridges—my contract—behind me. I couldn't, I wouldn't go back.

"But why resurrect the whole horrid
(Continued on page 66)



WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY
WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT
SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER
WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOIL-
ING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—even in *hard-est water*. No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

HERE'S
MY TRUE
CONFESSION
ABOUT
"B.O."

*I am a nurse.
But I almost had
to give up...*

SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY
PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I
WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A
CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS



THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S
WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE
ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBOUY
FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT
SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS
PACKAGE



I OPENED IT AND FOUND—A
CAKE OF LIFEBOUY! MY FACE
FLAMED. IN A FLASH I
REALIZED MY TROUBLE—"B.O."



OF COURSE I BEGAN USING
LIFEBOUY AT ONCE. NEVER
AGAIN HAVE I BEEN
DISMISSED FROM A CASE.
NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION
IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE—
THANKS TO LIFEBOUY!



MISS X, I NEVER
CEASE TO MARVEL
AT THE FRESH
CLEARNESS OF
YOUR COMPLEXION!



I CAN
THANK
LIFEBOUY
FOR THAT!

PROTECT your complexion with gentle, deep-
cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow
smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins
of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20%
milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!

This letter in picture-form,
from a real nurse, is a *real*
warning to everybody. Use
Lifebuoy! It purifies pores,
stops "B.O." (body odor).
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau





because she used a
HALF WAY tooth paste

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—for a while! But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.



Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives two-fold protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

Forhan's
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 24J Des Moines, Iowa



body of the facts?" Wendy said. "Let the dead past bury them, as I hope it will. I had a letter from him, quite soon. His mother had sent him away. She would not allow him to marry an 'actress.' He couldn't marry without his mother's consent. There would be no money. What could he do without money? He had never even thought. He wrote that he had instructed his valet to meet me. The valet had had the order countermanded, of course. If he had met me, he would have lost his job.

"His mother wouldn't see me. None of them took the trouble to know me, to find out about my family. Horrid things were said about me. I couldn't go about chanting, 'I am the daughter of a Counsel of the King, the niece of a surgeon to the King.' I only know this—that I could forgive everything but the lack of courtesy. If I should announce to my mother today that I was about to marry a ne'er-do-well she might try to dissuade me, but she would certainly meet him, accord him courtesy.

"A few of his friends came to call. One of them, a woman, was very kind. She took the pains to see the cables and letters he'd sent, asking me to come. Another friend of the family persuaded me to give those letters and cables into his 'safe keeping.'

"And there I was," said Wendy, "jilted. Broken-hearted. Figuring the sweetness of death as against the bitterness of life.

AND then the need for violence came upon me. I had to move, to get away, to shift the scene. I came, instinctively, I think, to Hollywood. I don't know why. I had exactly \$500. I didn't know what? I had never been on the stage. I had never made an American picture. I had broken my English contract.

"How would I stand—or fall? I didn't really care.

"Perhaps because I didn't care, probably because of clever maneuvering on the part of my agents, I found myself with a Paramount contract. I have half a dozen other exciting propositions to consider, too. I shall remain here in Hollywood until I have made good. Then New York and the stage. He could not marry

an actress. But I shall work until I am such an actress as adds lustre to that calling. And only until then. I shall not spend my life on either stage or screen. I'm really not an actress. I want to have a home of my own.

"And so," said Wendy, relaxing in the gold sunlight, "I think I have answered your question—after a broken heart—what?"

"I made a drastic change first. Violence. I set about building up my body. I ate correctly. I played tennis strenuously, at first, so that I would be physically tired, and able to sleep. I took no chances on those wide-awake night watches when the ticks of a broken heart become intolerable. I didn't read much. I advise against reading for those suffering from the heart malady. Too inactive. Action is the thing. I worked like a dog. I began to regain my shattered health—and I can tell other girls that once they feel sound and healthy again their 'heart trouble' will trouble them no longer.

"I didn't go about with other boys. I knew that that sort of thing would serve only to irritate the wound. I let love alone.

"I am still working hard. I am paying off my debts. I am proving to myself, and to the world, that I can stand on my own two feet, earn my own money, make my own name, mend my own heart.

"I don't hate him. I don't know how I feel about him. I won't know until I see him again, and one day, I shall. I've had cables from him, asking me to meet him in Paris, things like that. I haven't gone. But I shall see him again. I wouldn't be positive that I was cured until I could prove myself immune through contact.

"I'm going out a little now. And I have one very close, dear friend, Louis Hayward. I met him in London. We've a lot in common. We spend a great deal of time together. Love? I don't know. I am still letting it alone.

"One of these days I shall love again, of course. And then I shall say good-bye to my career. I shall have my own home, my baby. And I shall remember heart-break as one remembers a troubling dream, stirs and sighs—and forgets."

The Treat's on Ruby

(Continued from page 19)

making a couple of simple frostings on the same recipe card. You can embellish these cookies further by using fancy cutters, bits of citron or maraschino cherry, nuts, raisins or white frosting curlicues on chocolate, as suggested in the picture accompanying this article. You can be as imaginative as you please along these lines—making the decorations suit the occasion—as long as you have a cookie as worthy of embellishment as this one is to work on.

The second card will give you a Brazil Refrigerator Cookie. Here's a really new flavor for all of you. You'll find these easy to make as well as delicious.

YOU also have a "date" right now to try out Ruby's third cookie recipe which calls for dates (just as you suspected) and oatmeal—these need neither rolling nor chilling. These cookies when mixed are dropped from a spoon onto a greased cookie sheet—a fact which will endear them to many of you.

The fourth card gives you directions for making "Whirligigs" which are a bit

tricky, I'll admit, but honestly don't you long to surprise the family sometimes with something that looks ever so professional? Well, then, here's your chance. Like most tricks, it's easy once you know how. Each of the things you must do is carefully given so you will have no difficulty following directions, step by step. And the results? Crisp little rounds, topped with circles, each circle filled with a spicy, fruit filling that makes these cookies very special indeed.

You'd have a hard time, I'm thinking, choosing between these four cookies, but fortunately no choice is necessary for they are all included in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. Just fill out that coupon and mail it in to secure these cookie successes.

The first, and most usual type of cookie to come under consideration is the "rolled" variety. As is the case with all cookies, the mixture for this type must be well seasoned and thoroughly blended. It must be baked at the required temperature for the right length of time. After cooling

(Continued on page 68)

A FREE, EASY LESSON...

BY THE TINTEX COLOR MAGICIAN

Read how you can
give new fashionable
color to faded apparel
and home decorations



1 Go over your entire wardrobe... select your dresses, sweaters, lingerie, "undies," stockings, etc., that are faded or whose colors are dingy or out-of-date....

2 And don't forget your home decorations. Are curtains and drapes faded?.... Would you like to change the color-scheme of slip-covers, luncheon sets, table-scarfs, etc.?.... It's very simple!

3 Now.... here's all you do. Choose the colors you want from the 41 brilliant Tintex Colors. Dissolve the powder in a basin of water, according to directions:.... then just "tint as you rinse." Faded things become their original color. Or you can give anything an entirely different color if you wish.

4 That's all there is to it. Easy, isn't it? And what perfect results.... just sheer color magic. But be sure you use Tintex. Don't accept substitutes. Tintex, the world's largest selling Tints and Dyes have been proven "best by test" of millions of women.



Tintex
World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES
PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

AT ALL DRUG, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

(Continued from page 66)



Don't be annoyed by rust stains, spots and incrustations in a toilet bowl. They're easy to remove. Without unpleasant scrubbing. Let Sani-Flush do the work for you.

Sani-Flush is a scientific formula, created to remove ugly marks from toilet bowls. Buy a can. Try putting a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See how the porcelain sparkles! Odors are killed, not covered up. Sani-Flush is odorless.

You can purify the hidden trap under the toilet bowl with Sani-Flush. No other cleaning method can do this. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

Special TRIAL OFFER

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 980, Keokuk, Ia.
Send me your trial offer check good for 5c on the purchase of a large 10c package of Quick Elastic Starch, and your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name _____

Address _____

on a wire rack, the finished products should be stored in a jar with a tight fitting cover. In addition to these general rules the following suggestions should also be followed if you want to get good results.

The cookie dough, mixed and seasoned according to recipe directions, should be rolled with a lightly floured rolling pin on a lightly floured board so that as little flour is added as possible. Sometimes, you know, the dough is a bit on the soft side and we are tempted to add flour indiscriminately during the rolling process. However, since this will make your cookies brittle, rather than crisp and tender, I suggest instead that you try chilling the dough for half an hour in the refrigerator. It will then be much easier to handle.

Of course, there are some folks who seem to have a deep and abiding dislike for a rolling pin except as a weapon of attack! For such as these I suggest "refrigerator" cookies for this type does not need rolling. The dough is shaped into a long cylindrical roll which is then carefully wrapped in waxed paper and stored in the refrigerator. It will keep for days! When you want cookies you simply slice off as many as you have time to bake and in ten minutes or so you have a fresh tempting supply. Yummy! It makes me hungry just writing about them. Guess I'll make up a batch of those Brazil cookies of Ruby's tomorrow—for they are a perfect example of refrigerator cookie.

THE cookies that are "dropped from a spoon" come under our third heading. "Dropped" cookies are perhaps the easiest of them all—but there is a "perhaps" about it. For if the dough is not just right, the cookies have been known to run together in the pan during the baking process—which definitely is not as it should be! You'll never have this difficulty, however, if you follow the Oatmeal Date Cookie recipe I am giving you in the leaflet. These cookies are soft, not

crisp. And let me remind you here that soft cookies and crisp ones should not be stored in the same container or you will discover to your sorrow that the supposedly crisp ones get soft, too!

The dressiest members of the cookie family are the filled cookies, which require both rolling and filling, skill and patience. The fruit filled "Whirligig" recipe of Ruby's will teach you how to acquire the necessary skill, but if you haven't any patience I advise you to stick to other varieties. However, those of you who like an unusual cookie—the sort to make your family happy and cause your friends to ask to borrow your recipe—be sure to try making these filled cookies. The recipe in the leaflet will prove extremely helpful.

And speaking of friends borrowing recipes, why don't you suggest to your friends that they send in for recipe leaflets, too? Surely they would be delighted to have a set of their very own and would have you to thank for this suggestion.

The following is a simple macaroon recipe you'll probably like to make up now. Before giving it to you, however, I want to urge all the readers of this department to enter our Ruby Keeler Prize Menu Contest. There are many wonderful prizes for folks who enjoy cooking and I don't know a single soul who'd turn up her nose at a couple of hundred dollars!

COCOANUT DROPS

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 cup shredded cocoanut, firmly packed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract
1 egg white
a few grains salt

Add the condensed milk, almond extract and salt to the cocoanut. Blend together thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a well oiled baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) about 15 minutes, or until firm and golden brown.

Ruby Keeler Contest News

Our Modern Hostess Editor has made out the following list which should be of great assistance to everyone who plans to enter the Ruby Keeler Contest, described on pages 16 and 17.

Listed below are food and cooking terms, arranged in alphabetical order. Naturally—at the present time—you're interested only in those which can be used in the contest. Therefore, we are giving you words beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R—since these are the letters that appear at least once in your Keeler Menu.

You are not restricted to the use of the words given here, of course. Probably you, yourself, will think of many that we have overlooked. But remember, your menu must provide a balanced meal—not one with two meats, three desserts and no vegetables.

So out with your pencils and paper, all of you, and try your skill at this fascinating new pastime. There's no reason why the men folk shouldn't be as good at it as the women, either, for here's their chance to tell the world what they like to eat without knowing how to prepare them.

Come along, then, everybody. Here's a long list of helpful words to start you off on the right track. And there are splendid prizes, as you probably know. They are pictured for you on page 16—except the money, and we'll leave it entirely up to you to make your own picture of what you could do with that, if you should win it. All these wonderful prizes are ready and waiting to be sent to the winners—Editor.

Dictionary of Food, Cooking and Menu Terms Beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R

"FOOD TERMS" refers to the names of foods, such as eggs, meats, bread, milk, fish, etc.

"COOKING TERMS" refers to different ways of preparing foods, such as broiling, stewing, mashing, baking, etc.

"MENU TERMS" refers to the names of special dishes, such as Bavarian cream, ragout of beef, scalloped potatoes, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Beans, Broccoli, Bread, Beef, Butter, Beets, Bran, Bacon, Bananas, Bass, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Beans, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Baked, Boiled, Boned, Browned, Beaten, Buttered, Breaded, Braised, Broiled, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B." Boston Baked Beans, Beef à la Mode, Brownies, Biscuit Tortoni, Brisket of Beef, Brown Betty, Butterscotch Sauce (or Pie), Brown Sauce, Bechamel Sauce, Bouillon, Boston Cream Pie, Breaded Veal Cutlet, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Cabbage, Cream, Cauliflower,

Calf's Liver, Coconut, Carrots, Chicken, Crackers, Cranberries, Coffee, Chutney, Chow-Chow, Corn, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Creamed, Candied, Canned, Caramelized, Chopped, Curried, (in) Chafingdish, (en) Casserole, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Compote of Fruit, Caramels, Consommé, Creamed Soups, Crab Ravigote, Crab Meat Cocktail, Corn Fritters, Cornbread, Cheese Soufflé, Chowder, Canapés, Cocktails, Camembert Cheese, Conserve, Coleslaw, Corned Beef Hash, Cobbler (apple or peach), Croquettes (of veal, chicken or other meats), Croutons, Curry of Lamb, Club Sandwich, Claret Cup, Crepes Suzette, Chicken Maryland, Chicken (roasted, fried, broiled, en casserole, etc), Cinnamon Toast, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": Eggs, Eggplant, Endive, Escarole, Elderberries, Eels, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": (All taken from the French) Escaloped (thin slices); Emincé (in small pieces); En Brochette (on a skewer); En Casserole (cooked and served in a casserole); En Coquille (cooked and served in a shell); etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": English Mutton Chops, English Chow-Chow or Chutney, Eclairs, Egg Nogg (frozen); Eggs Benedict, (Eggs Goldenrod, Cocotte, Rivoli, au Gratin, Shirred, Baked, and countless others); Egg garnish for spinach, salads, etc.; Eggplant (stuffed, fried, scalloped); Egg Custard (or Egg Custard Sauce); Egg Canapés (with Sardine, Caviar, Ham, Watercress, etc.); Egg Balls for Soup, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Lamb, Lamb Chops, Liver, Lobster, Lentils, Lettuce, Lemons, Leeks, Lapin (rabbit), Lamb Kidneys, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Loin of Pork; Leg of Veal, Lamb, or Mutton (roasted); Lady Fingers; Lamb Croquettes (Lamb Fricassee, Barbecued, Stewed, Crown of, Casserole of, Breast of, Saddle of); Lemon Pie (Lemon Pudding, Sauce, Cake, Butter); Lemonade; Lemon Ice; Lettuce and Cucumber Salad (Lettuce and Tomato Salad or other combinations); Liver en Brochette, Liver and Bacon; Lobster Thermidor (Lobster Creamed, Broiled, Newburg, Canapés, Etc.); Luncheon Rolls; Lyonnaise Potatoes; Lentil Soup; Layer Cake; etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": New Potatoes, New Asparagus, Noodles, Nuts, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": Noisette of Lamb, Napoleons, Neapolitan Ice Cream, Nesselrode Pudding, Neufchatel Cheese, New England Boiled Dinner, New England Clam Chowder, Newburg Sauce, Noodle Soup, Nut Bread (Nut Candies, Cakes, Bars, Salted, Glacéd), Nut and Cream Cheese, Balls, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Rabbit, Romaine Salad, Rusks, Rolls, Ry-krisp, Rice, Raspberries, Radishes, Rhubarb, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Roasted, Rechauffée (reheated in brown sauce), Riced, Raised, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Russian Dressing, Riced Potatoes, Ravioli, Roquefort Cheese (or Salad Dressing), Russian Tea, Rhubarb Pie (or Pudding), Raisin Pie (or Pudding), Raspberry Cream Pie, (Raspberry) Sauce, Ice, Pudding, Jelly, Sherbet, etc.



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A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he *couldn't* prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato purée is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

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Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved.



No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes *better* than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

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Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

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Are Women Inferior to Men?

(Continued from page 41)

Marconi, Michael Angelo, Verdi, many more—all were men.

"Women are splendid entertainers. They are good singers and musicians, clever aviatrixes, actresses and designers—but they seldom, if ever, author their own plays, build their own planes, weave their own materials, write their own music. They use, you see, the material man has created for them.

"I believe this," said Miss Swarthout, with a glance at her husband who was listening attentively, "I believe that women have the creative force, quite as much as men—but it is biological. It is used for the bearing of children, it has to be. We are so designed by Nature and therefore we cannot divert our creative force into other channels. It always has been, it always will be, impossible.

"Women with natural gifts," said Miss Swarthout, "would seem to be the exceptions. They're not, really. For even they are using the material of others, as in the case of a singer. I, for instance, didn't create the instrument in my throat. I sing naturally. I always sang, quite as I always talked and breathed. I would sing in the kitchen, in the nursery, on the open road, wherever I happened to be. I couldn't help singing—it was born in me.

"But I do think—don't you, Frank?—that given a natural ability women are often superior to men."

"I know it," said Frank Chapman, his bright blue eyes meeting her brown ones, with a challenging smile.

NO, but really," Gladys Swarthout said, with her serious eagerness, "I believe that women have more patience than men, more persistence, more true courage—just because we have more fear, more timidity to overcome. I know that whenever I am faced with a new job, as when I had my first audition at the Metropolitan and was accepted, I suffered agonies, actual torments of fear. I felt that I couldn't make it. . . . I thought I would faint or collapse before the curtain rose. But once

I began to work I worked until. . . ."

"Let me interrupt for a moment," Frank Chapman said, removing a pipe from his mouth. "I can say things that Gladys probably won't. For whatever is the answer to this question of women's inferiority to men, they are certainly more modest than men. I believe—and I should know—that women are superior to men in almost all of the things that make for great success. They may not be able to create as men create. I agree with Gladys that the creative force of woman is directed, by Nature, into the maternal channel. But it may also be that man has conspired with Nature to keep woman's creative force directed that way. We men have kept women in the nursery, in the kitchen or in the drawing room. During the last few years, they have escaped into the arena with some amazing results. But whether that is so or not, women certainly top men when it comes to what they do with success.

"I have watched Gladys display more energy, more patience, and persistence than nine out of ten men who occupy similar positions to hers in the musical world. She proved her determination when, a child of thirteen, she broke all precedent and turned failure into success. She proved it again, a year later, when she sacrificed her beautiful dark curls to adopt a hairdress that made her look eighteen so that she could fulfill an engagement as soloist in a Kansas City church. And also when, terrified, she sang with the Minneapolis Symphony with the result that she was so flooded with concert offers, after her rendition of Max Bruch's 'Ave Maria,' that she couldn't meet half of them. Later when she was prevailed upon to try for an audition with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, she didn't know one role, completely—yet she went for the audition and was accepted. She devoted that entire summer to work, learned twenty roles and gave fifty performances.

"She proved her capacity for hard and



That seedy-looking gent with Paula Stone is none other than Harold Lloyd. Harold chews on hay for local color at the Bradley Barn Dance and Paula is all done up as a pioneer farm wife.

unremitting work the summer she spent abroad where we met—" and again he smiled at her with that sharing look. "There were three seasons with the Ravinia Opera Company and then the 'Met'—during her first season there she gave fifty-six performances, topping all of her associate artists, men and women, in the number of performances.

"She has been afraid but she conquered her fear, tired but she disregarded it, unprepared but she dared.

"They say that women have not the moral integrity of men. Yet Gladys lived for several years in small boarding houses, without any of the rich caparisons of the rising operatic star so that, on the night of her first appearance at the Metropolitan, she could sign her last check—final payment of the debt she owed the Kansas City friends who had financed her.

"We met in Florence and fell in love—and once again, Gladys proved her courage—"

"Oh, no," Gladys Swarthout said, her hand on her husband's arm, "that wasn't courage, Frank, it was love. You see," she turned to me, "he means that it took courage because there had been a first marriage for me which was not successful. My first husband was a business man. He couldn't understand professional life. And just as I believe that the right love, the right marriage is absolutely necessary to a woman's success, so I know that the wrong sort of marriage can wreck it. My first marriage would have wrecked me, had it lasted. But when I met Frank—I knew. From the first moment I knew a great many things—and one of them is this—that the real answer to your question is that women and men are, or should be, equals. We are interdependent. Which is as it should be. Male and female—halves of the perfect whole and only when the halves are united can achievement be full and mature.

FRANK and I speak the same language—not only musical but in all ways, little and large. We have the same likes and dislikes, the same hopes and ambitions. We both love country life, even though our work keeps us in cities. We console one another by promises about someday—a home in the country, flowers and animals, sons and daughters. We both love the same 'little things' of life—Robert Louis Stevenson is our favorite author, Noel Coward our favorite playwright, our pet play is 'Private Lives' and of the operas, 'Falstaff,' with Verdi as our preference in composers and the collecting of French furniture for a hobby."

"I detest parlor games, pajamas for women and stupid gossip . . . so does Frank. I never smoke and Frank bites his pipe. Frank proposed to me the night I made my debut at the Metropolitan, in the role of a blind old mother, wrinkled and grotesque. It has been right, you see, from the very beginning.

"I won't go so far as to say that I wouldn't go on, that I would fail if it were not for Frank. I do know that it would take me twice as long to reach my goal, that the way would be terribly lonely and doubly burdensome. It took courage to come to Hollywood. I might have put it off, if Frank had not encouraged me, come with me."

"You really came to Hollywood," interposed Frank, "because you are avidly curious about ventures in new mediums."

"Yes, of course. But I was terrified. I didn't know how I would photograph, after all, I'd had some success at the Metropolitan—I didn't know how this new medium would affect me or my career. And I don't know yet," smiled Gladys. "It was so blistering hot the whole time we were



● "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"



● "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"



● "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"



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Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

making 'Rose of the Rancho' that I was barely conscious. I wasn't conscious at all of the camera. I believe that I photograph, on the screen, more like myself than I do in still pictures.

"The point is that although women are inferior to men when it comes to creating, they balance that by creating in their own sphere, in their own predestined channel... as mothers. In all other ways, I should say, men and women are equal, the woman needing the man, the man the woman..."

The front office called Miss Swarthout. She was due to record. We said goodbye, as old friends, not acquaintances of a few moments. She is easy to know, this dark

and beautiful young woman with the magical mezzo-soprano voice. She is human before she is anything else, a woman before she is a star of any medium.

As I walked along the row of star dressing-rooms, I felt that a new star had come to Hollywood... not the diva of the "Met" but the little, courageous girl from the Ozark Mountains... for the friendly, alert young woman I had been talking with is still that little girl who would turn back and "begin from the beginning"—and because of this sturdy human quality, Gladys Swarthout will end her career, as she began it—on a true, triumphant note.

Play Your Hunches

(Continued from page 53)

She considered. "It's following an overwhelming urge to do something without apparently any logical reason for doing it."

"Was that the hunch that made you leave?"

"Yes, to try the movies."

She was living, at that time, with her uncle and aunt. Her uncle is an officer in the British-Indian army.

"They didn't approve of my idea," Merle continued her story, "but I'd already decided to carry on with my hunch."

"Do you always follow a hunch?"

"Always. It's right, you know. But with me, I had no notion how to begin a movie career, especially so far away from any of the studios. The first thing I had to decide was which studios I would tackle, London or Hollywood. I decided on London—also a hunch. Then I had to find out what people I should see and where they were located. I got that information from movie magazines, and one day I was just on my way."

But even when she arrived in London from India, Merle was still "just on her way," for the going was hard and no doors were opened to her. She worked in a night club. She went the studio rounds. Insignificant parts came her way. It didn't look any too hopeful, until one day Alexander Korda enjoyed one of those daring moments that directors do enjoy on occasion. He was looking for an actress to play the role of Ann Boleyn in his talkie, "The Private Life of Henry VIII." He happened to remember the Oberon girl. He gave her a screen test. She made good. He cast her for the part. She played it to a fare-you-well. Korda placed her under contract in London. United Artists placed her under contract in Hollywood. Merle Oberon found herself in the dawn of her talkie career.

"It's most gratifying," she expresses it.

But she still functions according to "hunches." It's highly probable, now that she has become a figure of importance in pictures, that this faculty may one day be used against her. As soon as a star doesn't agree with her producer and advisors she is said to be hard to get along with.

"But if I've a hunch it is or it isn't right to do certain things," Merle questions, "isn't it to the advantage of everyone that I follow it?"

I don't know. But it was just that sort of action that prompted her to break off with a well-known star when their romance was on the verge of his getting a divorce to marry Merle.

"He adores his children," she recognized. "Sooner or later, if we had married, he would have missed them so keenly that he would have longed to be with

them. I couldn't stand between him and this happiness."

She severed that relation without leaving any loose ends dangling around to knot up the premises later on.

SHE'S extraordinarily frank in talking about herself. She doesn't mind in the least speaking about David Nivens, the handsome young British juvenile, who dashed on to New York from the Coast to meet her when she landed from London this last trip.

"Are you going to marry David Nivens?" I asked tactfully.

She laughed. "There's no marriage for me for at least two years."

"Why?"

"I shan't really be settled for two years," she explained, and added, "if I am then. You see, I have to alternate with pictures in Hollywood and London. That keeps me pretty much on the go, and I detest traveling."

"You've covered plenty of mileage already," I commented.

"I don't think about it," she replied.

"Well, then," I questioned, "if marriage is out—what about romance?"

"I suppose I shall be reported engaged when I get back to Hollywood," she anticipated with lively interest.

"Aren't you engaged to Mr. Nivens?"

She shook her head. "But when one goes out with a man she is said to be engaged to him, isn't she?"

"Do you mind?"

She smiled. "It does no harm, does it?"

"It depends who's talking about you," I countered.

"Well, we all run that chance." She let it go at that.

As you may suspect, she's quite a decisive personality. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, is one person who perceives and respects this trait in her.

Doug was in the party that Merle took to see the premiere of "The Dark Angel" when that picture bowed into London. She asked Doug, on that occasion, if he thought she should make "Cyrano de Bergerac," the picture Alexander Korda wanted her to co-star in with Charles Laughton.

Doug answered pointblank, "You're going to do what you want to do anyway. Why ask me?"

She decided not to do the picture. The chances are she had already decided before asking Doug, but opinions, even when asked for, don't sway her. They merely serve to light her ideas.

She is an interesting mixture, this Oberon youngster. Five feet-two of vitality, she gives the impression of being all over the place—which isn't true. She merely makes sure that she knows what

is going on that concerns her. She wastes no time fencing about what she wants. She uses words of one syllable to say what she has to say. Her favorite jewel is her aquamarine ring. She doesn't go in very much for jewelry. She loves riding horseback. She likes the water. On the Coast, she lives in Santa Monica, her front yard dipping into the Pacific Ocean—the same Pacific that will one day take her back to India via the west. She wears very simple clothes—sports things, usually, during the day. When she wears evening dress, she goes without stockings. She has a trick of looking at a person candidly and calmly.

SHE is a little cynical about love. As an experience it has its whirl but it isn't too trustworthy. She has had her horoscope read once, but she forgets what she was told. She has never been to a fortune-teller. Once, a woman at a Hollywood party read her palm and told her some things that later happened. She thinks that sort of outside help might become a weakness, unless a person was careful to use his own discretion in facing life and conditions.

She likes people. She likes good food, too. She doesn't diet—never has—never has any notion of doing it, though she doesn't make any definite decision about such future problems. She isn't fearful about herself or her career. Success is nice, but she has known obscurity and she lived in and through that without fear. She isn't money conscious. It isn't what something costs, to her; it's what it means to her that counts. She likes perfume but has no favorite. A spring green is her favorite color. She has never gone in for "isms." She isn't impressed by names. She is impressed when she reacts favorably to meeting names. She is just as impressed if the person is unknown.

She enjoys reading but she doesn't speak of this voluntarily. She's amazingly tactful, though her frankness might give the opposite impression. She sees through people but doesn't embarrass them by letting them know that. She plays no politics, which might give the idea that she is doing just that.

She doesn't mind being talked about. She loves dogs. She brought an airedale puppy over from England this last trip, which sends her canine quota to three. She isn't extravagant but she isn't parsimonious, either. She has chestnut hair and chestnut eyes and that young, clean charm that goes with health, and courage, and vitality.

She has no dream she wants to realize, but there is a dream she is going to realize. She's a girl who has seen the dawn on "the top of the world." She'll live it as she once saw and felt it and she'll follow her hunches in the doing, both in and out of emergencies. She'll hold her own no matter where she is because she understands where she fits into the picture.

... Between You and Me offers you cash prizes each month for your movie thoughts. Have you sent in your contribution?



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She's Single Again

(Continued from page 47)



"GERMS - you might as well scam. I'm covered with Mennen Oil"

"Sleeping's such a pleasure and comfort, nowadays. Not much reason left to cry—'cause my skin feels so good, and I know I'm protected 'gainst germs and infection—with this famous Mennen Antiseptic Oil. They told my wonderful mummy about it at the hospital. Seems nearly all the hospitals* now give their babies a body-rub with this oil—all over, every day. Gee, hospitals and mothers are swell to babies—protect us from chafing, chapping . . . and most of all from those nasty, dangerous germs that cause infection. Well, I think I'll dream now. . . ."

*Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too.

W. G. Mennen

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you see in me is the result of that about-face. The results are far greater than you can see on the surface, even though you say the visible change in me is astonishing. Because the change inside is even greater than that which is visible to the eye. It simply had to be.

"When I discovered that my marriage was a failure, that I had failed where I wanted most to succeed, I settled down to do a little real thinking. I was going to find my faults and remedy them."

IN this connection it is interesting to note how differently this Joan regards divorce from the other Joan—Joan Crawford. My shorthand notes show that, in talking with me shortly after her divorce from Doug, Jr., Joan Crawford said: "Some people may think our marriage was a failure. I don't, personally. I don't think it was a failure because both Douglas and I gained something from it. I don't care what experience a person has, it is not a failure if he gains as a result of it. From my marriage I gained experience, self-respect, character, insight and I didn't lose anything. I gained more, too—self-sufficiency."

Regarding her divorce, Joan Blondell says: "I cannot convince myself that my marriage was not a failure. It was a terrible failure. I should have been able to put it above anything else and make a success of it. But I couldn't."

"I said to myself, 'I have failed in marriage, but I am going to succeed in my work. I am going to find my faults and remedy them. I am going to change as much as is necessary to get all I can out of life.'"

"Before that, I didn't have any great urge to win all the success I could. I was willing to go along and take things easy, and not submerge myself in order to gain efficiency."

"But now I have something to work for. I have my beautiful son to think of. I have his future to protect. So I am going to do the things that are necessary to succeed to the point where I can have a nice bank account for the young man, and where he will be proud of his mother."

"To accomplish that I am going to make the most of whatever I have, and am going to use angles to success that I have never used before. I shall be nice to people I have never been nice to before, and play the game to the best of my ability. I am dressing the part and acting the part, and I am trying to develop qualities I always neglected heretofore."

"When I weighed myself I found I was wanting in many respects. Six months ago I couldn't be annoyed extending myself to be gracious to somebody who didn't strike my fancy. I preferred to go around in pajamas and sneakers, doing as I pleased and worrying about nobody. I would much rather be chummy with a property man or an electrician I liked than to try to please a visiting celebrity or someone about the studio who could help me."

"I was sure I was right in this, and congratulated myself on being absolutely sincere and above catering to anyone. I felt my world was secure, and that I could go on doing just as I pleased."

"But I got a shock that knocked all that out of my head, and that set me to finding my faults and trying to remedy them."

"Now that I dress carefully and do everything a girl should do to make the most of herself and her opportunities, people show decidedly more interest in me. I attract more attention and hear more favorable comments than ever before. This new personality of mine gives me added confidence. It has made me feel important. And, altogether, it has given me quite a new outlook on life."

Of course, everyone has been talking of this change in Joan, of this new Blondell. For there is a new Blondell. You can see it in her face, her manner, her clothes. You can hear it in her laughter. You can recognize it in her work, oh so plainly. It has given her a new appeal.

Don't imagine for a second that it has turned Joan into a flippant butterfly, or into a calculating woman. Joan's love of solid, substantial, down-to-earth things would prevent the one, and her frankness, generosity and sincerity would prevent the other.

An hour on the set with Joan brings out a dozen definite examples of the change of attitude of other players and studio workers toward Joan. What a marvelous object lesson she would be for any girl who is debating the possibilities of remaking herself, and wondering if it would really be worth while.

And if a girl wanted a very pleasant evidence of what this has done for Joan, she should see Dick Powell glow at Blondell's approach. Having Hollywood's most eligible young man sort of "hangin' around" is quite a testimonial in itself. And, believe you us, that's just what Dick is doing.

Both Joan and Dick will tell you they're just friends, and have been for a long time. But even on that basis, Dick will tell you Joan is getting "pretty nifty."

We happened to be with Joan on Dick's birthday, and you should have seen the merrymaking that went on at the little informal party they gave that lad on the "Colleen" set, with Joan officiating.

Of course, Joan is still pretty blue over her failure to make a go of her marriage. And she is too honest to attempt to shift the blame. She doesn't put the responsibility on Hollywood, either. Instead she says:

OUR failure wasn't the fault of marriage or of Hollywood. And certainly not of our work. I would be ashamed to attempt to alibi by saying that we failed because of the demands of our profession. Because marriage has as good a chance in Hollywood and in pictures as it has in New England. The trouble was with George Barnes and me, not with outside influences.

"There is nothing wrong with marriage. Every girl should marry when the right time and the right man comes along. I think it would be a very lonely and useless existence without marriage. You can make marriage successful no matter where you are. Public life has nothing to do with it. You could be happy living in a revolving door, if you loved each other and were willing to pay the price of a successful marriage."

No dodging of issues here, is there? Because Joan Blondell is too honest and too frank to put up any such smoke screen.

Although Joan has been hard hit, she

doesn't mope or whine. She doesn't believe in dramatics, or in being morbid. And she hates the sight of a long suffering appearance. Nor does she try to laugh it all off, for it is a serious thing to her.

The discovery that her marriage was a failure made Joan very unhappy. But it didn't whip her, for with the realization that her dream of happiness was over came the knowledge that she would have to pull herself together. The simple and unpretentious way in which she did this may be a recipe of great value to someone else who is facing unhappiness.

"If you have something hard to take," says Joan, "instead of thinking it's the end of the world and settling down to let it eat your heart out, make up your mind to snap out of it. Instead of suffering in silence, do something to take your mind off it. I would look about until I saw something pleasant to rest my eyes upon. Perhaps it would be a painting, a beautiful scenic view, or best of all, my baby.

"After centering my mind on something pleasant, and building more pleasant thoughts around it, the unpleasant memories and worries would disappear. So, little by little, the tension and the gripping unhappiness let go.

"I discovered that a number of pleasant little things will finally overcome one unpleasant big thing."

And these are the reasons for the remarkable change in Joan Blondell.



Dorothy Lee, as a jazzy Annie Oakley, dances with Johnny Arledge at Grace Bradley's Barn Dance. These kids seem to be enjoying the fun.

"Near Blonde"

-till the right powder changed her into a *True Blonde*

DON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too...

Her hair still has some of its baby bloneness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color-analyzed over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of *bright blue* gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of *brilliant green*!

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder



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

"life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and flrid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these...

NATURAL brings a fine transparency
ROSE CREAM brings a brighter radiance
BRUNETTE brings soft, creamy clarity
ROSE BRUNETTE brings a warm glow
LIGHT CREAM brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades**
Mail coupon today
 (This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name

Street

City State

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**If you feel tired,
nervous and out of sorts**

**—there is usually a
definite reason for this**



Now let's reason sensibly

DON'T try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down... a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



Sylvia's Advice to the "New Girls"

(Continued from page 55)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," her body sways with a charming balance, as if it had been put together by some special, secret trick. Which it hasn't. Just hard work, determination and training have gone to make one think so. And her face—it's so animated! That's it—what Eleanor lacks in regularity of feature and length of eyelash, she makes up in animation."

BUT I was more concerned about the legs. I know how these dancing stars have to go on working like galley slaves, thinking up new steps and stunts. Their legs may be as strong as steel, but they mustn't get bulgy muscles or the close-ups will tell on 'em. And when they put on poundage—especially around the hips, which is usually the first spot Mama Nature picks on, I know how hard it is to get rid of that solid, dancer's poundage.

And that goes for any of you active, healthy young gals whether you know anything about tap-dancing or not, but who, suddenly, in spite of an average, healthy life begin to develop a bulge on the hip or an ungraceful line of the thigh or leg. So before I go any further, I'm going to give you a few exercises that are good for keeping you limber and supple, and which will correct certain figure faults which are the result of too much dancing, too much swimming, too much sitting or too much what not. Here they are. Hop to it!

The first one is so simple that it makes rolling off a log look difficult. It's the old-fashioned polka step. (In case you can't remember that far back... it's a dance!) Come on now, we'll do it together. Ready? One, two, three and hop. Now on the other side, one, two, three and hop! Keep it up, first on one side then the other. Put plenty of spring into it, baby) and hold your arms up above your head. Let your body sway in rhythm. Be as light and graceful about it as possible. And don't forget the hop! A good fast tune on the radio is a great help. Do this every morning for five minutes.

Now for the next one. Sit down on the floor. Your legs are straight out in front of you with the knees straight, please. Your feet can be about eighteen inches apart. Now with arms up, bend the body forward and touch your forehead to your knees. Don't let me catch you bending those knees. Go on, keep trying—even if you can't do it the first crack out of the box. And if you hear a few cracks... never mind... you are just loosening up those rusty joints.

The third exercise is the famous back-bending one. Stand about eighteen inches from the wall, with your back to the wall. Bend over backwards and place the palms of your hands on the wall. Keep on bending as far as you can, placing your hands further and further down on the wall toward the floor. Now walk along sideways, using your hands to help you balance yourself. Maybe some day you'll get to the point where you can bend over backwards—way, way over—without the help of the wall. But don't try to do that until you have had plenty of wall-practice.

There you are girls, do each one of these exercises for five minutes each morning and you won't know yourselves. You'll get rid of those bulges and be healthy besides. (Incidentally, these exercises will greatly help to relieve constipation.) But wait a minute now, there's more to come.

THE other night we went to see "I Dream Too Much," and like a good many others I came out of the theatre humming an aria. My husband said, "What's the matter, darling. (Yes, he still calls me darling), don't you feel good?" And I said, "I was thinking." He said, "About what?" I said, "About Grace Moore. Remember Grace when she came to Hollywood the first time? He said, "Uh-huh," with the accent on the "Huh," because the Grace Moore of those days, was not the Grace Moore of today. Grace was a patient of mine, one of my prize babies. I had Gloria Swanson in tow at the same time and Gloria was my first responsibility—I was supposed to drop everything when Gloria needed me. And I was in a constant state of dropping. I can tell you! Well, Grace came to Hollywood with a first-string music teacher in her entourage. Gloria, whose voice had a few kinks in it that had to be ironed out for the talkies, wanted the music teacher. And Grace, whose figure had a few kinks in it that had to be ironed out for close-ups, wanted me. They got to arguing about it all. Me, I didn't care as long as my conscience was clear and I could catch up on my sleep.

But it seems that Grace won her point and acquired me. And Gloria won her point and got the Italian do-re-mi boy. So, okay, I told Grace to come on over and we'd get to work. Well, sir, I'd no sooner have Grace ready for the cameras before she'd get a peeve on at somebody and then she'd up and go away on a vacation, take it easy all day and undo all the good work that had been done. That was one of the reasons she left Hollywood with considerably less fanfare than when she came in. And one of the reasons that, when she came back the second time, she didn't make the same mistakes. The second time she put up the stiffest fight for success you've ever seen. She won. And I still cheer for Grace, because I love a good fighter.

To get back to Mademoiselle Pons... Lily Pons will not make the mistake of putting on weight. But she may make the mistake of putting it on unevenly and in the wrong spots. That little prima donna offers an object lesson to all pint-sized girls... to thin girls with narrow chests... to underweight girls who just can't seem to put on a pound where they want it. Remember this: when you want to develop and gain correctly, you must build-up all over; then keep the excess weight off the spots where it is not wanted, by special exercises for those spots. I mustn't take up the space for it now, but I have a "Special Building-up Diet" that will help you put on firm, healthy flesh. If you would like to have it, just write and ask me for it and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

More comparisons. I watched Luise Rainer in "Escapade," and I saw at once what she had which so many other European stars-of-one-picture lacked. She is exotic without being peculiar. She is piquant without being too itty-bitsy and cute about it all. She has a touch of charming wistfulness without that heavy, melancholy, boogie-man effect of some of the stars. She has an aloofness that is quite intriguing, but she doesn't shut herself up in a phoney shroud of mystery at the drop of a hat. These are mental and spiritual characteristics that I am merely mentioning so that, if the shoe fits, you can put it on. In private life she is natur-

al, without being a hoyden. She wears no make-up except lipstick, but she never looks ill-groomed. Her hair is cut in a Raggedy-Ann style, but not so raggedy that it looks untidy. In other words, she shows good taste—does not overdo things. Either instinct or much study has taught her the difference between the charm of an artistic, carefully-careless appearance and freakishness. I see lots of girls who I wish would devote a little study to that art.

If you are the sort of person, then, who in type or temperament at all resembles this vivacious little Fräulein, watch out for these things: if it pleases you to go about with no make-up, be sure that your skin is faultless and clear enough to stand it; if you cannot be bothered with the fuss and detail of a formal coiffure, make sure your hair is glossy enough to look pretty without a definite wave, and well brushed enough to have some contour; if you adore to put on careless old clothes and have a couple of fits at the mere sight of a girdle, be sure your figure is slim and straight, as a matter of fact it has to be just about perfect.

DO you know what struck me most forcibly about Luise Rainer? While everyone was remarking about her big eyes and cute accent, I was watching her walk. She is a small person, yet she walks with the dignity of a queen. So few people walk really well, that I think I'll give you a hint or two about that very necessary everyday function. Many of you point your toes out when you walk. That's wrong. Always put your feet straight in front of you. Never spread your feet at an angle. Strengthen the muscles in your knees, so they won't sag. (I have an exercise for this.) When your leg muscles are pulled up, you will have the springiness in your walk that is necessary for a graceful carriage. Keep your shoulders back and your head up. I don't mean to exaggerate and stick out your chin like an English Bull dog. Just be natural about it.

And now for the last of these four "new girls"—Rosalind Russell. In a way, the most "average" of these four, because Rosalind is neither a marvelous tap-dancer nor a phenomenal singer nor has she the kind of glamor which the girls from abroad bring over with them in their trunks. She is just a nice, well-bred, clever young American girl who happened to devote her time to acting. She also happened to find her way to the M-G-M lot, where there was already a girl named Myrna Loy. The M-G-M moguls took one look at Rosalind's brunette beauty and heard her crisp, precise diction come over the sound track and they thought, "This one will do. And if anything should ever happen to Myrna . . ." Oh, they wouldn't admit that in a thousand years, but don't tell me they didn't think it. However, that's beside the point. A few months ago, something almost did happen to Myrna, but that difficulty is apparently patched up and the two girls are there on the lot, both busy and happy.

Casting my critical eye over these two girls, at present I find very little fault with either. Their figures are straight and graceful. But Rosalind has to watch her hips and Myrna mostly the upper part of her body and her chin-line. Their make-up is clever and restrained—except for the false eyelashes which—oh, well, most of the stars are wearing them, so I guess I'll just have to wait until the fad blows over. Their voices are pleasant and well-modulated. But there is one thing that always irritates mama and which I want to mention as a word to the wise. It's mannerisms. You know Myrna Loy's trick of chin-lifting—that quick lift of the



what Greyhound means to **THIS MAN'S FAMILY**

"Here comes Helen—within a minute of the time she promised in her letter! Isn't it grand she can get home so often . . ." (You see, Helen comes home from Stevens College nearly every week-end—without losing an hour of class time, or making a big dent in her allowance.)

Give Dad credit . . . he's the one who started this Greyhound habit, four years ago. It was Dad who showed his boss how to cut sales travel expense in half, by switching to Greyhound. At once, they found that they could reach dozens of new towns, and dig up a lot of profitable new business. No wonder Dad is slated for the sales manager's job.

Mother was a little blue when the family moved here from Centerville, but how she has brightened, since Greyhound has given her a quick, easy way to visit her friends back in the old home town, and to make occasional shopping trips to the big city!

Isn't it fine when old folks take a new lease on life? Grandmother will never forget that eventful trip last spring, through the glory of western mountains, to visit her daughter out on the Coast. She contends that Greyhound bus drivers are just as gallant as the young men of her girlhood.

But let Jimmy have the last word . . . "Say! I oughta know all about Greyhound buses! Our basketball team chartered one of 'em for our last out-of-town game—and we'll save enough this season to get new uniforms."

Greyhound travel is at its best in winter and early spring . . . buses thoroughly warm and comfortable, manned by drivers who have held highest national safety records for years. Why not plan your next trip this way?

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LEXINGTON, KY. 801 N. Limestone
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 400 N. Rampart St.
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TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation and they contain nothing to put on fat.*

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-3-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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chin which she uses to emphasize her words? It's very attractive—the first eight times. If you have personal mannerisms which your friends—or your mirror—tell you are attractive, watch out that you don't overdo them. In fact, I'd say that the minute you begin to get conscious of them, discard them entirely. I've seen girls with pretty hands who used those hands prettily—so prettily and so often that, as the brother said in "Alice Adams," the air was full of them. Then there are the nose-wrinklers and the eye-brow-lifters. The girls who flutter their eyelashes, the gigglers and the girls who toss back their heads when they laugh, on account of it shows off their pretty throats to advantage. Don't overdo things like that.

Now, darlings, I've finished today's lesson. I want you all to get busy and get all the loveliness and health that belong to you. Are there any questions? Write me your problems, whatever they are. I will help you with your beauty, your figure, general health and other difficulties. It is my work and I love it. And remember this: to me *your* problems are more important than the movie stars' and furthermore I read and answer every one of your letters myself, and everything is strictly confidential. Let's work together. Sit

down and WRITE NOW! It doesn't cost a thing. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And here's a surprise for you! I've just finished a special consultation and measurement chart. It will help you check and control your weight. Would you like to have one? You would? Okay, darlings, just send in the little coupon below.

Madame SYLVIA,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your SPECIAL CONSULTATION AND MEASUREMENT CHART for weight control.

Name

Street

City State

(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

He's Going to Be Married

(Continued from page 46)

remembering colors my desires, my emotions, my standards even now—well, how could it be otherwise? Eleven years are very long years when one is very young, and they sink deep.

"The other—ah—jilting," said Randy, this time with an amused smile, "happened after I came to Hollywood. And the lady was very different from the girl back home. She was dark. She was vivid. She was beautiful. She was very modern. She had been twice married and twice widowed. Perhaps she was afraid. Perhaps she did not love me enough. Whatever the reason, whatever her motive, she decided, at the last moment, that she had rather not. . . .

THE first time," said the tall Southerner, who has played so many Westerners, "the first time I loved with my heart, all of it. The second time with my emotions. And the third, and last time, I shall love with my head.

"I am looking, now, for very definite qualifications. I mean, I believe that marriage should have a basis, that one should say, 'I want such and such from marriage.' It sounds very much like a vital statistic—an 'Intention To Wed' with a detailed list of requirements.

"My standard has nothing to do with physical qualifications. I have no picture of an ideal girl which I carry around in my mind's eye. I'm sure that I would not recognize the future Mrs. Scott if she stood before me at this moment. For I don't care particularly, what she looks like. I have no preference for either a blonde or a brunette. I don't care how old she is, or how tall, or even," Randy laughed, "how fat!

"I do care what she is like inside. She must not be an actress. I will not marry a professional. Not, at any rate, one occupied in screen work.

"She must be domestic enough to want to supervise my home with competence

and dignity and charm. Because I want a home—with the linens kept in lavender and the silverware shining and the floors waxed and the table bountiful. I do not want a hotel where people I barely know 'drop in' for drinks.

"She must be a woman who wants motherhood. Because I want children. I want a family. And I want a woman who will mother that family and not turn our children over to nursemaids.

"She must be a woman for whom I can feel a profound respect. Such a respect, I hope, as she will be able to feel for me. I have seen enough marriages where both parties have fallen off their pedestals, and the shattered pieces, for some weird reason, remain together. With horrid results.

"If anyone should ask me what I think is the most absolutely necessary ingredient in love and marriage I should say, mutual respect.

"Which brings me back to what I said a few minutes ago—that watching many of the Hollywood marriages has kept me from erring on more than one occasion.

"Not that I am often tempted. I'm not. I'm not easily attracted to women. I don't believe that I could fall in love at first sight. I'm not emotionally impulsive.

"And the very nature of my work is my safety-valve. For, after all, the very basis of our work in pictures is sex. We make love to the most beautiful women in the world in every picture we make. And while it would be gross exaggeration to say that I fall in love with every lovely lady I'm cast opposite, it would also be grossly untrue to say that there is no emotional element between us. Of course, I feel attracted while we are working together. Of course, I feel an emotional appeal. And the result is that I get rid of a great deal of surface emotionalism that would, otherwise, be pent up inside of me.

"Since it is a part of my day's work to make love to pretty girls I am some-



Farmer Frank Albertson and his wife step out to neighbor Grace Bradley's for her big hay-de-ho party!

what immunized. I am not so likely to be carried away by a pretty face after working hours. I am not like the chap in an office who may see one or two beautiful girls in the course of a week's work, may have a personable secretary and being thus curtailed, emotionally, he falls madly in love the first time a fair charmer trips across his line of vision.

"Then, too, the nature of my work teaches me how superficial sex attraction can be. A momentary thing. Gone, as some sun-breathing flowers are gone, with the setting of the sun. I have learned, through my work, that I must look for something more than mere sex attraction when I decide to marry. There must be something between my wife-to-be and myself which will develop and strengthen and mature.

"And so," the tall young Virginian said, rising and walking to the window and back again, "I am going to be married with the hope, the profound hope of staying married. My head rules my heart now. And I am hoping that my head will dictate wisely for me and for—for her, wherever she may be, whoever she may be. But if I make a mistake—as anyone may—then I should, of course, divorce. For if there is one thing in the world more important than any other it is harmony.

"I am going to be married—and it is my prayer that our marriage will be a true one, housed by the four walls of a home, made substantial by the rearing and raising of children, made holy by time and respect and love and faith."



Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD A CHILD be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working *with* the child—not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—*Fletcher's Castoria!*



Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.



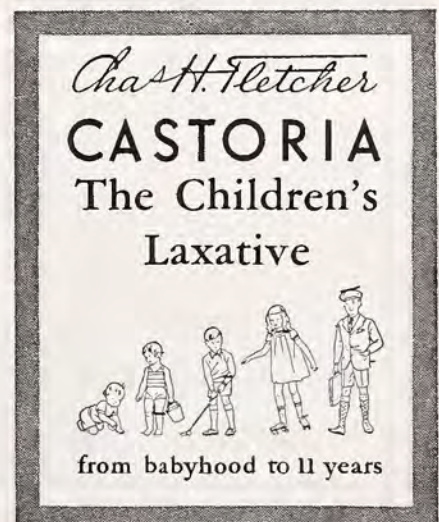
But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is... Fletcher's Castoria is **SAFE**, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives,

Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will *never* cause griping pains.



Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.



"SHE HAD THE KIND
OF LIPS MEN LIKE
TO KISS"



SAID
**GARY
COOPER**



**Popular male
star gives his
reasons for
choosing the
Tangee Girl**



● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one, no lipstick... the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint*. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM36
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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

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Gable's New Freedom

(Continued from page 39)

written. I can't help that. I will not have authorized them. And I don't care what they say as long as they don't quote me as saying it. My name will be linked, as it has been, ridiculously, with every feminine letter of the alphabet. I don't give a hang for myself. I do hate to be a source of embarrassment, however unintentional, to any woman. And that's that!"

"But your life from now on? Will you talk about that?"

"Why not?" said Clark. "My new freedom will consist in my living as I've always lived—only more so. I never did much partying about. Now I'll do less. I haven't been anywhere since my return from South America. I always have worked all day and gone home at night to read or play bridge. I always went hunting or fishing when I had time off. I always attended the races. I'll do the same now—*plus*."

I HAVE a new clause in my contract which gives me six weeks of every year free for a trip. This year I went to South America. Next, I'll go to China. The year after to India and then to Tibet, Greece, the Isle of Malta and to all of the remote corners of the globe. I'll always fly. That's what I want and that's what I have—now.

"And I'll travel alone. Kipling says, doesn't he, that 'He travels fastest who travels alone?' Well, he must have meant me, among others. Alone and by air. The combination should get me places."

"I don't even want another man to go with me. Too apt to impose restrictions, and no matter how congenial you may be, there's bound to be a conflict of opinions."

"I'm a lone wolf at heart and always have been. My mistakes have all come from disregarding this basic law of my nature. Now I shall observe it. That's all."

And I thought again, as he talked, sitting on the edge of a chair too fragile for him. "No one woman could hold this man. He isn't a woman's man at all. He's too charged with a restless, reckless vitality, too untamed of spirit. He's a gypsy. He has a huge impatience of shackles. He has no place—he simply doesn't belong in night clubs, boudoirs, salons."

He doesn't care for clothes. He never uses screen make-up—a powder puff is poison to him. He doesn't want possessions. He wouldn't know what to do with luxury. He scorns softness, small talk and coquetry. He laughs, uneasily, in the face of feminine adulation. He is like a bull in the china shop of marriage.

He was saying, "I'm living in a hotel in Beverly Hills. I like that, too. I don't want a home. I have no sort of use for a place which binds me with taxes, upkeep and the fetters of possessions. At the hotel I can sleep and eat, come and go, as I please and when I please. I can breakfast at five in the morning if I feel like it—and I often do—and no routine is disturbed. I can't abide routine. It stifles me as physically as a pillow over my face."

"So many things money can buy," I suggested.

"What?" demanded Clark. "Huge estates, you mean, swimming pools, flocks of cars, interior decorators, parties—the things that belong to the luxury standard?"

"But I *have* all those things and no

strings to 'em. The world is huge enough to do me for an estate. I can jump a tramp steamer any day without responsibility. I can swim in the seven seas which don't have to be drained, scraped or sterilized. I can only wear one suit at a time, sleep in one bed, read one book and eat one meal.

"No, I wouldn't know what to do with vast possessions. But they would know what to do with me. And here's what: They would drive me mad in time. I want to move and keep moving. I want to inherit the earth, not ten fenced acres of it."

IS this all you want of life?" I ventured, thinking of all the richness at his very hand, the romance, the proffered hearts of the composite femininity of the world.

"What do you mean, 'all'?" Clark asked, his laugh resounding. "I've just told you I've got the earth and more. I've got my work, too. I like to work. I've done it for so long that it doesn't hold any particular excitement for me, no novelty, but it keeps me moving, gives me an interest. And now, between times, I can go where I please. What more is there to want?"

"Well," I said, fascinated by the vision of the thousands of women who have mobbed him for his autograph, a word, a smile, a nod—"well, I mean women. Don't you ever think it might be fun to adventure amorously—just a dash of Casanova, y'know?"

"Gosh, no!" laughed Clark. "I like women, of course. I like companionable women with a sense of humor, women who can laugh with a fellow. I don't know what to do with strange ones who look at me goggle-eyed. They make me feel uncomfortable. They always have. It's not going to be any different now. My new freedom is the freedom of the seas—and no sirens on the rocks, either."

"Besides, it's a lot of hooey—women being 'crazy' about a star—whether it's me or the next one. They can't care about me because they don't know the real me, the man behind the star. It doesn't make sense. Every time I appear in public I imagine people are saying 'Oh, so *that's* Gable, is it?' (which is ridiculous, for Clark is handsomer off the screen than he is on—and "regular")."

"Look," said Clark, in the tone of voice one uses to teach a very dumb child a simple lesson, "the day I was leaving South America a crowd came to the airport. How they knew I was leaving, I'll never know. They are more rabid fans down there than they are up here, if possible. I kept as much to myself as I could and as I was waiting to take off, I found myself standing next to a nice looking girl of about twenty. She looked sensible and she was staring at me. I said to her, on an impulse, 'Look here, what made you come down here to see me?' And she answered, 'Curiosity.' She spoke the truth and I liked her for her honesty. Curiosity—that's the answer. But I'm not a curiosity, I'm just a man like any other and all I ask is to live my life in comfort and freedom."

I recalled the very first interview I ever did with Clark. It was right after M-G-M realized what manner of star they had "in the bag." I remember saying, "How will you feel if at the end of the year you find yourself in the spot Valentino once occupied—when women literally tear the clothes off your back?" And Clark answered, an honestly naïve horror

in his fine eyes, "I think it would be sorta repulsive." Well, he still thinks so.

"When you're in Hollywood and working, what do you do evenings?"

"I usually go home to the hotel, lock the door, go to bed and read."

I said briefly, but with feeling "Pig!"

"Pig?" inquired Clark politely.

"Pig," I reiterated firmly—"with all the romance in the world just waiting 'round the corner, with all the eager-eyed girls, all the amorous adventures, and you shut yourself up in your room to read!"

"I can't seem to make you understand," said Clark, in the loud, rather labored tones in which one speaks to the slightly deaf, "that's just what I want to do! And, that's what freedom is for!"

Clark laughed. His hands made a gesture dispensing with the world, the flesh, the devil and all the angels.

I said, "Is it out of turn to ask whether you think you will ever marry again?"

"Nope, not out of turn. But I don't know. I can't say that I won't. I may, but it's a bit soon. I'm not unmarried yet—and I never look ahead. Some day, no doubt, I shall have encompassed the earth, since there are limitations even there. And when that day comes, and after the screen has hung a 'To Let' sign on my dressing-room door, I may buy a ranch out here in California and settle down—some."

"But first," said Clark, stretching out his arms, that lazy smile curving his mouth, "there are the seas to be sailed, the skies to be explored, the lakes to be fished and the mountains to be scaled. There's freedom—and it's mine!"

He's a Travellin' Man

(Continued from page 52)

other kind, George prefers to make Westerns. He doesn't make them just because he can ride a horse.

"Of course I prefer them," he will tell you enthusiastically. "But we don't call them Westerns any more. You know a Western used to be a picture in which the heroine wore a sunbonnet and the hero rode a horse. If the hero was called upon to act he simply expanded his chest and followed it in a straight line across the stage."

"But that's the old-fashioned idea," George laughed. "We're making 'outdoor dramas' now. We buy the best stories available and hire actors who can act as well as ride a horse. In my last two pictures—'Thunder Mountain' and 'Whispering Smith Speaks'—there aren't any horses. They're both railroad stories. We go wherever the script sends us for background. I went to England for exteriors for 'Cowboy Millionaire' and recently I've worked in Arizona and Mexico. There is more drama, to my way of thinking, in some of the wonderful scenery we have photographed for our pictures than there is in any film made in a studio. While the Clark Gables sweat away under the hot lights, I'm outdoors on a horse having a swell time—doing the sort of thing I like to do."

A year ago George terminated his contract with the Fox Company by mutual consent.

"Westerns are out," Fox executives told him. "You'll have to get back into the parlor."

"I don't believe Westerns are out," he



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And just what goes on? Erik Rhodes, with a Harpo Marx touch, rests his leg in Glenda Farrell's and Addison Randall's laps. At the Bradley hick party.

told them, "and I'll not be a parlor hero. I like making Westerns. I'll quit."

AND he was just confident enough to form his own company with Sol Lesser and John Zanft, and begin a new series of "outdoor dramas." And who do you think releases these pictures? Certainly! Twentieth Century-Fox! So George is still a Fox star.

His contract calls for a three months' vacation after each picture, so the minute he finishes work and the picture is cut, off he goes on a trip.

George is married to the beautiful Marguerite Churchill who, in talking with a friend recently, confessed that she was first attracted to her husband because he travelled so much.

"He made a lot of pictures," she said, "but he managed to have time to travel all over the world. There was no place you could mention that he had not visited or contemplated visiting in the near future."

What was at first a mutual interest developed into an enthusiastic love affair and George and Marguerite were married.

"And we've been travelling between pictures ever since," he laughed.

"I'm strictly not a routine man," he said. "I can't stay put. I don't want to stay in one place and be the pillar of the town and rust and rot and grow stale. I want to go every place and see everything before I'm too old and it all passes me by."

"Marguerite is the same way. She likes to travel and see everything and is the best sport about packing up and leaving at a minute's notice. A lot of girls wouldn't do that," he added, with a note of pride.

"We thought having a baby would change all that, slow us down for a while, you know, but we had taken two trips before she was three months old. We left her home because she's better off there with the nurse, but we'll soon be taking her along. You see children every place you go. They're on boats, trains and planes. They seem to have every convenience for them these days," he said hopefully. For it is one of his dreams to take his little Orin Ynez (named Ynez because that is the name of the Mexican town where George and Marguerite were married) all over the world with them.

"Of course, when she is older and going to school, we can't be jerking her out in the middle of a term and taking her to Japan or Singapore, but that is all the more reason why we want to do our traveling now," he said firmly.

"We have a home at the beach. It's not a big place but comfortable, and we call it headquarters."

Recently the house next door to the O'Briens' temporary home caught fire in the middle of the night and burned to the ground. Immediately George got his family organized. The baby and the nurse and all the important baby things were bundled into the limousine, which stood in front of the house ready to leave at a word. That attended to, George climbed onto the roof with the garden hose and kept his house wet until the fire chief said the danger was over. Then the O'Briens went back to bed.

"Now let's get organized," George said, when his company arrived at a location near Sonora a day early and found camp wasn't prepared. "Let's fix the beds for those who have to work early in the morning and the rest can go to town to a hotel."

In no time this was done and everything was "organized" for an early start next morning.

A FEW miles away Warner Baxter and his company were making exterior scenes for "Robin Hood of El Dorado," and every night while George was in that camp, Warner was his dinner guest. For the O'Brien company is noted for its good food and every actor in Hollywood knows it. When on a distant location they have a chuck wagon, but when they are working within fifty miles of Hollywood they never eat box lunches, as every other motion picture company does. They have a caterer and the best food money can buy is served them from the swank Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. Good food, George thinks, comes under the heading of organization.

"You save money, there is better feeling and the men work harder if they are well fed," he declares. "All we were up there for was the scenery and we got, in eleven days, what it took Warner's company five weeks to get—even with Warner taking his meals with us!"

"Good food on location is insurance against temperament, which is old-fashioned anyway. We have to have good feeding in making outdoor pictures, we work so hard."

George introduced the chuck wagon while he was a Fox star, but before it was put into use he had to show the business manager that for 24c a meal he could feed the men on location better meals than they were getting in the 50c box lunches.

His vacations were always spent at some job that kept him outdoors. It was during one vacation that he met Tom Mix. Because George was husky and looked able to carry the heavy camera equipment over the hills, he was taken on as a camera assistant. That was his introduction to Hollywood and he stuck to the camera for six months. His fine physique got him small parts in pictures and he began doubling for stars. "It wouldn't be fair to tell who they were because some of them are still stars," he explains.

You'll hear it often said by stars that they wouldn't ask a double to do anything they wouldn't do themselves. In George's case it is true. Only last week in a scene for "Whispering Smith Speaks," his latest picture, George was supposed to jump from one moving train to another, speeding in the opposite direction. George wanted to do it himself but the director refused to allow him and sent for a double.

"We can't afford to take a chance," the director argued. "If anything happened the picture would be held up."

GEORGE agreed. But when the double arrived and was told what he had to do he refused, and a second double was sent for. While they waited the director made closeup shots of George about to make the leap. Frank Good, who has been George's cameraman for years, sidled over to George and whispered: "Are you going to do it?"

"Sure," George replied. So Good set up his camera to catch the whole scene instead of just a closeup. The engineer, not knowing that George was going to jump, speeded up and the entire company gasped as our hero landed lightly on his feet on the other train.

"It was nothing," George said afterward. "I can do my stunts better than most stunt men and it's better for the picture if I do them myself."

"Well, we won't retake it," the director commented grimly.

George is mindful of the fact that to his youthful fans he is a hero and for that reason he never takes a drink or smokes in a picture.

"I always get my man before I'm so embarrassed I have to light a cigarette," he laughs. But, strangely enough, George is never seen smoking or drinking off the screen, either.

At the opening of the operatic season in New York last Fall, George and Marguerite were present. During intermission a strange gentleman approached George in the lobby and said: "It seems strange to see you here. I thought you didn't belong, but on second look I guess you do."

"Why were you surprised?" George asked. "Because I haven't my horse with me, or don't you like me in evening clothes?"

"I love music," he continued, putting the gentleman at ease. "I studied piano for eight years. I ride my horse for a living. This is my pleasure."

A huge crowd as well as a vast radio audience was treated to a bit of his ready Irish wit at the premiere of the picture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Beverly Hills. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien were a handsome couple as they arrived in front of the theatre. Marguerite was pushed in front of the microphone in the lobby, introduced as "Miss Churchill" and asked to say something, which she did charmingly.

"And now we have George O'Brien," said the announcer, as he pushed George



Maureen O'Sullivan has answered the call to London, too. She'll do "Soldiers Three" for GB.

toward the microphone. "Tell our radio listeners what you think of the Warner Brothers for bringing Shakespeare to Hollywood, George."

Smilingly George stepped up to the "mike." From his debonair manner you would never guess that he had a problem. He must let everyone know that the beautiful woman who had just spoken was his wife; he must say something nice about the picture and he must do it quickly. He did all those things in a most forthright and subtle manner when he said:

"I always agree with Mrs. O'Brien."



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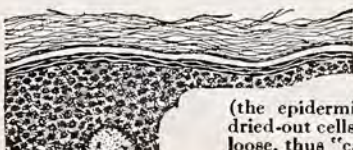
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Lights! Camera! It's the Quints!

(Continued from page 36)

told me, "something of an advertisement for children who have never had the emotional stimulus of petting and adoring aunts and uncles, grandmas and grandpas. Science has been mother and father to them, aunt, uncle and grandparents. The results are so perfect, so glowing and healthy that, as Jean said, "I can only say that were my wife and I to have another child, I could wish for nothing better than one exactly like any one of the Quintuplets. I have never seen more perfect specimens, mentally and physically, anywhere."

They are jolly babies, good-natured, friendly among themselves and with others. They never whine. They never fret. When they roll about on the floor, pulling each others' hair, kissing and laughing it is all happy play. They are never little "meanies." They have, each one of them, sunny dispositions.

Their habits are, of course, 100 per cent normal. They sleep sixteen hours a day. Jean told me that when they arrived in Callander and reached the famous hospital, the babies were having their naps. And they were out of doors in their leather perambulators, side by side. The perambulators were covered with snow, the thermometer registering 17 degrees below zero! And when the babies were brought in, at the appointed time and not a minute before or after, their eyes were like dark diamonds and their cheeks were damask peonies. They always take their naps out of doors and below zero weather holds no terrors for them.

They eat the food prescribed for the average husky eighteen months old child. Chops and cereals, fruit juices and spinach. They all love spinach! Not one of them, in fact, is fussy about her food. They eat anything given them and love it! They have never been "problem children" either as regards to their food or any of their other habits.

And they all eat the same things. There is no special diet for Cecile and another one for Emilie. Once in a great while, Dr. Dafoe told Jean, one of them may break out with a slight rash and when that happens, he changes the diet for a day or two until the rash clears up. But that is the only time any difference is made in their feeding.

THEY have the requisite number of teeth. In fact, they are slightly above normal both in their physical and mental development. Once every month two psychiatrists, one from New York, the other from Toronto come to Callander to observe them. And they report that the babies are far advanced in some ways for their ages and a bit behind in some others—but that their average is above normal.

And it must be borne in mind, as Dr. Dafoe pointed out to Jean, that the babies are not really eighteen months old—they are, really, only about fifteen months, having been two and a half months premature at birth. And so, when they are checked as eighteen months old children, this should be taken into consideration.

They all speak a few words in English. They say "Da-Da" to Dr. Dafoe. They say "ta-ta" very politely when they are given anything. They can say "ball" and "doll" when they are playing with these toys. But the rest of their infant patter is in French. They are learning to speak French before they speak English. Their two nurses, Mlle. Cecile and Mlle. Yvonne are French and talk French to them entire-

ly. But as Dr. Dafoe speaks English to them, they are well on the way to becoming accomplished linguists before they are two.

Nurse Yvonne, Jean told me, takes a little extra-special pride in the accomplishments of Mlle. Yvonne Dionne while Nurse Cecile takes the same extra-special pride in Mlle. Cecile Dionne.

They have a storeroom under the hospital full of toys—every kind of toy ever devised by the ingenuity of Santa Claus—toys contributed by friends and "admirers" from every corner of the globe.

And their favorite toys are clothes-pins! The old fashioned clothes pins of the kind that nip on.

They adore their combs, too. They love to play with them and to comb each other's hair—they do it very gently, there is never any pulling and crying about it.

They will, in fact, pass up balls, dolls, games and all kinds of glittering playthings for their clothes pins and their combs. They all like small toys better than large ones. Thus the small wooden whistle, now so proudly owned by Jean. He put it in his pocket one day, while working with them, mistaking it for a clothes-pin which he was supposed to have in his pocket for one of the scenes in the picture.

They each have five tiny sets of garments, complete from the rosy skin out. And each garment, even the small panties, has the name of the owner embroidered thereon. Each set is exactly alike except that the small frocks are different colors . . . pastel blue for Emilie, Marie the pastel pink, Cecile the pastel green, Annette the pastel yellow and Yvonne the white.

While Jean and Miss Peterson were up there, five small fur coats were sent as gifts, white rabbit fur, with caps to match. And even these had their names embroidered in the linings and each lining was a different pastel color.

They call Dr. Dafoe "Da-Da" and they are, Jean told me, crazy about the good doctor—as well they might be! They know him, of course, better than they do anyone save their nurses. The balance of their household consists of a housekeeper and there are ever present, of course, the Canadian Provincial guards doing sentry duty around the high wall surrounding the hospital.

Dr. Dafoe visits the babies twice daily. And the first thing in the morning one of the nurses calls him and reports the morning weights and the developments, if any, of the night.

WHEN the good doctor enters the nursery they run to him, all five of them en masse and make a concerted drive for his attention. And their reactions are perfectly feminine. For if he picks Cecile up first, Annette claws and tugs at his trouser legs until her turn comes—and so it goes, five times.

"We were only allowed to work with them for a short time each day," Jean said, "and Dr. Dafoe was right there with us, his eyes on the babies, every minute. His word is law. The longest stretch of time we ever worked with them, at any one time, was fifty-five minutes one day. Another day we only worked eight or nine minutes. The babies became very hilarious and Dr. Dafoe stopped us, saying that they were over-stimulated."

"Every care and precaution was used by each one of us. I had to have my nose and throat sprayed each day as I entered the

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Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

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(21)

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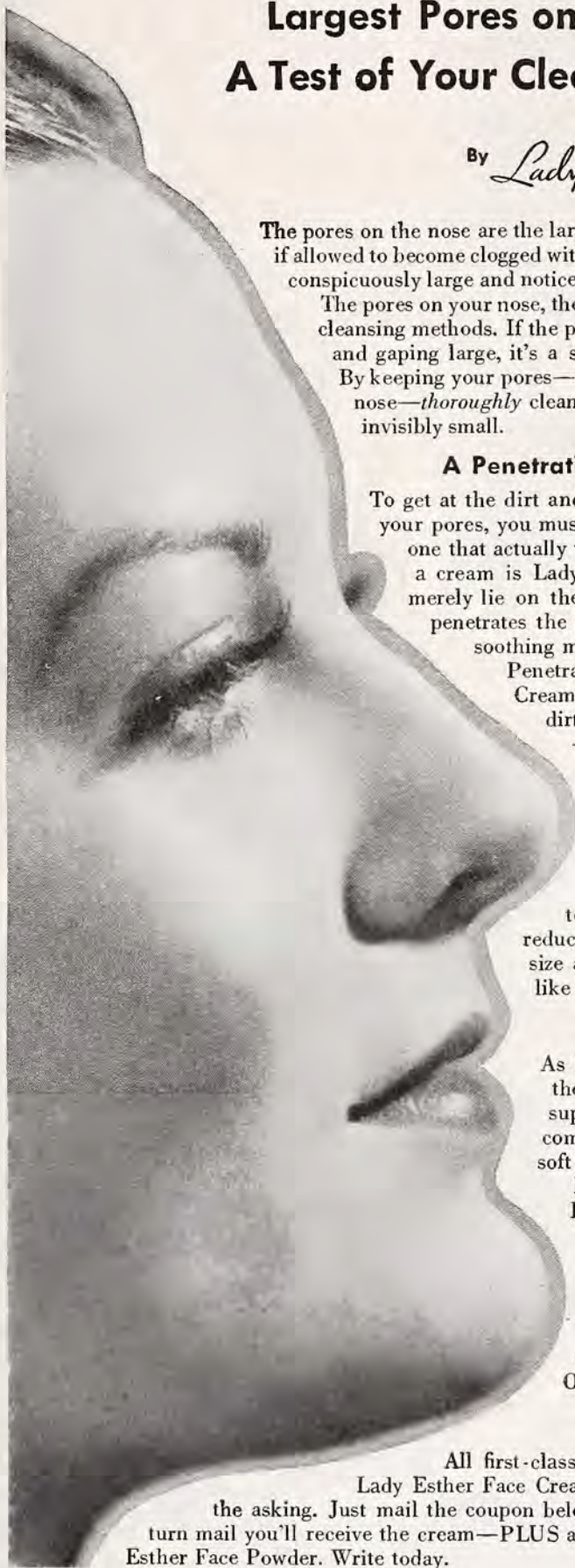
hospital, as did the others. They allowed us only one cameraman and one electrician. These two men, with Director Henry King, Miss Peterson and myself comprised the cast and crew in Callander. Both Mr. King and I were very anxious to take our wives with us on the trip and planned to, but we were asked, courteously but firmly, to bring with us the very minimum number of people we could. The children are so sedulously guarded, you know. The public may come and look at them at certain hours in the afternoon—but only from a distance. No one but Dr. Dafoe, the nurses and the housekeeper actually ever breathe the air they breathe. And their parents, too, of course, whenever they come to see them. Which is whenever they want.

Jean said: "I have played all kinds of parts, bits, leads, starring roles—and I certainly consider this the greatest part, the biggest thing that has ever happened to me in my whole career. I couldn't believe it when they sent for me to come to talk about 'a picture.' In fact, I had made up my mind that I would turn it down, no matter what it might happen to be. I had just been assigned one of the biggest parts I've had in some time in a picture on my home lot, and I was grimly determined that I would not be switched. And then, when I was asked, 'How would you like to play the part of Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor"?'—Well," said Jean, "I tell you, I had to run right home and tell my wife about it, I was so excited! And do you know, when it was announced that I was to play the title role, I had cables from Denmark and London, congratulations from almost everywhere. On our return trip complete strangers would come up to me and ask to shake my hand—the hand that had fondled the Quintuplets. Twenty-two newspaper men and women went with us, representatives from almost every big newspaper and syndicate in the country.

"This may be the 'Quints' only picture. I do know that they are never to be 'exhibited'—as the word is used in connection with the Siamese Twins or the Singer Midgets—or any other departures from the norm. They have, now, a trust fund of \$200,000 and the Government is going to make a park of the acreage surrounding the hospital so that they may have a safe and roomy playground. I believe that the present plan is for them to have governesses and tutors for a time and then, eventually, to go to school with other children.

"I spent four evenings, while up there, with Dr. Dafoe in the pine-panelled library of his comfortable home nearby. We sat and talked half the nights through. I saw some pictures of the babies, taken at birth, which made me realize, as I had not before, the miracle which Dr. Dafoe has wrought. It's difficult to believe that the five lively, bright, satin-skinned youngsters I played with ever had been these weird little atoms, all tummies and heads, no legs and arms to speak of.

"The doctor and I had many things in common. For the doctor collects first editions and so do I. The doctor has an eighteen-year-old son named Alan—and I have an eighteen year old son named Alan. We did not," Jean chuckled, "have motion pictures in common, certainly. Dr. Dafoe had never heard of me until I was on my way to Callander. He had never, I think, heard of any screen personality. He has only seen two pictures in all his life and one was an ancient film called 'Sunshine Sue' or something like that—the other a short of the Quintuplets. He is simple, kindly and deeply wise. He is completely unworldly. He could go to any city in the world and turn patients away by the thousands. He will remain where he is, and as he is.



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"I do not," Jean said, "in any way attempt to imitate Dr. Dafoe in the picture. I am not using his name even. I am called 'Dr. Luke.' I have not tried to copy his mannerisms, nor even his appearance other than to gray my hair and mustache. I am playing, simply, a country doctor who steps into the limelight of a wondering

world when five babies are birthed—and live. I only hope," Jean said, "that I will be able to convey something of the fine and modest spirit of the man I am supposed to represent . . . well, it was a tremendous, an unforgettable experience."

And—"It was thrilling," said Dorothy Peterson.

What They Like to Wear

(Continued from page 58)

"You know," she continued, "everyone thinks that the minute you get to be anybody in Hollywood, you buy a mink coat. Well, mother won't even let me think about having one until I'm twenty-one. I did persuade her to let me have this summer ermine that I am wearing but that was only because she hates cheap furs and thought this was youthful enough for me."

THE result of the shopping trip was that the right dress finally was found at Hattie Carnegie's—but it wasn't red, it was black. Carnegie's is one of the most exclusive dressmaking establishments in New York, a great favorite with many of the older stars such as Katharine Hepburn and Connie Bennett. Anita Louise was so excited about buying a dress there that it wasn't until she had made the purchase and was about to leave that she discovered one terrific drawback. Looking at the neck of the frock, she said wistfully:

"Oh dear, there isn't a label in this and I did so want a label." Fortunately, the Carnegie labels are sewn into the side seams so everything was well.

That shows you what a kid Anita is, despite the fact that she is a poised young woman and a star who should be quite blasé about any label in a dress. She gets as much kick out of buying a dress at a famous dressmaker's as you or I would.

She's a very sensible gal, wears simple clothes and not very expensive ones, except for a few sprees now and then like the Hattie Carnegie dress. Incidentally, you can see the dress on page 56, for Anita posed in it especially for me before returning to the coast. It's the cute black crepe afternoon dress with its full gathered peasant-like skirt and fitted bodice set off by an unique draped collar. The gold gypsy bangle clip on the collar is duplicated on her black, off-the-face felt hat that looks so much like a French peasant's bonnet. You can see it up under the wing-like brim at the left side of the Chapeau.

In evening gowns, Anita likes soft, clinging fabrics best, especially chiffon. One of her favorite evening gowns is photographed. It's more of a dinner gown with its deep shirred armholes and buttoned bodice with high neckline. The girdle is silver kid fastened with a tie of the fabric. A charming detail is the flower necklace and the two matching flowers caught in her hair. Anita knows how to add these touches skillfully, in fact, in her clothes she has the taste and sophistication of a much more mature person, yet she never wears clothes that are too old for her.

Looking critically at her, I would say that one of her greatest charms is her clean, scrubbed look and her beautifully cared for golden hair.

Quite the opposite of Anita Louise is Betty Furness, a New York bred girl, who spends her brief holidays in the

city, snooping out bargains in the smaller shops along Madison avenue and in such huge emporiums as Macy's and Bloomingdale's.

Over cocktails in the Savoy room of the Savoy Plaza hotel, we talked clothes and more clothes. Not only talked but later took photos of some of her pet purchases. Betty, like Anita Louise, is blonde and has a great flair for smart things.

"I won't wear or pose in anything that I don't think suits me," she told me. "That's not being arbitrary either, I just can't feel at ease in clothes that don't suit my personality and you can't be truly smart unless you do feel comfortable in your clothes."

I ASKED her about the difference in the type of wardrobe she needs for Hollywood and what she needs in New York.

"Oh, there's a great difference," she said. "For instance, there's no need for what you call a street dress. You know, like the dress you have on, a black wool or silk crepe that is tailored and that you would wear all day to business. Our need is sports clothes in Hollywood. I wear them all day long. When I want to dress up for a cocktail party or dinner, I either wear a dress like this one that I have on, or an ankle length dinner gown."

The dress which she had on was the metal shot crepe which she is wearing in one of the photographs on page 58. Utterly simple, its outstanding detail is the high neckline with gathered collar that stands up like a ruche around the neck. This is in a beautiful shade of blue with silver threads woven in it and is regulation afternoon length. Betty said I could tell you that she only paid sixteen dollars for it—imagine! With this she wore a small fuchsia colored antelope hat with two feather flowers poised like bat wings right in front. The centers of these were the same color as the blue of her dress. The smart bag is an original Schiaparelli model in black patent leather with a new cloisonne trimming in a blue to match her dress. Very smart and very new.

In adjusting her hat for the photographer, she turned to me and said, "I wear it straight because I think it looks newer than all the hats that are tipped to one side or another. I love mad hats and indulge myself in them—it's really my one great extravagance. You see I have created a reputation for wearing crazy hats in Hollywood and I can't let my public down!"

She was crazy about the clothes she wore in "The Magnificent Obsession."

"John Stahl, our director, was very fussy about the clothes and so they were all sent out from Carnegie's and especially selected for Irene Dunne and myself. I bought several of them after the picture was finished."

Continuing on the bargain theme which we had started earlier, she said,

"I have a friend here in New York who is constantly on the search for cute, but inexpensive clothes for me. She knows all the little shops and when I arrive for a short stay, all I have to do is to go with her and pick up the clothes she has already snooped out for me. It's a grand system and saves me time. For instance, that white chiffon evening gown—I simply adore it and yet I only paid eighteen dollars for it because I knew just where to go and find it at that price. The gold kid belt is a terribly smart detail on a frock of such simple Grecian character." The dress mentioned is the one shown on page 58. With it Betty carried an evening bag of a new diamond mesh with a chain handle.

The trim yellow jacket, also photographed, is the sort of thing that she finds indispensable in Hollywood. She wears this with all sorts of skirt and dress combinations and various changes of accessories. The day she posed in it, however, she was wearing brown accents. A brown Ascot scarf and a jaunty brown felt with a huge beige-flecked feather. The smart monogrammed fob pin was a new gift—gold with brown wood. She had an amusing bracelet that would make a slick accessory for all of you—we couldn't get a good picture of it so I shall have to describe it. It was gold, also, and was formed by her nickname "Betty" in letters, each linked together like a slave bracelet and backed by a thin chain.

Betty thinks one of the focal points in good grooming is the hair, although she apologized for the way her hair looked because she didn't seem to think it was quite right. I thought it looked charming. She paints her lip rouge on with a small camel's hair paint brush, which I thought was a swell extra tip for all of you. The results were so smooth and perfect in

outline.

After having talked fashions and shopped with two blondes, I was delighted to get some tips for all you brunettes, from a new star in Hollywood but a long standing favorite of radio, pretty Jane Froman.

Jane was back from the coast for a brief stay after having finished her first picture. She confessed that it was a joy to discuss fashions after so many interviews about her career and marriage. As it happened, we got off on marriage before we were through! Jane is very happily wed and can't resist mentioning her husband even when talking about clothes.

New York doesn't mean a shopping binge for her like it does to Betty and Anita Louise. In fact, she doesn't buy clothes except when she feels she hasn't another decent thing to put on.

"You see," she explained, "I was brought up in a convent and from wearing uniforms, year in and year out, clothes became terribly vital to me. So much so, that when I started to earn my own living, the first thing I thought of was accumulating a wardrobe of smart clothes. I didn't earn much so I really had to plot to buy nice ones. Why, do you know that I still wear the first fur coat I ever bought and nothing will ever seem so exciting to me again in the way of clothes!" Now that she can have all the clothes she could possibly wear, she doesn't care a hoot for them—she thinks that there isn't any kick to shopping unless you have to worry over whether or not you can afford this or that thing.

"My needs are comparatively simple," she continued. "I have to have more evening clothes than anything else because of my broadcasting. It's lucky that I love them or else I would be bored to death

having to shop for so many. My only other requirement is sports things. In Hollywood I adore the custom of wearing pajamas or slacks and shirts for daytime. They are so comfortable and convenient. What's more, they save wear and tear on your good things. I really haven't another dress, outside this one that I have on that is suitable for daytime wear here in New York!" The costume she referred to was a charming deep red affair with a broad brimmed hat to match. She didn't like the hat because it didn't "do" anything for her. Does that sound familiar to you?

JANE doesn't have any system or rules about her shopping. She buys what she likes in both color and style—she selects accessories to go with whatever fancy she pursues. She's very natural looking with lovely dark brown hair and hazel eyes. She was simply thrilled at what the studio did for her in make-up. I asked her if she didn't resent a little the fact that they saw fit to change her make-up. She said emphatically no because she never realized how much there was the matter with her until she was made up for screening. To hear her talk you would think she was some sad, mousey little soul that had just found glamor through the studio, rather than the tremendously vivid, attractive person she is.

She was crazy about the clothes which Orry-Kelly designed for "Stars Over Broadway." So much so, that she bought several after the picture was finished. One of her pets is photographed, the stunning checked sports coat with full skirt and diagonal buttoned closing. She said that Orry-Kelly is a perfect genius at making the lines of the figure show up to their best advantage in clothes. Where a hip is inclined to be a little broad, he

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carefully cuts the skirt so that the fullness falls in just the right spot to create an allusion of an unbroken, slender line. She loves his evening clothes.

Jane, like Betty, gave me a swell tip on make-up. The day we lunched she was suffering from a miserable cold which had made faint shadows under her eyes. She asked me if I wanted to see how to get rid of that tired look by the simplest sort of dodge. It's this, she takes her dry rouge puff and dusts a faint glow of pink under her eyes and across the bridge of her

nose. Then she powders lightly over it—the result is simply amazing.

Blondes, brunettes, red heads and in-betweens! Do you want a preview of flattering new spring colors? If so, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and ask for the ADVANCED SPRING COLOR CHART FOR TYPES.

Behold Dietrich!

(Continued from page 51)

of a sentence, when she has us all roaring, make her eyes go starry, arrange herself in one of her most languorous attitudes, and say: "Ach, ja, I am so glamorous, so exotic, so seductive—that it hurts!"

Being Marlene Dietrich's friend is a career in itself. Those who enjoy this privilege have time for little but this all-absorbing relationship. Haven't you known people who affected you so powerfully that all your own problems vanished into thin air? People who made you feel there was nothing so important as their whim of the moment, their interests, their desires, who made you their willing slave and constant shadow? Marlene Dietrich is one of these fabulous creatures.

But don't misunderstand. She doesn't mean to be commanding or imperious. On the contrary, Marlene is the soul of generosity and kindness. She seems to spend her waking hours thinking up ways to enrich the lives of her friends and to entertain them. When she isn't telling funny stories, she is plying them with savory dainties prepared by her own hands—all much too rich for a steady diet, but so delicious they can't be resisted. One of the favored few told me that during his six months as a member of the inner Dietrich circle he gained twenty pounds.

That's how the legend grew that Marlene, off-screen, becomes the domestic, retiring *hausfrau* whose chief delight is to stand over the oven in her perfectly appointed kitchen and bake a luscious cake. True, Marlene likes to cook and she does it expertly. But she does it, not because she is essentially domestic, but because she believes—to paraphrase Lord Byron that "man can do without poetry, music and books, but certainly man cannot do without cooks!"

This role of bountiful hostess Marlene plays to perfection. She doesn't confine it to her few intimate friends. For instance, on the set, her generosity is outstanding. Every other week is gift week for her co-workers and the crew when Marlene's around.

The day she finished "Desire" she distributed a few gifts on the set. Gary Cooper received an imported leather traveling case. The assistant directors and most of the technicians and crew each received wallets in which crackled crisp new fifty-dollar bills. The set hairdresser rated a pair of Italian marble lamps.

Recently she gave Jessmer Brown, her maid, a new coupe just because she thought Jessmer's car was growing shabby. And on an average of every ten days, Jessmer's mother, who happens to be the studio janitress, finds twenty-five dollars pinned to a note with her name on it in "Miss Dietrich's" dressing-room.

Witty, brilliant Queen Dietrich—as capricious as a ruler with power of life or death.

A benefactress who sincerely wants to make life pleasanter for her devoted subjects! Yet—and here's the rub—every move she makes is motivated by sudden, unpredictable impulses. Not even a psychologist could chart her behavior or prophesy her next move. Which is one reason why she will always be fascinating.

Which is also the reason we label Marlene by such adjectives as sensational—exotic—erratic. She does whatever comes into her mind at the moment, without any thought of how people might interpret her actions. She never does anything for effect, having no desire to startle or shock. But if she happens to do so, it never troubles her.

When she decided to wear trousers and top hats, she did so only because she felt more comfortable in them. The ensuing publicity bewildered and irritated her. "Why should people be so interested in what I do?" she asked naively.

I tried to explain to her that she, more than any other screen actress, excepting Garbo, represented to these same people all the color, romance and mystery which they find lacking in their own lives. She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

Most women can be catalogued. Some more easily than others. In each, there is usually a predominant quality which is obvious to the most casual observer.

But Marlene Dietrich falls into none of the usual categories. Sometimes she hovers on the verge of one, other times she's completely immersed in the opposite. Any one of a hundred alternate roles in real life seems to suit her as perfectly as either trousers or clinging feminine garments. She's as volatile as mercury and as changeable as a chameleon.

She's the dramatic, capricious, slightly terrifying woman of mystery and intangible allurements one hour—drooping hands and drooping eyes, misty far-away thoughts, with a general pervasive air of melancholy about her. The next, she's a romping child up to no end of mischief.

And when you finally settle down with a sigh of relief, all worn out trying to keep up with her sleight-of-hand character changes, she turns around and shows you a Madonna. The mother brooding over her child, Maria.

And now for the surprise which I've been saving up 'til last. It disproves all those ridiculous stories current about a year ago, concerning the harmful Svengali-Trilby influence Von Sternberg exerted over Marlene. If there was anyone who wielded the influence it was Marlene. Was—and always will be!

Seeing her for the first time when he went to Germany to search for an actress who could play the starring role in "Blue Angel," Von Sternberg said, "If that woman doesn't accept the role I am offering her, I shall never make a picture!"

And he meant it.

Charlie Chaplin, the Serious Funny Man

(Continued from page 45)

little girl just for a moment. She would not leave, and she was simply heartbroken to think that he was so near and she could not see him. So he told the waiter to escort her in, greeted her cordially, and chatted for a few moments. After she left, he glanced around a little dazed.

"I hope that I struck the proper paternal note," he said to the people nearest him, "but you see it was difficult. Neither of my wives was much older than that."

Chaplin's affairs of the heart have not been happy until now. No one seems to know whether he and the lusciously-beautiful Paulette Goddard are engaged or married, but anyone with half an eye can tell they are grand, congenial friends.

Chaplin today seems happy on the surface, but if he really were I do not think he would keep us waiting nearly five years for a new picture from him. He must be brooding over his early hardships, the death of his mother who never fully recovered from a London air raid though she lived on for years, the raffish mud-slinging of the two young wives who divorced him for neglect and cruelty, the gaudy vixens who have momentarily interested him and who have screamed to the world that he was too stingy to buy a ton or so of diamond bracelets for them, the suits for back taxes from the government, the plagiarism suits by the dozen (all of which he won), the European vacation so long anticipated and during which he managed in one way or another to antagonize almost every country he visited.

Maybe you think he should rise above brooding because he stands alone as an idol of the world, with only Mickey Mouse as a possible rival.

But Chaplin in one of his rare bursts of confidence to a newspaper man recently said, "I got most of the things I wanted, but I found out after I got them that I should never have wanted them."



Two seasons at the Bradley Barn Dance, i.e. June 'n' January or your old pals, Toby Wing and Sir Guy Standing doing a fast gallop about the floor! What is this twosome, huh?

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Scotty, shame! That's no way to take a picture of a gal at a party. Ginger Rogers digs hayseed out of her orb while husband, Lew Ayres, sits by unhelpfully!

Enter Ruby Keeler's Contest Now!

(Continued from page 17)

card in such a way that you will have a well balanced meal—a dinner such as you would be proud to serve to a delightful guest, like Ruby.

When you have filled in your menu with ten dishes (beginning each with the right initial, remember) write clearly at the bottom, in the space provided—in ten words or less—"Why I'm looking forward to seeing Ruby Keeler in 'Colleen'." Just state your reason simply, as we have illustrated.

Of course, there are lots of reasons for wanting to see "Colleen." On page 91 you will find a short synopsis of the story, with pictures of some of the outstanding scenes in this amusing musical. These will suggest so many reasons for enthusiasm that you should have no difficulty in deciding on a ten word one that will be a knockout!

Doesn't it all sound like fun? And easy too, if you'll just study the contest rules and the sample menu carefully. Then fill out your own prize menu and send it in. Send in several if you wish to, only be sure that coupons accompany each of your entries.

Tell your friends about this wonderful contest, too. For they'll enjoy working out a menu (it's really like a game) and what's

more they may have you to thank for winning one of the prizes.

And such prizes! Several money awards—each sufficiently large to gratify some long cherished wish! An electric refrigerator with the practical Shelvador feature that women rave about! A big Crosley Radio to bring the world into your home! Five complete sets of china—gay with sprigs of tiny flowers! Fifteen General Electric Mixers—the portable kind that win instant favor! And ten Manning-Bowman toaster trays that are simply the last word for entertaining. These prizes certainly are well worth trying for, aren't they?

Here are a couple of helpful hints to make things easier for you. Fill in the two "E's" and the two "L's" on your coupon-menu first. Once you have them out of the way you'll find that the rest is smooth sailing, just as it would be in a cross-word puzzle if you already knew some of the words! The index of any good cook book will be of great assistance to you also. But here perhaps is the best news of all—at the end of our regular cooking article, (which this month features Ruby Keeler's Cookies) you will find Food, Menu and Cooking Terms, listed in alphabetical order. Be sure and look at them for they will prove most helpful.

The Story of "Colleen"

Donald Ames (Dick Powell) is the heir to a large New York estate, but instead of being the proverbial good-for-nothing heir, Don is the efficient and business-like "brains" behind the management of the estate's many properties. In fact, he has tactfully contrived to keep his very eccentric uncle, Cedric Ames (Hugh Herbert), busy at harmless tasks in an impressive office, and at the same time convince him that he is running the show.

Among the Ames' properties is a building leased to the Modiste Shop of Carlo (Luis Alberni), whose first assistant, and the only one in the near-bankrupt establishment with an ounce of intelligence, is Colleen Reilly (Ruby Keeler). Comes the day when Joe Cork (Jack Oakie) who assumes he is Colleen's fiance, overhears the Ames name mentioned in connection with Carlo's shop. Quick-witted Joe immediately decides to make the gullible Cedric the first victim of his newest get-rich-quick scheme. Instead, he manages to land a job as Cedric's executive assistant.

In this capacity, Joe prevails on Cedric to make a tour of the Ames properties—the first stop being a candy factory. Here Cedric, who is as putty in a pretty woman's hands, encounters Minnie (Joan Blondell), a chocolate dipper. Deciding that her present job is unworthy of her, Cedric buys out Carlo's shop and sets up Minnie as manager.

Don hears of this incident and rushes to Carlo's to see what can be done. There the attractive assistant, Colleen, convinces him that the shop can be made to pay if properly managed. Impressed with the girl's arguments and finding himself falling in love with her, he decides not to close the shop.

Meanwhile, thwarted Uncle Cedric takes it upon himself to spite his meddling nephew by adopting Minnie as his daughter. Horrified at this new turn of events, Cedric's wife, Aunt Alicia (Louise Fazenda) and Don appoint a lawyer to draw up settlements for Minnie and Joe, and order the shop to be closed.

In the ensuing confusion Colleen's name is included in the settlement list, and she is handed a check for \$10,000. Hurt at this seeming insult as well as the closing of the shop, Colleen accepts the money and takes a job operating a modiste shop on a transatlantic liner.

Don, when he learns of this mistake, searches in vain for Colleen and finally, in despair, decides to go to Europe with Cedric and Alicia.

The liner on which they book passage is also the one on which Colleen is working. Don and Colleen meet in the radio room where each is planning to send the other a message. Don tries to explain the mix-up, pursuing Colleen to the ballroom, and finally convinces her that he loves her. She, in turn, forgives and admits her love for him.

Meanwhile Cedric, now in pursuit of a willowy brunette, bumps into Joe Cork and Minnie, who are enjoying the fruits of their ill-gotten settlement. Minnie, overjoyed to see her "unkie-punkie" again, starts to throw her arms around him and Uncle Cedric leaps through a porthole.

... Turn to Page 68 for
additional Ruby Keeler
Contest News

Do you know anybody who deserves

this tag?



MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily care*. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

for **SMART, AUTHENTIC**
Spring Dresses
moderately priced...

WEAR *Fashion Frocks*



WISE women who know style and value are selecting their new spring clothes direct from the great Fashion Frock dress factory through the local representative in their town. Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but only this one way—DIRECT to you. And because of this method you get the smartest dresses at substantial savings. You can see the most stunning spring dresses and select the ones most suited to you, right in the comfort of your home. You are assured correctness in every detail of style, fabric and color because we have stylists in all the world's fashion centers who create in Fashion Frocks the authentic style trends for each season. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Let your local Fashion Frock representative show you these lovely new spring dresses. Drop us a card and we'll have her call.

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**SWEET PEAS -
JONQUILS -
ROSES -
22 FLOWERS
IN ALL 10c**

Simply send for a copy of the fascinating new 32-page book, "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers," and you can start at once making gorgeous bouquets of all your favorite flowers—so perfect your friends will insist they are real! The simple, step-by-step instructions show you how to make delicate sweet peas, golden jonquils, gay tulips—22 different flowers in all—for home decoration, for friends, as gifts, to sell. Send for a copy of the book now—and remember, for best results, insist on Dennison Crepe Paper, obtainable at department, stationery and drug stores. Use coupon.

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Please send me the new book "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers." I enclose 10 cents.

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Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
...New Dennison Crafts ...New Crepe Paper Costume Book
...Party Games, Stunts & Decorations ...Cellophane Craft Book
...New Showers and Announcements Book

Dennison Crepe

Be Individual!

(Continued from page 23)

admit it, seductive, too. Let me remind you that it's the little girls who appeal to a man's protective instincts, that do more heart-smashing than any other type. Liteness, wistfulness, sweetness, these are Janet Gaynor's "personality trademarks." Her brown eyes, soft mouth, dimpled chin and curly copper-colored hair, are what we love best about Janet, but it's her wistfulness that makes her individual.

Yet another American sweetheart is Loretta Young. Right here I can imagine your challenging me with, "You can't say that SHE isn't beautiful." Yes, Loretta has moments of really breath-taking beauty. But it is the personality reflected through her beauty, rather than her beauty itself, which has made her outstanding. It's a radiance about her that shines through her eyes, and her smile. And to you who gaze at Loretta Young's loveliness, I would say this. You cannot tell what you may have in your own nature as it shines through your eyes or expresses itself in the curve of your mouth which may do much more for you than the possession of a conventionally beautiful face.

Loretta enhances that starry look of her eyes with the clever use of mascara, so that her eyelashes are like delicate fringes. Have you ever noticed how very wide open she keeps her eyes? None of this heavy lidded languor for her.

There's a softness about Loretta as much as a radiance which gives her a certain poetic loveliness. She wears ruffles and frills, flowers and picture hats; her wardrobe is all softness and femininity. Her hair is always arranged in loose waves and ringlets. Her lips look warm and "dewy." She confines her wardrobe almost entirely to blue for daytime, and white for evening. These are soft colors that complement the blue of her eyes and the delicacy of her charm.

And since it's around Valentine's Day,

I might remind you that blue is the color accredited with creating an intimate "just you and me" atmosphere. It is the color of devotion, and if you have blue eyes, you might well remember that. But if you have brown eyes, you still have the old slogan to stand by, "Red and yellow, catch a fellow."

Here we've been so busy being individualistic, we haven't had time to flutter around about it's being Valentine time. Whatever your individual make-up problems may be, however, I'll be glad to consider them in a personal letter. Perhaps we can work out some sort of "personality trademark" for you, too. And because we haven't gotten around to any cosmetic news in the light of Valentine's Day, I've prepared a special bulletin for you, "The Valentine Vanity Case." I've always maintained that the way to a man's heart is through an appeal to his admiration, so I give you recipes for glamor in "The Valentine Vanity Case." I seem to be writing quite a puff about my own bulletin, but I'm anxious for you to take a peek into "The Valentine Vanity Case." See if it doesn't just about close my case for the individualist's way to a man's heart.

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin, "The Valentine Vanity Case."

Name

Address

Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Personal questions always receive personal replies.

Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 14)

only time Hollywood sees Mr. Colman is on the set. Any spare moments are spent somewhere on the coast of Mexico, leading a sailor's life with his cronies, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook and Bill Powell.

★★★ Sylvia Scarlett (RKO-Radio)

If you can accept the premise that Katharine Hepburn, in male attire, can be mistaken for a man by people as close to her as her travelling companions, "Sylvia Scarlett" is good entertainment. Katie appears quite mannish in some scenes, but keen observers could rightfully maintain that there are times when she swishes just a bit. Not-so-keen observers such as Cary Grant and Brian Aherne, however, accept her as one of them until the moment she appears before them in garments generally associated with her own sex. In the first place, Miss H. assumes masculine raiment in order to help her father (Edmund Gwenn) get from France to England. On the trip they meet Cary Grant, a minor racketeer, and the three of them decide to go into business

—shady, of course—together. From there on the story is too complicated for complete description, so let us merely note that in their travels the trio meets a buxom servant girl (Dennie Moore) who marries Mr. Gwenn, the foursome gone straight, tours the English countryside in extremely amateur theatricals, and during this barnstorming Miss Hepburn meets Brian Aherne. Parts of "Sylvia Scarlett" are highly amusing, and it is our duty to report that Cary Grant, who furnishes most of the picture's better moments, walks away with the show.

Preview Postscripts

This is the first Hollywood picture to be regulated by the moon. Production was held up until the full moon in order to get those remarkable mountain scenes. Santa Monica Canyon, just outside of Hollywood, provided the mountains... Katharine Hepburn's cook and Director George Cukor's chef almost came to blows while the company was on location. It started with a friendly rivalry between the star and director regarding the merits of their respective cooks, but developed into a real mountain feud. For each day the

irate defendants sent cars laden with their particular specialties to the company and demanded a vote on what was better and why . . . Miss Hepburn proved she could take it in this flicker. Besides having her titian locks chopped off, innumerable risks were undergone for the stunts which the plot required. . . . It is due to the Hepburn gallantry that Princess Natalie Paley is alive to tell this tale today. In a supposed rescue scene of the Russian actress from the wild waves, the rip-tide took it all too seriously and began carrying the two out to sea. Miss H.'s rescue scene was more realistic than comfortable. Natalie Paley is the daughter of Grand Duke Paul, who was uncle of Czar Nicholas. At the outbreak of the Revolution, she and her two brothers escaped from Russia with their nurse, disguised as peasant children. They travelled to Finland afoot in the dead of winter and awaited their mother, the Princess Olga, who escaped after her husband had been put to death. Tea rooms, millinery shops and various odd jobs were resorted to by Natalie until the opportunity presented itself for screen acting. She is now married to Lucien Lelong.

★★★★ Ceiling Zero (Warners)

Ceiling zero, in case you don't know your aviation terminology, is that dread condition when the fog settles itself on the earth and makes landing as much a test of a pilot's good luck as it is of his skill. In this instance, it also serves as a title for a well-made and vigorously paced treatise on commercial aviation, which owes its success to the able direction of Howard Hawks and the expert and believable performances of a cast headed by Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Those of you, who feel you've already seen your quota of Cagney-O'Brien films, will do well to reconsider, for in this one the boys are allowed a respite from their usual bickering hard guy roles. Cagney is Dizzy Davis, an airmail pilot with a bizarre sort of recklessness both in the air and on the ground, and O'Brien is Jake Lee, traffic manager of Federal Air Lines. The problem of getting the mail through, which is not new to movie audiences, is handled so skillfully that even the technical end of it is made interesting. It's Cagney's show, aided considerably by O'Brien, Stuart Erwin, Isobel Jewel and June Travis, the latter one of the most attractive of the screen's newcomers.

Preview Postscripts

To the United Air Lines, as well as the brothers Warner, goes credit for this picture. Sanctioned by the U. S. Post Office Department, the United Air Lines loaned the studio all necessary equipment, including a number of Boeing planes, baggage trucks, dispatch forms, weather reports and maps, radio sets, head sets, helmets, mail bags, stewardess' equipment, Northrop and Lockheed planes. Every airline offered fullest co-operation on hearing of the Warner plans, being familiar with the Commander Wead stage play and the beneficial effects it was having on the air transportation industry. A life-sized radio room, augmented by a weather report bureau, was installed on stage 2 at the studio and further equipment with Paul Montz, old-time flier and airport executive. The set was approved by Col. J. C. Cone, head of the national air regulations. Mantz had a pleasant way of instructing the cast. Each noon a group would have lunch served in a plane as they flitted over the state, tuning in on the various airports and learning flying technique first-hand. A dozen aviators and stewardesses were placed under contract, while a number of famed stunt flyers were given extra work during production. Largest collection of

NO WONDER SHE
NEVER HAS A DATE
— SHE'S SO
SKINNY!



I'M HAVING GRAND
TIMES SINCE I
GAINED 12 POUNDS

Posed by professional models

How Thousands Quickly Gain 5 to 15 lbs. This New Way

THERE'S no excuse today for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even though in the past they could never gain an ounce. For here's a new easy treatment for them that puts on solid, naturally attractive pounds—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is 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 people have put on pounds of firm flesh—the women normal curves—in a very short time.

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

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.



NO LONGER ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE



ALWAYS PLENTY OF BOY FRIENDS

Alka-Seltzer

FOR PROMPT
RELIEF
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE

The sparkling, alkaline drink, combined with an Analgesic (Sodium Acetyl Salicylate) for Sour Stomach, Colds, Headaches, and other common aches and pains, caused by excess acidity—(delicious alkalinity)

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The National
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Every Saturday
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30c—60c SIZES
ALL DRUG STORES

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Complete
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Brand New NOW \$17.95
SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial ONLY

Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer. LIBERAL ALLOWANCE—on your old typewriter during this sale.

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3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors: Send only
(1) Gardenia
(2) Esprit de France
(3) Perfection
A single drop lasts a week!

20¢

To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 210 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

model airplanes ever assembled was found at the studio during the filming.

★★★ If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)

What would you do if you were a wealthy young man about to marry a young lady you didn't love—and who didn't love you? Herbert Marshall, the gentleman in the case, takes a stroll in the park. Here he has the good fortune to encounter Jean Arthur, a young lady in search of employment. Together they scan the want ads, and almost before Herbert realizes it he has joined Jean in a butler-cook job at the estate of Leo Carrillo, an ex-gangster of considerable notoriety. It will probably come as no surprise to learn that Herbert, who is the screen's most elegant butler, finds himself in love with the cook. Complications arise, as one might well suspect, but along with them you are witness to a bright and merry comedy which turns out to be the best of this month's lighter entertainment. For one thing, it retrieves Herbert Marshall from the self-sacrificing roles he's been handed lately and brings him back to sophisticated comedy, where he seems so much more at home. As for the rest of the cast, a round of applause is due Jean Arthur, Leo Carrillo and Lionel Stander.

Preview Postscripts

Bill Seiter had some gloomy moments while directing this picture. The cast had organized a "Laugh a Day" club, the idea being that each one must tell a story daily for the enjoyment of the others. So the cast would assemble and howl with glee at the tales told by everyone. By everyone, that is, but Director Seiter. The funnier his stories become the glummer the cast looked. He had developed an inferiority complex fit for an elephant by the time the hoox dawned on him. . . . Leo Carrillo rates as tops around Los Angeles, for his great-great-grandpappy was first provisional governor of California and his grandfather was first mayor of Santa Monica, where Leo has now built a home in exact duplicate of the adobe home where he was born. He was one of eleven children, all expert linguists, who made it a practice never to speak the same language at home at the same time that someone else might be using it. Which may account for Mr. Carrillo's first stage appearance. He told Chinese stories in Italian accent at a Spanish theatre. . . . Jean Arthur knows what it means to fight your way up the old success ladder. Starting in two-reel comedies, she graduated to westerns. Then suddenly found herself in poverty row "quickies." She was "washed up" as far as Hollywood was concerned. Jean set her very nice teeth, blondined her locks, lost twenty pounds, fell in love and came back to town a new woman. She refused any but featured roles and was reworded with stardom during this picture. The news was the studio's gift to her at a gala birthday party given Jean by the cast on the set. . . . Acting was the last thing on Frieda Inescort's mind. In fact, it wasn't there at all. She wanted to be on ace secretary above all else. Having made the grade to the extent of being Lady Astor's right hand gal, she applied for a job with the British Consulate. In Washington Frieda couldn't resist the impulse to tell Winthrop Ames what was wrong with his plays. He offered her a role as a way of improving them and the British Consulate lost his office helper.

★★★ Whipsaw (M-G-M)

You'll like "Whipsaw" mainly because it brings Myrna Loy back to the screen.

Another item is that it pairs her with Spencer Tracy, and they, surprisingly enough, emerge as a screen team worthy of further attention. As far as the story goes, it's merely another cops-and-robbers idea, strengthened considerably by the performances of Mr. T. and Miss L. Myrna is a crook who breaks away from her mob and decides to go straight, but the law, in the person of Tracy, pursues her, hoping to solve a diamond robbery. Spencer, impersonating a fugitive mobster, fools almost everyone but Myrna, who knows he's a federal agent. Just to show you how tough it is for a girl to go straight, the diamonds have been planted on Myrna by her former accomplices, which sort of has both sides out searching for her. However, the story is a minor item, for if you go to "Whipsaw" you go to see Loy and Tracy, and you can sue us if you don't think they make you forget any flaws in the plot department.

Preview Postscripts

All is sweetness and light between M-G-M and Myrna once more. Whatever pangs burying the hatchet cost both parties, it afforded the Loy fans nothing but pleasure. . . . Spencer Tracy has spent his life surprising people. He began with his parents. They thought Spence was being safely educated in a Milwaukee parochial school. On investigation of a hookey report they found the lad making a saloon his headquarters, with his boon companions "Mousie" and "Rattie," the saloon keeper's sons. Followed several futile attempts to get him educated, then Spence took matters in his own hands and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, living on rice, pretzels and water for a couple of years. A job in Ethel Barrymore's "Royal Fondango" company made him feel that every pretzel was worth while. Until a caustic critic remarked that Mr. Tracy looked "like he had been picked up by a property man."

★★★ Riffraff (M-G-M)

Done in the hard-boiled manner, "Riffraff" at times becomes too consciously tough for its own good. Jean Harlow, a comely canner—or canstress, if you prefer it—is in love with Spencer Tracy, a guy who freely admits being the best tuna fisherman in the world. Their scenes together are invariably tempestuous, but their dramatic value would have been improved had director Walter Ruben toned down the shouting. Miss Harlow is, of course, as effective as the script allows her to be, although it's a pity that as gifted an actress as she should be confined to specializing in hussies. Spencer Tracy, who never gives a poor performance, is excellent as the flamboyant fisherman, and Una Merkel, portraying Miss Harlow's somewhat slovenly sister, steals the picture despite the fact that her role is a secondary one. Others in the cast whose work is exceptional are Joseph Calleia, Mickey Rooney and J. Farrell MacDonald.

Preview Postscripts

Jean Harlow's gone off the platinum stand-ard for good. It's "brownette" now, all youse girls who would have the last goss in shades. Music may soothe the savage breast, but it only causes Jean and Joan Crawford to weep. In fact, the two M-G-M lasses can't emote without it. Jeon arrives every A.M. on the set with purse in one hand and portable "vic" in the other. It's white kidskin lined with mirrors. To go with it she has the largest collection of records extant in Hollywood. . . . The ugliest sets ever seen on the studio lot were constructed far

this flicker. Tumbledown shacks, dilapidated buildings and gloomy street scenes occupied an acre of the lot. The property department had to scurry around and get worn out horse-hair settees, junked cook-stoves, ragged carpets and similar trimmings. It costs practically as much to get sets like this constructed as it does to build those elaborate ones . . . Mickey Rooney had the time of his young life on this picture. For one thing he became enamored of Miss Harlow, for another he organized a football team among the players, and his third and greatest joy came from setting off those fire-crackers. There's always a gloomy side of a situation, though, and for Mickey it was the fact that a tutor sat on the set daily, waiting to snatch him the minute a scene was over. Then he had that haircut. And that was a real trial for him, since Mr. Rooney is a man-about-town at fourteen and felt too embarrassed by the length of his locks to appear much in public.

★★★ Collegiate (Paramount)

It's a tuneful farce featuring Jack Oakie as a guy who inherits a girls' school from his aunt. The school is in the red until Jack runs into Joe Penner, an amnesia victim whose hobby is giving away \$100 bills. Penner is immediately sold an interest in the school, and the Oakie influence makes itself known. History books are tossed out the window, and the young ladies are tutored in tap dancing, cosmetics, clothes and a few other practical subjects. It's one of Oakie's better performances, and he's ably assisted by songs from Frances Langford, comedy by Ned Sparks, the music of Gordon and Revel, and the lovely ladies of the Leroy Prinz ensemble.

Preview Postscripts

With such a cast, there was bound to be excitement on the set. But the tops came when the studio announced a one-hundred-dollar bonus to anyone on the lot who could get a picture of Ned Sparks with a smile or even a suspicion of one lurking on his visage. Cameramen, cast and directors snooped around Mr. Sparks for six weeks with Leicas and Brownies hidden in vest pockets. But Paramount still has the cash . . . Joe Penner is a native Nagdbeckkerekian. You'll find it on the map somewhere in the vicinity of Budapest. He arrived in America at the age of nine, not with a duck but with his grandfather. They both had tags affixed to their coat lapels bearing the information that they were to be forwarded to Detroit, where Joe's parents would claim them. His first real job came when he answered an ad for a mind-reader's assistant on the stage. The big chance came one night when the chief psychic was incapacitated and Joe's powers swung the act along. Jobs with less mental and financial strain followed for a few years, before he landed in the "Greenwich Village Follies." In 1934 Joe was voted America's outstanding ether artist by the radio fans. . . . Jackie Coogan was a constant visitor on the set. Reason being Betty Grable. They announced their intentions to wed following the picture's completion, and set off for a three months' personal appearance tour in order to feather the nest.

★★★ Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)

The news that "Professional Soldier" concerns itself with a revolution in a mythical kingdom probably starts this review off on a note of alarm. If so it's unintentional, for despite a familiar theme "Professional Soldier," by virtue of intelligent dialogue and good casting, man-



draw me!

COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. **Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)**

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

3996 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Marie Wilson and Beverly Roberts having a gay time together.



In this picture you see a hand holding a pad of cotton. The dirt on the pad was removed from the face of a woman who *thought* her face was clean. It was removed by Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser that gets out clogging dirt left by ordinary cleansing methods.

Get Ambrosia today. Test it once by using it after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrosia tingle, you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

You can get a trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢ at drug or department stores.

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THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

BACKACHES

caused by MOTHERHOOD

Maternity puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to painful spot. Pain goes quickly. Insist on Allcock's, the original. Lasts longer, comes off easy. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock Manufacturing Company, Ossining, New York."

ALLCOCK'S

Skin Help

When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you

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ages to keep itself entertaining and swiftly paced throughout almost all of its unreeling. Top honors go to Victor McLaglen, who continues to be the expert performer the critics proclaimed him to be in "The Informer." As Colonel Michael Donovan, a soldier by nature and by trade, Victor is commissioned, at a handsome price, to kidnap the boy king of whatever-the-name-of-the-mythical-kingdom-happens-to-be, and hold him until the revolutionists take over the government. On his venture he takes Michael Whalen, a good-looking screen novice. You can picture their surprise when the boy king turns out to be Freddie Bartholomew. What's more, his guardian, Countess Sonia, is Gloria Stuart. Young Mr. Bartholomew goes with them willingly, being under the delighted impression that they are Chicago gangsters and heroes of his extra-curricular reading. There are several lively adventures before the young man returns to his throne—lively because of the presence of the lusty McLaglen. The entire cast can be credited with first-rate performances, even though it is our private suspicion that young Mr. B. is becoming just a trifle smug. Just around the edges, perhaps, but still and all, smug.

Preview Postscripts

Gloria Stuart claims she participated in the coldest love scene ever filmed in Hollywood. Director Tay Garnett is responsible for the chill. It was his idea to shoot the picture through one night and on into the sunrise. Though he doesn't claim to being particularly romantic, Tay can appreciate a good moon when he sees one. So, with a full moon on the program one night, he informed Gloria and Michael Whalen that they were due for a love scene in the 20th Century-Fox gardens that night. The fact that as the moon came up, the thermometer went down, didn't spoil the director's enthusiasm a bit . . . Problems were encountered in that firing squad scene, too. When the squad corporal gave the order for the customary manual of arms, a scene of utter confusion resulted. The soldiers snapped into the manual, but each in the manner to which he was accustomed. The squad consisted of a Russian, a Frenchman, a British "Tommy" and five former dough-boys of the A.E.F. Vic McLaglen saved the day and tempers by acting as drill sergeant and perfecting them in U. S. army maneuvers.

★★ Chatterbox

(RKO-Radio)

With this picture, Anne Shirley becomes the newest star on the Hollywood skyline. She's worth it, too, having the ability to turn on a most amazing number of emotions at the slightest provocation. What's more, those facial calisthenics are sincere and attractive. In spite of a wobbly story, Miss Shirley has the audience entranced from start to finish. It is her picture, except for a grand scene between Edward Ellis and Granville Bates, grandfather and father respectively of the heroine and hero. With a little blackberry cordial and a little more imagination, they begin extolling the merits of their ancestors. That one episode is worth your money. Phillips Holmes is the earnest young artist who chooses to starve in a garret rather than subject his "spirit" to his father's money. Mr. Holmes does as well as could be expected with such a role. Margaret Hamilton is very good as the strait-laced boarding-house keeper, who tries to straighten out matters between Anne and Phillips and only manages to get them beautifully snarled up. Erik Rhodes is

among those present, too, but in a part that doesn't give him a chance to show off the Rhodes' talents to any great extent.

Preview Postscripts

Anne Shirley's just celebrated her seventeenth birthday, but she's a veteran of fourteen years' standing in the moon pitchers. Ann spends every spare moment that can be wangled away from studios and studies at the movies. She's Hollywood's most ardent fan . . . Edward Ellis has also been a professional since the age of three. Brought up in a theatrical family, he made his debut on a Michigan theatre stage where his father was playing the bewhiskered villain, in a blood-chilling thriller. Newsboy, professional baseball player, salesman of a number of things, and a long list of other occupations has occupied Mr. Ellis' time since then, but always he comes back to the footlights. After a two-year run in "The Bat" on Broadway, he came to Hollywood for a trial job. He's been in constant demand ever since . . . This is Phillips Holmes' first American picture in two years. He's been visiting in Italy and England and making pictures in those countries. In Italy he was under the jurisdiction of Mussolini, who in case you don't know it, has full say-so about the movies, too. Those paintings in the picture, also in case you never suspected it, are painted by Phillips. At one time he planned to become an artist. His present plans are to make enough money in the movies to allow him to retire and live the life Boheme . . . Margaret Hamilton is really a kindergarten teacher on a tear. She taught for five years, then took to little theatre work in Cleveland to keep from passing out due to boredom. New York followed after one taste of the theatre, then "Another Language" and recognition. Paul Mervise, famed landscape artist, is her husband.

★ The Great Impersonation

(Universal)

The only thing great about this is the impersonation. For the rest we found it pretty dull stuff about a plot to blow up the world in order to prevent war. This basically sound idea is mixed up with all kinds of mysterious goings-on, blood-curdling screams, bat-infested ancestral halls and ladies who go out of what is termed their minds. In the midst of all this Edmund Lowe remains suave, handsome and unperturbed until the last five minutes when he gets busy and shoots the man who is just going to pull the trap which will blow up the universe. The cast on the whole is too competent to waste on such plotting. Mr. Lowe hasn't surprised us with a good role since we can't remember when. Wera Engels is a young lady who could do well by a fair chance, too. Valerie Hobson again gets the bad breaks. This time it is a husband, whom she finally gets rid of, only to have his spook back hanging around. If you like stories that dabble in political plotting, romance, pseudo-sophisticates, comedy, beautiful spies, sentiment, mystery, and murder, why then you'll like this.

Preview Postscripts

The bog from which the wild and wicked gent is driven in that exciting scene, was constructed on the studio lot. A three acre swamp with all the trimmings was built at a cost of several hundred dollars, then burnt to the ground to provide that real smoke and flame seen on the celluloid. The Los Angeles fire-department enjoyed themselves that day, having been called to stand around and prevent the fire from spreading to the studio . . . Alan Crosland had to think up all

the spooky effects for this one. But the blood-curdling screams sometimes made him pale. Crosland directed the first talkie made—"The Jazz Singer"—in case you've forgotten history . . . Valerie Hobson has evidently dedicated herself to a life of horror. Since her arrival in the Hollywoods the gal has been in constant demand for chillers. Foremost horror experts claim that Valerie is the perfect foil for grewsomeness. Nothing scares her while making these epic pix, she claims, except the fact that her screaming apparatus may wear out . . . Wera Engels is known as Hollywood's League of Nations. Born in Keil, a German naval port, she was brought up in Tsing-Tao, where her father was governor. She vacationed in Japan and Russia, was educated in Paris and married a captain of the English flying corps in Constantinople. Wera is in demand in every country where pictures are made, since she personifies the studio exec's idea of a "typical girl" in every land. She's worked in Austrian, Russian and French pictures. English scouts were hunting for the ideal type, hired her and David Selznick spotted her in their production . . . In one scene Director Crosland became annoyed with Miss Engels. He didn't like the way she was kissing Edmund Lowe. "I'm trying to kiss him as I thought an Englishman would prefer," alibied Wera. "Forget his nationality, and get to work," directed the director.

★★★ King of Burlesque

(20th Century-Fox)

The monarch mentioned in the title is Warner Baxter. With Jack Oakie, he is proprietor of the most successful burlesque show on New York's 14th Street. With success comes ambition, and the former torso tycoon moves uptown to become Broadway's leading musical comedy producer. His burlesque days have taught him what the public wants, and he let's 'em have it. (What the public wants, it seems, is Alice Faye in tights.) Then comes the evil day when he falls for a society belle, puts art in his productions and loses his shirt. Park Avenue deserts him, but good old Broadway stands by. In fact it's Alice Faye, with a million dollars in limbs and almost a hundred thousand in cash, who puts both at Warner's disposal and with them he returns to his former glory. That's the story, and if you think it's a good one you're highly mistaken. What makes this a good picture is the fact that it gives Jack Oakie plenty of opportunity for his effective comedy—his impersonation of Al Jolson is one of the picture's highlights—and that it boasts several good tunes and a supporting cast which includes Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, Gregory Rattoff, Fats Waller, Kenny Baker and Nick Long, Jr.

Preview Postscripts

In anticipation of an accident which never occurred, a first-aid crew of a half dozen men and two trained nurses made their headquarters at Stage 16 for almost two weeks. 25 girls were on that set swinging from 40-foot high trapezes for a musical scene. This act was cited by veterans as the most dangerous and original performance ever seen on the screen. Difficult routines of dancing and acrobatics were indulged in by the gals as they swung through the air with the greatest of trepidations. Six cameras photographed the act . . . Sammy Lee, dance director for 20th Century-Fox, has some words of wisdom for all who would aspire to chorus jobs. First, of course, learning to dance would be a help, then a girl should color her hair to match her personality. "A redhead has a three-to-one chance over a brunette of getting a job," quoting Sammy, "and a

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brunette has almost a ten-to-one chance over a blonde." So peroxide is becoming a drug on the Hollywood market . . . Important though seldom heard of, is the studio "stooge." Through a metamorphosis difficult to analyze, the Hollywood stooge has graduated from the ranks of cheerful simpleton to something a little hotter in the social scale. No star is without one of these necessities, who are a combination of valet, stand-in, companion, petty-cash disbursing, buffer, court-jester and errand runner. The business is so serious to most of them, that after two weeks in a star's company, the stooge will take on the exact mannerisms, speech and even looks of his employer. Lowe "Cracker" Henderson, is so much like his boss, Jack Oakie, that they're often confused. Lowe is the brother of Eugene, Gary Cooper's man-of-all-things. Eugene was Oakie's first stooge, but Gary persuaded him to leave Freckles Oakie. So Jack hired the brother, paid him twice as much salary and to cinch it this time put "Cracker" under contract. Tops in the profession average around \$50 per week.

★★ We're Only Human (RKO-Radio)

Preston Foster is our nominee for tough-guy-of-the-month. Portraying a hard-boiled detective, he fears no one and his particular delight is wading into a gang of hoodlums single-handed. This pastime, for your information, also brings him harsh words from his superiors, for while his methods look fine in the papers, they do not conform to the department's idea regarding the pursuit of criminals. In his travels he meets Jane Wyatt, who is perhaps the world's most beautiful newspaper reporter. Jane takes our man in hand and informs him his bravery means nothing, since he has never known fear. Her statement is proven about half a reel later, when Preston gets himself a few bumps which make him temporarily blind. When he recovers he finds himself minus the old gusto for conflict, which is, of course, the proper moment for the supreme test to be introduced. Whether or not he meets the situation and emerges a genuine and authentic hero we shall leave to your imagination. Anyway, Foster makes his role believable and interesting, and it is good to see the lovely and talented Jane Wyatt on the screen again.

Preview Postscripts

That knock-down drag-out battle between Foster and Auer was the genuine article. There's nothing Preston Foster would rather get his teeth into than a good fight. Mischa Auer isn't that pugilistic but figured he'd rather take a sock at Foster than let his double have all the fun. So the battle was on. Director Jimmy Flood was the only one to remain unimpressed. "Just a couple of cream puffs," he opined . . . Preston started on the road to fortune via the newspapers. He sold them on New York street corners. Later he wrote them, but found it a dull life so joined up with a chorus. He graduated to the leading man class in "Two Seconds" and was an instant success. It was a good many years ago that James Gleason made his stage debut at four months. His parents were actors in the show and thought it so good a way as any to keep an eye on Jimmy. Since that time he has appeared on more stages than he can recall, served in the Spanish American War, spent two years in the Philippines, married Lucille Webster, had a son, Russell, and now has a three-fold movie contract to act, write and direct . . . When Jane Wyatt was asked her opinion of domesticity she replied, "I admire it profoundly in others." A week later Edgar Warren, writer, married her anyhow.

★★ Two in the Dark (RKO-Radio)

A murder mystery which is novel only in the fact that its solution is obtained without the aid of a bibulous Philo Vance, it offers average entertainment to filmgoers who fancy themselves amateur detectives. When Walter Abel finds himself wandering in a park, his mind a complete blank, he encounters Margot Grahame, who happens to be there because it offers no rent problems. On their way to a police station to enlist the aid of the law in Walter's dilemma, they buy a paper and discover that the description of the suspect in a newly-committed murder mystery tallies neatly with the Abel features. From there on the story concerns itself mainly with Walter's pursuit of his identity, which leads him eventually to the answer to that ever-popular question: Who done it? Mr. Abel is satisfactory in the lead, and Miss Grahame is as lovely as she is miscast. Others are Wally Ford, who plays a newspaper man like an actor playing a newspaper man, Gail Patrick, and a pair of villains named Leslie Fenton and Erin O'Brien-Moore.

Preview Postscripts

Margot Grahame wanted to be a detective as a child, and hasn't forgotten that craving in spite of innumerable English stage appearances, 41 English pictures and our American ones. When she retires from the screen, Detective Grahame will come to life. Born in Capetown, South Africa, of theatrical parents, Margot was given a role on the stage at five years. Margot's as versatile an actress as has struck Hollywood in some time. Not only in screen roles but in off-screen life. She kept the cast highly entertained throughout the shooting of this one with a different set of antics every day . . . Eric Blore is one Englishman who's in Hollywood for keeps, providing he gets the chance. He thinks American pictures are superior to the English product. "Not that I don't think the English pictures are improving," explains Eric, "but I can't understand their bloody accent any more." . . . Erin O'Brien-Moore is a native daughter of Los Angeles, not the Emerald Isles. She wasn't going to be an actress at all, but a sculptress, according to early ambitions. Since the time she changed her mind, Miss O'Brien-Moore has appeared in more than eight hundred performances.

★★★ Whispering Smith Speaks (20th Century-Fox)

Again we have George O'Brien proving that out in the West men are men and prefer women like Irene Ware. He's given up horseback riding this time and tears around the country in a locomotive. Wearying of papa's millions, made in a railroad game, George sets out to make his own fortune. It isn't long before Irene comes into his life. She's in the R. R. game, too, being manager of a one-train track in the sticks. Suspense, comedy and action follow, with the usual good dose of vim, vigor and vitality. O'Brien pictures can always be counted on for good entertainment and this is no exception. City folk should never miss one, for the directors seem to can oxygen right along with sound. Besides a good story and excellent work by the leads, the supporting cast is well chosen. Frank Sheridan gives a first-class characterization of the hero's father and Maude Allen is pleasing in the role of the heroine's mother. Spencer Charters and Vic Potel provide some real laughs as the engineer and fireman of the one train which the

track can boast. You can take the whole family to this picture and enjoy it yourself.

Preview Postscripts

"Genevieve" is the story of this celluloider, though she wasn't mentioned on the credit sheet. She first saw service in 1895 and was the pride and joy of the Southern Pacific railroads, being the most modern engine on the roads. For the last twenty years "Gen" has been retired from active service but earns good money from the movie studios. . . . George O'Brien refuses to use a double, though the studio has implored him to do so many a time. They even tried to get a close in his last contract to the effect, but Mr. O'Brien will have none of that softie stuff. That's on actual scene you see in the picture where the brave O'Brien jumps from the locomotive to the freight car. According to actual fact, the locomotive was whizzing along at thirty-five miles per hour and the freight at fifteen. Which makes a nice jump—to look at. . . . Irene Ware is a former Miss America. She won the coveted title three years ago at Galveston, and forgot it three minutes later. She's one of the best sports around the studios, and no location trip stumps her. In fact, she prefers them rough and would rather act in outdoorsy pictures than any of the more sophisticated drawing-room epics. She'd rather handle a locomotive than a cup of tea any day.

★★ The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)

As a vehicle for the ingratiating talents of Frank Morgan, this little number comes under the heading of satisfactory, if not exciting, entertainment. It is pleasant, mainly because Mr. Morgan with the screen practically to himself, manages to be consistently amusing. Although he is all that the title implies, he is also a blustering ne'er-do-well and a constant source of embarrassment to his son, who happens to be a young gentleman of the cloth. For instance, when dear old dad appears at the bishop's tea in a state of alcoholic enthusiasm the son, to put it mildly, is somewhat perturbed. Mr. Morgan, realizing the error of his ways, heads for London where he meets a robust queen of the music halls and joins her act. The vaudeville siren is Cicely Courtneidge, one of England's favorite comedienne, and, while some of her comedy is a bit broad for this side of the Atlantic, she is competent and even on occasions funny. Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin are excellent in supporting roles, but it's Mr. Morgan's show.

Preview Postscripts

A couple of weeks of work and this picture was ready for release. Such speed being the combination of good director, simple settings, snappy dialogue, experienced cast and colossal luck. . . . Cicely Courtneidge makes her bow to American audiences in this one. As English as crumpets, she comes from a long line of theatre people. Rosie Knott, English actress, was her mother, and her father was a famed actor manager, John Courtneidge. Cicely could imitate before she could say go-ga and vaudeville contracts were hers at ten years of age. Supposed to fall in love with Jock Hulbert in a stage play, she liked it so well that she soon became Mrs. J. Hulbert. . . . Herbert Mundin's another Englisher. His rise as a comedian paralleled a general decline in the art of comedy. The stage, or a dozen of them to every comedian, was becoming the vogue, but Herbert stuck to a one-man team and still swears by it. Sir Joseph Mundi, famed character actor, was his grandfather. His

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Snappy-looking Ric Cortez at the Santa Anita racetrack.

father turned to the church while son Herbert became a telephone engineer. He was assigned to install telephones in the Elstree studios. That was in 1920 and they're just getting the phones to work now. "I, myself," says Mr. M., "left the telephone company in a short time, for reasons the management didn't care to discuss with me." Frank Morgan started out in life to be a brush salesman. Ringing doorbells soon polled on him, so he decided to give higher education a try. After several years at Cornell, Frank abandoned his studies and went West to be a cowpuncher.

★★ Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO-Radio)

With the Messrs. Shakespeare and Dickens enjoying such a revival, the studio had an excuse for disinterring this classic. At least "Seven Keys to Baldpate" needs an excuse by this time. Or maybe just a new title—"The Bad Penny" frinstance. The only thing that sent chills down our spine was Gene Raymond's coy glances. In all justice to Mr. Raymond, though,

he may have meant to look sinister or even scary. Bright spots in the picture are Henry Travers and Erin O'Brien-Moore. Mr. Travers does a choice bit of acting as the "spook" of Baldpate Inn and Miss O'Brien-Moore is good in the role of a gangster's moll. Margaret Callahan is right pretty for the romantic lead and Murray Alper looks vicious enough to make his gangster characterization convincing. He also provides some good laughs in his earnest desire to be true to the profession and wipe out everyone who might prove troublesome. The supporting cast is competent in every role, which makes it fair to middlin' entertainment if you are familiar with the plot or not.

Preview Postscripts

Baldpate Inn isn't entirely imaginary. At least not since an inn by that name has been built in Estes Park in Colorado. The proprietor has the greatest collection of keys in the country, too. Since he set about his collection, keys have been sent him from every corner of the globe, by former guests at the hotel and friends of theirs. One is over 5000 years old, another is the key to Mozart's wine cellar, besides countless keys to jails and the homes of prominent people the world over. . . . One of the grandest sets ever to be built on the lot was the inn lobby. It was complete with stuffed fish, horse-hair furniture and all the trappings common to hostleries in bygone days. The set was closed to visitors almost all the time. Not due to temperamental actors this time, but because of the cobwebs, which had to be given the best of care. . . . This is the first time Erin O'Brien-Moore has ever been done away with in a picture. And she doesn't like it. Not when it requires practicing with a revolver. Every time a "shot" of the shooting scene was to be made, she would insist on looking at the gun first to see if it was loaded. As a steady diet Miss O'Brien-Moore prefers other types of roles, thonkin' ye. . . . Margaret Callahan came to Hollywood from Little Theatre groups in the East. Now she thinks the fillums are a better expressive medium than the stage can ever pretend to be. She has the most unusual hobby in Hollywood—a jewelry mender-upper. Developed the talent at school on the watches, rings, etc., of her friends, and now has the complete equipment of a professional potcher.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 21)

themselves is to place them in a drinking scene? If they are of this opinion, they are sadly mistaken. Naturally, there are a large number of theatre-goers who enjoy seeing people imbibing liquor, but there is a still greater number of people to whom these scenes are thoroughly dis-

gusting. Why not give the latter class a break? It is becoming more and more difficult to find a film where no drinking is shown and I think it's high time something was done about it. What do you fans think about it?—Hiriam Holdridge, Lima, Ohio.

\$1 Prize Letter To Shirley Temple

I'd paint of you a picture,
But the difficulty lies
In finding just a color
To match your smiling eyes.
And you are a living poem
So wonderful and real,
A written one could never
Such loveliness reveal.

You precious little girl,
So full of joy and life,
You came into this world
To help and mend its strife.

Your smiles and each dimple
And every dance and song
Should teach us to be happy
Our whole life-day long.

I have a lot of pictures
Of you upon the wall.
With each expression different
But sweet and perfect all.
And each and all resemble
A perfect little star,
Our darling Shirley Temple
That twinkles near and far.

—E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOSE FAT

By Safe
**FOOD
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No More
Drugs!

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Eating Candy!

● At last! You can reduce **SAFELY** by the new **FOOD METHOD**...no dangerous drugs. Losing fat with **SLENDRETS** is like eating candy! But unlike candy, delicious **SLENDRETS** take fat off, quickly! You lose weight by a safe new **FOOD PRINCIPLE** which converts accumulated fat into energy. You feel better, look years younger! **SLENDRETS** contain no drugs...no dangerous dinitrophenol, no thyroid. Not laxative.

Read How Others Lost Fat: "I reduced 48 lbs., look 10 years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa. "36 lbs. of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell, N. Y. "Lost 5 lbs. this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan, Calif.

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Don't give **FAT** another day's start...but be sure you reduce the safe **SLENDRETS** Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! Send \$1 for generous-supply package containing 84 **SLENDRETS**. Or, \$5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) Sent to you in plain wrapper.

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Frontier Asthma Co., 112-A Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

Loyal Friend

If Joan Crawford's critics would get out and work like she did, they would not have so much time to talk about her hair or her lips or her clothes. What we want is a good picture and any time you see a film with Joan in it, you get your money's worth. We can't find anything wrong with Joan Crawford. She is a self-made woman. If there were more like her there would not be any need for people, who are too lazy to work, to live on "relief."—A Fan, Philadelphia.

Muni Rates at Hen Party

At a tea which I gave recently for about twenty of my girl friends, Paul Muni's name came up for discussion. Believe it or not, all of them chose Mr. Muni as their favorite actor.

It is hard to realize that the kind doctor in "Dr. Socrates" and the cruel gangster in "Scarface" were one and the same person. Only a man of Muni's scope in acting is capable of such fine performances. "Black Fury" and "Bordertown" were also marvelous examples of his exceptional talent. He has the ability to handle any type of role given him with an utterly disarming naturalness—Ann Geese, Minneapolis, Minn.

Well—

Orchids to one Dick Powell for his last three pictures—"Shipmates Forever," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Thanks a Million." You were just swell. And your voice? Need I say it. I don't care, Mr. Powell, if you aren't as slick and suave as George Raft or not as he-mannish as Clark Gable—you're the average American young chap.—Florence Blair.

Irate Fan

Where does Martha Thornton, in the January issue, get her scatter-brained ideas that "All we fans are tired of Gable, Crawford, Tone," and "Give us more of Eddy—but not too much"?

"Mutiny on the Bounty" carried Clark Gable to the heights where he rightfully belongs, and there is not a finer young actor in Hollywood than Franchot Tone. His stirring plea for justice in the latter part of "Mutiny on the Bounty" was a real masterpiece. And Mrs. Franchot Tone is a swell person (in spite of those prejudiced persons, who can find nothing better to do than to call her a "clothes horse"). Furthermore, who could ever tire of Nelson Eddy's voice?

And so, Miss Thornton, speak for yourself, but don't use the phrase, "we fans." You'll have more than one irate fan of the above stars down on your head if you do. —M. Franklyn, Montreal, Canada.

Hollywood's Newest Gamble

Warner Brothers, may I congratulate you for so brilliantly bringing to the screen that great epoch, "Captain Blood"? This immortal story of Rafael Sabatini transferred to celluloid, makes a most colorful and interesting photoplay. The picture is far above average from the standpoint of acting.

It introduces that handsome new star, Errol Flynn, in the role of a buccaneer. He resists the temptation to overact, justifying the producer's faith in him with this first important role of his. He appeals to men, and the feminine fans will rave about him.

Millions of Women HAVE DISCOVERED THIS SECRET OF LOVELY CURLS



TALA BIRELL, Columbia Player

The lovely curls of the screen's smart stars can easily be yours... right in your own home. Use oil-aluminum Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers. Easy to attach... comfortable to wear... simple to remove without spoiling curls. Patented features insure ample air circulation, rapid drying and better, more lasting curls. Send coupon for sample curler, free booklet.

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NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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But Flynn isn't the only performer who turns in a praiseworthy characterization. Applause is merited by Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander, and Lionel Atwill. I have no hesitation in commending it to the attention of every movie-goer.

Again, thanks for your vivid picturization of "Captain Blood."—Doris DeFabry, Newark, N. J.

A Tribute to Thelma Todd

Here's to the queen with laughing eyes,
Here's to the one who sneered at sighs,
Over the top she was ready to go
No matter who might be the foe.
With hair spun with gold
And a heart that way, too,
She made us take hold
When we thought we were through.

Yes, here's to a girl who knew sorrow and pain,
And yet never wilted in spite of the rain.
My lips cannot say what my heart would unfold
So richly deserved, this tribute I've told.
But yet there is more and more and still more
She did her part—down to the core.
Our darling of laughs is sleeping tonight,
Salute her, dear comrades, it's no more than right!—Ruth Bush, Detroit, Michigan.

Too Much Temple Publicity?

I quite agree with numbers of your fans as to the limited publicity and opportunities accorded to some of the so-called lesser stars.

I think that the singing, dancing and acting of Sybil Jason in "The Little Big Shot" was fully equal to anything done by the renowned Shirley, good as she is. Jane Withers and Edith Fellows, also, do quite as well.

It is positively sickening to have all of the applause directed toward one performer. Why can't we hear more of Sybil Jason?—George Nowlin, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Just a School Girl

I'm just a school girl, but I have very definite ideas about a star's acting. Well, Merle Oberon should receive loads of orchids in my estimation for her swell acting in "The Dark Angel," also for the way she wears her sport clothes. I will admit that she was just as beautiful as the Chinese wife in "Thunder in the East." Oh, heck, I can't praise her enough, so I will leave it to the rest of her fans to give her more orchids which still will not be enough. I'm sure an article about the one and only Merle Oberon would be greatly appreciated.—Virginia Calkins, Mason City, Iowa.

You Are Asked a Question

I would like to ask you MODERN SCREEN fans a question. Have you ever seen anyone more human and good-looking and yet minus that disgustingly "pretty face" that we meet up with so much these days? Have you ever seen anyone who was a more perfect example of masculinity than this Fred MacMurray chap?

We of Kentucky would like to see lots more of him—and also read lots more about him. Come on, gals, get busy and root for him.—Margaret Anderson, Louisville, Kentucky.

**TRAPPED IN A HAREM!
SOLD AS A LOVE SLAVE!**

He towered above her in the opaque blackness of the desert evening. A faint dry breeze brought to her from his flowing robes the scent of sandalwood and tabacca and the clean smell of well-kept Maracca leather. "Really," she murmured, "I've been in Egypt several months, but no one has taken the trouble to insult me." "Insult you?" repeated Ahmed Mahun quietly. His tone was spiced with scorn. "How is it possible to insult a girl of twenty who would marry a reprobate like Falconer? You don't know, of course, what he is, what he does for his living. Do you know that the man is a trader in women?" he wound up brusquely.

If Carlotta had heeded the stranger's warning, she might never have been sold into slavery, kept prisoner in a harem!

Read "I'll Follow You Forever." A thrilling complete novel of desert love in the March

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FREEZONE

Bright Thoughts

I should like to see:

1. Fay Wray, Josephine Hutchinson and Erin O'Brien Moore as three sisters. Don't they look exactly alike, though?
2. Grant Withers and Joel McCrea as brothers. You can't tell 'em apart!
3. Edward Everett Horton as a wise-guy gangster.
4. Margaret Lindsay and Fred MacMurray co-starred.
5. Claude Rains as Napoleon.
6. Katharine Hepburn as Eustacia in Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native."

I should like to have:

1. Arthur Treacher as my butler.
2. Ginger Rogers as my kid sister.
3. Frank Morgan as an embarrassed uncle who visits me at least once a week.
4. Sybil Jason as the daughter of the folks next door who'd come over every night, to sit in my lap and sing to me, "I'm Rolling in Money."
5. Lionel Barrymore as a friend of the family in whom I could confide.
6. Merle Oberon as my slightly plump girl friend.—Mr. Fan, New York City.

Just a Thought

What right do all these so-called "movie fans" have to criticize so severely some of our best actors and actresses. After all, they are doing their best, trying to please us and a little friendly criticism is all very well. But when it comes to downright insults from certain "fans," I think it is time that they learned the good old saying, "If you can't say something good about a person, why say anything at all?"—Margaret Suttner, Columbus, Ohio.

A Plea

Year after year, patiently, quietly, anxiously I have waited and now the lid has flown off! I see that they have filmed "Resurrection" four times. They have made hundreds of mediocre "silents" into just as mediocre "talkies." But where are the eyes of the directors! Just think of what vitaphone and technicolor would do for "The Volga Boatman." Please give us "The Volga Boatman" again.—Frances Barnett, Newark, N. J.

Wise Suggestion

My suggestion to those who think that Shirley Temple has changed so radically in the last few months and those who think that she has made enough pictures, is for them to stay away the next time her films are shown in their cities, then they won't find anything wrong with her. To me, and no one can change my mind, she is still the sweetest, most adorable little actress on the screen.—A Shirley Temple Admirer, Bristol, Tennessee.

Anybody who couldn't enjoy seeing one Shirley Temple picture per week couldn't enjoy joy, and in all human fairness should be put out of the misery that living must be to them. Shirley is Hollywood's knockout for the depression. Bless her, and give us more and more of her.—M. McCaskill, Iowa City, Iowa.

Wotta Night

I have just about laughed myself sick at those merry mad Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera." I've never heard so many good gags and puns in one picture. Groucho tosses off enough wisecracks for two comedies. However, he is not my favorite. I like Chico best of all, he is so pathetic and that very pathos is the mark of real comedy.

If you go to see it—and you really owe it to yourself—get a seat on the aisle, for you will surely be rolling in it before the picture is over.—Bessie Toles, Colorado.

A Justified Complaint

Can't something be done to keep fine pictures like "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities" from being cut? Mother and I saw "A Tale of Two Cities" in Omaha yesterday and when I read the resume, I felt that I had been "jipped." The prison scene with Lucie Manette and Sydney Carton had been deleted. Along with this picture were "Little America with Admiral Byrd" and a Walt Disney film, both very fine—lasting over an hour, though. Why let theatres that cut classics show them?

We would like to see Ronald Colman in another Dickens classic. I have never seen a finer character actor than Colman. Congratulations to the whole cast, too, for their fine acting.—Jane Cox, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Skinny. Weak Rundown Nervous..!



How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women!

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich, Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

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What's this, Paul Cavanagh holding hands with Binnie Barnes? It's all in fun, for Binnie's much devoted to her English spouse.

Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 8)

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
Magnificent Obsession (Universal).....	2½★	Sanders of the River (United Artists).....	2★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists).....	2★	Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham).....	2½★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films).....	1★	The Secret Bride (Warners).....	3★
Men Without Names (Paramount).....	3★	Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO).....	2★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M).....	3★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners).....	5★	Shanghai (Paramount).....	2★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★	She (RKO).....	2★
Mississippi (Paramount).....	3★	She Couldn't Take It (Columbia).....	2½★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★	She Married Her Boss (Columbia).....	4★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★	Shipmates Forever (First National).....	3★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M).....	2★	A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield).....	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M).....	2★	Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★	Silk Hat Kid (Fox).....	1★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M).....	4★	Smart Girl (Paramount).....	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M).....	4★	Society Doctor (M-G-M).....	3★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists).....	3★	So Red the Rose (Paramount).....	3★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic).....	1★	Special Agent (Warners).....	2★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M).....	4★	Splendor (Goldwyn).....	2★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners).....	2★	Star of Midnight (M-G-M).....	3★
No More Ladies (M-G-M).....	3★	Stars Over Broadway (Warners).....	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National).....	4★	Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox).....	3★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP).....	2½★	A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★
One More Spring (Fox).....	4★	Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
\$1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★	The 39 Steps (GB).....	4★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★	This is the Life (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Orchids to You (Fox).....	2★	Three Kids and a Queen (Universal).....	2★
O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M).....	3★	The Three Musketeers (RKO).....	3★
Our Little Girl (Fox).....	2★	Thunder in the Night (Fox).....	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners).....	3★	Times Square Lady (M-G-M).....	2★
Paris in Spring (Paramount).....	3★	Thunder Mountain (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
The Payoff (Warners).....	2★	To Beat the Band (RKO).....	2★
The People's Enemy (RKO).....	2★	Too Tough to Kill (Columbia).....	1★
People Will Talk (Paramount).....	2★	Top Hat (RKO).....	4★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M).....	2★	Transatlantic Tunnel (GB).....	3★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners).....	2★	Transient Lady (Universal).....	2★
Peter Ibbelton (Paramount).....	3★	Traveling Saleslady (First National).....	2★
Princess O'Hara (Universal).....	3★	The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB).....	2★
Private Worlds (Paramount).....	4★	Two for Tonight (Paramount).....	1★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M).....	3★	Vagabond Lady (M-G-M).....	2★
The Public Menace (Columbia).....	1★	Vanessa (M-G-M).....	3★
The Rainmakers (RKO).....	1★	Way Down East (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Raven (Universal).....	2★	The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn).....	4★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists).....	2★	We're in the Money (Warners).....	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal).....	2★	The Werewolf of London (Universal).....	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	3★	West Point of the Air (M-G-M).....	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO).....	3★	Wings in the Dark (Paramount).....	3★
The Right to Live (Warners).....	3★	The Woman in Red (Warners).....	2★
Roberta (RKO).....	5★	Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★



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D.D.D. Prescription

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Hydrosal



This engaged pair, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, are touring the country together in vaudeville.

More Good News

(Continued from page 24)

Come to think of it, there's been a dearth of Sam Goldwyn stories of late. Mr. G. has probably been too busy with other things to devote much time to his epigrams and retorts, but here's a brand new one you might like. It happened during the completion of the Cantor picture. At the finish, Sam was ecstatic. "It's the best Cantor picture we've ever made," he enthused. "Why, the comedy is positively unsuperb!"

It has long been a Hollywood policy to send party invitations to twenty people and expect a hundred, so Barbara Stanwyck should have known what to expect. Seems she was sponsoring a small party at a night club a few weeks ago, and had reserved two tables. On her guest list was a radio official and his wife, who turned up with four extra men—and two girls for each of the four gents. A lovely time was reported by all.

The opening of Max Factor's new make-up plant drew more guests than any Hollywood affair during the past year. Invitations, said to have cost \$2.00 each, were delivered by special messenger, and the reception itself, scheduled from four to ten in the P.M., lasted well into the following morning. A complete tour of the plant was available for anyone wanting to know the secrets of cold cream, or what goes into your favorite lip rouge. (We still don't know what goes into it, but it looked awfully nice.) People lined the streets for a block on either



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... Read

"Jean Harlow Is Jealous
Of You" in the April issue of
Modern Screen

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Nancy E—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support, not much money to depend upon, unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making \$30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for



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side of the establishment, and it was all much in the manner of the once-popular Hollywood premieres. As a matter of fact, most of the stars attended, and the belle of the evening was Jean Harlow with her brand new reddish locks. Miss H., it seems, knows a thing or two about make-up herself.

Maybe we're wrong, but we think we know why Lyle Talbot is so seldom seen twice with the same young lady. We think it's because Mr. Talbot is a wanderer. He will, on occasions, deposit his young lady at his favorite night club table and almost immediately saunter off to greet a few friends in various sections of the room. The other night we watched this routine just long enough to see a highly indignant blonde stomp out of a night club in one of the season's best huffs. She looked like a girl who wasn't planning on any more night-clubbing with the vagabond Mr. T.

Fred Keating is still trying to figure out a letter he received a few days before Christmas. It reads: "Dear Son: It's been a long time since we've seen you. Pa is still up and around. Mamie is married and has two children. I am enclosing two dollars, thinking it might come in handy at this time of the year.—Ma." Since it's not from his own mother, Mr. K. feels he has no claim on the two bucks, and wishes the anonymous donor would forward her name so he can return them.

The tragic death of beautiful Thelma Todd caused more genuine sorrow in Hollywood than the passing of any film personality in recent years, for Thelma had a quality about her that is rare out here—she was real. We saw her last at Paula Stone's cocktail party, just a week before her death, and she was, as always, lovely, radiant and full of the joy of living. Her eulogy wasn't shouted to the heavens by professional weepers, but her memory is held sacred by those she befriended—the prop boys, the extras and the has-beens of Hollywood. A florist, for instance, told us something about her just the other day. Whenever an extra girl of her acquaintance was ill Thelma sent a cheerful note, with a bouquet of roses—into which was tucked a \$20 bill.

Shirley Temple isn't given to waxing temperamental, but the impulse almost overcame her at a recent charity bazaar. It seems they were raffling off a cocker spaniel puppy and a Shirley Temple doll. Shirley wanted the spaniel enough to buy a fistful of tickets on it, and just as a gesture, she purchased one ticket on the doll. You can guess what happened. Shirley won the Shirley Temple doll. Rumors are rife that both she and the spaniel shed a silent tear over the situation.

Everyone is giving advice on what to wear, but Paul Cavanagh, regarded in some circles as the Ten Best Dressed Men in Hollywood, has just come through with a list of what *not* to wear, so here it is:

"Don't wear brogue shoes with lounge suits. Brogues are worn only with sport clothes."

"Don't wear notched lapels on single-breasted suits. The peaked lapel is preferred because it is wider."

"Don't have your trousers made too long. They should just touch the shoes, but they should not break."

"Don't buy a lot of suits unless you can afford really good ones. With a few, made by a good tailor, a man will appear to better advantage."

Add Questions Without Answers: What recently married star, who has been the target lately of several mean cracks in a syndicated column, insists that the jibes are due, not to personal animosity, but to the fact that she has consistently refused to appear on the columnist's radio program?

Now that their troubles are all patched up, Joan Crawford and Clifton Webb are finally at work on their co-starring picture, "Elegance." Webb, for years one of Broadway's favorite dancing stars, was brought to Hollywood last year by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to do a picture with Joan. Personal differences arose regarding the script, and Mr. Webb spent a number of months basking in the sun on a comfortable salary, waiting for things to adjust themselves. And if hard work is any criterion, La Crawford's dancing may keep the elegant Clifton stepping, for she hired herself a private tutor and spent hours every day working out routines. We talked to her in the middle of her first lesson, and she took time out to gasp: "I'm stiff as a board right now—but just wait!"

Everything goes in cycles in Hollywood, which is a polite way of saying that everyone out here imitates everyone else. When one studio, for instance, steps out with a good historical picture, every other studio steps out with historical pictures, ranging from terrific to terrible. If Marlene Dietrich chooses to wear pants, so does Sophie Glutz. And now the cycle extends to watering places. Early last summer saw the debut of a cocktail bar known as The Beachcomber's, featuring tropical drinks in an Hawaiian setting. Stars began dropping in, the place became popular, and right now, by actual count, there are fourteen spas in Hollywood featuring bamboo bars and tropical libations. It's getting so anybody with a little grass and a ukulele is a prospective rum tycoon.

Playing in "Three Live Ghosts" may have been more or less a routine matter for most of the cast, but for Beryl Mercer her appearance in it was in the nature of an event. Previously she had played the same role on the stage and in silent pictures. Right now she's holding out for television.

Most followers of the cinema know that studio fog scenes are created by shooting mineral oil through a Flit gun until the atmosphere is heavy with a sticky, rather unpleasant mist. But here's something new we discovered on a recent visit to the "A Message to Garcia" set at 20th Century-Fox. They were filming a swamp scene, and we were surprised by the pleasant aroma of the fog. A prop man let us in on the secret. "Here," he said, proudly, "our fog is always perfumed." We drifted slowly away, turning once at the stage door for a final whiff of Chanel No. 5.

As for the newlyweds, Norman Foster and Sally Blane, it might interest you to know



And here's Claudette Colbert with her Dr. Pressman, who got married in Yuma.

that Norman devotes most of his spare time to a thriving book store. It's so thriving, in fact, that even the great Alex Woolcott graced it with a personal appearance during his recent sojourn in these lands. Here is a copy of the Foster invitation to the affair: *On Wednesday Afternoon, at 3 P.M., Mrs. Norman Foster will endeavor to teach Mr. Alexander Woolcott the art of selling books. Among the convulsed spectators will be you, we hope. The Secret Bookshop. P.S.—This lousy card is your invitation.*



Heart Throbs Department: The beautiful romance of Addison Randall and Glenda Farrell seems to have gone the way of all Hollywood engagements. Last month Addison told friends the wedding would take place "any day now," but lately he's been confessing that there'll be no wedding bells . . . which may account for his being seen on several occasions with Irene Hervey, whose engagement to Robert Taylor has just been broken. Bob, according to reports, had to listen to the dictates of his fan mail, most of which insisted he remain single. After all, a guy has to please the customers.



The Taylor mail, incidentally, is responsible for a considerable addition to the weekly pay check of that young man. Bob's mail had become too heavy for the studio to handle, so he was requested to hire himself a secretary who could devote all her time to answering the fan missives. Robert promptly asked for a raise and got it.



Meet the heart interest in Kay Francis' life, Delmar Daves. It looks like love, doesn't it?

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.



Above left to right, Fritz Leiber, famous Shakespearean actor, who has just arrived to make pix in Hollywood, looks at a racehoss with Evalyn Knapp. Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller have a final date before Lupe left for Europe—they look glum about it all, don't they? And Mike Bartlett knows his stuff—arms about Mary Pickford and Florence Rice at the Countess Di Frasso's party!

The arrival in Hollywood of Lady Mendl, the former Elsie DeWolfe, brought on a barrage of parties, and a spirited competition for the honor of playing host. Grace Moore led off by meeting the titled visitor at the airport. Clifton Webb stepped in with a large reception for her, and Miss Moore came right back at Mr. W. with a formal dinner. Score: Moore, 2—Webb 1.



When Binnie Barnes went shopping for a new home in Beverly Hills she had only two requirements to submit to real-estate agents. She didn't want a swimming pool (those are fighting words in Beverly Hills, gals), but she insisted on a billiard room and, of all things, a horseshoe court. On her days of leave from the studio, Binnie thinks there is no better fun than tossing horses' footgear around the back yard, especially when it's topped off by a snappy evening of billiards. P. S.—She found the house.



Joe Von Sternberg, who has for several years been noted for his striking sets on most of the Marlene Dietrich pictures, has topped his most imaginative flight in his own home. The Von S. establishment, done up in silver, has walls of bullet-proof glass, which means you can see people in the next room, but you can't shoot at them. In direct contrast to all these super-modernistic trimmings, Joe's menage is separated from curious—or, as the case may be, alarmed—strangers by a moat.



In "Ceiling Zero" Stu Erwin portrays a courageous airmail pilot who crashes to his death rather than bail out of his ship. In and out of the picture, Stu despises and fears airplanes. His work in the picture was a constant thorn in his side, for it required him to be in and around planes for over a month, every day of which he was positive something dire was about to befall him. That last day ended, however, with no mishaps, and Stu ambled off the location field with a sigh of relief, jumped into his trusty automobile and slammed the door on his

right hand. All of which proves nothing, except that he still hates airplanes.



On her first wedding anniversary, Evelyn Venable returned from the hospital with a shiny, new daughter. To celebrate the event, hubby Hal Mohr handed her a diamond bracelet which tells the story of their romance. One bangle shows a tiny heart, and the next says, "I Love You." Then comes an engagement ring, a wedding ring, and a tiny house, over which a stork lingers. The next bangle is a baby buggy, and the next is a monogram of the baby's initials, followed by the date of her birth. The plot sounds familiar, but the story is interesting because all of the bangles are of diamonds strung on a platinum chain.



When they hang out a "No Visitors" sign on a Garbo, a Dietrich or a Hepburn set everyone takes it as a matter of course. The gals are artistes—you know, high-strung and all that—and the mere presence of a strange pan in the vicinity of their working arena is apt to throw them into a tantrum which, from a studio viewpoint, amounts to several thousand bucks worth of delay. But the surprise came recently when another prima donna joined their ranks. It was Irvin S. Cobb who expressed a desire to do his emoting for "Everybody's Old Man" behind closed doors. Irvin, however, doesn't feel that the mantle of Booth, somewhat enlarged, has fallen on his ample shoulders. He says he wants to be alone until he learns a few things about the technique of acting. Then, of course, there is always the suspicion that the "No Visitors" placard was nailed up by popular demand.



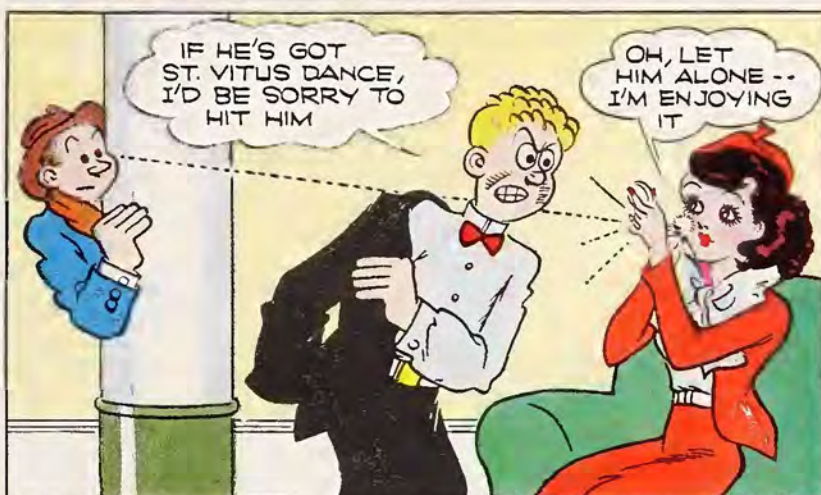
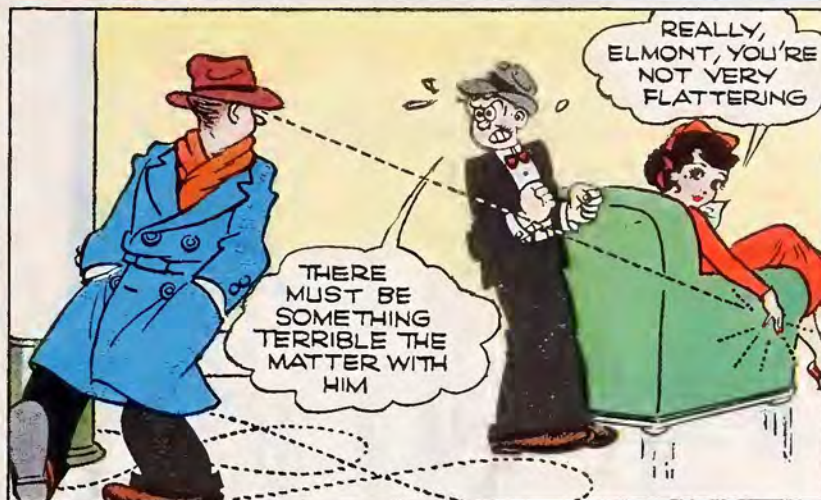
Patricia Ellis' maid, a colored matron named Helen, spends her spare time collecting good luck charms and lottery tickets. Recently she received a check for \$40, won in a Chinese lottery. When Patricia asked her what she planned to do with the money the dusky Helen replied: "I ain't figurin' on havin' much of it left, time it's split up, on account of they's eighteen other ladies and gentlemen holdin' shares in that ticket."



Top row, Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich look decorative at a recent party. And below, Mae West arrives with her favorite escort, Jim Timony. Mae's all dolled up, too.

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