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See Page 24

Modern Screen

OCTOBER



ENTS

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3172

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HOLLYWOOD'S
HOW-OFF!

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Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitiveness, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

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modern screen

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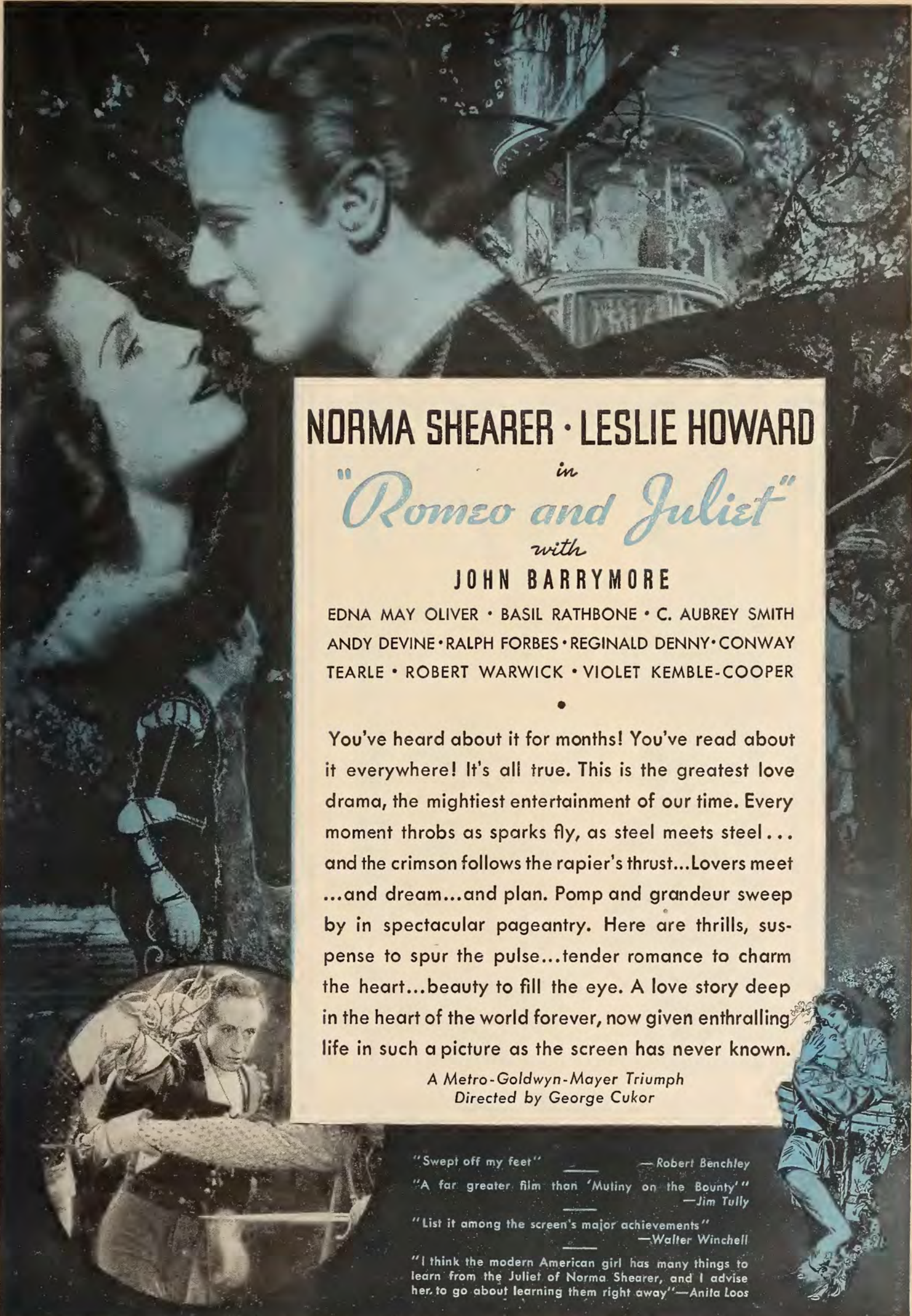
GAYETY IN GOTHAM	Mack Hughes	8
<i>The stars vacation in New York</i>		
WE SALUTE "The Gorgeous Hussy"		14
<i>Modern Screen's Medal Award film</i>		
HEPBURN, HOLLYWOOD'S SHOW-OFF!	Harry Lang	42
<i>What prompts Katie's odd behavior?</i>		
THE GENTLE RUFFIAN	Gladys Hall	44
<i>Victor McLaglen's mildness will surprise you</i>		
THEIR ROLES HAVE AFFECTED THEIR LIVES....	Katharine Hartley	46
<i>Some harrowing and some amusing star reactions</i>		
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS	Faith Service	48
<i>Barbara Stanwyck's unhappiness is ended</i>		
THE GAME'S THE THING	Reginald Tavinor	52
<i>Warner Baxter's success recipe</i>		
SHE'S NO FLIRT	Martha Kerr	53
<i>Roz Russell makes some amazing statements</i>		
THE SMALL-TOWNER	James Reid	54
<i>Why John Boles is proud of his birthplace</i>		
HER GUIDING STARS	Franc Dillon	56
<i>What the stars predict for Merle Oberon</i>		
MEET THE WIFE!	Kay Osborne	58
<i>Fred MacMurray's romance was different</i>		
WILL YOU TAKE A DARE FOR BEAUTY?	Mary Marshall	60
<i>Get acquainted with our new beauty expert</i>		
TWO-CAREER GUY	Robert McIlwaine	62
<i>John Beal has a constant problem</i>		
JEAN GROWS UP	Mary Sharon	63
<i>Jean Parker's dream came true</i>		
PLACE YOUR MONEY ON THESE!	Adelia Bird	64
<i>You won't go wrong on these fall fashions</i>		

SHORT SUBJECTS

Modern Screen Patterns	6	Modern Screen Movie Score-board	26
Reviews	10	Good News	28
Short Cuts to Sweet Success	16	Exclusive Portraits	35
Between You 'n' Me	18	Swing Time Waltz	50
Information Desk	20	Reel Romance Becomes Real	69
Knit One, Crochet One!	22	"Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest	74
Stars' Studio Addresses	23		
New Movie Types Contest	24		

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NORMA SHEARER • LESLIE HOWARD

in
"Romeo and Juliet"
with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" — Robert Benchley

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'"
—Jim Tully

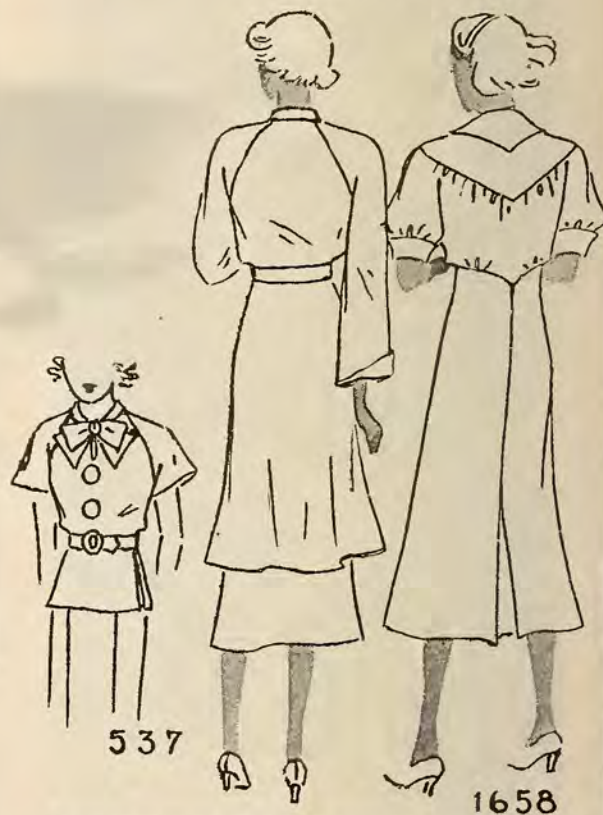
"List it among the screen's major achievements"
—Walter Winchell

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away"—Anita Loos

modern screen patterns

Young ideas in fall woolens for school girls

537—Even the younger set is taking to tunics. This model is unusually smart made up in a novelty woolen with contrasting collar, cuffs and belt. The raglan shoulder and sleeve fullness at wrist is new. 1658—Here is a dress adaptable to various fall fabrics. The yoke detail with bloused fullness below is flattering to young figures. Both of these patterns come in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.



MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service

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I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

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Do you want our new Fall Fashion Book?.....

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A SUPERB PICTURE!



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HOWARD**...Famed Producer **SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**...this winning combination
which gave the world "Arrowsmith"
has again united to create the enter-
tainment achievement of the year!

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DODSWORTH

with **WALTER HUSTON**
RUTH CHATTERTON
PAUL LUKAS · MARY ASTOR

Directed by
and **DAVID NIVEN** **WILLIAM WYLER**
Screenplay by **SIDNEY HOWARD**

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

● Hundreds of thousands saw the play which ran for nearly two years on Broadway and on the road! Millions have read the book which topped best-seller lists! And now millions more will see the superb picturization of this great prize story!

gayety in gotham



Right, Mag Sullavan's broken arm made a visit to the Big City a necessity, but she stayed on for pleasure.

Holidaying in Manhattan, Wendy Barrie is snapped leaving the Sidewalk Cafe of the St. Moritz Hotel.



Irene Dunne's European jaunt was partly business, partly fun. As a result, she's all set now for her role in "Madame Curie."



The stars vacation in New York!

BY MACK HUGHES

DESPITE THE fact that the thermometer continues to reach new early Fall heights, movie stars travel across the country to visit the greatest resort in the world—New York.

Look at Robert Taylor. Most any girl would. For his very first vacation, he chose gay Gotham. Never

before having been east of Beatrice, Nebraska, it was still no problem for him to know where to spend the idle moments his studio allowed him.

However, no sooner was Bob settled in his tower suite at the Waldorf-Astoria than the fun began! First of all, there were interviews—and Bob confides that they scare him plenty, because he doesn't ever seem to know what to say or when to say it. There was that young woman from one of the trade papers, for instance. She was neither impressed nor at a loss of words when meeting a celebrity.

Taylor confided with a broad grin, "The first thing she asked was, 'How long do you think your luck will hold out? Do you expect to get by on your looks forever—or do you in-

tend to learn to act?'"

With a twinkle in his eye, Bob admitted he wasn't so sure his luck, if any, *would* hold out, but he had high hopes of learning to act. "Take Gary Cooper," he explained. "There's the handsomest man you could find, and he certainly has made the grade. And look at Clark Gable. But then Gable was an actor before he went into pictures, so perhaps he doesn't count. Maybe I'll have to trust that my luck will hold out until I can really give a perfect performance."

The fan interest was so great in Bob Taylor's presence in New York that his hotel management installed a figurative finger print system for admission to his suite. Not only did people congregate outside his hotel, but one (Continued on page 99)

A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

➤ IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

➤ Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

➤ Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

➤ I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

➤ SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

➤ She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.



GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?



A tender love scene from "To Mary—With Love," co-starring those favorites, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. It's sure-fire entertainment. Put it on your "must" list.



Above, the long-awaited "Romeo and Juliet," with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer. Below, Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range."

reviews

... A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY LEO
TOWNSEND

★★★★ Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)

Once more Hollywood brings Shakespeare to the picture houses for what is hoped will be a happy meeting between Avon's bard and the paying customers. On the whole, "Romeo and Juliet" is an earnest effort to put Shakespeare on film. It's a lavish production, done with taste and an eye for beauty. The Shakespearean verse is ably handled by most of the cast and the effect, after listeners become accustomed to it, is pleasing. The romance of old Verona, in the hands of Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, is often compelling and beautiful to watch. Miss Shearer's "Juliet" is more adequate than brilliant. At times her reading is excellent, but there are moments when her limited voice range fails to give her lines the majesty and beauty that were written into them. Leslie Howard's "Romeo" is played with more restraint than one would expect of the headstrong and dashing young Montagu, but his performance makes up in polish what it lacks in excitement. Of the supporting cast, the outstanding players are Edna May Oliver as the nurse, Basil Rathbone as Tybalt, C. Aubrey Smith as Lord Capulet and John Barrymore as Mercutio. George Cukor's direction is excellent and it, perhaps, goes without saying that Mr. Shakespeare's script leaves nothing to be desired.

Preview Postscript

For ten years M-G-M has been planning to film "Romeo and Juliet." Not a word in the screen play has been used that is not Shakespeare. Oliver Messel, an Englishman, was brought over to aid in the designing of costumes. Messel spent two months in Verona, Italy, studying, sketching and photographing works of art, architecture, costumes and



hoidresses in museums. Every important work of art of the Fifteenth Century was photographed, and when completed the studio had a library of almost ten thousand photographs. From the countless pictures taken in Verona, Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department of the studio, constructed a city of clay in miniature. From this beginning grew the final elaborate sets used on the lot as the film's background. Five hundred women were employed for several months to create the 1,250 costumes which the picture demanded. So intricate were the fashions of the period that many of the costumes required countless yards of hand stitching. A hundred and fifty tailors found several months' employment working on the men's costumes, which in many instances needed entire hand work also.

★★★ To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)

This is one of the most pleasant bits of screen entertainment this season has offered. It might be mentioned right now that Mary is Myrna Loy, which should be good news to the ten million Loy addicts around the country. With a performance that measures up to her work in "The Thin Man," Miss Loy, with the help of the deft direction of John Cromwell, makes this a picture which should—if you'll pardon the phrase—go on everyone's "must" list. The story paints the adventures of a married couple against a background of the past decade—from the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the Lindbergh flight through the crisis of 1929 and up to now. It doesn't particularly attempt to trace social developments during that period, but it presents a thoroughly engrossing picture of what the period (Continued on page 12)

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY

ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise • Donald Woods

Edmund Gwenn • Claude Rains

Louis Hayward • Steffi Duna

Gale Sondergaard • Billy Mauch • Akim

Tamiroff • Ralph Morgan • Henry O'Neill

Directed by **MERVYN LEROY**

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.



TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play... 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role... Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America... Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



Above, Robert Young, Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck in "The Bride Walks Out." Below, Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow make "Suzy" entertaining.



A tense scene from "Give Me Your Heart," featuring Kay Francis, Helen Flint and newcomer, Patric Knowles, whom you're sure to add to your list of favorites.



(Continued from page 10)

did to one couple. Warner Baxter is competent as the husband and Jan Hunter is excellent as a friend of the family, in love with Myrna.

Preview Postscript

Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter were photographed watching the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia! This is how that feat was accomplished: The studio obtained newsreel prints of the fight, and "rear projected" these pictures on a screen in back of the players, who moved as they would ordinarily. The regular studio camera then photographed the whole thing. . . . No mishaps marred this production's 34-day schedule, although Myrna Loy's cold, caught two days after she began work, threatened progress for a while. Finding herself getting hoarse, she had a recording of her voice made before and after the cold, and evened the difference by pitching her lines a few tones higher. She spent most of her spare time on the set, as usual, reading deep and heavy tomes. When not engaged in that she was busy knitting jink afghans. . . . Warner Baxter spent most of his time gazing into space, dreaming about the north woods vacation he was going to take right after the last shot on the flicker was made.

★★★ Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)

This flicker combines a Western drama with a set of swell songs and emerges as first-rate entertainment. In fact, it might be mentioned in passing that, judging by Mr. Crosby's avoirdupois, Paramount should have put him on horseback a couple of years ago. Off to a slow start, "Rhythm on the Range" gathers momentum just about the time Martho Royce arrives on the screen. Martho Royce is

a comedy songstress whose debut in pictures is, to put it mildly, terrific. She's a grand comedienne with a style all her own. Fortunately, the producers have teamed her up with Bob Burns, the Arkansas Philosopher of radio renown, and the two of them walk oway with the show. Song hits include "Empty Saddles," "I Can't Escape from You" and two grand comedy numbers, "You'll Have to Swing It" and "I'm an Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande." In the supporting cast are Frances Farmer, Lucille Gleason, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, James Burke and a bull with soulful eyes whose name is Cuddles.

Preview Postscript

Bing Crosby had two friends visiting him while on location. They came up for the fishing and were determined to get some in spite of bait being a big problem. They finally decided on grasshoppers, so Bing and his friends set out one morning armed with flat paddles, intending to swat down some bait. Bing swears he chased one fellow clear to Bishop before getting anything to swat. Discouraged, the fishermen returned to the hotel, remarking that they would pay a nickel apiece to get some of those grasshoppers. Next morning, bright and early, Bing was awakened by a loud rapping on his bedroom door. Standing outside were two of the natives, carrying large paper sacks. They had taken the fishermen at their word and had \$9.45 worth of grasshoppers on hand. The real pay-off, however, came when Bing was requested to work all day, for the company was leaving that night for Hollywood. . . . The first "blessed event" to occur in front of a camera was another distressing situation. A pastoral scene of great beauty had just been photographed at the cost of considerable time and effort. So perfect was it that the director took a good long scene of it and was just going to call "cut" when from behind a tree strolled a cow and proceeded to produce its calf.

★★★ Pepper (20th Century-Fox)

"Pepper," you may have guessed, is none other than our friend, Jane Withers. Here she's the Tomboy Terror, leader of a toughest gang from the slums. Jane has her busiest time to date keeping widows and orphans happy, crabby millionaires pleasant, and their spoiled daughters glad to marry policemen instead of foreign no-counts. The children will simply love every breathless moment of it and the oldsters will be entertained, albeit a bit weary before the final tomato is thrown. For the plot practically hangs on the aforementioned fruit, what with Pepper's gang depending solely on them as ammunition for getting what they want. And they want plenty. Irvin S. Cobb gets a role this time that suits him admirably—that of the moneyed grouch who has suffered from indigestion for years and is cured by Pepper and fourteen hot dogs. Slim Summerville makes an excellent street-sweeper (with a lot more to do in the picture, however, than that) and Ivon Lebedeff couldn't be improved upon as just a gigolo. Muriel Robert is attractive in the unattractive role of a spoiled darling, and Deon Jogger is the handsome cop who finally wins her expensive heart.

Preview Postscript

This flicker marks the eighth picture for eight-year-old Jane Withers, and her second starring role. It was in (Continued on page 107)



**NOBODY ASKS
ME OUT
ANYMORE!**

HER
PIMPLY
SKIN WAS
THE
REASON
FOR SARA'S
'THIN TIME'
~
UNTIL -



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

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**Don't let Adolescent Pimples make
YOU feel neglected and forlorn**

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



Modern Screen's Hollywood editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to those most importantly connected with "The Gorgeous Hussy." Left to right, Lionel Barrymore, Director Clarence Brown, Joan Crawford, Leo Townsend, Robert Taylor and Producer Joseph Mankiewicz.

Modern Screen takes pleasure in presenting its Award of Merit to the ultimate in film entertainment, and so

WE SALUTE

"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY"



"The Gorgeous Hussy" and all those who had a part in making it the great entertainment it is, are in order for hearty congratulations. Joseph Mankiewicz, the producer of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer special, Clarence Brown, its director, and Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Franchot Tone, as its more important players, each comes in for his share of praise.

Highlighting an important period in American history, "The Gorgeous Hussy" brings to the screen a

drama that is at once powerful and timely. It represents the highest in screen entertainment, a picture which you cannot afford to miss.

Each month Modern Screen will present a medal to the most outstanding production about to be released, the picture which we feel will contribute most to your enjoyment and appreciation of the art of movie-making. Let this award serve as your guide to the best type of picture production available. Watch for it every month from now on.



Joan Crawford in a love scene with Bob Taylor from "The Gorgeous Hussy."

Modern Screen's Medal-Award picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

"The Gorgeous Hussy" covers that robust period in our nation's youth when Daniel Webster and John Randolph matched oratory on the Senate floor, when Andrew Jackson became the seventh President of the United States, when a pretty woman became the unofficial First Lady of the Land.

"The Gorgeous Hussy" presents Washington in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, when America struggled vainly to remain a union. John Randolph, valiant defender of States' Rights, crossed verbal swords with Daniel Webster, the Senator from Massachusetts who, as Washington small-talked it, was born "with a silver constitution in his mouth." Homespun Andy Jackson, with his pipe-smoking wife, arrives in the Capitol to take his seat in the Senate and remains to guide the nation's destiny.

All this is threaded together by the presence of Peggy O'Neale, pretty daughter of an innkeeper whose hostelry is the home of Randolph, Webster and Jackson. Peggy is in love with John Randolph and devoted to Andy Jackson. However, she marries a young naval lieutenant, "Bow" Timberlake. After his death, Peggy gives all of her time to Andrew Jackson.

On the eve of his ascendancy to the presidency, Jackson's wife dies. Since Peggy is his closest friend in Washington, she virtually becomes First Lady during the stormy Jackson administration. Her devotion to him is so great that she gives up a planned marriage to John Randolph because of differences of opinion on national policies, and becomes the bride of John Eaton.

Although it has been given a magnificent production, "The Gorgeous Hussy" is distinguished mainly by its acting. As Andrew Jackson, Lionel Barrymore may be said to carry off first honors. Joan Crawford, in the role of Peggy O'Neale, should win herself new followers. Excellent also are Beulah Bondi as Mrs. Jackson, Melvyn Douglas as John Randolph, Robert Taylor as "Bow" Timberlake, Franchot Tone as John Eaton, Sidney Toler as Daniel Webster, and James Stewart as a young newspaper man.



Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine.

© 1936 FELS & CO.

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

short cuts to sweet SUCCESS



Maureen O'Sullivan may use old-fashioned recipes, but her kitchen and kitchen equipment are decidedly modern, as the electric waffle iron she's using above indicates. (Right) The recipe for making these delectable cream puffs, with custard filling, is yours for the asking.



BY MARJORIE DEEN

ARE YOU equipped to be a charming hostess and an efficient housekeeper? Well, it's just too bad if you're not, according to Maureen O'Sullivan. She feels that there are so many modern and comparatively inexpensive ways to improve your entertaining and homemaking technique that a woman is foolish, indeed, who ignores them.

"I'm still enough of a daughter of Old Ireland to revere tradition in many things," winsome little Maureen informed me across the tea table.

"I want to have little treasures around the house," she continued, "that have mellowed with age and that I cherish because of association. But I must say that when it comes to the way a home is run, I like to see

things being done in the most modern way imaginable. However, short-cuts and modern methods are but the means to an end for there can be no modern substitute for old-fashioned hospitality and old-fashioned foods. Why, I've yet to have my fill of Old-Fashioned Chocolate Cake—a traditional American favorite that I've adopted with the greatest enthusiasm."

Then Maureen went on to describe some of the other foods that she has discovered over here, while we were busy "discovering" what an unaffected actress and sweet person is this little colleen. Being one of the few stars in Hollywood who does not have to watch her diet, she was not afraid to mention sweets as her favorite foods.

All sorts and varieties of cake, I

was told, appear with great frequency on the O'Sullivan table. But the chocolate cake already mentioned and a delectable Chocolate Marshmallow Roll meet with the highest praises of hostess and guests alike. Great favorites, also, when company comes, are Cream Puffs—light, golden, home-made shells, filled with a smooth custard cream.

I was able to get the recipes for all three—which you'll find in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a free copy of this little leaflet, promptly. If you've never written in for one before, you have a treat in store for you. This month, for instance, I'm sure you'll agree immediately that the sweets just mentioned sound good. Then when you

You don't have to know how to cook to be an expert in the kitchen, claims Maureen O'Sullivan. What's more, she proves it!

receive your attractively printed copy you'll discover that the recipes given you by Maureen are so easy to follow that they practically guarantee perfect results.

"Maids may come and maids may go," Maureen informed me laughingly, as she gave me the recipes to copy down, "but woe betide any servant who can't turn out a delicious product by following the directions I give her for making my favorite desserts."

I'M NOT a cook myself," Maureen admitted, "but I'm an expert with a good waffle batter and waffle iron. Crisp, crunchy waffles with plenty of butter and syrup always make a hit. And put this down for your readers: the syrup should be heated so that when you pour it on hot, it melts the butter and doesn't chill the waffle. That suggestion was made to me by a Vermont fan when she sent me a large jar of her state's famous product. I've followed her advice religiously ever since! Try it, yourself, and see if you don't think it's an improvement. Banana waffles with whipped cream are a great idea, too, especially for card-party luncheons. I'll let you have my two favorite waffle recipes, if you'd care to have them."

Would I care to have them? Why, I practically grabbed them in my anxiety to find something new to make in my waffle iron. And how about you? Well, you'll find one of the waffle recipes in the leaflet and the other one at the end of this article, so be sure to try them.

"For an informal Sunday evening supper or an after-a-preview party," Miss O'Sullivan continued, "I like to place one of the attractive, modern toaster trays on one corner of the buffet. The little glass dishes that fit into the tray are then filled with condiments and different spreads—some (Continued on page 100)

Are you as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And every point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
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- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *each* and *every* point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect

trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

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Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It is gentle. It is thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

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Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

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From Pimples and Blemishes

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin “all over”—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all your skin* of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

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Bob Taylor
letters win
cash prizes

It's Bob Taylor month, girls, and are the letters hot! Because of the deluge of mail about Mr. T., we have devoted these columns to him exclusively.

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Prince Charming

Hollywood is indeed a veritable Wonderland when it can manufacture a Robert Taylor overnight. Not even in story books has there been a Prince Charming to equal him. He is Youth in all its glory—slender, graceful, handsome, and intelligent. His youth is the youth that Johann Strauss tried to depict for us in his beautiful waltzes. Mr. Taylor has the power to bring his Youth to every member of his audience.

Hollywood seems to take pride in the fact that it is growing up, that it will soon be on a par with the legitimate stage. But I think the cinema and the stage will always be miles apart, one is real and the other is a shadow. While the producers are spending millions buying up stage productions, M-G-M has a goldmine right in its own back yard. I venture to say that Bob Taylor in the cheapest, simplest little story will make more money for his producers than the million-dollar reproduction of a stage play.—Bessie Bennett, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Clothes Horse

I saw Mr. Taylor in “Broadway Melody” and like many other enthusiastic

moviegoers, I left the theatre raving. When the second Taylor film came to town, I left the theatre a trifle skeptical. Bob Taylor was just too pretty and, as yet hadn't done any real acting. After Mr. T-s ensuing films, I left the theatre tired—yes, tired. Tired of gazing at a slick-looking fellow whose attire was always faultless, upon whose head not one beautiful hair was ever misplaced, and whose acting was invariably done to the tune of moonlight and the glamorous background of a rich man's playboy son.

So, to whom it may concern, there is my opinion of this excellent clothes horse. Until Robert Taylor proves that he can measure up to the standards of a real actor; until I can see his handsome pan slightly messed up; I remain the self-appointed president of the Anti-Robert Taylor and the Like Club.—Lollie Earley, Little Rock, Ark.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Rare Diamond

Let us take the case of Robert Taylor, the present heart-breaker and leading idol of the screen. Here is a personable fellow—straight of profile and clear of tongue. His are the attributes of stardom or that which the movie moguls call “box office.” Yet they stupidly persist in casting him as a lolly-gagging lover and wrapping him in stories having an unmistakable odor. That

'n' me

"Private Number" found me two reels ahead of the story—a very meager plot for a talented actor. Let us not hide a diamond under a heap of paste pearls, although apparently the pearls may suggest permanence.—Bernard Eglyn, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Unbearable

I suppose I'm very odd, in fact you may think I'm phenomenal, but I am not a Robert Taylor fan! Definitely not! In fact, I can't stand his stupid, sissy-fied characterizations and thus I avoid his pictures altogether. Perfect lover? Best looking actor? Rot! In my eyes, he is unbearable.

But—a large one—there is someone on the screen who fulfills my highest ideals of manliness, whose sincere portrayals have found a place in my heart, whose subtle humor intrigues me, whose six feet, three inches of boyish good looks causes ecstatic admiration from me. Who is this perfect male? None other than Fred MacMurray.—M. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Second Gable

Here's an idea! Since Robert Taylor is being called the "second Clark Gable," and since both he and Gable are under contract to M-G-M, how about a picture starring both of them? The fans would have an opportunity to see both these stars at one time and so would be better able to judge for themselves whether or not Bob deserves such billing. Imagine what this would mean at the box-office: Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, in the same film, and contending for the affections of, say, Myrna Loy or Loretta Young. Why don't you Between You and Me-ers suggest what leading lady you would prefer for each of these gents?—O. Oneal, San Diego, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—All Conceit

Why is everyone so ga-ga about Robert Taylor? I read recently that he is not (Continued on page 106)

Write us a letter and win a prize! It's as easy as that and such fun. Choose any movie topic that interests you—why you like certain players and dislike others, pictures you've seen, and some you'd like to see, why you like or dislike Modern Screen, etc., etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. 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.

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Information Desk

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 21. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many of a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

ROBERT TAYLOR: Dr. S. A. Brugh's little boy with the big name, Spangler Arlington Brugh, has very definitely "arrived." In fact, Bob Taylor, as we're fortunately allowed to call him, is Fan Favorite No. 1. Born in Filley, Neb., on August 5, he later moved to Beatrice where he attended school. He had two years of college work at Doane, Neb., then finished his course at Pomona College, where, in addition to his outstanding dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. A role in the campus production of "Journey's End" won Bob a screen test, which was so good that he was promptly sent back to his books. However, after graduation, Bob was given another test, signed to a contract and put into training by M-G-M. He played bit parts in a couple of big productions, leading roles in several little theatre plays, was loaned to Fox for "Handy Andy" in 1934 and finally made good in "Society Doctor." Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports, he plays the cello and piano, collects sweaters and is very superstitious about black cats and ladders. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Bob owns a collie dog named Sport, his only pet. "The Gorgeous Hussy," with Joan Crawford, is our hero's latest, and he's now working on "Camille" with the great Garbo. Perhaps the love scenes in "His Brother's Wife" between Bob and Barbara Stanwyck were more realistic than usual. Anyway, Miss Stanwyck has been his feminine lead off the screen these many months. 'Tis said to be serious. You may write Mr. Taylor at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif. If you want his photograph, be sure to send 25¢ along with your request—this is the standard price charged by the stars to cover printing and mailing.

ALLETA MILLER, Orlando, Fla.—You win! Alice Faye has never been married, much less to Rudy Vallee. Rudy's ex-wife is Fay Webb, which is probably why your friends were confused.

JANE WITHERS: This talented screen rascal was born in Atlanta, Ga., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Withers, on April 12, 1926. By the time she was 4, Miss Jane was Atlanta's child Garbo. She was featured in "The Toyland Review" and for two years was heard over the air on Station WGST, during which time she was learning French and Spanish, and taking to horseback riding. All hopeful, the family took their youngster to Hollywood, where they searched 7 long months for an assignment for her. A bit part in "Handle with Care" came in 1932, followed by other minute roles. Then nothing. So Jane returned to radio work and was starred in KFWB's "Juvenile Review," in which she sang and swapped gags with the M.C. Her ability to do impersonations—she can do over 40—as well as her skill at singing, landed her the "brat" part in "Bright Eyes," and a contract. Off-screen Jane is a wholesome little girl, full of personality and mischief. She likes swimming and skating, and her love of pets has caused her to accumulate a small menagerie. This brown-eyed, brown-haired, lovable imp is 4 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. Her next picture is "Pepper" to be followed by a musical, "Can This Be Dixie?" with Helen Wood and Thomas Beck. Under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., you may write her there.

DOROTHY MILLER, Milledgeville, Ga.—Yes, Michael Bartlett did rather drop off the face of the earth for a spell. But he's popped up again as Marion Talley's leading man in Republic's "Follow Your Heart," which should be released shortly.

NELSON EDDY: His is a success story that is a success story, and a long one to boot. Born in Providence, R. I., on June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers, Nelson received his earlier edu-

cation at the grammar and Normal schools there. Night school and correspondence courses completed it. He held a variety of jobs, among them those of telephone operator, shipping clerk in an iron works, newspaper reporter and copy reader, and finally advertising copy writer. In Providence Nelson had sung as a boy soprano in several churches but it wasn't until he was working on a Philadelphia newspaper that he began to wonder if his haritone voice might not be a means of livelihood. He sang with phonograph records, then took lessons from several prominent instructors in the United States, Paris and Dresden. In 1921 Mr. Eddy made an anonymous debut in "The Marriage Tax"; in 1924 he was singing with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company; in 1931 he made a sensational New York debut; and in 1933 gave a concert in Los Angeles at which he received 18 encores. Screen tests were the outcome of this concert, and he was assigned minor roles in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Dancing Lady," "Student Tour" and was finally starred in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie." Six feet tall, he weighs 173 pounds and derives pleasure from swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He has blue eyes and blonde hair. Mr. Eddy can sing 32 operatic roles and in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has never been married and is not engaged. "Maytime," now in production, will be the next Eddy-MacDonald opus. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

MARIE LOUISE, Racine, Wis.—Dick Powell's next picture after "Stage Struck" will be "Gold Diggers of 1937," also with Joan Blondell. Miss Blondell made her screen debut in 1930 in "Sinner's Holiday." Her young son, Norman Scott Barnes, will be 2 years old on November 2nd.

MYRNA LOY: She was originally named Myrna Williams, became Myrna Loy for the movies and on June 27, 1936, became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. During the Myrna Williams era she was born in Helena, Mont., where her father was a ranch owner, on August 2, 1905. When she was of high school age her parents brought her to Los Angeles. There she attended the Westlake School for Girls and later an art school. Myrna's ability as a sculptress attracted the attention of Rudolph Valentino and his wife, who gave her a part in "What Price Beauty?" in 1925. She was given other small roles and worked in the stage prologues at Grauman's Theatre in Hollywood, and as a dancer. Her first leading role was in "Renegade" in 1931. That was during her "vamp" days. Things began to look up when Myrna was assigned to "Animal Kingdom," and since that time she has risen to great popularity in straight acting roles. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has titian hair and green eyes. She loves dancing, collects painting and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. Miss Loy plays the piano and likes to read history and biography. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., her next picture will be "Libeled Lady" in which William Powell, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are also cast.

RICHARD I. SMITH, Bellevue, Pa.—The principal players in "Charlie Chan's Courage" were Warner Oland, Drue Leyton, Donald Woods and Paul Harvey. This screen play was by Seton I. Miller, Drue Leyton, Raymond Milland, Mona Barrie, Alan Mowbray, Douglas Walton and E. E. Clive were the more important players with Mr. Oland in "Charlie Chan in London." The most recent Chan picture is "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," but the next has not been announced.

CLARK GABLE: Cadiz, Ohio, was William Clark Gable's birthplace on February 1, 1901. His mother having died in his infancy, Clark was brought up by his step-mother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron, where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon, diction and elocution instructor, and married her in 1924. In 1927 Clark made his Broadway stage debut and followed it up with a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that he remarried. This was Rhea Langham, a society woman, from whom he is now separated. In 1931 Mr. Gable first appeared on the screen in "The Painted Desert," a Western, but that was only the first step. Look where he is today after a paltry five years! Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, fishing, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, and traveling is his favorite pastime. Clark and Carole Lombard have been palming around a lot lately, and a right nice off-screen team they make, too. Mr. Gable's next film is "Cain and Mabel" in which he is co-starred with Marion Davies, after which he and Joan Crawford are to be teamed in "Love on the Run." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., is his address.

JEAN SCHLEUNING, Lincoln, Neb.—Sorry, but the home addresses of the stars are a deep, dark secret. They can be reached through their studios. Humphrey Bogart is married to Mary Phillips. Dick Powell, not Bob Taylor, played with Will Rogers in "Too Busy to Work." Yes, both Mr. Taylor and James Stewart are in "The Gorgeous Hussy" with Joan Crawford, as well as Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas and Lionel Barrymore. Some cast!



ROCHELLE HUDSON: This charming Miss hails from the late Will Rogers' home town, Claremore, Okla. Born there on March 6, 1916, she received her education in the Claremore grade school, the Oklahoma City high school and later at the Hollywood high school after her parents moved there. No sooner had Miss H. set foot in cinema city, than she determined to become a film star. After many futile attempts Rochelle signed with RKO in March, 1930, and made "Fanny Foley Herself." Five more RKO films followed, then Rochelle signed with Fox after her success in "Doctor Bull" with Mr. Rogers. Although Miss Hudson had no professional stage experience before entering film work, she had appeared in local performances and had taken dramatic lessons as well as instruction in singing, dancing and painting. Her hobby is hook rugs, she has 2 pet cats, likes to play tennis, swim and read good fiction. She has gray eyes and her favorite color is blue. Miss Hudson is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark brown hair. She is not married. "Poppy," with W. C. Fields, is her most recent picture. Write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

SALLY THATCHER, San Francisco, Calif.—Michael Whalen played the role of Dr. Luke's son in "The Country Doctor." Craig Reynolds was not in the picture.

JOHN BEAL: Here's another young man with a lengthy real name—John Alexander Blieding. August 13, 1909, was the date of his advent into this world in Joplin, Mo. There he attended grade school and entered wholeheartedly into the high school dramatics. He played leading roles and after school tinkered with settings and lights in the family barn. At the University of Pennsylvania he became an important member of the famous Mask and Wig Club, a dramatic organization. Upon graduation, John went at once to Jasper Deeter's famous Hedgerow Theatre in Pennsylvania. That was in 1930. Next came Broadway and a job as understudy and stage manager, followed by a supporting role in "Wild

Waves." In "Another Language" he attracted wide attention and was promptly signed to make his screen debut in the film version of that hit in 1933. In 1934 John appeared in "Hat, Coat and Glove" and "The Little Minister," which really gave him a place in the cinema heavens. 1935 gave him three pictures: "Les Miserables," "Laddie" and "Break of Hearts." This year Mr. Beal has divided his time between the stage and screen. His most recent picture is "M'Liss" and he is scheduled for two more. They are "We Who Are About to Die" and "Mother Carey's Chickens." Weighing 150 pounds, he is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is both an accomplished sketch artist and pianist. His wife is Helen Craig, who is most attractive, and they are very happily married. Mr. Beal's address is RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

SHIRLEY RICHARDS, Framingham, Mass.—Robert Kent was the lad who played Corporal Robert King in "The Country Beyond." He is slated to play in "King of the Royal Mounted" for 20th Century-Fox.

JOHN WAYNE: One of the more popular Western stars, Mr. Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, the son of Clyde Leonard Morrissey and Mary Brown. His real name is Marion Michael Morrissey, which is probably why he changed it. Educated at the George Washington Grammar School of Keokuk, Iowa, and later at the Lancaster Grammar School in Lancaster, Calif., he then went to Glendale High School and from there to the University of Southern California. He was on the football team at that institution. During his junior year, John decided to leave and go into the motion picture business. His first job was that of prop boy and it was through this that he obtained his first crack at acting in "The Big Trail" in 1930. John is married to Josephine Saenz and they have two children. He has one brother, Emmet. Six feet 2 inches tall, he weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Quite naturally, he enjoys riding and watching football games, as well as playing bridge and poker. Under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., his next picture will be "Coast Guard" with Nan Gray.

SIDNEY LERNER, Philadelphia, Pa.—There have been three versions of "The Witching Hour." In 1916 it was made by Frohman; in 1921 Paramount made the silent version of it; and in 1934 the same company released the talkie edition. Which one do you mean?

ALLAN JONES: Born in Scranton, Pa., on October 14, Allan inherited his Welsh father's fine tenor voice. Mr. Daniel H. Jones, a mine superintendent, saw to it that his son's vocal training was begun at the age of 4. At 8 he was singing in the church choir; at 10 he had resolved to pursue a musical career; at 11 he was a boy soprano; at 14 he was still with the choir, but singing alto. After that Allan developed into a tenor and to pay for his voice lessons ran errands, was a hank messenger, a laborer, coal truck driver and steam shovel engineer while attending high school in Scranton. He earned enough to enter the Syracuse University Music School, where, after a month of glee club singing, he won four scholarships. Came spring and Allan played a lurch. By staging a one-man concert in his home town he netted sufficient funds to take him to Paris to study. In the fall he returned.

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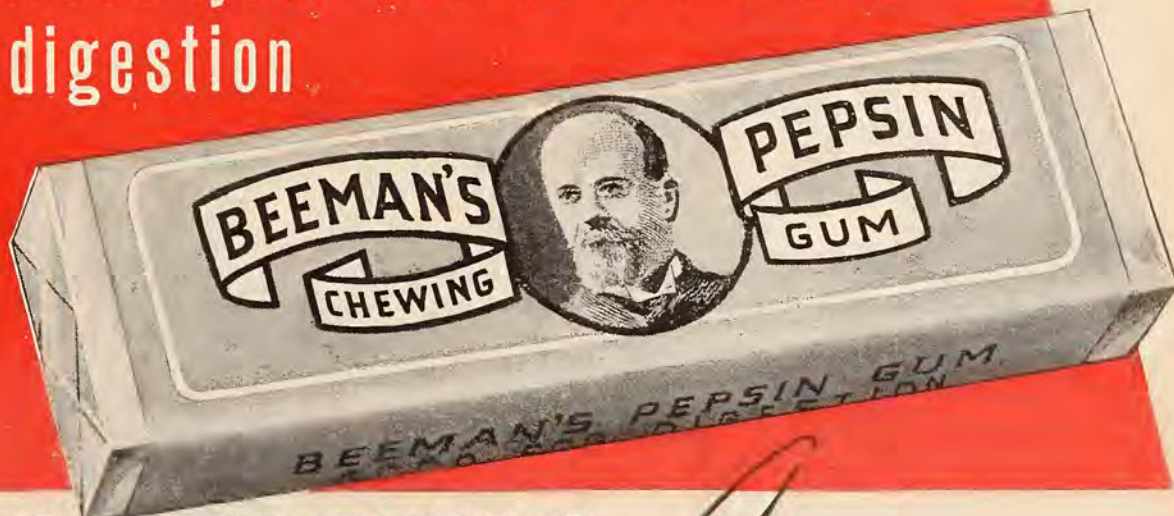
City..... State.....

sang with the New York Philharmonic, then alternated between Paris and New York. He made a hit in opera, sang in musical stock in St. Louis, Boston and Chicago as well as on tour. Back in New York he was invited to make a screen test and signed to a contract. He has appeared in "Reckless," "A Night at the Opera," "Rose Marie" and "Show Boat," his latest. He's on tour at present, so there is no film scheduled for him. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. On July 26, 1936, Irene Hervey became Mrs. Allan Jones. Both have been married before. Irene has a daughter and Allan a son by the previous marriage. Write Mr. J. at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

LORETTA YOUNG: She was born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913. Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, her sisters, are also in the movies, though her brother Jack, now an attorney, was the first to take the step. There is also a younger sister, Georgiana, who is a likely candidate. Loretta is descended from American-English-French parents and was educated at Ramona Convent in Alhambra, Calif. Her screen career started when she was 4, as the baby in a Fanny Ward picture, but her real chance came when she answered a studio call for Polly, in the latter's absence, and was immediately awarded a role in Colleen Moore's "Naughty But Nice" in 1927. In 1929 she was a Wampas Baby Star, and now the name of Loretta Young ranks high in the cinema firmament. Outside of dramatic work she is interested in dancing and art, plays the piano and loves good music. Blue and white are her favorite colors, and salads and desserts her favorite foods. Loretta's hobby is shopping for pretty clothes, and she likes popular novels, attends the movies frequently and has a pet canary. She is fond of horseback riding, bicycling and ping pong, and likes to watch football games, horse races and polo. In 1929 Loretta married Grant Withers, but the marriage lasted only a year. Miss Young is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has light brown hair set off by huge blue-gray eyes. Her delicate coloring, plus her exquisite beauty, should be shown to good advantage in her latest picture, "Ramona," which is in technicolor. After that Loretta will be seen, along with Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett, in "Ladies in Love." Under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., you may write her there.

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It soothes your nerves . . . and
aids digestion



Enjoy **Beeman's** Gum

T A S T E S S O G O O D



WE CAN'T DO THIS

FOR YOU *and* YOUR BABY...

*but our HOME-GROWN
Vegetables Can Help
You Both!*

Let us save you the time and energy you'd spend in drudgery if you prepared your baby's strained vegetables! Let us help your baby—more than most market-bought vegetables could, because:

Gerber's are raised in selected soils, from pedigreed seed, under supervision; *sun-ripened* and picked just ripe; then—since time would steal special values—*rushed* to our kitchens, within one hour's trucking distance; cooked with air kept *out* and natural moisture kept *in*, retaining in high degree the precious vitamins and mineral salts.

Also, because packed so fresh, they are left *unseasoned*; you add salt and sugar at your doctor's wish.

See, too, if you don't think our Shaker-Cooking keeps colors natural, flavors fresher!

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

**Your Baby Hopes You
Send For This Doll!**

Just mail 3 Gerber Labels and 10c for boy or girl doll: Say which you choose. Doll is sateen, stuffed; sanitary, safe.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Grown and Packed by
Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecum-
seh, Ontario.) 1010

8 inch doll

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STATE.....

CITY..... BOY..... GIRL.....

AGE OF BABY.....

"Mealtime Psychology"—a booklet on infant feeding also free on request. "Baby Book" on general infant care, 10c additional.

6021—A knitted three-piece suit in a stunning bouclette. A short-sleeved, striped sweater; skirt with new panel detail and smart jacket.

6036—A charming crocheted daytime dress in Lustra Iceland yarn, has a trim shirt-waist style and is very easy to make.

6036



6021

Knit one, Crochet one!

Two new styles to test your skill

YOU, who would rather crochet than knit, have been bemoaning the fact that I have been favoring the knitters of late. So, here is a brand-new and exclusive crochet pattern that isn't at all hard to do and will be a wardrobe pet when finished.

The knitted three-piece suit is one of those classic fashions that knitters like. It, too, is easy to make.

You may have one or both of these patterns by merely filling out the enclosed coupon. Be sure to enclose a large, self-addressed envelope.

Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me knitting directions for:

Pattern 6021
Pattern 6036

Name Street

(Please Print)

City State

Check one or both patterns desired.

stars' studio addresses



Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
 Paramount Studios, 5451 Morathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
 RKO-Rodia Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
 United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formoso Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 Universol Studios, Universol City, Calif.
 Wolter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Los Polmas, Hollywood, Calif.
 Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
 ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
 AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
 ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
 ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
 ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
 ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
 ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
 ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
 ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
 AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
 AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
 ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
 ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
 ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
 ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
 ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
 ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
 ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
 ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
 ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
 AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
 AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
 BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
 BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
 BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
 BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
 BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
 BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
 BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
 BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
 BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
 BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
 BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
 BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
 BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
 BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
 BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
 BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
 BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
 BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
 BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
 BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
 BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
 BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
 BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
 BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
 BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
 BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
 BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
 BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
 BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
 BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
 BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
 BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
 BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
 BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
 BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
 BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 BOND, WARD: Columbia.
 BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.

BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
 BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
 BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
 BRENDEN, EL: Warner Bros.
 BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
 BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
 BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Walter Wanger.
 BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
 BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
 BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
 BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
 BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
 BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
 BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
 BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
 BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
 BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
 BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
 BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
 BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
 BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
 BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
 CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
 CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
 CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National, 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
 CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
 CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
 CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
 CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
 CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
 CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
 CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
 CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
 CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
 CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
 CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
 CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
 CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
 CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
 CLARKE, MAE: Republic.
 CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
 COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
 COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
 COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
 COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
 COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
 COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
 CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
 CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
 COOK, DONALD: Republic.
 COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
 COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
 CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
 COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
 CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
 CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
 CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
 CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
 CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
 CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
 DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
 DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.

(Continued on page 70)

HERE'S **Energy** AND **Alertness** PACKED INTO A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST



CLAIRE TREVOR—CLAIRE TREVOR, BEAUTIFUL 20TH CENTURY FOX PLAYER IN "TO MARY... WITH LOVE," SAYS, "SHREDDED WHEAT HAS A DELICIOUS, NATURAL FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT! NO WONDER IT'S FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS."



TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT

JAMES DUNN, STAR OF A LONG STRING OF HOLLYWOOD HITS, DIVES INTO SHREDDED WHEAT WITH A BIG SMILE OF SATISFACTION. "IT'S A SMASH HIT!" HE EXCLAIMS, AND CERTAINLY TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT FOR REAL NOURISHMENT — THE KIND THAT KEEPS YOU ACTIVE AND ALERT!



NATURE'S PRIZE GRAIN

DIETITIANS AND FOOD EXPERTS GIVE YOU THESE IMPORTANT FACTS: "WHEAT IS NATURE'S MOST PERFECT GRAIN—CONTAINING AN UNUSUALLY FINE BALANCE OF MINERAL SALTS,

CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND VITAMINS FOR ENERGY AND STRENGTH!" AND SHREDDED WHEAT IS 100% WHOLE WHEAT, NOTHING ADDED, NOTHING TAKEN AWAY!

MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS SOLD EVERY YEAR.



A Product of National Biscuit Company, bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties!



Mail a snapshot of yourself today! You can win a screen

Prizes

Winners get a round trip to England with **ALL** expenses paid! Train fare of winners to and from New York will be provided for.

Upon arrival in England, winners will not only have free hotel accommodations, but elaborate entertainment and sightseeing as well.

Most thrilling of all—winners will take actual screen tests at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios!

Rules

1. Contestants must fill in the coupon on page 25, attach it to their full-length snapshot or photograph and mail both to: **NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST**, care of **MODERN SCREEN**, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
2. If more than one snapshot or photograph is submitted, each must be accompanied by a coupon. Positively no snapshots or photographs will be returned.
3. The board of judges will select those persons, as winners, whom they consider the best screen types among the entrants. Their decisions will be final.
4. Provisions will be made for train fare of winners to and from New York.
5. The contest will close at midnight—September 30, 1936. No entries postmarked after that time will be eligible.
6. No employees of the Dell Publishing Company or Gaumont British or their families, may participate in this contest.

HAVEN'T YOU dreamed of screen fame, too? Then take advantage of this amazing opportunity to make your dream come true. A free trip to London on a luxurious ocean liner, carefree days, gay evenings and the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of a screen test at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios are placed within your reach in Modern Screen's easy-to-enter contest.

You don't have to be beautiful or handsome. All Modern Screen wants are "New Movie Types." It makes no difference whether you are male or female, tall or short, young or old, fat or thin, you may be one of the TYPES we are seeking.

Anyone can enter! Simply attach your photo—a snapshot will do—to the coupon on page 25 and send to **NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST**, care of **MODERN SCREEN**, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We're making the road to stardom an easy one for you, and You, and YOU. A free and joyous trip to England with no expense, no struggle, and most exciting of all, we are offering you a stepping-stone-to-fame screen test at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios.

Opportunity knocks but once—just clip the coupon, send us your picture and maybe YOU will be one of the "New Movie Types" we're looking for.

... new movie types contest

test and a free trip to England in this exciting contest



(Above left to right) Young Desmond Tester, who is a rave with critics despite his youth. He played in GB's "Nine Days a Queen" and will next be seen in "The Hidden Power" with Sylvia Sidney. Next, Richard Arlen and Lilli Palmer in a scene from "The Great Barrier"—the epic story of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Constance Cummings and Ed. Lowe in GB's "Seven Sinners."

NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is a picture of:

Name.....
(Please Print)
Street.....
City.....
State.....

She's a Celebrated MUSICIAN..

yet she **TINTS**
her own nails!



THE alluring rhythm of her music fascinates his eyes as well as his ears, for her finger tips reflect brilliantly her fastidiousness and taste. Lovely as blossoms, her tinted nails are her own individual care.

With F-O Nail Polish in six magnificent shades (creme or transparent), you, too, can have the finger tips that attract and hold admiration. It's a matter of seconds with F-O Oily Polish Remover to prepare for a new shade, and this corrective remover will keep your nails from becoming brittle. Learn the charming secret of irresistible finger tips with F-O.



● F-O manicure preparations in liberal 10c packages at all ten cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

modern screen

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Abdul the Damned (Columbia).....	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....	2★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists).....	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia).....	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount).....	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4★
*Anthony Adverse (Warners).....	3★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3★
*The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield).....	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners).....	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia).....	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M).....	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount).....	2★
The Border Patrolman (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount).....	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National).....	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO).....	2★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia).....	1★
Captain Blood (Warners).....	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners).....	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Chatterbox (RKO).....	2★
Colleen (Warners).....	3★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia).....	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....	3★
Dangerous (Warners).....	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2★
Desire (Paramount).....	4★
*The Devil Doll (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....	2½★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty).....	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal).....	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners).....	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount).....	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National).....	3★
East of Java (Universal).....	2★
Easy Money (Invincible).....	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO).....	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount).....	2★
First a Girl (GB).....	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Florida Special (Paramount).....	2½★
F-Man (Paramount).....	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO).....	4★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners).....	2★
Fury (M-G-M).....	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists).....	4★
*Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
*Give Me Your Heart (Warners).....	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount).....	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National).....	2½★
The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners).....	5★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Harvester (Republic).....	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Hot Money (Warners).....	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic).....	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO).....	3★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners).....	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal).....	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films).....	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's Love Again (GB).....	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners).....	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
King of the Damned (GB).....	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia).....	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount).....	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2★
The Last Journey (Twickenham).....	2★
The Last Outlaw (RKO).....	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National).....	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic).....	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO).....	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4★
Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal).....	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (First National).....	1★
Love on a Bet (RKO).....	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal).....	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners).....	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount).....	3★
*Mary of Scotland (RKO).....	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....	2½★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners).....	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount).....	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M).....	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4★
Mister Hobo (GB).....	2★
M'Liss (RKO).....	3★
Modern Times (United Artists).....	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger).....	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB).....	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO).....	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia).....	2★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M).....	4★
*My American Wife (Paramount).....	3★
Next Time We Love (Universal).....	3★
Nobody's Fool (Universal).....	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
\$1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky).....	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M).....	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount).....	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2★
Parole (Universal).....	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB).....	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount).....	3★
*Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3★

movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Poppy (Paramount).....	4★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount).....	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....	2★
Red Wagon (Alliance).....	1½★
The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount).....	2½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....	1★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB).....	3★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M).....	2½★
Road Gang (First National).....	2½★
*The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia).....	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M).....	4★
Rose Marie (M-G-M).....	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount).....	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M).....	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners).....	1★
Secret Agent (GB).....	3★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia).....	4★
Show Boat (Universal).....	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Silly Billies (RKO).....	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....	3★
Snowed Under (First National).....	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount).....	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean).....	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National).....	2★
Sons O' Guns (Warners).....	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount).....	3★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★
Speed (M-G-M).....	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount).....	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M).....	2★
*Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....	1★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★
*36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	2★
Three on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★
*To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners).....	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia).....	2★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M).....	2★
Two Against the World (First National).....	2★
Two in Revolt (RKO).....	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO).....	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....	1½★
We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M).....	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
The White Angel (First National).....	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing 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 General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

ONE of the worst faults a powder can have is showing too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls brings out!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond's. "Glare-proof" colors—Pond's colors catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

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Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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GOOD

Romances galore, lots of gay parties, and back-stage



Jeanette MacDonald's surprise birthday party was a huge success. Of course, Gene Raymond was there, and Nelson Eddy and Anita Louise came in for their share of cake and ice cream, too.

Sharing one box at the Actors' Fund Benefit, if you'll look closely you'll see: first row, Cary Grant, Glenda Farrell and Randy Scott; second row, Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin and Mary Brian, Cary's best girl.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will probably have the judge pronounce them man and wife shortly after the state of California tells Joan she's a single gal again. And if you don't believe it's love you should see Joan walking around the Bel Air golf course with Dick these mornings—just to keep him company while he plays. It's amusing to note that despite their real-life courtship their studio doesn't consider them the proper romantic types for each other. Remember in "Colleen" Dick walked off with Ruby Keeler and Joan drew Jack Oakie? And now in "Stage Struck" they go their separate ways once more.



Shirley Temple is two up on most movie stars. She's fallen for three young men at once. The lucky trio is the Weidler boys, and they admit to being seven, nine and ten. They're Virginia's brothers and they're appearing in a singing number in Shirley's new picture, "The Bowery Princess." Any engagement rumors are unfounded, however, for the blonde siren has decided to complete her education before considering marriage.



Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles are enjoying a typical Hollywood separation. They still live in the same home, each in a different wing. At the moment Ruggles is directing his estranged bride in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." And



last month they tossed an elegant party for a few hundred of their most intimate friends. Arline greeted the guests in a bathing suit and later, as the cool of the evening approached, changed into a frock. Perhaps the best remark of the afternoon was George Jessel's. When he arrived, he glanced about at the numerous guests disporting themselves at tables and at the bar and cracked: "I don't think this place will catch on."



And what popular singing star recently loaned his gal friend a thousand dollars and kept the young lady's jewels as security? The jools were returned when the gal paid back the thousand, plus interest.

NEWS!



chatter are still the stars' favorite pastimes this fall

Reading from left clock-wise, we have Norma Shearer, her hubby, Irving Thalberg, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Gilbert Roland, Constance Bennett and Mrs. Doug (Lady Ashley) at the Actors' Fund Benefit.

Scotty snapped this popular foursome at one of their recent Trocadero splurges. Robert Taylor and his best girl, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and hubby, Franchot Tone.



"Astaire, your being so exclusive regarding rehearsals," she said. "Would it seem silly to" inquired Fred, "if I should want to see your first draft on this story?" The jury is still out, but they'll probably be unanimous for quittal.



Anyone wanting to see the "Who's Who" at M-G-M these days simply drops in on the "Born to Dance" set. The Gables, the Harlows, the Crawfords, the Montgomerys and so on stand around in awed silence watching Eleanor Powell go through her routines. The gal is amazing, for her energy mounts as the day goes on, and by five o'clock when the rest of the cast has wilted, her dancing's at a peak. To top it all off she spends a couple of evenings a week with Jimmy Stewart at the Trocadero—dancing.



Instead of her planned trip to Honolulu, Kay Francis spent a couple of weeks recently in the Hollywood Hospital. According to medical reports her confinement was due to a pair of impacted wisdom teeth, but according to Kay it was due to costume changes for "Mistress of Fashion," her next picture. "Thirty-six changes," said Kay. "I envy the girls who complain because they have nothing to wear."



Madeleine, who was to spend her evenings accompanied by at least three males, has gone back to the single standard. The lucky man in this case happens to be her husband, Captain Philip Astley, who recently journeyed to Hollywood from London to take Madeleine back to Europe for a vacation. "I didn't doubt that Madeleine was coming home," said the handsome Captain, "but I thought it was worth making sure."



Fred Astaire has a phobia against visitors on the set during rehearsals. For the final take it's okay, which reverses the way most of the stars feel about it. So a femme writer, interviewing Fred, decided to get at the bottom of this. "It seems silly to me,

When Marlene Dietrich completed "The Garden of Allah" she wrapped up her accent and left immediately for Europe. Her reservations on the Normandie, for herself, daughter Maria, nurse and hairdresser called for two suites, including her own dining-room and a private sun deck, complete with

good news

(Right) Francis Lederer took time out from his ranching and various peace projects to appear for the Actors' Fund Benefit. Doesn't he look dashing here with lovely Anita Louise? Despite vigorous denials, those romance rumors still link Ross Alexander's name with Anita's.

(Below, right) Do you recognize these handsome Floradora Girls? Well, reading from left to right, they are: Toby Wing, Betty Furness, Olivia de Havilland and Patricia Ellis. (Left) Frances Dee and Joel McCrea make one of their rare public appearances at a social to-do—Katharine Cornell's West Coast opening in "St. Joan."



swimming pool. We can remember 'way back when it who wanted to be alone.



Watched Lew Ayres on the "Murder with Pictures" he seemed to be carrying on without a trace of heartbreak. The fact that he was making love to Gail Patrick at the moment might have had something to do with it, of course. Gail was beautiful in a sireny black satin gown, long earrings—and felt bedroom slippers. It's a Hollywood trick for making tall gals see eye to eye with their heroes.



Talked to Isabel Jewell in the Brown Derby, and met her fiance, Owen Crump, a Hollywood radio producer. "I'm signing a life-term contract in October," said Isabel. "And," added Mr. C., "with no options." An ironic touch, if you will, was that Isabel was seated directly beneath a caricature of Lee Tracy. He was her steady beau for a long, long time—and not so terribly long ago, either.

out and he dressed the little lady down in good round American phrases, the kind more prevalent in Brooklyn than in Paris. And—surprise!—she knew exactly what he meant, and tried out a couple of her own in return. Result: a spanking for the mademoiselle and a promise to be good.



"Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" This classic line from "Romeo and Juliet" could well have been asked by any visitor to the set during the picture's production. For Romeo, between scenes, was equipped with horn-rimmed glasses and a pipe, hardly fitting accessories for the fanciest lover in old Verona, but constant companions for Leslie Howard. But it makes one wonder if fair Juliet would have rushed to the balcony for a guy in horn-rimmed glasses.

good news



(Left) Scotty snapped some more staunch troupers for the Actors' Benefit. Here's a pair we defy you to identify without our help. Give up? It's Paula Stone and her famous dad, Fred Stone, as the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

(Below, left and right) Claudette Colbert and her doctor-husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, are merely spectators at the Benefit. And Eleanor Powell and Jim Stewart, at a nearby box, seem to be very much that-a-way. Annahoo, they give a marvelous imitation of it. Or is Jim merely beacuing his leading lady, as is Hollywood's custom. They're in "Born to Dance," y' know.



The big battle at the moment is the one being caused by the invasion of radio into Hollywood. With a number of the big air shows selling their tooth paste and so forth from these parts, the demand for picture names has become, to coin a word, terrific. For instance, for his appearance in a 20-minute radio version of "Men in White" Clark Gable received \$5,000. And what miffed the boys on the check-writing end was the fact that Mr. G. grabbed his pittance and walked out without allowing the program's sponsors to photograph him. Seems there was a clause in the Gable contract which stated he was not to be touched after the check changed hands.

■ ■ ■

Before leaving on a stage tour to try out gags for their forthcoming picture, "A Day at the Races," the Marx Brothers rented a Hollywood theatre for a rehearsal. The theatre manager neglected to mention that he had rented the place for two hours at noon for a political rally, and the boys were taken somewhat by surprise when the theatre filled up and the speeches began. But Harpo rose to the occasion and, unrecognized, got off a stirring speech extolling the virtues of the candidate, whom he had never seen before. Later,

when the hat was passed Harpo stuffed it with bills. "It was for the good of the party," said Harpo. "And besides, it was stage money."

■ ■ ■

Beauty Hints Dept.: They spent twelve hours trying to give Ginger Rogers a shampoo in "Swing Time." Soap, it seems, won't stay frothy long enough to photograph. Beaten eggs were poured on the Rogers' tresses, but they collapsed under the Kliegs. So they heaped whipped cream on her, but it was no go. "As for me," moaned Ginger, "I'll take vanilla." "That's it!" yelled the director. And that's what you'll see Ginger being shampooed with—vanilla ice cream.

■ ■ ■

Jean Arthur's press agents would have you believe that the head of her studio recently received a request for an autographed photo of Miss A. from a 9-year-old fan. "I understand she's married," said the youthful admirer, "so don't tell her husband. I don't want to cause any trouble."

CHERRY April Showers TALC



28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance — the perfume of youth — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*

At Vic McLaglen's tennis party: Herb Mundin, Wendy Barrie, ye host, and Binnie Barnes.



Wonder how Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster felt when they did a broadcast of "The Barker." They were once married—remember?

Ned Sparks was struggling with a violin when we watched him on the set the other day. He was scheduled to play it in a scene, but the thing baffled him. "Here," said the director, "let me show you. I took lessons for ten years. From Sparks' dead pan came: "Do you want to wait that long for this scene?"

her for that particular talent. A few opinions about acting were permissible, provided it was the Muir acting. So now Jean's keeping her views on directing and producing to herself and the dove of peace once more flies over the Warner studio with—according to observers—a long-term contract in its beak.

Note on the Classics: A certain Hollywood gent, when asked if he liked "Romeo and Juliet," shook his head. "I can't stand any of Shakespeare's stuff," replied the scholarly critic. "I didn't like 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and I didn't like 'A Tale of Two Cities'." He probably won't even like "Anthony Adverse," by W. Somerset Dickens.

Jean Muir and the Warner Brothers have called off their feud and Miss M. is once more a fair-haired gal on the lot. Jean's a young lady of decided opinions, but her studio contended they didn't hire

Sound men and director Richard Boleslawski became pretty frantic one day on the "Garden of Allah" set. Marlene Dietrich was doing a scene, and doing it well, but each time they played it back there was a grating noise on the sound track. They scoured the place and couldn't discover a thing that might be causing it, until someone cast a suspicious eye toward the camels on the set. The camels, it was discovered, had a nasty habit of gnashing their teeth. They were immediately given to understand that on a Dietrich picture teeth-gnashing is done only by La Dietrich herself, and occasionally her director.

(Continued on page 97)

Six Beauty Experts witness the proof that Glazo does not thicken!*



"Thrilling!"... they said, of Glazo's beauty!
"Amazing!"... they exclaimed, when they saw...

GLAZO refuses to
thicken in the bottle!*



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Almost as amazing... Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

***PROOF** (what the beauty experts saw): In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever... evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use... evaporated an average of 45%. These other brands ranged all the way from expensive, internationally known lines to well-known popular domestic polishes.

GLAZO... now only 20¢

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PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!**

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT
WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of
the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC WARNER
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**THE
ROAD
TO GLORY**

with
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!



ELEANOR POWELL

"Born to Dance." What could be a more apt title for a picture starring the light-footed and rhythmic Eleanor? Recovered completely from the breakdown that took her out of a stage show, she makes a screen return in step with Buddy Ebsen.



NELSON EDDY

It seems as if we can't print enough pictures of Nelson Eddy to suit you, so here's a slick new informal shot of the popular fellow. As you may know, he will be seen and heard next in "Maytime" with Jeanette MacDonald.



JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

Josephine is one recruit from the eastern stage who has fallen for California and the screen. She's been taking a vacation since making "I Married a Doctor" and after a brief stage appearance, she returns to make a new picture.



ROBERT TAYLOR

If Mr. T. ever doubted his popularity, his first trip to New York convinced him almost too forcibly. The poor gent was mobbed! He still dates La Stanwyck and is Armand to Garbo's "Camille."



GLEND A FARRELL

Glenda must have felt funny off her home lot to make "High Tension" with Brian Donlevy, for she's not a player who hops from studio to studio. Back at Warners now, she's in "Gold Diggers of 1937."



RANDOLPH SCOTT

Randy gets along in his quiet Southern way. And no one so far has been able to lure him from his pleasant bachelor state. He has just shed the buckskin trappings he wore in "The Last of the Mohicans."



ANN SOTHERN

She's as versatile in her looks as she is in her acting. Isn't this the perfect pose of the sophisticate? Yet actually, Ann's one of Hollywood's sweller scouts—no hokum nor fuss. "Walking on Air" is her newest picture.

Katie swore that she'd
be different—and there's
no doubt that she is!



B Y H A R R Y L A N G

KATIE WANTS to be herself. She wants to do as she jolly well pleases, and most of the time she does. If, in so doing, she steps on somebody's corns, well, that's their lookout. And if anybody doesn't like what she does, they can go jump in a lake as far as Katie is concerned.

Fear? Say, Katie Hepburn has no more fear in her than you'll find in a plastered sailor. She's not afraid of strangers or friends, directors or studio bosses, kings or people who write movie columns.

There was the day, for instance, she came to the set boiling because of a crack taken at her in the morning paper by a famous film writer. Other movie people—stars and directors, even—quail before the power of that writer's word. Any other star, bawled out in the column as was Katie, would have cringed. Katie merely stood in the middle of the stage, that day, yelled across to one of the studio publicity men:

"Hey, you!! Where's that so-and-so who wrote that about me in the morning paper?"

Trembling, the press-agent averred he hadn't any idea where the writer was.

"Well, I just dare you to bring her on this set!" shouted Katie.

THE PRESS-AGENT sneaked out and reported to his boss what had happened. Great precautions were taken to keep the all-powerful columnist away from Katie from then on. What Katie would have said, had they met, would probably have had the columnist's wrath on the collective head of RKO studios for the rest of seven lifetimes. And it's a press-agent's job to prevent things like that.

But Katie doesn't give two toots in a tornado about a press-agent's job, or anybody else's besides her own. As a matter of fact, she'd just as soon demand a press-agent's dismissal, as not. Like the day she stood on the street and threw rocks at the second-story windows of the studio publicity departments. Her "unit-man," the chap who writes the blurbs about her, stuck out his head, dodged a stone, and asked her what she wanted.

"Throw me down the book of stills," she yelled. "I wanna see 'em."

"I can't throw 'em down. They'd get mussed up," he protested. "I'll bring them, if you'll wait, or you can come up an' get 'em."

Katie hit the ceiling. She'd be triple-distilled et cetera, if she'd wait. "Throw 'em down, or I'll break up this whole building," she screamed. In the racket, the publicity chief appeared. He didn't stick out his head. He tiptoed down a back way, got a studio boss, and carried the stills out to Katie, still thundering in the street. After demanding that the boss forthwith fire the press-agent, Katie sat on the curb, while he and the studio big-shot waited, calmly selecting the stills she wanted.

(P. S.—The press-agent was *not* fired.)

Of course, it is difficult to reconcile Katie's protestations of contempt for press-agents and her assertions that she doesn't care what's written or printed about her, with



Hepburn, hollywood's show-off!

What prompts this unpredictable redhead's goofy goings-on? Is she sincere or just an exhibitionist?

her own reactions. Katie somehow manages to see just about every article about her that gets into print. The press-agents who work with her believe, implicitly, that she subscribes secretly to a clipping bureau. "Maybe she doesn't," they admit, "but how can she see so many pieces about herself if she doesn't?"

ANYWAY, it's axiomatic that no matter what is printed about her, Katie raises the nether regions about it. She's known as the most un-pleaseable person in movies, when it comes to publicity. And if you don't think that's tough on the boys and girls who try to earn their forty or fifty a week by writing about Katie without getting fired, then you ought to see the air of apprehension that pervades the studio's press department when someone wants to do a story on La Hepburn!

But enough of Katie and press-agents. Let's giggle at some of the other things she does, now. And let's give her, too, the whole-hearted admiration she rates for some of the hearty, fine, regular-guy things she does. In all Hollywood, you'll find no star as cordially hated as Hepburn, and at the same time, as cordially worshipped. There are those who have reason for both.

Among her staunchest admirers is old Mary Gordon, one-time stage actress, not long ago reduced to extra work, to live. During one of Hepburn's pictures, she was hired just because her Scotch accent was good, and they needed some real Scotch burrs in the back-stage chatter. For the same picture, they were making tests of character actresses for a small role in the picture. One "name-actress" after another tried out and couldn't fit the role. Mary Gordon asked for a chance. They laughed at her. "We need somebody who's *known*," they told her.

Mary plucked together her nerve and went to Hepburn herself and told her story.

"Sure you'll take the test," Hepburn exploded. And Hepburn forthwith exercised her autocratic power on the set—and believe me, it *is* power! Before another day was past, old Mary Gordon took the test. And what's more, she clicked, and got the role. And more, from that role on, Mary's star has risen in Hollywood—and she's out of the extra ranks and in the wanted-player stratum. Hepburn doesn't sit back and gloat over how good she was to



Mary, though. Now that Mary's got her job, let her look out for herself—particularly when Katie's around with that devilish "candid camera" of hers. One of Katie's prize shots is a posterior view of Mary Gordon, tying her shoelace. It's as undignified a position as any nice old lady would want to be photographed in. But Katie took it.

Katie and that camera are dynamite. She delights in getting the most outrageously unposed sneak-shots of her friends and enemies and co-workers. Her collection of amazing pictures is large.

Yet—Katie won't stand being candid-camera-ed! She can dish it out, but she can't take it. She knows that off-stage she looks like a gargoyle on vacation. Without any make-up, with her hair flying as though it had never known a comb, with the outlandishly unladylike clothes she affects, and with her penchant (Continued on page 83)

THE REAL Victor McLaglen is a man of whose existence you have never had the faintest suspicion. I know, at least, that I never had the most remote conception of what he was all about until I talked with him for three hours a short time ago.

I'd talked to him, briefly, once before. I'd seen most of his pictures. I'd heard him say, "Sez you" to Eddie Lowe's "Sez me." And I'd taken him at the "sez-you" valuation. Heroic, but hard.

I'd seen him in "The Informer" and that should have forewarned me. For only a man with great pity in his heart, with his senses strung to humanity's suffering, could have given us so superbly, so convincingly the poor, stupefied, inarticulate Informer. But all I saw was the superb performance. All I felt was impatience with Hollywood for having allowed so splendid an actor to go so long without the proper material.

To be completely, if tactlessly, honest I didn't think I'd like him. I didn't think we'd have anything in common. He was the kind of man, I thought, who cared about nothing save horses and war and taking his luck as he found it.

How wrong I was!

I thought I knew quite a lot about Victor McLaglen. I knew that he was an Englishman (naturalized American citizen now, which is not generally known) and that his father was an Anglican bishop. I knew that there were eight stalwart McLaglen brothers and one sister and that he had been everywhere in the world—an adventurer, a soldier of many fortunes.

And I'd heard how, when there seemed to be no new worlds left for him to conquer, no new wars to fight, he had drifted back to London feeling, he said, "like a spectator in an empty theatre after the curtain has gone down." It was then that he had been intrigued by the novel adventure of motion pictures and had played his first part in, aptly, "The Call of the Road."

He married an English girl, daughter of an army officer, whom he had met at a wedding. He has been sixteen years on the screen and that, with the just awarding of the Academy prize, those sixteen years finally were crowned with what should, so obviously, have been their face value all along.

THESE THINGS I knew and you may know them, too. But of the man who has emerged from the shell of so much hard living, with such vast reservoirs of tenderness for his fellow men, and such love of home and profound, abiding love of his children—of this man I had no idea at all.

For the man I didn't know existed is a lover and a connoisseur of roses. I didn't know about his cherished rose-gardens at home or that he tends the flowers as wisely, as expertly, as faithfully as a Burbank might have done. He didn't tell me, but a close friend of his did, that even on wild rainy nights, no matter how late he may come home, he goes out into the garden to see how his roses fare.



Above, Margot Grahame and Victor McLaglen in a scene from the prize-winning sensation—"The Informer."

I had no idea how sensitive is the man who dwells inside that seemingly hard-weathered exterior—but after I had talked with him a friend told me what seemed to be the essence of Victor McLaglen, the last word. One day, some time ago, his young son proudly brought home a rather hideous terra cotta statuette of a famous radio star. The famous star had given it to the boy and he treasured it, even as he admired the star. He placed it, conspicuously, atop the victrola cabinet in the very beautiful McLaglen living-room. Someone objected, "The idea! A thing like that in here!" But Victor, quietly, intervened on his son's behalf. And the statuette remained there. For Victor understood, you see, that the crude little object was precious to his son. And far better to have a crude and jarring note in a room than to hurt the shining pride and pleasure of a child.

And that, my friends, is Victor McLaglen.

I KNEW, actually, very little about Victor's "Sports Center" here in Hollywood. It hasn't been publicized. And what I know I gleaned from Victor's studio associates, not from Victor. I learned that he started the enterprise some six months ago for the purpose of presenting soccer to Southern California. And for this he built a stadium which seats ten (Continued on page 76)

the gentle

Victor McLaglen is one of those great men whose deeds



Winners, Bette Davis and Vic, appraise "Oscar," the Academy Award.

Vic McLaglen, all dressed up, will next be seen with Binnie Barnes in "The Magnificent Brute."

BY GLADYS
HALL

ruffian

Speak eloquently for him

**Are you influenced by screen
you'll be amazed to read what**



His role in "Magnificent Obsession" made a different person of Robert Taylor. It took him weeks and weeks to return to normal living and thinking.

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

HAVE YOU ever come away from a picture, so affected by its mood that it took hours, maybe days, for you to snap out of it? Have you ever come away from a picture, so affected by its leading character that you found yourself walking and talking and thinking and acting just like him? Of course, you have! Dozens of times!

Psychologists call it "personality transference." But don't let that alarm you—it happens in the best of families. It happens to the young girl who sees "Anna Karenina," and then goes around acting tragic and martyred in the best Garbo manner for a month afterward. It happens to Jim, when Ronald Colman, in "A Tale of Two Cities," inspires him to grow cynical about life and heroic about love—till that wears off a few days later. It happens to Dad. Dignified, after seeing Lewis Stone in a typical Lewis Stone role. Giddy, after Frank Morgan. It happens to Mother, too, and even to Aunt Ella. If Aunt Ella saw "David Copperfield," three to one she was bossing you all over the place, just like Edna May Oliver—until, in self-defense, you took her to see sweet May Robson! Not one of us is immune!



Ginger Rogers, as the temperamental, tempestuous movie star of the comedy, "In Person," continued to act the role at home with amusing results.

But here's the point. If you and I, and Jim and Dad, and all of us other mere observers are so easily influenced by screen portrayals, think what must happen to the stars who actually do the portraying! How much more susceptible they must be! After all, we watch a character for only an hour and three quarters, and it touches us. But the star has been acting that part—creating it, living it, being it—for a couple of weeks, at least!

An experience Bob Taylor had shows just how deeply a role can get under a fellow's skin!

Some time ago Bob left his home lot to go to Universal to play opposite Irene Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession." He was gone fourteen weeks. When he returned, all his friends said, "What have you done to yourself? You've changed. You look older."

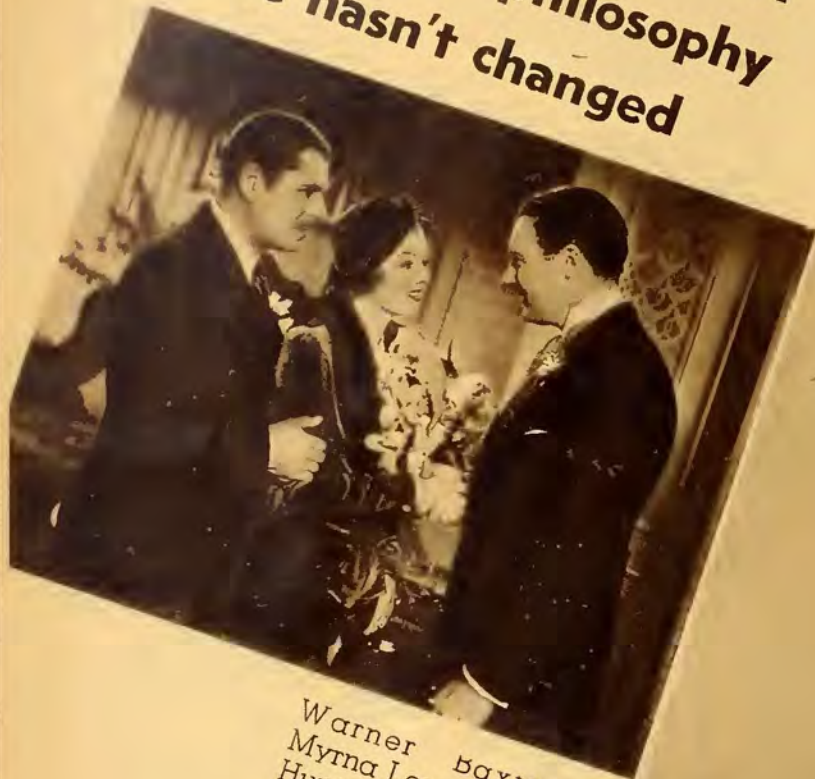
In telling me about it Bob said, "I not only looked older, but I felt older. I was older. The part of Bobby Merrick did that to me. In the beginning he was young,

... their roles have



the game's the thing

Warner Baxter has known lean times and days of plenty, but his philosophy of life hasn't changed



Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and Ian Hunter in a scene from "To Mary—With Love."



BY REGINALD TAVINER

YOU CAN'T eat your cake and have it, too? Well, maybe not, but Warner Baxter does. That is, he does now.

Time was, and not so very long ago, either, when Warner had to content himself with the crumbs that fell from Hollywood's table. Now he cuts himself any slice he wants. It took both sides of the picture to bring about his present philosophy of life.

"What life means to me?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "That's taking in a lot of territory, isn't it? I think life is very much like a merry-go-round. You don't know which horse you have to ride."

He knew which horse he wanted to bet on, though, even if it did take the nag quite a while to win.

Hollywood is very fond of talking about the "breaks." You get 'em or you don't. Anybody in Hollywood will tell you how a jack-rabbit jumping through a windshield landed like Lady Luck plumb in Warner's lap; how that freak of fate got him his "break" in "In Old Arizona," and how he's been sitting on top of the world ever since.

It's all true, too. Nobody will admit it quicker than Warner himself. But like so many Hollywood truths

it's only a half-truth. Hollywood won't bother to dwell upon the stamina it takes to stick around waiting for the rabbit, never knowing whether one is going to jump or not.

That's why Warner Baxter, the star, is far more humble in spirit than he ever was while he was knocking around the various lots in the old silent days looking for a job. The fat years have taught him more than the lean ones ever could. That's why he doesn't comprehend his own popularity, doesn't really believe the size of his own pay-check or the overflowing stacks of his own fan mail. "I always had the feeling that it would come," he said, "and that inner conviction was what enabled me to carry on when times were tough, of course. Now that it has come, I'm still wondering what it's all about."

And, now that he's got it, he's wondering just what it was he wanted.

Warner put it like this: "I (Continued on page 93)

Rosalind Russell has had a very busy past year and now Columbia has borrowed her for the leading role in "Craig's Wife," opposite John Boles.



she's no flirt

**She'd love to be,
though, but Roz
goes right on being
a lady and detests it**

**BY MARTHA
KERR**

"I WANT to be dishonest," said Rosalind Russell, her brown eyes alive and sparkling. "I'm tired of being a lady. I'm bored with being refined. I want to have hysterics. I want to throw things. I want to be slatternly and seductive. I want to make love and be torrid. I want to be mysterious and glamorous and unpredictable and slightly mad."

"Perhaps the word 'dishonest' is something of a misnomer. I know that the dictionary definition reads something like this: Dishonest; lacking in honesty; fraudulent; untrustworthy; false. The 'false' part is the only part applicable to what I mean. I don't mean, of course, that I want to be dishonest about paying my bills, doing my job to the best of my ability, meeting my obligations. But I wish that I could be, as it were, false to myself. I wish that I could create an illusion. I wish that I could be something, or someone, I am not."

"Every great artist of the stage and screen has been sensational in one way or another. Bernhardt was notorious for her temperament. Valentino, Barbara La Marr, John Gilbert, Garbo, Dietrich—all of them have worn mystery like a garment, headlines like a crown."

"It doesn't pay to be regular. It's detrimental to be nice. People don't go to the theatre or to pictures to see

their next-door neighbors go through their paces. They want some strangeling to make them aware of the many mysteries of man and woman."

Rosalind, in brown slacks and leaf-green sweater, poured tea as we sat on the chintz divan in the living-room of her white brick house in Beverly Hills.

SHE CONTINUED to kick over the traces. She was saying, cinnamon-toastishly, "I'm getting along all right as I am. My salary has been increased. But I think I'd make a shorter cut to the enviable heights if I were not as I am. If I could scream and have hysterics when producers do not cast me as I would like to be cast. If I could be temperamental and walk out when things are not to my liking. If I could stage emotional scenes, tear my hair and gnash my teeth to get my way."

"Even in little things—take this interview, for instance. I should be receiving you as Theda Bara once received the Press—swirled in clouds of incense, swathed in furs in midsummer, the room Oriental and dimly lit, the effect—tremendous. Soft-footed attendants should appear from nowhere with frail glasses and amber liqueurs. But what do I do? I did plan to be wearing a silken something when you arrived. I just (Continued on page 91)

the small townner

B Y J A M E S
R E I D



John Boles is one of the few stars eager to admit he was born in "the sticks." On completing "Craig's Wife," he will do "Cuban Cavalier."

John Boles tells, for the first time, why he is glad

I'M GLAD that I come from a small town," John Boles told me. "I'm glad that I married a girl from a small town. If I hadn't I don't think I'd be where I am today. And I'm positive that I wouldn't be as happy as I am."

I jotted down those words in my memory. Here was a surprising statement from a movie star. Plenty of stars have been born in small towns, but most of them like to forget it. If they do admit that they were born in "the sticks," they hasten to add that they left early.

Clark Gable, for example, was born in Cadiz, Ohio, which won't be a city for one thousand years. You never heard anyone crediting Cadiz with Clark's rise to fame and fortune. In his teens, the restless Mr. Gable felt the lure of larger towns, packed his bag and pulled away. Grace Moore has said that if she hadn't felt confined by the smallness of Jellico, Tennessee, and if she hadn't left it, she never would have become a

singer or lived a rich, full life. There are a score of other famous examples.

Yet, John Boles was giving me, in all seriousness, just the opposite kind of story—John Boles, the handsome sophisticate; the smooth-mannered, well-tailored man-of-the-world; the poised actor, the gifted singer. He was trying to tell me that a small town in Texas, named Greenville, was largely responsible for his being what he is, and where he is, today. And I didn't laugh.

John Boles may be an actor—but he confines his acting to studio sound stages. He may know theatrical "lines"—but only the microphones hear them. He is probably the least publicity-conscious person in the movies. He can't be bothered, planning poses when it's so much easier, just being himself. That isn't the standard way of becoming A Personality Off-Screen, but it is John Boles' way. It is also half the explanation of his screen naturalness. It all traces back to Greenville, Texas.

Illustration by James Kelly





Boles and his young daughter, Marcelite, are a familiar duo at Hollywood sports events. A friend of Miss M.'s is with them.



John Boles claims that one reason why his marriage is a success is because Marcelite Dobbs, his wife, is a small-towner, too.

he's not a city slicker stepping out on gay Mazda Lane

I pried into the reasons behind his attitude toward the old home town, after he made that statement.

"Well," he said, "I suppose one of the reasons why I had a good time in Greenville was that Greenville is in Texas. There's a lot of Texas in my blood. Both my mother and father were born there, and they couldn't imagine any better place to live. Neither could I, unless it's California.

"There's something about that Texas country that makes a man feel at home there. Maybe it's the air. It isn't damp and cold; it doesn't give a man ideas that a change of climate would be good for him. Maybe it's the vastness of the country. There aren't any narrow horizons. Just step outside a town, almost anywhere in the state, and you can see ten miles ahead. You can't feel cramped in country like that. Or maybe it's because people are just naturally friendly there, with towns ten and twenty miles apart. If there's anything about you to like, a Texan will find it. You can't build up any hallucinations that maybe people would like you better elsewhere."

He paused, as if to ask if he were making himself clear—to an Easterner. After all, we were a long way from Texas, sitting in a suite in the Hotel Plaza in New York City—not too high to escape the rhythm of the traffic. This was the place where the movies had found him. But that was not through any of John's planning, I discovered. It took several whirls of the wheel of chance to get him away from the Lone Star State.

"Texas looked pretty good to me," John continued, smiling that famous, friendly Boles smile. "And plenty big enough for my ambitions. I wasn't just sure what I wanted to be, but I felt that I'd have plenty of room to spread out. And, on top of everything else, I didn't have a chance to feel restless at home; I had too good a time there.

"Dad made a pretty good income, and we didn't live right up to it, as we might have in a city. In a small town, there's less vanity, less 'keeping up with the Joneses.' That's another thing I like about it. Nine out of ten, a man in a small town, earning (Continued on page 102)





As Merle appears in "Love and War."

her

You will be as amazed

BY FRANC DILLON

producers, working till all hours. I should be home having children."

"Oh, but you will have children," Mrs. Smith interrupted. "Your chart very clearly proclaims you a true mother as well as a successful actress. You must have children to complete your circle of happiness. There are three indicated in your chart but they may not all be your own. You may adopt one."

"Do tell me when I'm going to get married," Miss Oberon begged, apparently thinking that marriage should come before the children.

"Would I be happy married to a person born in March?" she asked. But not being sure of the exact date, her secretary immediately began a telephone search for

David Niven, the young man under consideration.

AT THIS late day it would be a trifle ambiguous to tell you that Merle Oberon is a success in motion pictures. But what made her a success, will she marry handsome David Niven and when, what sort of a future has she to anticipate and what part the stars in the heavens played in helping her to be a great actress, is an entirely different matter. It was purely accidental that I learned the answer to these questions.

I don't know any more about astrology than you do, but according to Mabel Walrath Smith, Hollywood's pet astrologer, the position of the planets at the moment of your birth has everything to do with what will happen to you when you reach Hollywood, Lacrosse, Kansas, or Salem, Oregon, or wherever your big life work happens to be. Whether you believe in it or not, Hollywood does and it's a rare day when some motion picture star, writer or producer doesn't visit Mrs. Smith's studio.

BETWEEN pictures Merle Oberon spends most of her play time on an old fishing barge just off the coast of Santa Monica, but on this particular day the stars were good to me and as I passed her dressing-room at United Artists studios, I heard a voice that I immediately recognized as Mrs. Smith's saying, "Your chart is 80 per cent good and that's very unusual."

It's fascinating to listen to her telling people what the stars did or should have done for them. I couldn't pass up a good story so I knocked on the door and begged to be allowed to listen. There were no objections.

"This girl has the best chart of any star in Hollywood," Mrs. Smith said to me, and added, "If there is a better one I haven't seen it and I've cast most of them."

Only a few days before Merle had declared very forcibly that women shouldn't have careers.

"This is no business for any woman to be in," Merle protested, bringing up the subject again. "Hurrying to get to the studio, worrying over contracts, fighting with

WHILE THEY waited for the necessary information, the reading continued. According to Mrs. Smith, the planets couldn't have been better behaved than they were when the little star was born. Everything was propitious to guarantee her the brilliant future she is just beginning to realize.

Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson was born in Hobart, on the tiny Island of Tasmania, on February 19, under the Sign of Aquarius. So were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Clark Gable and many other famous people. So many great men of science were born under this sign that it is often referred to as the "scientific sign of the Zodiac."

Venus, the Goddess of Love, has showered gifts on her with a lavish hand. It is the aspect of Venus to her first house that denotes a beautiful countenance, reflecting gentle thoughts. But more than that she is also endowed with that elusive something called charm.

Remember Maggie's description of it in the play, "What Every Woman Knows"? "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. And if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

But Venus, in a generous mood, gave Merle many other qualities to make her the fascinating person she is. The dreamy expression in her eyes, however, was a gift from Neptune.

SHE HAS a somewhat romantic outlook on life, but while she is affectionate, she has a great deal of self-control. She will expect her mate to lavish his love upon her, however, and he will. But when her love has cooled toward someone and she detaches herself from him, no one else can ever fill her place in his life. She never tires you; in fact her company is always desirable.

Ruling the emotional nature, Venus makes her a bit capricious at times in her likes and dislikes, and in case

guiding stars

as was Merle Oberon to learn what the stars predict for her

she sees too much of a person (unless she is very fond of him or her), she may become temporarily indifferent or bored.

"Barring accidents, you will live to be very old and can be a star to the end of your days if you wish," Mrs. Smith declared.

"I certainly don't want to," protested Merle. "I want to work just long enough to earn sufficient money to raise and educate my children. I don't want to work any longer than necessary and I want children more than anything in the world."

"But when you retire from acting you could and will become a producer," Mrs. Smith told her. "You may act in your own pictures."

Merle thought she would like very much, "Being out of it but not in it," as she expressed it.

AT HEART she is an aristocrat. She is the type who can speak the truth—even if it hurts—in a gracious, courteous manner, without making enemies. Mercury's aspect to the midheaven and to Neptune indicates a fertile mentality and strong imagination. There is a minor aspect to Mercury, which indicates some worry at times, but the same aspect enables her to think deeply and will spur her on to even greater accomplishment. Although she is very feminine, she thinks like a man.

The position of Mars denotes considerable initiative; an inner aggressiveness and driving power, which enable her to get what she wants. Endurance, tenacity and tremendous ambition are also strong in her make-up. She has a terrific, quiet power within her that is all compelling. If she came into a room where there were a hundred people, she would command the immediate attention of everyone without making a sound or lifting a finger.

The ability to realize her ambitions through courage and tenacity, to lay her plans and carry them through, has been well illustrated in her life so far. At seventeen, having graduated from La Martinere College in Calcutta, India, she decided she would become a motion picture actress.

"I wasn't stage-struck, really," she told me in her clipped British accent. "That is, not any more than any other seventeen-year-old girl is, but I decided that being an actress was the (Continued on page 80)



Merle and David Niven were meant for each other—so say the stars.

meet the wife . . . !

BY KAY OSBORNE



There are many good reasons why everyone is predicting happy days for Fred MacMurray and his brand-new, beautiful bride.

SUPPOSE your best beau were suddenly whisked right off good old *terra firma* and ensconced star-high in a cinema sky—what would you—and he—do about it? Would the rarefied atmosphere go to his head, and would your heart go to your boots? Nine times out of ten, most certainly! Suppose your Johnny, Jim, or Tim, were suddenly catapulted from your unglamorous arms to the siren ones of such beauties as Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn and—more dangerous—to the siren arms of more than a thousand dollars a week. What kind of “ye olde fighte” would you put up? The wrong kind probably.

Listen, then—for it well might happen to you—how two people did survive the greatest of all romance obstacles, stardom, to a happy “I pronounce you man and wife” finish.

That day, back in New York, in the summer of 1934, when Fred MacMurray told Lillian Lamont that Paramount and he had finally signed a contract, Lillian’s heart did not drop to her boots as you might expect. It soared with his honestly, sincerely, unselfishly. “Oh, darling, it’s wonderful. I know you’ll succeed!” No tears for the parting to come. No “Promise me you’ll write, promise you won’t forget me!” Not a word about their engagement. Not even by inference did she display a sense of possession. She did not advise him how he should behave “out there,” nor did she suggest clothes to be taken with him.

THEY SPENT their last evening together as they had spent many evenings. After the last curtain of “Roberta”—Lillian was a model in that show, Fred a band musician—they met at the stage door, walked over to Times Square, wandered into their favorite sea-food restaurant, split a large red lobster between them, and Lillian ordered a



It took Fred MacMurray nearly three years to get Lillian Lamont to say "yes," but he finally succeeded.

Lillian Lamont's (now Mrs. MacM.) brains have stood her in good stead during her two years in Hollywood.

If your beau became a screen idol over- night, how would you handle the situation —and marry him, too?

tall glass of iced tea. As she sat there straw-sipping it, Fred began to sing softly and whimsically.

"Prettieth little girl I ever thaw
Thippin' thider through a thwa-aw-aw."

Lillian laughed. "Goof!" It was the only reference to their love-agreement. Though a little later, after Fred had "walked" her home, and they stood at her door, he did say, "As soon as I get a little money ahead I'll send for you, Lily." Her eyes flashed. "Not on your life. Don't even say a thing like that. Makes me feel like a peasant sweetheart left behind 'in the old country.' When I get enough money ahead I'll come out!"

So Lillian put into practice her first "Don't be a hanger-on!" rule. When Lillian arrived here a month or so after Fred, she had already "cinched" a modeling job at a well known Hollywood shop. "I wouldn't have come to Hollywood without a job for anything," she says.

What's more she lived on and within that salary—in a town where to spend more than you make is the greatest temptation. She took a small unfurnished apartment near the shop so she could be within walking distance. She did not buy a car, though everyone told her, "You simply can't get along here without a car. Simply can't, that's all!" She sent back East for her furniture, and had it shipped out the cheapest way, by slow boat freight. Her furniture is typical of Lillian. Early American, the real thing—not cheap veneer imitations. When it arrived she realized

that she lacked only one thing to make her apartment complete—a small breakfast set for her dinette. Fred surprised her with one. That and the tiny diamond engagement ring he gave her this last Christmas were the only gifts she would ever accept from him.

You must have many questions—questions you would ask yourself in the same situation, with a best beau rising rapidly to stardom. Anticipating some of them, they are:

To visit or not to visit him on the set? Lillian answered this one in the negative: True a visit on the set could be explained as nothing more or less than a proper interest in Fred's work. But it might also be construed as something else—eagle-eyed jealousy. Lillian preferred not to run that risk, even at the sacrifice of what would have been a pleasure to any girl. For two years Lillian stayed away from Fred at work and it wasn't until after her appendicitis operation this spring that Fred finally insisted on her presence. She was recuperating at Leslie and

Ann (Dvorak) Fenton's ranch when Fred went to Gallup, New Mexico, on location for "The Texas Rangers." Knowing that the clear air and sunshine would put the bloom back into Lillian's cheeks he sent for her. And she went, for there only the desert could see her pride in the tall young man who was riding swiftly to even greater fame.

What to do about Hollywood curiosity? Since the day when Fred first became "news"—after the preview of "The Gilded Lily"—news- (Continued on page 85)



Grace Moore is
an inspiration
and challenge
to every plump
girl and woman.

will you take a dare for *Beauty!*

Introducing Mary Marshall

Far same time, in the city where she lives, Mary Marshall has been carrying on a unique kind of beauty culture. She owns a shop with a fancy name on the plate glass window. She lives in an apartment and has a husband and a baby and a household to run. A great part of her time, however, goes in helping people to be better looking. It started with her friends. Then the friends brought their friends and acquaintances and so on. She helps them to get slim or plumper, as the case may be, tells them what to do about their hair and fixes their faces up and all that sort of thing. She has, literally, worked miracles—and has asked not a cent in payment. She's a personal friend of mine and I told her that was pretty silly and wouldn't she write some articles for MODERN SCREEN? She said yes. I asked her, too, if she'd answer, personally, letters from you on problems of diet, exercise, make-up, hair-dos, charm, poise and all the rest of those things which go toward making a pretty girl beautiful and a beautiful girl irresistible. She said yes, again. So here she is, and it's up to you to take advantage of her good nature!

—The Editor



THE TROUBLE is, with this beauty stuff, that many of you know what you ought to do, but you don't do it. The beauty-writing clan has tapped out on its typewriters enough appeals to your common sense and to your desire for the rewards which a slim figure, a pretty face, and a smart, trim, chic appearance bring into your lives—enough appeals, I say, to fill a couple of libraries. I shall start my little course of lectures on a different tack: I *dare* you to make a good earnest bid for beauty! I'll bet you you cannot be one hundred per cent better looking six months from now! There! Maybe that's rash and not so tactful, but maybe it will get some results.

Having commenced in this high-horsey vein, let me hasten to turn around and say something nice, lest you think me a very disagreeable woman, indeed.

I'll help you on this dare, if you want me to. For example:

Let's say that, knowing in your bones that you should go on a diet to lose or gain weight—either one—you have not as yet made any effort in that direction, for one reason or another. Perhaps you

While only five-foot-one, Norma Shearer has learned to conceal her shortness cleverly.

Jean Arthur
used to wish
she could be
"different." How
did she realize
that ambition?

BY

MARY MARSHALL

**Our expert tells how these
four stars won beauty bets. She
challenges you to do the same—and
you can by taking her advice**

heartily detest most of the foods prescribed on most diets. Perhaps you think it would be terribly inconvenient, in your household, to try a diet. Whatever the reason, do this: send me a list of the things you've eaten and drunk for the last week. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner—and don't leave out the in-between snacks, if any. If you can't remember accurately enough, start today and keep a record for a week. Send this list to me, in care of MODERN SCREEN, and write down, too, your age, height and weight, and your bust, waist and hip measurements. Tell me, also, the foods you like best and the foods you simply cannot eat—or think you can't. I'll plan a personal diet for you, as fast as I can open the letters and type out the answers. That will start you out in the right direction, and next month I'll have another personal service stunt ready for you. Please enclose a stamped, return envelope in your letter to me. Do be honest about this and don't forget, accidentally on purpose, to include the fattening things you've been eating, for instance, which you know you "hadn't oughter." Don't try to impress me with this list. I don't want to be impressed—I want to help.

WHAT'S MY reason for going to all this trouble—trouble to you, and trouble to me, too, b'gosh? This is the reason: I hear people constantly, saying, "I don't see why I don't lose!" Or, "I don't see why I don't gain!" Mark my words—there is a reason, always, barring glandular difficulties to be found in the food you put in your stomachs. Lumps and bulges can be taken off by exercise; downright overweight and underweight come from eating too much, too little, or the wrong foods. And now let's speak of other things.

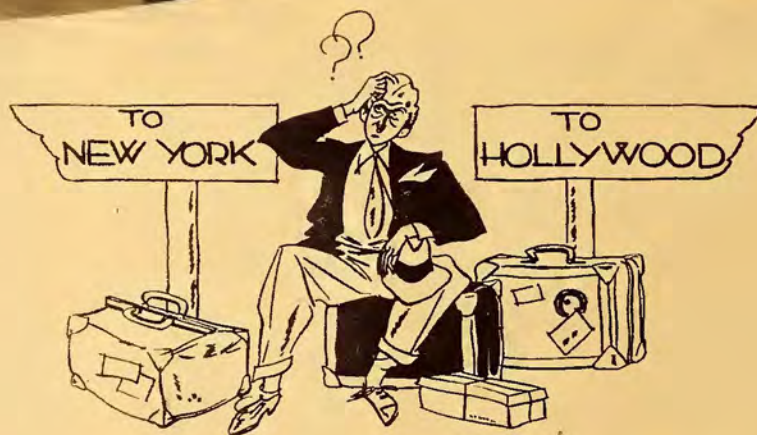
My ideas about this beauty business might be summed up as follows: to correct any fault of figure or face, nothing is too much trouble. People should be ready to spend time, effort, thought and money, if they can spare it, to slim down or round out a figure, to slice down bulges, to clear up a bad skin and to improve dopey looking hair. The superficialities of beauty—the make-up, the hair-dos, the
(Continued on
page 95)

Joan Crawford
has to fight
weight constant-
ly, but you'd
never suspect it.





BY
ROBERT
McILWAIN



John Beal is one movie actor who is in constant demand for both stage and screen roles, and above, he's snapped with Anne Shirley during the filming of "M'liss."

two - career guy

Meet John Beal, who is picturedom's perennial "new face"

PERHAPS most people don't take movie scouts with their constant cry for new faces seriously, but John Beal is not one of these. His unique attitude may prove one of his claims to fame, but the fact is John not only heard and heeded the "scout cry," but went even further and planned his life and career according to its dictates.

"It's an old and true saying," John recalls, "that grass never grows on a busy street and that is a reason why I'm a part-time guy in the movies and in the theatre both. They're constantly shouting for new faces, so when I finish a picture in Hollywood, I immediately grab a train for New York. When I arrive in the seething city, I do a play and, with the first sign of its decline in popularity, I return to the Coast and the sound stages.

"But the gag is that by the time I get back, the casting men have forgotten me, so I'm practically just what the director ordered—a new face. Then, when I've finished

a picture or two, my brand-new face returns to the Broadway stage."

You will have to admit that young Mr. Beal has a well-thought-out design for living—and it's practical, too. Scarcely ten years ago, John left Joplin, Mo., to enroll at the University of Pennsylvania. During his scholastic training there he joined the Mask and Wig, as famous a dramatic organization as the Yale Puppeteers.

Distinguishing himself in the professionally-turned-out amateur plays, he soon found himself hunted and haunted by those hounds of the Hollywood hills, the talent scouts. It is part of the duties of this gentry to descend upon little theatre groups annually with proffers and promises of California *gelt* for those who can withstand the more or less rigorous test of sound and celluloid.

John Beal proved a natural victim of the good scouts, but to their dismay and almost to (Continued on page 79)



Mrs. George MacDonald—Jean Parker to you
—with her handsome, new husband.

Here is Jean Parker, as sweet as she is pretty,
and as sensible as she is sweet.



jean grows up

**Little Miss Parker knows that
you also can make your
dreams come true**

BY MARY SHARON

JEAN PARKER is married. This, in itself, warrants a story. Yet, the real story of Jean, as she is today, must detail the incidents and adventures that have come into her life during this exciting last year, before her marriage to good-looking, young George Macdonald. Idealistic as her romantic marriage has been, it is really only one vital link in the chain of development that has brought her from girlhood to wifehood.

Jean is an anomaly. Not yet twenty-one, she has the poise and assurance of a woman of thirty, yet she has managed to keep her dreams intact.

We talked in her dressing-room, where she was being fitted for the costumes she wears in "The Texas Rangers." So much has happened since our last visit together, and the sum total of these happenings have made a young lady of Jean.

"Jean, you've grown up!" I accused her.

"Is that a crime?" she asked, laughing. "I would hate to think that these last seven months have left me the same girl I was before they came along."

Certainly, no girl has ever lived through a more joyously exciting period. Seven months ago, the studio called Jean on the 'phone and asked her to prepare for a hurried trip to London. An agreement had been accepted by cable for her to appear opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West."

Jean was thrilled at the news, for she had dreamed of going abroad some day to work in pictures. What thrilled her quite as much, was the news that she would be Donat's leading lady, for he has been her favorite actor even since he appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." So many things she had (Continued on page 78)



Simone Simon wears a young and very charming gray wool crepe dress embroidered in chenille. The fitted bodice and wide skirt are new. Silver stars for buttons and belt trim.



Pat Paterson's trim green tweed suit is flecked in white and the white accent is further stressed by the becoming collar worn out over the jacket. Pat's accessories are black.



A classic type of coat dress in gray woolen checked in white is Louise Latimer's first fall buy. The wide white collar is unusual. Her accessories are in a darker shade of gray.

THE MORE I read your interesting letters, the more certain I am that none of you is interested in tossing your money away on the passing whims of fashion. What you want are good clothes of real quality and smart design that will go through one or several seasons of steady wear without getting that last year's hangover look.

Fall probably is the hardest time of the year for economical shopping. In the first place, if you buy a new coat, you can't skimp on good material or fur—if you do, you are throwing away your hard-earned money. And when you buy a dress, no matter to what practical purpose it is to be put, it takes much more thought and care in selecting than a spring print or a summer cotton. While you definitely want new fabric and color interest, you also want something that will be versatile enough to

edge in on all sorts of activities. And you want it at a price.

It's an old saw to repeat that quality is more to be desired than quantity—yet year in and out it is proved that this is one of the soundest of the fashion axioms. It's one that you'll find every really smart Hollywood star dressing by.

Putting your money down on a first fall outfit isn't unlike a good bet in a horse race—you wonder whether your entry will win, place or merely show. You certainly don't want to just "show," so shop with an eye to picking a winner. The whole trick is to get a few of the top fashion trends in mind, then you are not so likely to be carried away with the first bright color you see or the flashiest fabric in the place! On the other hand, you

Place your money

*Melon Cup - order some mint
Jellied Consommé, or maybe soft Crabs?
Braised Half Chicken
Potatoes tiny Buttered Balls
Small buttered Lima Beans
Salad - Let's have watercress and endive -
Camels - (give us time to smoke one through)
Raspberry sherbet - Camels again -
Coffee on the terrace - Don't forget the Camels!*

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess



**MRS. NICHOLAS
GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III**

MRS. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

*A few of the distinguished women
who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., Los Angeles
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSLAER, New York



Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maître d'hôtel:
"We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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

*Smoking Camels between meals and after
has a welcome effect on digestion*

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels.

Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable, Evaporated 35% to 60%

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop
Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish



WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated *less than half* as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to *you* in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle.

No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. So *little* money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle,

Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6M10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

reel romance becomes real



They say—and "they" seem to know—that Dick Powell and Joan Blondell will wed immediately after Joan's divorce.

Well, girls, that popular he-man, Henry Wilcoxon, is no longer a bachelor, for Sheila Browning is the Missus now.



John King, who is beaving Gail Patrick about these days, took her to Victor McLaglen's recent tennis fun-fest.

Johnny Downs, you know, is very attentive to Eleanore Whitney. Here they are at the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles merry shindig.



Eye Make-up in Good Taste



Maybelline Cream
Mascara—Black,
Brown and Blue—
with brush in
dainty zipper bag.
75c

SOME are born beautiful—others acquire beauty. If you aren't a natural beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to acquire beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.



Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

Stars' Studio Addresses

(Continued from page 23)

DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, OWEN JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: M-G-M.
DOUGLAS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDRIDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPHEN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: United Artists.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 72)

**Good Looks
start UNDER
your Skin...**

BLACKHEADS
are discouraged

PORES look smaller

LINES fade

Miss Katharine Aldridge—"I keep my pores fine, skin fresh looking, with Pond's Cold Cream."

When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

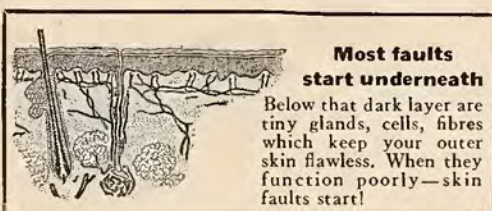
YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you "a pretty girl."

And girls with less claim to good features are "good looking"—simply *because they have a clear, fresh skin!*

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just *under* your skin!

Rousing... deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It's their work to keep your *outer* skin glowing



Most faults start underneath

Below that dark layer are tiny glands, cells, fibres which keep your outer skin flawless. When they function poorly—skin faults start!

and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—is wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling? ... Face glowing? A sign you're rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned.

Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Remember this

Here's the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond's. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. K-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.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Mrs. William Jay Iselin
"Pond's Cold Cream leaves
my skin toned up—glowing!
I never have blackheads and
blemishes."

EXCUSE
MY
BUBBLE



Gee I'm happy!
I've had my
MENNEN OIL RUB
like hospitals give

"Pardon my enthusiasm—but I can't help bubbling over with satisfaction. Why? 'Cause mother just gave me my daily body rub with Mennen Oil. That's the *Antiseptic* oil they use in hospitals.*And boy, do germs hate it! As near as I can figure out, this oil covers me with a film of safety . . . from head to foot. It gets down into my skin folds and creases . . . where germs love to hide and start trouble. My doctor says that Mennen Oil keeps me safer and healthier. Am I glad? Gosh, yes. And *your* baby will be, too, if you rub him daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil."

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

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL



It's Mother's Day in Hollywood! Arline Judge and son, Wesley, Evelyn Venable with Dolores and Karen Morley with Michael.

NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHLEICKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SILVER, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.



A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything special for him...even a special laxative!

MOTHER... Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby... use *special* soap... *special* powder... and a *special* food formula, of course.



Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, *it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives!* That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild... gentle... and above all, **SAFE**. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The laxative made especially
for babies and growing children

love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!



So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in... the laxative made especially for children... **FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

"anthony adverse"



Left, Olivia de Havilland wears Orry-Kelly's copy of her screen costume. In lustre satin, he has changed the girdle of his original sketch, shown last month, adding striking clips instead.



Right, Anita Louise in the adaptation of her loveliest costume from the picture. It is made of velvet with the new flaring peplum silhouette and a metal lace vestee. Both dresses given by Studio Styles.

It's not too late to win one of nine handsome prizes!

PRIZES

1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes will be original Orry-Kelly dresses adapted from costumes worn in "Anthony Adverse." Given by Studio Styles, Inc.

5th—A pair of Delman shoes, copied from shoes worn in the film.

6th—A beautiful Pichel handbag.

7th—Two pairs of new fall suede gloves by Hansen.

8th—Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit.

9th—Six pairs of sheer Phoenix hosiery.

RULES

1. Write fifty words on the subject, "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me to Dress Smartly." The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to "Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest will close at midnight of September 30, 1936. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your preference and size in gowns, according to the descriptions given here. Include also your shoe, glove and stocking sizes. This is not counted in the fifty words.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best fifty-word essays, on the given subject, will each win one of the four dresses shown. And the next five will win prizes as listed under "Prizes" on this page.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

LAST month you saw Orry-Kelly's original sketches of the four beautiful dresses which you have a chance to win—but this month you see both Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise modelling the completed dresses, which were copied from costumes they wore in "Anthony Adverse." You'll have difficulty deciding which

you would rather win for they are all stunning and are made in the richest fabrics and trimmings of the new season. Studio Styles, Inc., gives them away as the first four prizes in this exciting contest.

And not only these dresses as prizes but five additional ones including a big. (Continued on page 98)

fashion contest



Smart daytime dress in Marten hair wool and metal shot satin top. Worn by Olivia and given by Studio Styles.



Left, Olivia, again, in rich velvet with beautiful collar of pearls and rhinestones. Orry-Kelly adaptation.

You'll never know how easy dyeing is until you use RIT



NEW COLOR—"NEW" DRESS
Only you and Rit will know it's an old dress—your mirror will say it's lovely today!

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FRESH TONES FOR HOSIERY
Save odd stockings by matching their color with Rit... or revive faded hose with new shades.



GLOWING TABLE LINEN
Rit makes luncheon and bridge linens so gay and festive. You can change them at will.



SMARTLY COLORED BED LINEN
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TO FRESHEN CURTAINS
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Dyeing is a "laughing matter" now—you do it with a smile on your face because Rit has eliminated the muggy, steaming boiling that's so hard on you and on your clothes! There's one ingredient in Rit found in no other tint or dye that makes colors soak in deeper... faster... easier.

And the results are glorious! Radiant clear color without a smudge or streak! Shades that you thought only a professional dyer could create. All at a cost of only a few pennies.

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ALSO WHITE RIT COLOR REMOVER

The safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, whiten fabrics... harmless as boiling water!

The Gentle Ruffian

(Continued on front page 45)

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thousand people. Behind the soccer enterprise was still another thought. He wanted to raise money for his private charity—which is the feeding of families who are unable to buck the red tape of organized charity, and so do not get fed. With the money, earned during the period of half a year, he fed seventeen thousand persons last Christmas day. His meat bill alone was \$5,183.

From that nucleus has developed the Sports Center, where amateurs of all persuasions may meet, train, practise and compete. The onlooker may behold two hundred and fifty mounted cavalymen on parade, one hundred and fifty Red Cross workers at work, one hundred and eighty Boy Scouts drilling football, baseball and soccer players in action, the Flying Escadrille tuning up—and Victor supervises it all, paying for everything but asking nothing other than that the boys behave themselves and put things where they belong.

And now, additionally, Victor has set apart \$1,000 for an experimental laboratory which he plans to turn over to licensed radio amateurs. He is establishing a club of short-wave radio operators as another unit of his Center. He is recruiting a group of fifty licensed youths for whom he will erect a separate club house equipped with lathes, electrical meters and gadgets, complete broadcasting and receiving equipment. He is quoted as saying, "I plan to train the boys to be of assistance to Los Angeles in the case of some major disaster. I believe that radio amateurs comprise the finest element of American youth, and because I am personally interested in them, I would like to see them work out their problems in an efficient and complete laboratory." And he added, "All that I ask is that I be allowed to stick my nose into their radio shack from time to time to observe how they are getting along."

He believes that the survival of the fittest is the law of life, always has been and always will be. And that the law of love is for the fit to help those less fit in the difficult business of surviving. "We are," said Victor, "our brothers' keepers."

Victor talked of human beings. As he talked he walked, up and down the narrow confines of his dressing-room, every now and again driving his clenched fist into the open palm of his hand, the gesture he used so often as "The Informer"—a gesture which is habitual with him. He was saying that we have not, really, emerged from barbarism. There are still strange places on the earth's surface where men and women are not yet civilized, where they are still in the process of adaptation to their environment. There is cannibalism. And he said, "And we, who think ourselves so civilized, so enlightened—when we compare ourselves to the Neanderthal—have we progressed so far? We have invented words to play with. We have built clever toys. We have more skillful tools to work with. But basically—what do we wear, still, upon our feet? The hides of animals, don't we? And upon our bodies, for clothes and for adornment, we still wear the wool from the sheep, the hide of the leopard, the pelt of the fox and the raccoon, the feathers from birds, the scales of the snake and the fish. We still eat the flesh of animals whose circulatory blood system is the same as our own. We still kill, some of us, when our mate is taken from us. We still pray to our gods to feed and clothe us.

IS war barbarism or not? Aren't we still plotting and planning ways and means of torturing, of annihilating our fellow men? And in the most monstrous and hideous ways possible and for the same age-old reasons?

"Did the Saints, the early Christian martyrs, suffer more than our cancer victims? Did barbarism know any agony more prolonged, more barbaric, than the sufferings of our unemployed, our misfits who go through years and years of starvation?"

"Do our gods grant us much more of bounty and beneficence than did the gods of old? In Ireland, I know, people live under conditions which would not be borne by a pig. They pray, they spend their lives on their knees—but they still eat potatoes, if at all.

"I might be called a pagan, an agnostic," said Victor. "I only know this world. I am not worrying about the next. I also know that, for the most part, men who do not know are kinder than those who say they do. Perhaps it is because we realize that this little human family of us all is here for only a short span of life—and why not be kind to each other, why not be tolerant for that little time?"

"When Luther Burbank was asked what he thought about the world to come, he said something to the effect that this world was so beautiful, so bountiful, he had no time to worry about other worlds to come. If they did come, that would be all right. But if they did not, then this world had been beautiful and fulfilling enough. He loved life, all of it. He had his work to do and he had done it to the best of his ability. The fruits of his labor were spread over the surface of the earth he loved—and it was enough.

"And it is enough for me," said Victor, stopping his pacing for a moment, gazing out at the golden sun over the shadowy hills. "That is, roughly, my credo."

"Out of it all," I said, "what is the best thing in life, do you think? What is the best thing your life has given you?"

"My children," said Victor McLaglen, with such sincerity and simplicity as raised a lump in my throat. "I am in love with my children. The only reason other things matter is because they may, in one way or another, profit my children. Well, they're all we have, you know. To equip them for life is the best we can do and it is what we are here for. There is nothing more worth while.

"My boy Andrew is fifteen. My girl Sheila is twelve. And they have more than lived up to every one of my expectations. They are truthful, honest and loyal. That is all that matters.

"I have never raised a hand to either one of them, in all their lives. I have never raised my voice to them. I have never had to speak to them twice. They have done everything I ever hoped they would do and they are everything I ever hoped they would be. Andrew is a fine scholar and an athlete. He is taller than I am right now. He will be taller than any of the McLaglens. Though he doesn't look much like me in the face," smiled Victor, "he's good looking. And his spirit is as sturdy and upstanding as his body.

"Sheila is an equally fine scholar and athlete. She is a charming little hostess. She is a lady. I get a kick out of going home unexpectedly on occasional afternoons and, unbeknown to her, I'll watch her serving tea to her friends and I'll

stand there, grinning to myself, proud as Punch of her poise and graciousness.

"I HAVE tried, with everything in me, to be a good father to them. I believe they love me, not only because I am their father but also because I am their friend—and they know it. I never coerce them in any way. I never say 'Don't,' or 'You can't.' They may read what they please, believe as they please, choose what they want to do in life.

"I would not want my son to lead the life I led as a youth, nor to do many of the things I've done. I am ashamed of many of them. I can only hope that, by using some of my experiences as warning and wisdom for my son, I may be justified. I try to give him everything good I have done and learned and thought—everything bad I try to keep from him, save as the knowledge I gained may serve him."

And I wish that I might write what Victor told me about the way he has instructed his son. I can't. It's too intimate. But every father in the land would profit by it and every son would grow to hold manhood high and womanhood sacred if they could grow by Victor's measuring rod.

He has made it his pride and passion in life to give his children the right kind of a home—the beautiful place in the La Crescenta hills—the right kind of background. He hopes that his daughter will not, when the time comes, make the mistake of marrying some futile, unworthy fellow. It would break his heart, he said, if she should ever have to worry about whether the rent was paid or not—all of her bright cherished youth gone dull and gray from nagging worries. And he hopes that the right schools and right associates will give her a standard from which she will not deviate later on.

"They love their mother," Victor told me, "and they love me—that makes a home. The love of a mother for her children," he added, "the love of a father for his children is the only real love."

Then, and only then, did we mention "The Informer" and the Academy prize about which I had thought we would talk most of the time. Victor is proud of the prize. He is pleased. There is enough of the boy in him still to cherish trophies and awards. But he said, "It was the easiest part I ever played. And John Ford says it was the easiest picture he ever had to direct. Shakespeare was right, you know, when he said 'the play's the thing.' It's the whole thing. You can't do something with nothing, you know. An actor has got to have a part he can get his teeth into. It's far harder work to stand around with nothing worth while to do, with no lines to say worth saying, than it is to play a part like 'The Informer.' That meant something.

"Now, of course," laughed Victor, "the real work begins—the effort to find the right stories for me. It may sound funny, but I don't think they've ever understood me before in the studios. I don't want to play Shakespeare, haven't the slightest desire to go highbrow. I'd like to do the life of John L. Sullivan, or play Bill Sikes—characters with blood and bones and a reason for being. I like my work. I like acting. Mostly because it's given me the ability to do what I've wanted to do for my family. And when I get a part like 'The Informer' it's sufficient unto itself. I don't know what I'm to do next. They've rented me out here at Twentieth Century-Fox to Universal. The story's called 'The Magnificent Brute,' said Victor. "The work I do makes possible for me the only important thing in my life—the right kind of life for my children."

I can't end on a better note than that. That's Victor MacLaglen!



• "Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of unexciting morning—but see what brother's just found ... a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!...I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!..."



• "Empty!... We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."



• "Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!...the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"



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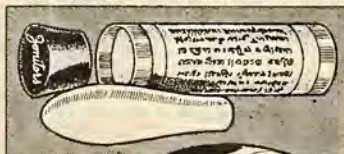
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Jean Grows Up

(Continued from page 63)

dreamed of doing became a reality on this trip.

She had never traveled by plane. Had never been abroad. Had never been to New York. Yet within twenty-four hours after she was told to prepare for the trip, she was winging her way to New York accompanied by her guardian, Mrs. Wright, in a fast plane. She had her first glimpse of the big city, and it was hardly more than that for they had to take a taxi to the dock at breakneck speed in order to catch the steamer. Once in England, she relaxed and enjoyed her work as if she were on a vacation. She worked five months on the picture.

"And such a grand five months," she breathed. "There is no hurry over there. The restfulness and beauty of the whole countryside won me instantly. I would like to live in England some day. I did not have any night work, so we spent our evenings and Sundays doing the things I had always planned to do.

"Honestly, I would never have come back if they hadn't sent for me," she laughed. "Suddenly, they cabled for me to come home to do 'Farmer in the Dell,' and the mad rush was on again.

"The trip back was grand. We ran into a heavy storm. My grandfather used to tell me about the beauty of storms at sea and when I saw it myself, I knew what he meant. I felt let-down, when we were getting ready to go ashore, as if I had reached the end of a grand experience. Mrs. Wright and I were fussing around with our baggage. Then, I looked up and saw the man I knew I was going to love.

I KNEW it the first minute I looked at him. I had always hoped that love would come to me like a miracle. And it did. I saw George. I didn't know who he was, but I waited around pretending to be looking after my bags, hoping that some mutual friend would happen along and introduce us. I had never wanted to meet a man, as I wanted to meet him. I knew that he felt the same way, because our eyes had met for the briefest instant.

"But nobody came. And after all, a girl can't go up to a young man, and introduce herself. So I went over to the steward to speak about my trunks. Then, when I went back to join Mrs. Wright, the miracle had already happened. George was standing there, laughing and talking with her.

"Truly, if I live to be a hundred, I will never be so glad and happy as I was at that moment. Mrs. Wright didn't know what had happened to me and she said casually, 'Jean, this is George, whom Aunt Kitty is always telling us about.' It was as simple as that. I have known George's Aunt Kitty for several years and she has often told me about his career and his little escapades. I never listened very carefully. Certainly, I never dreamed that he would turn into Mr. Right before my eyes. Yet, that is how it was.

"We rode uptown together and that ride was a revelation to both of us. We found that we understood each other. We thought alike in everything.

"George knows a great deal about the theatre. He has been the moving force behind a little group of players in New York, known as the Washington Square Theatre Players. They produce plays after the manner of The Theatre Guild. George is a good newspaperman, too. He was the assistant editor of the Great Neck News, his hometown paper.

"We spent five hours together the day we met, for I had to hurry back to Hollywood. Yet, we understood each other entirely and knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we were meant for each other. When we said goodbye, it was with the understanding that when we met again, it would be to marry."

So much has been said and written about her school-girl romance with Pancho Lucas. Another girl would refuse to mention it, now that real love has come to her. It is characteristic of Jean not to discount the value of this early emotion.

"I love George more than I have ever dreamed possible," she told me with sweet sincerity, "but I am not the one to deny that earlier affection of mine. It was sweet and true. I can see where it was a step in my development."

Born in poverty and nurtured on unhappiness, Jean has maintained a deep, spiritual understanding and belief that is broader than church or creed. She calls it humanness and perhaps she is right. But whatever name it is given, Jean has something that many people live their entire lifetime without finding. It is a necessary something for lasting success, too. It is this quality that has made her sure of herself and her destiny, yet has kept her humble.

THERE is a man in Hollywood who has guided Jean since she came to pictures. Little is said or written about him for he shuns publicity. At the end of a long career in which he has guided the destinies of many celebrities, he is content to live quietly each day. He is Samuel Karper, dramatic coach, and he will soon be eighty years old. Yet, of all her friends, Jean respects and heeds Samuel Karper's advice in everything. She reads the books he advises, pursues her studies along the outlines he gives her. Of all those who were close to her, it was to Samuel Karper that she confided the secret of her sudden and beautiful romance with George. When they slipped away to be married, they carried with them Karper's blessing and good wishes. And it is to his house that George and Jean like to go when they have time left for calling.

In order to help Jean with her career, George has given up his own as a newspaperman. His writing experience and knowledge of the theatre are helping him to build a new one for himself in the scenario department of a major Hollywood studio. He chose a lot where Jean is little known, so there would be no conflict between their careers.

They are making their beginning together as Mr. and Mrs. in a doll-like furnished bungalow in Westwood. The sun streams in through chintz-curtained windows. George has his desk and easy-chair in the living-room. The green and ivory kitchen is exactly right, with crispy curtains at the windows and a bright flower box outside. Jean has a real talent for home-making.

Jean didn't want a career as an actress in the beginning. However, after signing her contract, she threw all her energy into doing her job well. She has never refused anything she has been asked to do. She has tireless and unbounded enthusiasm for everything she undertakes. She is utterly fearless, too. She proved this when she accepted the role of Tony in "Sequoia."

In this picture of forest life, she was called upon to do things which even sea-

soned animal trainers would not undertake. Yet, she never flinched from her tasks, even though she was reminded repeatedly that she was facing death and disfigurement every time she entered the barred set where she worked. For her scenes with the deer and the puma, the studio had men stationed outside the enclosure with rifles drawn ready to protect her if anything went wrong. Yet, they knew and Jean knew that if anything did go wrong, protection would be too late to do very much good. One quick thrust and she would be disfigured for life, if not fatally injured.

She had only one rule to guide her. The trainer told her not to flinch if the puma grabbed her with its claws or teeth as this would invite an attack. So, when it did grab her, as the small scars still attest, Jean did not give any evidence of fear.

People were amazed who watched her work. Yet, they needn't have been, for she had something behind her fortitude. She had Faith. She knew that she would be able to do what was required of her, and fear had no place in her scheme of things. It has none, now.

Two-Career Guy

(Continued from page 62)

his own surprise, he didn't succumb to their lures. To this day he wonders if it was sound judgment or just Irish luck that prevented him from falling into their eager hands.

"Had I gone to Hollywood at graduation, I would have at best been a flash in the pan. I don't know how I subconsciously realized this, but a sincerity and firmness of purpose must have guided me. It surely wasn't experience or wisdom. Besides, the theatre was my first goal.

"You know, I guess it was part of my early ambition in Joplin that inspired me to come to New York and carve a career for myself. In small towns your life is so restricted that, if there's any originality in you at all, you have a strong desire to shake off the shackles. There," grinned Beal, "I guess that was turning a neat phrase."

However, landing on the New York stage did not by any means solve John's problem insofar as rejecting movie offers was concerned. For, no sooner was the last act curtain down than up came more picture bids.

"But I didn't weaken," declared John triumphantly. "I not only said 'no' definitely, but practically forgot that there was even anything as wavering as a 'perhaps' in my vocabulary. However, persistence eventually did wear me down, for I finally agreed to make *one* movie.

WHEN 'Another Language' was finished they wanted me to stay for another. They really wanted me to sign for several and that is when I realized the importance of taking a stand and sticking to it. Now, more than ever, I realize the necessity for keeping a clear perspective and this can only be done by occasionally getting away from the thing you are doing, so that you can look back on it without prejudice."

But the law has finally caught up with John Beal. He is going to make another movie and as soon as that is finished, he will begin his next. In fact, there will be six in a row. He owes that many to his lenient studio.

Perhaps it was Mrs. Beal, as smart as she is pretty, who suggested that John re-



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FOR HERSELF IN
NEW YORK, BUT...**



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turn to Hollywood before story ideas were settled—so that he could start fighting if necessary. How Mrs. Beal figures that occasionally movie casting is synonymous with battling—well, we've already said Mrs. Beal is smart.

But John inevitably prefers to stick around New York until the last moment; in fact, until the studio heads actually demand his return. In remaining, he not only enjoys a little more time with his wife, who is herself a stage actress, but they occasionally can have fun “putting it on” together. Putting it on, John explains, is getting dressed up and going places.

“And whenever Helen is dolled up, everybody gives a look. She's so lovely. She's a swell actress, too. She understudied the leading woman in ‘Russet Mantle’ last winter and when the girl was out ill, Helen stepped in and gave a slick, polished performance. I know, because I had the lead opposite her. It was the greatest thrill I've ever experienced—our playing together. We had dreamed of the time when it would happen, but never dared hope it would be so soon.”

John Beal would like to be able to last ten years as an actor, but admits that if he shouldn't, he could make a nice living and be quite content as an illustrator. His hobby is sketching. In fact, he claims that that is how he wreaks his vengeance on too inquisitive interviewers. After leaving the most prying of them, he runs home, finds a pencil and puts down his impression of his recent tormentor.

Oh, let us not forget Mr. Beal's singing lessons! Yep, one a day at assorted hours. He hopes to graduate soon to regular appointments. Now you know that his vocations are acting, sketching and singing and his ambition is to excel in each. It is his contention that anyone who can succeed in one of the arts can master all the others.

Here is an actor who has a unique point of view regarding the cutting-room floor, that famous cemetery in which are buried

a player's “best” performances. Beal claims that the ultimate outcome of a characterization is entirely up to the player himself, which is contrary to many an actor's usual alibi that the cutter, editor or director so mangled his fine portrayal as to make it totally useless when it finally appeared on the screen.

I BELIEVE,” says John, “that if the individual performer puts enough into his portrayal, no matter how the picture is cut, there will remain enough to form a favorable impression on the movie-goer and, incidentally, it is the fan and not the professional critic who decides the length of a player's movie life. The people who pay their dimes and quarters have to believe the characters they see on the screen and can quickly spot any phoniness. True, they may not stop to analyze ‘what's wrong with this picture,’ but they unerringly know that it falls short somewhere along the line and they resent it.”

Beal believes that there are as fine actors in the movies as there ever have been on the stage. Gary Cooper, for instance, is stepping along to the very top. James Stewart and Henry Fonda, John predicts, will go on for ten or more years, as will Robert Taylor. Incidentally, John wishes that he were getting as much money as Taylor is reputed to make. Perhaps, Taylor does, too.

You've been seeing Beal in “M'Liss” with Anne Shirley. He plays the rural lad you have come to know and love. Although this is not the type role he prefers, he plays it to the hilt. He wants to graduate from the juvenile to straight leads and character roles and hopes some day to do the sort of parts Leslie Howard has come through the years to create in so distinguished a manner.

So—it looks as if John Beal would like to live long enough professionally to play “Romeo.”

Her Guiding Stars

(Continued from page 57)

quickest way to make money, which I needed, and that I could earn more in pictures than on the stage. I persuaded my uncle to take me with him to London on a holiday. When he had to return to India, I hadn't been able to make any progress so I persuaded him to leave me there. He gave me enough money to last a month and my return ticket home.”

THE rest is history—how she cashed her ticket when her money ran out because she was determined to succeed. It took courage. She had never been alone before in her life and she found trying to get extra work in pictures quite different from the sheltered life of an English army officer's daughter in India.

In her chart, the aspect of Venus, which brings gifts from unexpected sources, and Neptune, which rules the motion picture business, to the Sign of Cancer, under which come cafes, dining-rooms and eating places, clearly indicates that she would contact someone in such a place who would take an unusual interest in her beauty and ability as an actress. And so it happened. One day when she had a day's work as an extra, Alexander Korda and his wife saw her in the studio dining-room. At Mrs. Korda's insistence, her husband arranged to meet her, gave her a screen test and signed her to a personal contract. Her never-to-be-forgot-

ten scene as the beautiful Anne Boleyn in “The Private Life of Henry VIII” followed, and her career was launched.

“Everyone wants to be a success,” Merle said. “If I'm to be in this business or any business, I want to be as good as I possibly can.”

Merle is one star who would go without work and stint herself as to finances rather than make a picture she thought unworthy. She must approve the story before she can do her best work; and she has excellent judgment. No matter what her work is she does it in the best possible manner. She tries to make the most of herself and has done an excellent job so far.

The Moon and Venus symbolize the emotions but the ascendant (hour of birth) must also be considered. In Merle's chart the Moon and Venus show powerful emotions—subservient to her mind, however. In an argument she will win without losing her temper, her dignity or your respect.

The position of the Sun and Moon shows that she will sympathize with and understand people of all classes but will find comparatively few from whom she will receive any great inspiration.

Men will treat her with respect, consideration and kindness and bring her happiness either through financial success, or the gratification of her ambitions and per-

sonal desires. The opposite sex will not only play an important part in her life's destiny, but she will also be fortunate to them, providing there is a dramatic or a love interest involved.

IN addition to an harmonious planet in the position of the heavens ruling public affairs and partnerships (matrimonial or otherwise), there is one of an inharmonious nature also, warning her to be careful of partnerships unless they are thoroughly investigated before consummation. A man who has been previously unhappily married and divorced would not be altogether fortunate for her if she were considering a romance seriously enough to marry him.

Due to the aspects of Uranus to that portion of the heavens ruling friendships, hopes and wishes, many interesting and pleasant surprises will come through friends and social affairs. The position of this planet, which has much to do with our hunches, denotes that at least 90 per cent of her first intuitions will be proven to be correct.

Every thirty-seven years the Planet Saturn comes into opposition to the Planet Neptune, which rules the motion picture industry. This opposition started on March 20th, this year, which explains why things have been upset in many studios, why pictures have been postponed, why stars have passed away and why, generally, a lot of trouble has been brewing in the industry. Saturn is sometimes an unruly old Planet, acting as a depressive, a retarder. And so, unless both those planets are well aspected in your chart this year, this may account for those sleepless nights.

Miss Oberon is one of the fortunate ones, for there are no adverse aspects to Saturn, Neptune, Venus or Mars in her chart during 1936 and 1937.

However, the early fall of this year is not particularly fortunate for a long trip or for investments. Her vitality may not be quite up to normal. She should take the utmost caution in driving. There is no serious accident indicated during this period but there may be a good scare due to an accident involving minor injuries to someone else which could have been serious. Again she is fortunate, due to the good aspects in her chart.

But in an 80 per cent good chart, there's that other 20 per cent to be considered, and at the time of Merle's birth, Saturn was in that portion of the heavens ruling the father and the home, denoting that her early environment was not all that could have been desired and that her father would not have the care of his daughter. It also shows she might never see her father, due to his death either before or shortly after her birth.

"Isn't that amazing?" Miss Oberon exclaimed in a whisper. "My father died a few months before I was born."

SATURN was up to mischief and caused her early life to be very mixed up. "It was just hash," Mrs. Smith declared, "but very well-seasoned hash because you seasoned it to suit yourself. You have the knack of doing the right thing at the right time. Even when you do what is apparently the wrong thing, it will often turn out advantageously."

The way Neptune is aspected makes her very psychic, especially when she is quiet. By relaxing quietly she can always get the answer to any problem that worries her.

"That's what my friends say," Miss Oberon agreed. "One time in England I asked Douglas Fairbanks what I should do about a picture and he said there was no use telling me because he knew that I



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Between scenes of "They Met in a Taxi," Chester Morris shows his leading lady, Fay Wray, a story about himself in his favorite magazine, Modern Screen.

had made up my mind what I was going to do."

The Planet Neptune indicates there were worries over money matters during her early life. (Miss Oberon was nodding her head vigorously.) But the aspects from the Moon to Jupiter, as well as from the Moon to Mercury, show that she would eventually take trips and voyages and contact those who would see in her the true artist and born actress she really is.

The Planet Jupiter, by its position in her chart, denotes discernment and judgment, not only to recognize opportunities, but the ability to take advantage of them. She is ever on the alert. What might be overlooked by many as of no consequence, she may find of momentous import. If someone throws away a stone she will make it her cornerstone. Opposition only spurs her on.

At this point a telephone message brought the information that David Niven's birthday is March first and so the question of her marriage came up again. Merle seemed as anxious to have it answered as does everyone else, particularly David. Everyone knows that he has been her favorite escort for more than a year, that she helped to get him a motion picture contract and has done everything to further his career.

"He is a Pices person," Merle volunteered. "Will we get along well together?"

YOU do get along well together," Mrs. Smith laughed. "Pices people are strongly influenced by the Planet Neptune and they quite often choose people for their mates who are born under the Sign of Aquarius," she continued.

"The hour of your birth makes you his master and the hour of his birth makes him your master. It is a fifty-fifty proposition. Your likes and dislikes are similar and you should be perfect pals. The seventh section in your chart and the seventh section in his chart (ruling partnerships and marriages) indicate that the friendship between you will result in marriage. It will be a marriage of love with no thought of ambition or gain on either side, but it would not be a good idea to marry this year. The most propitious time for it is in the spring of 1937."

"That's what I thought," Merle agreed, indicating clearly that she had made up her mind before she asked the question.

"In 1937 Miss Oberon will make the

best picture she has made up to that date. This picture will convince the producers that she is an actress of unusual talent, to which the public will agree. Negotiations will be carried on and plans laid for it long before it is made. It will be made in England or it will have an English background. It will be a costume picture and have something to do with royalty."

And Merle leaned over and whispered to me that her hopes are set on making the life of Anne Boleyn or "Tudor Wench," either of which would fit this description.

"Your next picture will be a very good one, too," Mrs. Smith said. "What a chart this girl has!" she exclaimed. "If producers only knew what a find they have in Merle Oberon."



Bringing up four-year-old Mary Esther and making a screen comeback in "Hollywood Boulevard" are certainly keeping Esther Ralston busy these days.

Hepburn, Hollywood's Show-Off!

(Continued from page 43)

for dashing awkwardly about making unpretty faces, she knows that candid-camera shots of her would be devastating. They are, when any cameraman can get 'em. But that's why Hepburn does all her dodging around; it's not her fear of crowds. Timidity?—twaddle! It's fear of lurking cameramen. And woe betide the studio cameraman who takes an unposed picture of Katie in an unwary moment. His job isn't worth a casting-director's promise!

ONCE in a while, she becomes motherly with her leading men. She did with John Beal. He was a naive sort of newcomer, frightened by pictures. Katie sensed it, and took him under her wing. Throughout "The Little Minister," she nursed him along. She even astounded the company one night by coming down during night takes, when she wasn't in the scene, merely to "cue" Beal with her off-stage voice, rather than let somebody else do it. She knew Beal would respond to her own voice better than to a stranger's. Katie was all dressed up—and the workers on the RKO lot still set time by referring to "The night when Katie came to the lot dressed up!"

Other times, she'll just about worship her leading man. Like Charles Boyer. It was a common sight to see Boyer and Hepburn between shots on "Break of Hearts." Boyer sitting in a chair, talking about himself; Hepburn sitting on the floor before him, her head resting on his knee and her red hair flying wild over his legs. Her eyes would be turned to his face with a look of placid adoration on her face.

And still other times, she won't care for her leading man at all. Like in "Mary of Scotland." You see, Fredric March has star-ideas of his own. Freddie is a big shot and he knows it. Katie can't big-shot him and get away with it, at all. And so she more or less ignored Mr. March, save when the script called for them to get together.

The crews of her pictures like Katie more than the companies. She holds with the grips and the prop men and people like that; talks with them and plays with them, while she ignores her fellow players. She even drops in, unexpectedly, and visits an obscure studio worker at his side-street bungalow, just to meet his wife and kids. She's done that, several times. Yet she wouldn't turn around to acknowledge an introduction to a visiting king or queen, if she didn't feel like it.

On the set, they usually treat her with respectful awe. Most of them call her "Miss Hepburn." A few privileged ones call her "Katie." Sometimes they refer to her, but not to her face, as "La Hepburn." A negro chauffeur, attached to the company, read that designation, and calls her "Ell Ay Hepburn." But it remained for one brash, second-assistant director to top the nicknames. One day, he called her "Toots." To her face! Everybody waited for the lightning to strike and the thunder to roll and the world to be torn asunder while the brash one shrivelled in the heat of Hepburn's ire.

Hepburn stared at him, first in amaze-

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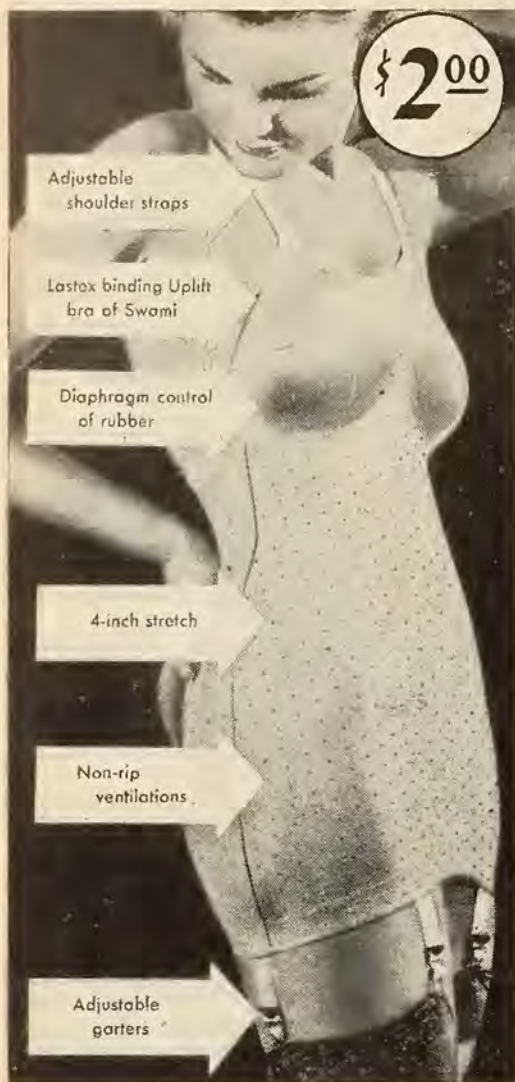
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Katie Hepburn drew a picture plum in "Mary of Scotland." She plays the title role in this dramatic tale, with John Carradine as her secretary, Rizzio.

ment. Then she grinned and took it. And ever since then, he's been calling her "Toots" and getting away with it.

About her nerve, her fearlessness, there are hundreds of tellable tales. Like the time she crawled, at life's risk, across a narrow parallel some forty feet above a studio floor, just to tie up loose shoe-strings that threatened to trip Director Dick Wallace and send him hurtling to injury or death. Wallace didn't know the laces were about to trip him; no one else saw it, but Katie; she couldn't warn him lest a "take" be spoiled. So she crawled out and did the obvious thing.

She won't have extras or doubles for dangerous scenes. That's old stuff, but it's true. Her friends hail that trait as a proof of Katie's sweet and soft heart—"she wouldn't ask anybody else to do anything she herself wouldn't do." Others insist it's just another phase of exhibitionism. I only know that whatever it is, Katie gets a kick out of it.

Yet, the moment you accuse her of exhibitionism, you get balled up again. She does such paradoxical, inconsistent stunts. By her own edict, her stage is closed tighter than the U. S. Treasury to visitors. Yet, one day an old, half-blind woman, related distantly to one of the bit players on her show, wanted to see the scenes being shot.

"No," said Katie. But she saw to it that, at considerable time and expense, a loud-speaker hook-up was attached to the microphone on the set, and the wires run from the stage to Katie's dressing-room. There she let the half-blind old lady sit through the day, listening to the scenes being shot, but not watching them. And every once in a while, Katie'd stroll to the mike and make an ad-lib remark over the loud-speaker to her guest. Another time, she insisted on the closed-stage rule when important visitors wanted to get on, and didn't give a hang for all the pleading of the studio executives who didn't want to offend the big shots. Yet, the same day she read a lot of off-stage lines with gestures, even though she wasn't required to—merely because a girl wanted to see her act!

Sometimes, even the studio stagehands, the technical crew, the other players on the set, get into Katie's hair, psychologically speaking. There was the temperamental moment recently when, do-

ing a rather intimate scene with her leading man, she stopped in the midst of it.

"I want," she ordered, "everybody to turn his back and not watch!"

And so, because Hepburn's word on the stage is law, everybody save the cameraman, the director and the man on the lights, had to turn away while she emoted! The next day, a columnist wrote: "Hepburn is never really happy except when she's thinking up some new trick to prove she's really an eccentric." Katie was tough on press-agents for days after that . . . !

Amateur psychologists, even amateur psychiatrists, have tried to figure Katie out. Professional ones haven't, because they don't get a chance or the job. Because so many half-baked analyzers have worked on Katie, knowing half the facts, all sorts of weird tales have been written. And that's where the fiction of her overpowering shyness began.

I rather imagine that there's no complex at all, in the picture. I don't think Katie's ridden by fear; on the contrary, instead of having fear for people and crowds, I believe she's got a colossal contempt for them. I don't think she's shy or timid, because no shy or timid person could do the things she does and get a kick out of them.

Maybe she is putting on an act. I do know, in support of that view, that Katie said, "They want their stars to be 'different,' do they? Well, all right, I'll show them somebody who can be 'different!' I'll be myself—and three other people, too."

And I think that's just exactly what she's been doing. She's being herself—and once in a while, she lays it on thick, and adds a few touches. Being herself is natural, because she always has been. Her parents believed in self-expression, and Katie had pretty much her own way. Her dad, a doctor, was so broad-minded that he used to take Katie along on surgical cases and medical visits and even child-birth trips, because he thought she ought to know that it wasn't really the stork who brought 'em. She was never hedged about with "must" and "mustn't" when a child, and so she never learned to put on the act of conformity with convention or etiquette and things like that. She did what she wanted to, when she wanted to, and she still does.

But since she doesn't give a darn what anybody thinks about it, let's not bother to find excuses for her. She doesn't want them—so she says!

Meet the Wife!

(Continued from page 59)

mongers wanted to know about "this Lamont girl." Many a girl would have been glad to tell all, under these circumstances. "Of course, we are engaged. Of course, we will be married. We have been in love a long time," sort of a "hands off, he's mine" statement. But not Lily. After careful deliberation both of them agreed to say nothing on the subject, and Fred made it known to his publicity department that he would grant no interviews about Lily—or about his mother—or allow them to be interviewed. Like Fred Astaire he did not see what these personal matters had to do with his career. He made only one exception to this rule, an interview which he granted MODERN SCREEN on his "Trial Engagement."

Another thing, which was Lily's own suggestion, was that Fred go out with whom he pleased, when he pleased. But this suggestion never bore fruit. Neither of them ever went anywhere without the other. As a matter of fact, they didn't go anywhere very much. Several nights a week Fred and Lily would go out to dinner and to a movie afterward, sometimes alone, sometimes with Fred's mother. And often, on Sundays, Lillian would entertain in her own little apartment.

She is an excellent cook (born and brought up in the South) and would start early in the morning preparing her meal. No cold-cuts-and-potato-salad from the corner delicatessen either! Southern fried chicken, no less, with fresh asparagus, fresh peas, hot biscuits and honey, and a home-baked cake to top it off. Neither she nor Fred ever drink more than one cocktail, but there are always some good ones for the guests. (The few times I've seen Fred at cocktail parties, he was wandering around, drinking milk!) These guests, incidentally, were usually the Fentons, Director Mitchell Leisen, Dean and Antoinette Jagger, and Mrs. MacMurray. After dinner they usually played games—Monopoly, Up and Down the River, or Card-throwing-in-the-hat. Fred and Lily are never "lovey-dovey" in public, never demonstrative in front of other people. It's a



Sam Taylor's tri-weekly radio chats are always amusing and informative. Modern Screen's Hollywood news commentator can be heard over Station WOR at 7 p.m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Tune in and get the latest gossip!

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Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS

*for modern
feminine hygiene*

great relief after some of the coy cooing that one sees going on in and out of Hollywood.

HOW to meet competition? It's a known fact that most girls coming to Hollywood, if they're not actresses, are overwhelmed by a terrifying sense of inferiority, of being put in the shade by Hollywood's hundreds of glamorous beauties. You will notice if you should go to the Vendome for lunch that everyone of the female stars there looks as though she had just stepped out of the beauty parlor—hair freshly coiffed, skin freshly facialed, etc. She looks that way because, nine times out of ten, that is exactly where she has stepped from. When a star lunches at the Vendome it usually means she's not working, and when she's not working it invariably means she spends the morning at a beauty parlor. Looking at all these lovely ladies and realizing that Fred would be looking at them, too, did Lily suddenly say to herself, "Gosh, I must have my hair done a different way—perhaps like Merle Oberon. I must get lipstick like Norma Shearer's, a flattering big hat like that one Virginia Bruce is wearing. Maybe I should have 'the works' down the street at Westmore's or is Ann Meredith's better for beauty treatments?" Did she decide immediately to have herself done over, Hollywood style, to meet Hollywood competition? Fortunately, she did not. Lillian Lamont just went on being herself.

Lily is one of those rare individuals who, like time and tide, is unchangeable. For years she has been parting her hair in the same middle line. For years she has been wearing the same shade of lipstick. She has never had a facial or a massage and

since her skin is beautiful and fair she sees no reason why she should start now, just because it's being done. For years she has been wearing transparent pearl nail polish. She continues to do so, and goes regularly, once a week, at the same time, to the same place, for her manicure. For years her wardrobe has consisted of two tailored suits for work, two sport suits for play, two afternoon dresses for tea or cocktail time, two dinner dresses and two evening dresses. Everything simple and in the best of taste, everything worn at the proper time. She takes care of her clothes, too, and today proudly boasts two wearable outfits that she bought two years ago in New York. Being a model she naturally has a keen clothes-sense and always looks smart.

So many men fall in love with one girl only to find, a few years later, that she is quite another person. This transformation is the ruination of more engagements and marriages than most people imagine. This is one fault which Fred MacMurray will never have to find with Lillian. People have marveled that stardom has wrought no change in Fred. Lillian—his wife since that memorable Sunday night when they flew to the marrying justice in Yuma—is, to a great extent, responsible.

Should your beau become a matinee idol—and with talent scouts everywhere, anything can happen—you might remember this story and let it guide you. Fred and Lily may not be a glamorous couple—but they have a better chance at happiness than most people in this topsy-turvy town!

Here's one more question that you might ask. How can you keep from being jealous of his fame? Like Lillian, get a terrific kick out of it!

Their Roles Have Affected Their Lives

(Continued from page 47)

But it was weeks before I got to the place where I could feel like myself again!"

Ginger Rogers had a similar experience once, but with an entirely different kind of role. Remember her as the tempestuous, temperamental movie star in "Personal Appearance"? Spoiled, conceited, troublesome, egotistic—all the things that the real Ginger is not?

At least, all the things the real Ginger was not until she started making that picture. Then something happened. At first Ginger didn't realize it was happening. Not until her Mother, Leila, brought it to her attention in no uncertain manner.

"I can laugh about it now," Ginger said. "And so can Mother, but I guess she was pretty fed up at the time. I was beginning to act at home the same way I was acting on the set! Talking loud and tearing my hair, and raving and ranting and pouting and stomping and throwing things around!"

"It was the first time anything like that had ever happened to me. Always, before, I had left my work at the studio, when I went home at night. But for some reason this role 'got' me, and made an entirely different person out of me. As a matter of fact, I have a theory why! Maybe it'll interest you. It's simply this. I believe that all women, deep down inside, would like to be temperamental—and would be, if they could get away with it—because 'scenes' substantiate our ego, make us feel important, attract attention! So we borrow or affect temperament most easily, because, subconsciously, it's a quality we want! Consciously, of course, we recognize it as stupid, vain, selfish. I'm quite

sure that's why I let it get the best of me.

"And how it got the best of me! One evening it suddenly occurred to me that my agent hadn't called me for three days. I was incensed. Did he think I was some extra girl to neglect me like that? In the past I had never thought a thing about not hearing from him for three weeks, but this wasn't the past—it was during 'In Person,' after all. Mother came in at that moment, and I let her have it. I told her nobody paid any attention to me at all, anymore. I wasn't getting the consideration I deserved even in my own house. My nerves were worn to a frazzle. It was about time they realized I had feelings, and treated me accordingly. Oh, I told her a lot of things. And I punctuated my remarks with an occasional thump on the table, and once a slipper at the ceiling. When I got through, she applauded!

"Mother said, 'What scene is that, dear?'

"That cured me."

Ginger was lucky. She recovered from her "role persecution" quickly and without a scar. But compare her experience with one Jeanette MacDonald had. Jeanette once played a role which changed the entire path of her life. A role that caused her to be rumored dead. A role that forced her to Europe. A role that made her change her entire personality. It is one of the most amazing stories in the history of motion pictures.

SOME years ago a royal scandal spread throughout Europe. A famous Princess had found her Prince Consort with an-

She's No Flirt

(Continued from page 53)

didn't get around to it. I never do get around to it. I invite you down for tea in the broad afternoon. I scream at my maid, "We want tea and cinnamon toast and home-made cookies!"

"I could, at least, press a button. I don't need to refer to the cookies as 'home-made.' But I do. The door is opened, not into a conservatory where Peruvian orchids rear their poisonous heads but into a garden where stock and snapdragons nod their everyday faces. I should be telling you a fantastic tale of a broken heart and a love affair on the Côte D'Azur. You wouldn't know the difference and it would be a story. Instead, I state honestly that I would like to be dishonest, raw and ribald instead of refined.

"I can't be honest," said Rosalind then, her clear, amused voice dropping an octave, "about what is in my heart. I can be honest only about the things outside my heart.

HERE is an example of what I mean. Trifling, but trifling things are often very indicative. The other day when we met at the studio, I had on a beige suit, trimmed with leopard cuffs and collar. You mentioned, and very nice of you, that it was attractive. I should have retreated into the collar, looked leopardish and seductive and purred a noncommittal answer. But what did I do? I told you that the leopard was an old rug I'd had about the house for years, hoping that I'd have a chance to recline upon it in Elinor

Glynnish abandon and do my stuff, but that I finally got tired of waiting and cut the beast up and wore him.

"I should be able to flirt. Every woman should flirt—yes, married or single. It's a gentle, social art. It's healthy. I can't flirt. I simply cannot. I always think how funny it would look. I give a man a firm grip of the hand which tells him all and promises nothing. I look him in the eye and meet him on his own ground, and not the marshy, quicksand ground of the siren, either. Besides, it seems like cheap toying with a divine fire.

"Flirting," continued Rosalind, "is First Aid to the ladies. I remember one time in New York when I went with a girl I knew to call on a famous producer. We both wanted stage roles. The girl was little, blonde and cute. She rushed over to the producer instantly we were admitted. She leapt upon his knee. She mussed his hair. She toyed with his watch. He patted her arm. They cooed. I sat in a chair, at a distance. I knew that I should stake a claim on the other knee. I couldn't. I just sat. I didn't have a word with him.

"Just the other day, for another instance, a girl friend and I were driving to the beach in my car, when two lads gave chase. They kept pursuing us. I finally bellowed to them to go away and to stay away! My friend was genuinely shocked. What harm could they do us and what's more, I could have been normally coy and feminine about it, couldn't I?

"I couldn't," said Rosalind. "I have never been able to fall in with the idea that any male pursuit of any female is either flattering or amusing. I prefer to leave that phase of life to its own dignity.

"Another time," mused Rosalind, "a good friend of Producer Dwight Wiman's gave me a letter of introduction to him. A very laudatory letter. I needed to use it, but I didn't. I felt embarrassed. I couldn't picture myself standing shyly by while Mr. Wiman read the letter. I would have had to flutter and be feminine. I carried the thing until it was too crumpled and tattered to deliver. It never was delivered.

"Probably," said Roz, with the warmth always in her voice when she speaks of home, "my home-training accounts for some of my deplorable frankness and lack of artifice. When a girl is brought up with a brace of brothers and sisters, she gets into the habit of being herself, or else. What chance had I to put on airs, to be mysterious and feline? My sisters would soon have seen through me and would jolly well have pinned me, a squirming butterfly, to the wall. My brothers would have asked me how I got that way. On the other hand, we were brought up to observe, to have respect, for each other's reticences. We shared the common family life. We kept our inner lives to ourselves. I still do.

"This reticence is bad," Roz said. "It doesn't make for 'copy.' You see, I can open my mind and pour forth the contents for what they are worth. I can't

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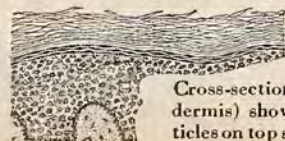
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Kay Francis and Delmer Daves are still Hollywood's most romantic twosome. After a siege with a troublesome tooth, Kay is reporting for work now on the "Mistress of Fashion" set

open my heart. Not for copy.

"I must live my own life. And I do, even in Hollywood. I have my own ways and means. Oh, no, nothing very mysterious about them. Just that when I go away—and I often do—I find places of which other people do not know. I never go to Palm Springs or Arrowhead. I follow my own trail.

WHEN it is necessary," laughed Rosalind, "I do a little Baroness Munchausening. And that reminds me, I must tell you one of the very best and loveliest lies I ever thought up. A few weeks ago a rumor got abroad that I was 'hearting'—isn't that a quaint description of keeping company with?—a certain young man, with whom I do go about quite a bit. It happened to be absurd. We are friends. Really friends. Such things can be, you know. One day on the set of 'Under Two Flags,' I was besieged with questions. Such as, was I in love with this young man and, if not, then whom? And so on. And why didn't I go places and get into columns and do things and so on and on. I finally remarked, coolly but decisively, 'But, you see, I am engaged. I am engaged to be married. I am going home in the spring for the wedding. He is a doctor. He lives in Buffalo.'

"Immediately the Press got wind of it. The grapevine system sizzled. I was called upon for details. His name, they asked, what was my bridegroom's name? Dr. Jo I told them. 'Dr. Jo what?' they wanted to know. I said, 'Just Dr. Jo.' 'Yes, but his last name,' they wailed. 'Jo,' I repeated. And then, inspirationally, 'Dr. Jo-Jo.'

"It seemed too good to drop. I told my young friend about it—the boy with whom I had been rumored as romancing. And we put our heads together and decided to go through with the story, to materialize Dr. Jo-Jo. We planned to hire an unknown actor from Central Casting. We decided that he must be stout, middle-aged, slightly bald, slightly myopic and a most unromantic looking gent. My young friend, Dr. Jo-Jo and I would then go to the Trocadero one Saturday night. I would wear very gorgeous garments. I would be dripping with orchids or, perhaps, sun flowers or something.

Rather wilted, anyway.

"I would do the best acting of which I am capable. I would give every evidence of being completely, even hysterically enamored of Dr. Jo-Jo. I would gaze into his eyes. I would be oblivious to my surroundings. I would dote. I would fawn. I would ogle. My young friend, in the meantime, who knows everyone in town, would circulate and mention to all and sundry that the famous Dr. Jo-Jo was over there with Roz, that I was madly in love with him, that there was, of course, no telling about women, that we were to be married in the spring, and then off to Buffalo!

"It was a magnificent idea," laughed Roz, "I think I only abandoned it because I didn't quite have the nerve. It would have had to be done awfully well, with great sincerity and verve. But I mistrusted my ability to carry it through for more than the first ten minutes. My awful honesty would doubtless have risen up to confound me.

"I really think," said Rosalind, after we had laughed Dr. Jo-Jo back to Central Casting, "that I would be much farther on in my career if I were able to do things like that, if I could be a bit dishonest as I go along. I've never had an 'angel' in my life. I've never been able to use feminine wiles to gain my professional ends. I have a brother-in-law, for instance, who could have done me many favors, and would have done them gladly, I know. I couldn't ask him. I have, by some compulsory law of my being, to stand on my own two feet and get only what I earn. Women shouldn't stand on their own two feet. To stand on a man's feet is much more rapid transit."

Reluctantly I rose to go. Roz offered to drive me home. We went up to her lovely blue and mauve bedroom. There was a fire whispering on the hearth. Calla lilies in tall vases. Books stacked on tables. One silver-framed portrait dominated the room. It pictured a lean young face, with eager boyish eyes and a man's stern mouth.

I said "Rosalind . . . ?" She must have known what I meant, that I had a clue, that there was a question, half answered. . . .

She said, "It happened quite awhile ago. He died, you see."

... Ask The Modern Hostess to Send You Maureen O'Sullivan's Delicious Dessert Recipes—See Page 101

The Game's the Thing

(Continued from page 52)

know that I don't really want a string of race-horses or a hundred-thousand-dollar yacht. But I make myself believe I want them, because in order to be happy we've always got to have a goal in view—something which is beyond reach for the time being, but something to look forward to. When I was struggling to achieve success I thought I wanted it because success would mean comfort, security; and when I had that I thought I wanted luxury—you know, a nice house, nice cars, a swimming pool. Now I guess the only things left in a material way are race-horses and yachts."

"I guess we're never satisfied, are we?" Warner remarked. "I used to think that if I could ever make a thousand dollars a week I'd be the happiest man in the world, because what could anybody want with more than that? What could they do with it, what could they spend it on? I could have everything I wanted on a thousand dollars a week, but when I was getting a thousand a week I began visualizing five thousand. Twenty-five thousand a picture, then a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Happier? No, not if you consider only the money, but we've got to either climb or slip. The happiness comes from the knowledge that we're not slipping, but still climbing. The money is only the barometer that shows us whether we're going up or down."

Warner knows that he will never again get the same thrill, no matter how much money he makes now, that he got when he received his first thousand-dollar check. That thrill has gone forever, for although he has long since passed it, that figure was the high-water mark of his life. The thrill has gone; it is only satisfaction that remains.

You envy him? Don't bother—because, oftentimes, he's envious of you. Especially if you've got to work hard to save a little to get something you really want.

"Looking forward to getting a certain thing you desire very much but can't have just yet is the spice of life," said Warner, "and the effort of getting it is what makes life worth while. It isn't the goal, but the game that counts."

If you don't believe him, if you feel that it's easy to talk from where he is and that you'd be tickled to death to change places with him, he's ready to prove that he isn't merely trying to kid you.

"Eat to satiation of something you especially like," he says, "For instance, stuff yourself with a Christmas dinner every day. Pretty soon you'll find yourself getting sick of turkey."

DON'T think for a moment that Warner Baxter has lost any of his zest for life. He hasn't. Don't think that he doesn't want to keep on making pictures. He does. He has just signed a new contract with 20th Century-Fox for three years, four pictures a year.

He's looking forward to having six months out of every twelve for leisure, too.

"If I had all the money in the world and had to amuse myself for all twelve months every year," he said, "I'd be miserable. I've got to work to keep myself mentally and physically healthy. But I feel now that I've reached the place where I want to relax a bit as well. Why, do

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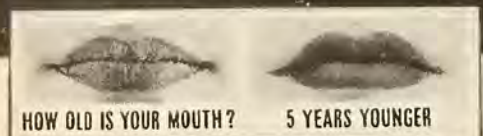
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you know that I've never even been to Europe?"

"That's something I've been anticipating all my life," he said, "an anticipation, you might say, that I've been keeping in the hole. By means of travel I hope to bridge the most difficult transition in any actor's career; the change from romantic leading roles to character parts. To do that, in Hollywood, you've got to go away and come back again. When that time comes for me I think Europe will make it easier."

Warner's present picture, "To Mary—With Love," indicated pretty plainly that the studio at least doesn't think that Warner has to cross that bridge as yet. By the same token, "Prisoner of Shark Island" showed that he could if it were necessary. Warner himself isn't exactly worrying about it, but unlike any other actor who has ever been a Hollywood matinee idol, he views it from afar with a feeling akin to relief.

"I've been trying for quite a while to get away from the straight romantic roles," he said, "You can't imagine how I feel making love on the screen to these young girls in their teens. I look at myself in the mirror and I know it's ridiculous. Even the more mature leading ladies strike me as pretty young."

One of Warner's most marked peculiarities, the more genuine because without precedent in the movie sphere, is that he doesn't believe he's still romantic. He doesn't believe that girls all over the country are just as crazy about him as they ever were, although the box-office returns convince everyone else that they are.

His psychology is exactly the opposite from that of the baldheaded man in the front row who thinks that any chorine should be glad to give him a tumble.

"That means watching the waistline and so on," he said, "and quite frankly it'll be a relief to be through with that. As it is now Mr. Zanuck can run his eagle eye over me any morning and tell at a glance if I've gained so much as an ounce."

He feels the same way about make-up, too—it's a nuisance putting it on. Not only that, but he has an instinctive dislike for powder, rouge and all the other things the camera demands because he's essentially a man's man. Perhaps that's why the ladies love him.

WARNER has learned that it's the simple things of life that really count. In one way he was far happier when he had his dreams—dreams which since have become reality and so have lost the illusory quality that makes bubbles shine so beautifully when you blow them in the air; captured, they aren't bubbles any more.

Then he could bum around down on Main Street, going into those quaint little Mexican chili parlors, without anybody knowing him. Popular belief to the contrary, there isn't a drop of Latin blood anywhere in Warner, but he does like his chili and such. Now one of his greatest pleasures is fixing whole bucketfuls of it for his friends. He has to fix it himself now because he can no longer go down to the little parlors in Sonoratown without stopping traffic.

Summed up briefly, Warner Baxter believes that in order to be happy every human being must have:

1. The privilege of working as a means to an end. Whether it's a job to make a living or keeping house to make a husband happy, it's all the same. One must be striving toward some sort of goal, preferably an illusive goal that will take a long time to reach.

2. The capacity to enjoy the things that one has, whether they be many or few. A poor child with one doll will derive far more enjoyment out of life than a millionaire's pampered brat who is given everything in the toyshops. Adults, in the last analysis, are merely children grown up.

3. An unshakable confidence in yourself that you're ultimately going to get what you go after. Warner believes that it doesn't actually matter in the least whether you ever get them or not—it might even be better that you don't—nevertheless you must have the abiding faith that you're going to because that's the important thing. By confidence, however, he means confidence—not ego. Ego is a thing which Warner Baxter conspicuously lacks.

He had started to count the points off on his fingers, but as he got to the third one he stopped. He didn't seem to have any more points for the other two fingers.

"Why," he said, quite surprised, "that's about all, I guess. If you stop to consider those things you'll find they include all the rest, don't they?"



There seems to be no limit to Elissa Landi's talents, what with writing, singing and acting. And here she is pinch-hitting for Nino Martino's accompanist, while Nino rehearses his songs for "The Gay Desperado."

Will You Take a Dare for Beauty?

(Continued from page 61)

frills and folderol—let them be reduced to their simplest essentials. Use make-up, certainly, but don't count upon it to cover up a bad skin. Get a permanent or a finger wave—sure—but not until your hair is glossy with health, which means proper shampooing, plenty of massage and brushing and at least an occasional treatment from those two beauty doctors, the fresh air and the sun.

You who are overweight or lumpy, let's consider the girdle problem. You need a girdle. Any old thing won't do. A little wisp of lastex won't do. Here's where you have to spend some money. You may resent that. Well, you must learn to hold your stomach in without the aid of a properly fitted, properly boned or stiffened girdle—the kind that costs more—or you must be willing to sacrifice something to the price of a good foundation garment. One or t'other, and 'tis better, my dears, if you set your teeth and make up your minds to get a good girdle, somehow, for it will do more things for your figure than holding the tum in.

If you live in or near a large city, or town hie yourself bucketty-bucketty to the corset department of the best store and have a girdle fitted and made to your measure. Be particular as all get-out about it, too. Time spent now will be trouble saved later. Don't let the saleswoman shove you around or argue you into something you don't want. If you're marooned way out in the sticks, there's the mail service, carried on by every large store in every large city, waiting to assist you. Give your measurements accurately and describe in detail what you want.

Of course, if your figure problems aren't too knotty, you need not have a girdle made to order. But shop around and choose carefully. Remember that a good garment will wash, the garters won't be pulling off all the time, it will stay put, and the superior workmanship will render it a great deal more comfortable. Then, do—for the love of mud—wear the thing consistently. Don't park it in the bureau drawer. Don't take it off after dinner, just when you need it most.

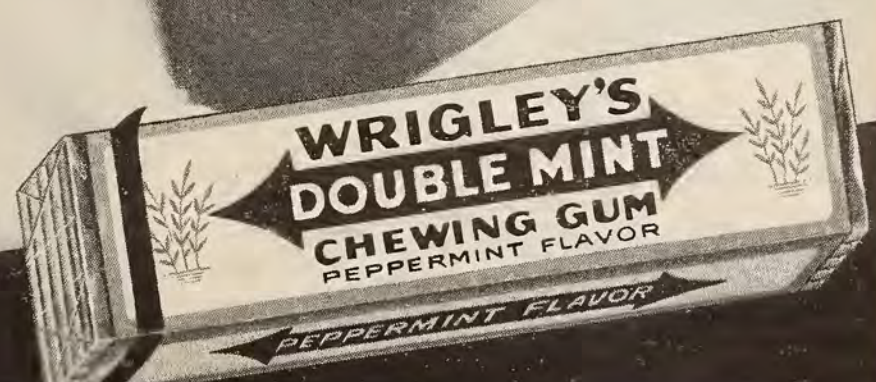
In the meantime, here's an exercise that will do a fine amount of slimming where you probably need it most—on the hips and rear. It's a dancer's stunt. Sit on the floor. Grab your ankles firmly with your two hands and pull your feet up off the floor. You'll probably tip over sideways or backwards, and that's just the idea. Roll around on the floor, from one side to the other, in this position. Keep it up—even if you do get into some pretty funny positions. Do it for ten minutes every morning.

AT the beginning of this article, there are pictures of four very good-looking women whom you may know—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Grace Moore and Jean Arthur. I picked 'em because not one of these four is an authentic beauty, and yet they all give the illusion of being so. I picked 'em because each one of these four has, in a sense, taken a dare for beauty's sake. They've worked and struggled and persevered and experimented; three of them—Norma, Joan and Grace—have had quite a fight against that old meanie, fat; Jean Arthur had to fight a tougher foe—a lack of distinction, a mousiness of personality, a "not good, not

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bad" appearance that got her exactly nowhere on her first try for Hollywood fame five or six years ago.

Norma Shearer is an inspiration—and a challenge—to all short people. If she had let herself go, she would be at this point, after having had two babies, a plump, roly-poly little party. Notice that she always holds herself up to her full height. She has no tum whatsoever. Try standing very straight and tall, all the time, short girls, and see how it pulls you in, in front, and lengthens your waist. Stretch your body at every point and lumps won't have a chance to settle on you anywhere. If you can't remember to stand up to every inch of your height all the time, do a stretching exercise for twenty minutes every morning—that'll make you remember!

Joan Crawford is an inspiration—and a challenge—to all big girls. Joan's a big girl herself. Look at her shoulders. And then look at her hips. Undoubtedly, you remember some of the old pictures of Joan, when she weighed one hundred and forty-five in her Charleston costume. Now she weighs—and has weighed for five or six years—around a hundred and twenty. Joan is up almost every morning at six-thirty. You get up at six-thirty and do the hip-rolling exercise I've given you and then go take a shower and have a light breakfast. Joan doesn't sit any more than she has to. On the set, between takes, she'll walk about. She never drinks. It so happens that she hates liquor.

I might mention in passing, however, that if all you imbibers, occasional or otherwise, would cut out the cocktails and stuff entirely, you'd be surprised how the slimming down process would hasten along. You big girls with big, hearty appetites—watch the meat and the starches. Eat a little meat, of course, but not nearly as much as you have been eating. You'll be surprised to notice how, if you cut down on the meat, you'll find yourself cutting down on the rest of the meal, too. You'll be surprised how little starch you need in your diet. A slice of crisp toast for breakfast. A baked potato a couple of times a week. No sandwiches, crackers, spaghetti, noodles or cereal.

Joan Crawford dotes on ice cream and once a week she has a small—a very small—portion of chocolate ice cream for dessert. If you would have the will power to make a small and occasional—a very small and a very occasional—concession to your pet appetite, I'd never complain. But how many of you would have the will power? I betcha you'd be off and eating half a pint of the stuff, huh? You want to take the bet? Fine!

GRACE MOORE is an inspiration—and a challenge—to every plump girl and woman in the world. If Miss Moore let herself go, she'd be fat all over and particularly heavy around the chin. A few years ago, as you may remember, she was anywhere from twenty to thirty pounds heavier than she is this minute. You're all familiar with the story of how she set her teeth and made up her mind she'd go back to Hollywood and win picture success. 'Tisn't so hard to understand how she slimmed down her body—again, we all know *how* it's done, pretty much—but time and again I've heard women wondering out loud what she did to her face. No, she did not have any operation performed. No, she didn't even go near a plastic surgeon. Why should she have? There wasn't anything the matter with her face—'twas a pretty face, but it just needed slimming down. Maybe *your* face is like that, huh?

Then, my dear, in addition to getting busy with a diet, which will help slim you down all over, do this: every night or

morning—or both—put great quantities of cold cream under your chin and all the way down your neck to the base of your throat. Do your hands up into fists and put cold cream on them, too. Now "walk" your fists up from the base of your throat to the under-chin line and, when you get there, give it extra pressure. Go back and forth under your chin out to the jaw line. Don't press too hard as you get close to the ears. Keep that up for ten minutes a day, or more, and see if it doesn't show results. Oh, you haven't time—it's too much trouble? Well, in that case, of course... Oh, you say it *isn't* too much trouble? That's more like it!

Jean Arthur is an inspiration—and a challenge—to every girl in the world who wishes she could be "different"—who wishes she could "make herself over." With Jean Arthur, it has, largely, been a question of personality. She has, to be sure, changed the color of her hair and that has added glamor for the job she's doing. Do I think that you should change the color of your hair? Not if you're a young girl. You might give some thought to brightening rinses, however, if your hair is drab and uninteresting. Older women who find themselves going pepper-and-salt—or prematurely and unattractively grey—I see no reason why they shouldn't "do something about it." But please go to a good place, get a good operator and have a good job done.

However, with Jean Arthur, as I said, it's more a question of personality. Her looks have not changed materially, for Jean was a pretty enough girl, though lacking in distinction when she retired from the cinema field, just about licked, a few years ago. She got married and gave up all thought of continuing with her career. Her husband urged her to do some stage work in New York, confident that, with stage success behind her, Hollywood would plead for her to come back. He encouraged her to throw a dare in Hollywood's face, in a way. Well, she did, and Hollywood did and now look what's happened! And what's this to you, you ask. This: If you feel that you are making rather a muddle of things in your community, in your efforts to be a distinctive and popular individual, I advise you, instead of bucking the field—instead of laying yourself open to further snubs and slights from your associates—to retire for a spell. Go into seclusion and check up on yourself. Overhaul the figure and the face and see what can be done about clothes. Don't worry and fret and stew over things, but concentrate upon improvement. Get a job, if you can. If you already have a job, throw yourself into it more enthusiastically. Have some kind of work to do, even if it isn't a salaried job. Read all the good books you can get your hands on. Listen to the best radio programs. See the best movies and plays, too, if you can. Try to develop. Try to grow.

Then, when you feel a little more confident, give a hen party. I mean just that. Give a luncheon or a bridge or something. Don't make the slightest bid for male attention—they'll be coming to you, soon enough. The girls at your hen party will *have* to invite you in return, you see, and in that you'll gradually and easily get back into things.

Well, are there any helpful pointers here for you? In these articles, I want not only to advise you on improving your figures and your faces, I want to help you to be happier individuals as well. If I don't hit your particular trouble in these pages, write to me about it. My name is Mary Marshall. The address is MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. The fee? A three-cent stamp and a return envelope. That's all.

More Good News

(Continued from page 32)

While most gals are worrying about removing a few pounds, Gladys George, who plays the lead in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," had to worry about putting on ten pounds for scenes in the picture in which she was to portray an aging woman. She tried milk, and it didn't work, and she tried steaks, and they didn't work. So Paramount told her to go home and go to bed. So Gladys spent a week in bed, on salary, and returned ten pounds heavier and convinced that the movies are wonderful.

Perhaps you didn't know that seven is regarded by Joan Crawford as her lucky number. She doesn't carry her superstition so far as to insist on seven leading men in her pictures, but she likes to see the number turn up on such things as automobile license plates. In case you think Joan has no influence you ought to know that her white roadster which she drives to the studio every day bears the license: 7C7777. Nice going, eh?

Valiant may be the word for Carrie, but patience is the word for gals in love, says Toby Wing. A few years back—when she was just a girl—she cast an admiring eye at Tom Brown. Young Mr. B. returned the admiring glance, but romance was blighted when they discovered Toby was taller than Tom. Time Marched On, and they met again one night at a preview a few months ago

and found Tom was now tall enough to look right over the blonde tresses of Miss Wing. Fifty years from now Toby will probably be saying, "And that, my dears, is how I met your grandfather."

Generosity Dept.: The Young Men's Athletic Club of the Island of Malta (the home of the chocolate malta) wrote to Ginger Rogers asking her for one of her stockings. Seems they wanted to raffle it off to help needy young men of Malta. Know what Ginger did? She gave those guys a whole pair.

More fun these evenings is watching Roland Young's mustache do tricks in "Give Me Your Heart." In a closeup scene with Kay Francis you first see Mr. Y's upper lip completely hidden by foliage. You look again and the mustache has suddenly become half its former size. That's what a scene with Kay Francis will do to a guy.

When Director Willie Wyler whizzes by on that motorcycle it's always worth while to get a look at what's hanging onto the rear seat. Luise Rainer has been a frequent hanger-on, and ex-wife Margaret Sullavan often goes for an airing of an evening. But the surprise came the other night when the Wyler vehicle was spotted

in Beverly Hills and the dignified passenger—if one can be dignified on the rear end of a motorcycle—was Ruth Chatterton. We found out later Ruthie was doing it on a bet. Seems Mr. W. had been brave enough to go for a spin in her airplane.

Bette Davis, as we go to press, is still battling it out with the Brothers Warner. She walked out of her part in "God's Country and the Woman" after a long siege over differences of opinion regarding the Davis salary. Beverly Roberts stepped into the part and Bette stayed home sharpening the lance in preparation for a long fight. Last we saw her she and hubby Harmon Nelson were celebrating the finish of his engagement as singing-pianist at the Roosevelt.

Hot Weather Note: Production was going full blast on "Cain and Mabel," the Marion Davies-Clark Gable picture, right through the heat wave. The temperature was too much for the electricians up in the "rafters," so they manned their lights attired in shorts. Came an order from an executive commanding them to put on their trousers, that working in shorts on a Marion Davies picture was undignified. The guys put their pants on, but ten minutes later Marion herself had the order reversed. "I don't care what they take off," said Marion. "Comfort comes first." (Continued on page 115)

THE Secret OF HER Alluring Eyes

OH WENDY, THERE'LL BE SUCH GORGEOUS GIRLS AT THE BALL... AND I'M SO DRAB!

NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY!



WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL



I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO WHAT EYES!

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Turn to page 12 for full details.



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CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest

(Continued from page 75)

shoes made to your order, two pairs of gloves, six pairs of stockings and a beauty kit. What girl could wish for a more thrilling chance—and so easy! All you have to do is to write fifty words on "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me To Dress Smartly."

Read the rules, admire the prizes and write your fifty glowing words—who knows but what you will have either a new dress or some new accessories this fall, just for the mere writing!

Don't miss the full description of the five additional prizes as pictured below.



The 6th prize in this easy contest is a smart, black calf envelope handbag from Pichel, Inc., with complete fittings. And the 7th prize is two pairs of Hansen gloves. One in red kid with chevron design, and one pair in green suede with arrow trim.



Here are some more grand prizes. Beautiful Delman shoes made to your size in patent leather, suede, kid or the satin of these originals, made for Olivia de Havilland. Also, a ten-piece Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit with lipstick, rouge and powder in your individual shades. And, below, six pairs of Phoenix "dul sheer" hosiery in the new fall shade, "Bittersweet."



Gayety in Gotham

(Continued from page 8)

evening after a radio broadcast, a youngster was so anxious to get his autograph that he hung onto the rear bumper of Taylor's taxi until a policeman stopped them. A broken arm in a sling didn't daunt the boy's efforts. However, he was rewarded by being taken into the cab for the balance of the trip and would even have been invited in for a sandwich except for the lateness of the hour.

HOWEVER, it was not too late for the crowd of girls who stood at the hotel entrance. With an envious glance at his hero, our free-rider remarked, "Gee, Mr. Taylor, de dames sure are crazy over you!" Which observation, doubtless is correct.

Wini Shaw, upon hearing Taylor's mob scene experience, lamented the fact that stars had so little private life. "Why, I'm doing personal appearances around New York and had to take a week off to rest up, I'm so worn out. And when I think of those still ahead, I cringe. I do so hate being pulled apart and that's what they do whenever we appear in public."

With only one night left in town, Bob Taylor checked off his last-minute jobs. As we sat enjoying the hotel's twenty-fifth floor breeze, we were startled by this young star's conscientiousness when he remarked, "I've got to spend most of this evening autographing pictures because we leave on tomorrow's plane."

"Oh, what I would give to be allowed to travel by plane again," sighed Wini. "But the studio has refused me permission. Said

they couldn't afford to take a chance. And do I love flying! You know, I used to go up with the boys of the Devil Squadron out in Hollywood before I signed my new contract. But since then, I'm not even allowed to get in a plane."

Margaret Sullavan is another star who lately visited New York. Mag was combining business with pleasure. Her main object was to consult a specialist about her broken arm and, as is often the case, she stayed on for a nice vacation.

Miss Sullavan dropped in on some friends at a smart hotel for tea. Arriving during the sultry part of the afternoon, she made herself comfortable in a club chair, throwing her slim legs over the side, thus spoiling the dignified illusion created by her large picture hat.

No sooner was she settled than she confided, "You know, I think I'm slipping." And hastily explained that it was in pictures and not out of the chair that she meant. "No matter how much I might care for Henry Fonda, I could never remarry him," she rambled on, "because it would look as if I only took him back because he has become a success. Oh, well, it's just another case of where they won't let us be ourselves."

Margaret Sullavan's greatest attraction is her speaking voice. It is the most thrilling in captivity except, perhaps, Ethel Barrymore's. Ethel Colt, the latter star's lovely talented daughter, once made this observation, too.

Sipping tea at the St. Moritz's popular Sidewalk Cafe I noted Wendy Barrie sur-

rounded by three very attentive young men. Wendy had hopped East to see about doing a Broadway play this fall. Evidently she didn't "come to terms," for it wasn't more than a week before Miss Barrie planed back to appear in "Girl of the Jungle" for Paramount.

IRENE DUNNE, one of the screen's more reticent ladies, dropped into town for a brief spell, too. She was here just prior to her trip to Europe and for a few days upon her return from the grand vacation she spent abroad.

You know, Irene accomplished quite a bit on her European trip. Leave it to Miss Dunne to mix business with pleasure. For she spent a lot of time with Eve Curie, the daughter of Madame Curie, who discovered radium. Since Irene is being starred in a story about the life of Madame Curie, it was pretty shrewd of her to get real inside information about her life and habits. No doubt the star's screen portrayal will be a knockout.

"I'm going back to the Coast and to my new home," commented Miss Dunne contentedly. "I've worked hard, but I've been singularly lucky. The story's the thing and mine have been mostly good, luckily."

One of her summer's greatest thrills was that Irene took her mother along on the European trip and her husband took them both, so that made it a family affair and, as the star avers, "It's no cinch to get my family together at one and the same time!"



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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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stayed at the St. Moritz in New York a day before entraining for Hollywood. This time the Silent One spoke her piece. When asked what her next film would be, she remarked, "Ironically enough, 'Camille'."

Greta seemed pleased with the selection of her leading man, since the studio assigned Robert Taylor to the part before she returned. This, incidentally, is the

first time she has not had the choice of who was to play opposite her. "But," remarked Garbo, "I could not have done better myself. I admire Mr. Taylor's work and will be pleased to appear with him."

And so they come to Gotham's gayety for purposes of fun or business, en route to Europe or just to stroll down Fifth Avenue or up Broadway to get away briefly from oranges and options.

Short Cuts to Sweet Success

(Continued from page 17)

sweet, some spicy. Assorted slices of bread are arranged on a wooden board and the guests are expected to 'toast their own.' You see," she summed up with a twinkle in her laughing Irish eyes, "I switch on my hospitality with the same ease that an Irishman turns on the blarney. In order to be able to go in for this sort of entertaining both my apartment in Hollywood and my house at the beach are well supplied with the newest gadgets and the most up-to-date equipment procurable."

This is true of most Hollywood homes, I've discovered. "And why not?" you'll argue, "they can afford it!" Which is true enough, yet I think the real reason lies deeper than that. For working around the studios must tend to make the players conscious of the fact that a great deal of time can be saved and many jobs simplified by taking complete advantage of the marvels of ingenuity turned out by inventors. You couldn't spend a day where pictures are being made—surrounded on all sides by sound cameras, microphones, Klieg lights, rain-makers, and so on without becoming mechanical-minded. What's more natural, then, than that the stars should demand efficiency in their homes?

It's a funny thing, though, that the same does not hold true nearly as often among other classes of people. For instance, a man who insists upon the last word in motor cars will profess complete satisfaction with home equipment as outmoded as the horse-and-buggy. While the city worker, who would scorn an office or factory that did not have the latest

improvements made possible by modern science, travels in the evening (in an air-conditioned electric train, no doubt!) to a home in the suburbs where the kitchen has changed but little and has received but scant consideration in the family budget since Grandma's day!

You remember Grandma, of course! She's the one who claimed that she preferred elbow grease to any of these "new-fangled contraptions." She baked with a coal range, toasted over an open flame, stood in a hot kitchen by the hour juggling flapjacks and banging a huge black waffle iron around.

And always cheerful about it, bless her. Well, I, for one, don't believe it. But even admitting that she might not have complained openly, still, that doesn't mean that we, today, should accept her standards as our own when modern inventions are on hand to come to our assistance.

Such things as the electric toaster, waffle iron, percolator, range and refrigerator, simplify our everyday living, while the electric-mixer substitutes for elbow grease in a most satisfactory fashion. "Cream the butter until light and fluffy" most recipes—Maureen's included—will tell you. "Beat egg whites until stiff," "Stir until thoroughly blended," "Add first mixture slowly, beating constantly." These and similar directions you have read and followed times without number. They can be done by hand, of course—given the right amount of time and effort. They can be done in half the time and with none of the effort with a modern electric-mixer.

Yes, "Time Marches On," in the home



Just twenty-four hours after Allan Jones' divorce became final, he married lovely Irene Hervey. The wedding took place in Irene's Beverly Hills home.

as well as in the studios. The silent movies of the past are the curiosities of today. And in the field of sound pictures yesterday's marvel will be relegated, tomorrow, to the nearest junk pile. And to that same junk pile should go the old-fashioned kitchen with its outmoded, work-making equipment. Cling to the high traditions of old-fashioned hospitality and old-fashioned foods, as Maureen O'Sullivan suggests, but achieve the charm they represent in a modern way.

And now there is just room enough left to remind you to send for a copy of the Maureen O'Sullivan leaflet with its recipes for Chocolate Cake, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll, Cream Puffs with their delectable custard filling, and Banana Waffles. And, of course, I haven't forgotten that I promised to give you a Waffle recipe here and now. I've also thrown in a few Sweet Toast suggestions for good measure, so that you can copy Maureen's plan at your very next party and let your guests "toast their own." For spicy or tart spreads, use any of your favorite sandwich fillings—for sweet ones, try these:

SWEET TOAST SUGGESTIONS

CINNAMON TOAST: Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter until soft. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar combined with 1 tablespoon cinnamon. Spread on the toast the minute it is done.

CALIFORNIA TOAST: Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter until soft. Add 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange. Blend thoroughly. Spread on toast the minute it is done.

CINNAMON-HONEY TOAST: Mix together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup strained honey and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Spread on hot buttered toast.

WONDER WAFFLES

2 cups cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
2 egg yolks
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup melted shortening
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Combine flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Sift together twice. Add milk and cream slowly, beating constantly so that there will be no lumps in the batter. Add egg yolks and the shortening which has been melted and cooled. Beat together thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake mixture in preheated waffle iron until crisp and brown. Delicious with honey, grape jelly, warm syrup; or topped with ice cream and a sundae sauce; or smothered under creamed chicken or creamed chipped beef.

The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Maureen O'Sullivan's favorite dessert recipes.

Name

Street

City

State

A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL 1936

KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH TINTEX

A N INTERIOR DECORATOR asks—Are your curtains or drapes faded—Just use easy Tintex to restore their original, fresh color charm. If you are changing the general color scheme of your rooms, give them new harmonizing colors with Tintex. Use Tintex for table linens, too—dinner cloths, luncheon and bridge sets, doilies, etc.



For such home use he especially mentions Tintex Ecru, Maize, Nile Green, Tea Rose or Light Blue.

HERE'S A NEW IDEA! Take two white sheets. Cut each along the length into 3 strips. Dye 2 strips Tintex Brown, 2 Tintex Maize, 2 Tintex Beige—make into draperies, sewing 3 colors together for each drapery length. Trim with cotton ball fringe dyed one of these colors. This stunning curtain is now being exhibited at one of New York's leading stores.



A FASHION EXPERT gives a hint that will save you money. Take one of this summer's white or faded pastel dresses. Tint it the smart shade for early Fall—Shrimp Pink. You can make this fascinating color with three parts Tintex Pink and $\frac{1}{10}$ part Tintex Orange.

A NOTHER IDEA! Take a navy blue or brown street dress from last Spring. In a bath of Tintex Color Remover take out its present color. Then dye it either Tintex Rust, Purple or Forest Green...the 3 leading colors for Fall.



With Tintex you can rejuvenate your faded apparel, and make it fashionably new for Fall wear—dresses, sweaters, underthings, etc. And so simply, so quickly

P.S.—Colored fabric gloves harmonizing with your costume are the vogue. Easy and inexpensive if you use Tintex on your present white or faded gloves.



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Their porous, surgical weave fabric not only makes them faster drying — indoors or out — but also much easier to wash. Lighter, less bulky and 30% more absorbent, they have no hems to retain stains. Send 10c to Dept. 87, KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Mass., for sample.

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DIAPERS



See that spray? It covers every bit of offending surface like a light, clingy blanket. Try it instead of creams, liquids.

Merwood looks like a compact, but shoots a fine spray of instantly deodorizing powder when pressed between fingers. Harmless to skin and fabric. Perfect for purses — nothing to spill. At most 10c Stores. If unobtainable send coupon.

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I'd like to try Merwood — the new Powder Deodorant Spray. I enclose 10c for regular, large size.

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The Small-Towner

(Continued from page 55)

fifty dollars a week, can live more comfortably and give his family more real security than a city man who earns twice as much. I know; I've lived in both. And that sense of security binds a family together.

HERE'S another point: a boy growing up in a small town has a much better chance than a city boy to get acquainted with his father and mother. He sees them more often. And if they're the kind who are real pals, as mine were—well, he doesn't get ideas about breaking away. I never had the feeling that Mother and Dad were trying to live my life for me, or pick my friends. I did have the feeling that they considered my interests, my ideas, my friends. They seemed to trust my instincts. There's nothing a boy appreciates more than that. Even when I came home from college with a bride—a girl they had never met—I knew they would like her. And they did."

But John had left something out of his story. How had he become a singer?

John laughed. "I was lucky, I guess. Nobody ever tried to make a singer out of me when I was a youngster. About the only vocalizing I ever did was in school, in church, or in a crowd at somebody's house. I liked it—but I had to grow up, and go off to war, and come back again, before I took singing seriously. Maybe it was just as well. I had a chance to grow up normally, and my voice had a chance to develop normally. My life wasn't warped by premature ambition, and my voice wasn't strained by premature training. For one thing, there wasn't any training to be had in Greenville. So, there's another reason for me to be glad I grew up in a small town."

He had said that he had no early intimations of a future as a singer. How about acting? Had that ever entered into his plans?

"I'm afraid the answer is 'No,'" he answered, with characteristic deliberation. "I was drafted for a few leading roles in high school plays, but I always blamed that on the fact that I was pretty good at elocution. I could put expression into lines, and I could make myself heard to the back row of the auditorium without shouting. But I never kidded myself into thinking that I was the White Hope of the American stage. I realized I didn't know the first thing about acting—so I just concentrated on being as natural as possible. And I guess I'm still concentrating."

I happen to know something about the size of his fan mail. After Shirley Temple, who is tops for all of Hollywood (she receives 5,000 letters a week), John ranks next at 20th Century-Fox as a letter-getter. And a large part of that popularity, certainly, can be traced to his naturalness. I told him that and asked him if he thought it was easier to be natural in a small town than in a city.

"Yes," he replied. "You don't have to be putting on a continual act to impress people because everybody knows you already. And if you do try to put on an act, you soon get deflated. If you can't have a good time being yourself, you can't be happy in a small town. And by that I don't mean self-satisfied, either. You can have ambition there just as well as in any city."

That being the case, what ambition did John develop in Greenville?

"I wanted to be a doctor," he answered, simply.

HE enrolled in the University of Texas at Austin, majoring in science and minoring in French. He kept up his baseball pitching, and his tosses were good enough to win him bids from the major leagues. He sang in the University glee club—which developed a state-wide reputation. But his big interest was his pre-med course. After he finished it, he was going on to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

It was in the University that he met Marcelite Dobbs—from another small town, only fifty miles from Greenville. They fell in love. Together, they dreamed of John's studying medicine and becoming a doctor... dreamed of marriage years hence. Then, in April, 1917, a cloud appeared on their happy horizon. America entered the war. There was a chance that John might have to go. Impulsively, upon graduation, they married—and then broke the news to their parents. He was tall and physically fit; he was certain to be sent off to training camp. With this prospect before him, he enlisted, and made an application to join the Intelligence Division, on the basis of his knowledge of French. After only a few weeks of preliminary training, he was en route to France.

"I was all over France. They shifted us constantly, so that no one would get wise to our little game of checking up on spies, deserters, stolen supplies and what-not. Sometimes I was in uniform, posing as a new member of a regiment; sometimes I was in civilian clothes. I came closer to 'going West' with a knife in my back, in some dark slum where I had been sent on assignment, than I did to stopping a German shell that had my name on it, though that shell pursued me persistently for one stretch; I'd no sooner get out of a town than it would be bombarded. Once I was picked up as a spy, by a British patrol, who heard me talking German to a woman I suspected of trading in war information. I had to talk fast, and get in touch with headquarters in a hurry, to save myself from a firing squad. But, compared with the boys in the infantry, I had a holiday."

One night in Havre, in a Y. M. C. A. hut, he joined in the group, singing. An Englishman standing next to him asked if he was a professional singer. When John said, "No," the man told him that he should be—that he had a voice that could be developed. He said he knew because he was a voice teacher. John thanked him for the compliment, and forgot it—until months later.

"When I finally got my discharge, and arrived back in the States, I didn't want to remember anything except the quickest way to Greenville, Texas," John told me. "I had joined the army and seen half of the world, but I was willing to trade Greenville for all the rest. Besides, I had a pretty wife waiting there for me. Marcelite had been living part of the time with her family, and part of the time with mine."

"I sat around for a few days, after I got home, wondering what I was going to do with my life. I decided that I couldn't go on with medicine. I had forgotten too much of my pre-med course, and it would take years to finish it. And when I did finish, I'd still have to struggle for years before I could support myself—and my

wife. So Dad spoke to a cotton broker friend of his, and I set out to learn the cotton business in this man's firm, in Dallas."

When did he remember the Englishman's advice?

"I told the story, as an amusing incident, to some friends in Dallas, where I was doing a little singing with a community glee club. It apparently made a bigger impression on them than it did on me, for a few months later, when Oscar Seagle came to Dallas to give a concert, they arranged an audition for me. When I heard the news, I was down with a sore throat. But the news was like a tonic; I wasn't going to let anything stop me from finding out if I had a voice or not, and I sang for him."

"Seagle told me, 'Young man, come to New York for a year, let me train your voice, and I'll guarantee that you will make something of it. The material is there.' I talked everything over with Marcelite; she was as excited as I was. Dad 'loaned' me a thousand dollars—and I set out."

Seagle found John so promising a student, and liked him so well as a person, that he made him his assistant at his summer students' camp in Glens Falls, New York—another small town that was to figure in his life. After the summer at camp, John became teacher of music in the Glens Falls high school. You can imagine how quickly the local girls became music-conscious, with an instructor of John's appearance and appeal. Anyway, John lasted out the year and the experience convinced him that he could earn a living with music. But earning a living wasn't enough. He wanted to be able to do some worth-while singing. To do it, he needed more training. To get that training, he needed to study in Europe. But how to get to Europe and live after he arrived there?

"I HAD a brainstorm," John explained. "I suggested to Seagle that he sponsor a year's course in Europe for forty or fifty advanced students, and I'd take them over, and chaperon them, for my expenses. He liked the idea, we rounded up the students, and off I went to Europe—with Mrs. Boles and little Marcelite—to study under De Reszke, Seagle's own teacher. I didn't want to come back when the year was up, but I had no choice—no money."

"And it wasn't until I landed in New York that time that I had the idea of going on the stage. A friend who was working in an advertising agency egged me on. He told me I could live with him, out in Jackson Heights on Long Island, until I got a job. And he staked me for three months. It took me that long to find a job. I was offered chorus-boy jobs, and roles in road shows, but I was holding out for a lead on Broadway."

"Just when I was about ready to give up trying, luck stepped into the picture. The leading man in 'Little Jessie James' dropped out; I was given a chance in his place. Maybe you remember the show—the hit tune was 'I Love You.' It lasted for months."

From then on, the name of John Boles meant money in theatre box-offices. Gloria Swanson, then producing pictures, saw his movie possibilities, signed him to a personal contract, made him her leading man in "Loves of Sunya," which opened New York's palatial Roxy Theatre. ("There's a rumor," John interjected, with a smile, "that I was once an usher at the Roxy. That strikes me as improbable, when my first picture opened the place.") The picture was a failure, but Boles was a success. When Gloria, abandoning production, re-



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Others, less fortunate, try to fight off the worried look of age without results. They keep experimenting with all sorts of cosmetics, wondering why beauty slips through their fingers. They fail to realize the importance of SKIN STIMULATION. Stop experimenting. You too, can preserve the bloom of youth . . . can have a fresh, lovely complexion, if you give your skin the marvelous stimulation found only in HOLLYWOOD MASK'S simple home treatment.

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With the aid of Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios, and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year-old college will teach you Professional Costume Designing in your spare time at home by its easy-to-learn method, and prepare you for an excellent position. Free placement service for graduates. Mail the coupon today!

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WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 1, Hollywood, Calif.
Send me FREE your new book, "Designing Hollywood Fashions," and full particulars of your home-study course in Costume Designing. My age is _____
(No student under 16 years accepted)
Miss—Mrs. _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

leased him from his contract, Fox promptly signed him—and he has been in films ever since, except for personal appearances. He has just completed his latest, and most successful tour.

When he completed "Craig's Wife," for Columbia and signed a new contract with RKO-Radio, he decided he'd take a few weeks' vacation before starting any films under the new arrangement. He had visions of actually taking a vacation. Then came calls and wires from the East, urging him to "appear" in Boston, Detroit and Chicago. He thought he would discourage them by saying that he wouldn't "appear" for less than \$8,000 a week—thinking they would never touch that figure and he could go ahead with his vacation plans. They fooled him. They met the figure.

Incidentally, he enjoyed his recent role in "A Message to Garcia" more than any he's played recently. "I liked going around with a stubble on my face for a change," he revealed. "I liked wearing dirty old clothes. I even enjoyed the mud we worked in. It was a drift in the right direction—away from straight hero roles into character parts. You know, I like to think of myself as a business man. And the more variety I can have in my roles, the better my business ought to be, the longer it ought to last. That's why I don't complain when I don't get more singing roles. People don't have a chance to get tired of me as they might, if I sang in every picture."

And now that he is a man of big business, where and how does he live? In a small town! A small town named Beverly Hills, near Los Angeles, where he and his small family have a small house and garden. A small town whose first movie settler was Jean Hersholt and whose mayor was once the late Will Rogers.

And why is he glad that he married a small-town girl? Because her acceptance of life has been the same as his—because she, too, has been content with small happiness, and simple wants, gambling to fulfill a dream.

SINCE seeing John Boles in New York, I have driven to Hollywood. In passing through Texas, I went twenty-five miles out of my way to get an impression of Greenville—situated in gently rolling

farm country, very fertile farm country, to judge by the black loam everywhere. It is larger than I anticipated, with well-paved streets, a steady flow of traffic, stop-lights, an extensive business section. A clean town, alert and progressive.

I located the post office, inquired where I could find "John Boles' father." I was told that his name was John Boles, also that he was the village tax assessor, and that I could find him in his office in the next street. At the tax office, a tall, gray-haired man—a replica of the movies' John Boles, except for the gray hair and the absence of a mustache—came forward to meet me. We sat down to talk about John. And he told me these things, which John hadn't:

That when John was about three or four, the family had a colored "mammy"—and every time they went out, they would come home to find John singing some song that the "mammy" had been teaching him. That maybe John inherited his singing inclinations from his father, who used to sing before he was married and started staying home nights, and who organized a glee club in Greenville at one time. That John was the best pitcher that Greenville ever had. That John went to the two-story red-brick school across the street, parking his bicycle where rows of other bicycles now were parked. That his name is engraved on a statue of Minerva in the hall of the school. That even in high school John could talk French like a native. That his father and mother didn't discover, until John and Marcelite were married, that they had gone to school with her mother in East Texas. That they hear from Marcelite every week, and sometimes oftener. That John is trying to persuade his father to retire and go out to live with him in California. That he thought John's best pictures were those with Shirley Temple. That John thinks she helps the popularity of every adult who plays with her. That John's middle name, Love, is his mother's maiden name.

On the outskirts of Greenville, this sign arches the highway, "Welcome to Greenville—The Blackest Land, The Whitest People."

And, certainly, few people are "whiter" than John Boles, who says, "I'm glad I came from a small town!"

Place Your Money On These!

(Continued from page 66)

striking and effective in blue, as well as green, yellow and black. Don't you remember that stunning lacquered satin evening gown which Madeleine Carroll wore in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"? It had a sheath-like silhouette and was a marvelous foil for her blonde beauty. As I recall it, a corsage of camellias was the only decoration.

SHEEN is one of the big and exciting developments in all varieties of fabrics. There are shiny hairs in woolen textures, much satin and glistening metal cloths. Then in direct competition to these shiny textures are the dull crepes that have the look of woolens. These woolen-like effects are achieved by both rayon and silk yarns and the fancy weaving as well as the threads give you some very unusual materials from which to choose. In coats, especially, the fabrics with gleaming hairy threads are popular. Broadcloth is coming back with a bang. And, of course, don't forget the velvets because they never fail

to take their rightful place in smart dress-making.

While on the fabric theme, our Hollywood pictures are a great help. To return to Simone Simon's dress, which incidentally, was especially designed for her by Marcel Rochas of Paris, the contrast of the dull gray wool and the shiny chenille embroidery is just what I have been talking about above. And the silhouette of this dress is new—fitted through the waist with slightly widened shoulders and a flare to the skirt. Notice the wide lapels of the collar and the nice use of the same stars for buttons that trim her wide leather belt. Simone is French, you know, and makes her American picture debut in "Girls' Dormitory."

Then there are the two tunic dresses, one a daytime version worn by Olivia de Havilland on page 65 and the other the more formal dinner type, worn by Jessie Matthews on page 66. Tunics can't be gauged by any certain length because they vary so according to the design—some are quite

short and very flared, others are longer and only moderately jutting. Peplums, the briefest of all, are charming for slender young things.

Olivia's tunic costume features one of the dull surfaced crepes with satin back and is made in three-pieces. A white satin, short sleeved blouse tops a slightly flared black skirt with the high waistline accented. Over these two goes the belted tunic coat with lapels and facings in the satin. The short sleeves of the tunic are puffed to give a wider shoulder line. It's a beautiful dress and one that would fit into a dozen and one fall activities. I like Olivia's choice in accessories, too, especially the shirred black suede gloves so cleverly trimmed with metal ornaments. And don't you like the pointed and rather full tam-like turban? Incidentally, don't overlook the opportunity to win one of Olivia's "Anthony Adverse" dresses. See contest, page 74.

Jessie Matthews, that lightfooted English star who is fast becoming an American pet, wears a formal version of the tunic. This is from her own wardrobe and she calls it a "cocktail suit"—I wouldn't limit it so because it is one of those grand affairs that can start out at five-something in the afternoon and go right on through dinner, theatre and dancing. What's more, the tunic can be interchanged with a shorter skirt and appear as a rather elegant afternoon dress. Anyway, Jessie wears hers for cocktails in the more formal English sense, and the color scheme sounds like some exciting concoction. The rather slender satin skirt is a coppery brown shade—lots of copper tones in everything—and the tunic, snugly fitted and buttoned through the top, is leaf-green and copper brown metal cloth. Her high turban is of the skirt material with a strip of the metal cloth as trimming.

ONE of the nicest things about this fall's fashions is the variety of styles. From flares and jutting silhouettes, you can turn right around and pick an almost straight-line coat dress like the one Louise Latimer is wearing on page 64. This is one of those standbys that never seems to weary any of us. Louise's good looking version is made in a gray wool checked in a white yarn. It buttons from neck to hem with self-covered buttons and the collar is unusually smart in its width. Note the slanting pockets and the jeweled butterfly pin she uses for a collar ornament.

A darker shade of gray is Louise's choice in accessories and a very good one for this fall since dark shades of gray are showing up in the hat, shoes and bag lines. Her felt hat has a becoming tilt and roll to its brim, showing one complete side of her hair.

And still another good old classic with a new interpretation is Pat Paterson's green and white tweed suit. The green predominates with the white appearing only as a fleck. Pat, however, gives the white a lift by wearing a wide white collar over the collar and lapels of the suit. The jacket is a single breasted one, closing with three buttons. Patchpockets, button trimmed, are the only decoration. Pat has her jacket shoulders padded a little. A soft black velour hat and black strap shoes complete the outfit.

You will see lots of green in dress, suit and coating fabrics. Although the first indications this fall were toward a predominance of black, now there are plenty of bright colors coming to the fore. Some of the new colors to look for when shopping are: raisin brown, spruce green and a cherry wine shade—then there is a vast range of reds from rust to a light,

bright shade called nasturtium. One of the favorite rust shades is called "red earth." Purples, bright and dregs shades of wine as well as the grays mentioned earlier.

Don't overlook Jessie Matthews' pert topper on page 66. It was made for her by Agnes, the famous French milliner, and is like a cap in ribbed felt with a gay, bang-like ostrich feather trimming. Feathers and ribbons are making all sorts of fall hats very festive. Shapes in hats go from these becoming little caps for more formal wear to peaked and brimmed styles for daytime. Whether you found high crowns unbecoming in past seasons or not, you will be able to wear the new hats that effect them. There's a twist to the brims and a taper to the crowns that seem to make them more generally becoming. And turbans, many giddy ones with big bows on them, are going to be the darlings of the younger set.

I COULDN'T start to cover the subject of bags, shoes and gloves, so great is the abundance of interesting designs. Just to simplify matters somewhat, I am showing you two accessory groupings on page 65. You'll be interested to know that you can have not only the prices, but also information on where to buy these in your local shops, by just writing in for my new "Shopping Bulletin," which I shall tell you more about shortly.

The first accessory group includes a pump, belt and bag to match. The pump is brown suede with the new higher cut accented by a tongue-like detail in patent leather and suede. You will find that all the latest shoe designs stress this higher instep line; many in fact, try to give a boot-like effect. The heel of this pump is patent leather to match the trim—combinations of two leathers are very good. Only

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Economy Size 50c. If your toiletries counter hasn't FRESH, send 10c with your name and address to Pharmacraft Corp., Louisville, Ky., for Travel Package of FRESH, postpaid.



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Hydrosal



No, this isn't a picture of "what the well-dressed woman will wear." It's just a little number that La Dietrich sports in "The Garden of Allah."

the top of the bag appears at the edge of the picture—that is to show the metal trimming which ties up with the detail of the belt. These three make a very stunning trio for any daytime fall costume.

In the second group you find a high-strapped shoe in suede and kid with bag to match. These shoes also stress

the higher cut, using a wide strap that buttons on the side. The adroit use of the kid trimming gives an unusually graceful foot line. The large matching suede bag is without ornamentation but has a tubular handle held by large rings at either end. Green suede pull-ons with contrasting lacing down a panel on the back of the hand, make a sharp and effective contrast note with the smoky gray shade of shoes and bag. By the way, this particular dark shade of gray is a wonderful team-mate for black as well as the brighter fall colors.

Now, before I close shop talk for this month, I want to tell you about my new shopping service for you. Every month, from now on, I am sending out a "Shopping Bulletin," as mentioned above. In it will be listed some of the interesting items shown on these pages in addition to unusual things that are being brought out by the manufacturers—things you might not find on a casual shopping tour but which you would seek out when informed about them. Prices and full information about each item will be given. It will be a boon to you and keep you up-to-the-minute on new ideas and gadgets. My bulletin will change every month, so get into the habit of filling out the coupon below and having one sent regularly.

Remember that you can have all the information about the accessories, featured this month, by sending for the Bulletin.

Be sure to turn to the "Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest on page 74.

Adelia Bird
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, the "Modern Screen Shopping Bulletin." Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name
(Please print)
Street
City
State

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

conceited, but I'd bet he's so conceited that Hollywood can hardly hold him and it would take more than the article I read to prove he isn't. Why, he even looks as if he is saying, "Well, I'm the best looking thing anywhere, I'm Prince Charming, himself." Nuts!

All of my girl friends are wild about him, but I'm certainly not. I'd have to see him in person to find out what he's really like before I'll ever admire him.—Anne Preston, Crescent City, Fla.

Still More About Mr. Taylor

Gable used to be tops on my list but he is only second now. That Taylor boy took his place. I am not going to make this a love letter, as I imagine he gets enough of them. Lots of luck to him. J. Morse, Battle Creek, Mich. How about having Bob Taylor and Loretta Young in a new version of "Seventh Heaven"?—N. Cherkoff, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y. In "Small Town Girl" when Bob appeared

in his roadster, a murmur of oh's and ah's could be heard throughout the audience. In "Private Number" just before he appeared on the screen for the first time, the people began to applaud. Now if that isn't popularity, I don't know what is.—M. Kustra, Chicopee, Mass. Bob Taylor is a nice chap and all that but I can't lose the feeling that he is always trying so hard to impress on everyone's mind that they must notice that perfectly bee-oo-tiful profile of his. I admit it is one he can be proud of, but I'm sure we'd all love him much more if he'd be just slightly less, shall we say, aggressive with his nose.—I. Pearsall, Seattle, Wash. I believe that Bob Taylor will lose his position as female heartbreaker if his publicity doesn't change. One interview which I objected to most strenuously was the one in which he told about the girl he can't forget. How does he expect to keep his gal fans interested? Even if self-possessed Bobbie did lose out, he shouldn't go around talking about it. His publicity manager certainly needs a few pointers.—L. Losen, San Francisco, Calif.

Reviews

(Continued from page 12)

March, 1932, that Jane first starred Hollywood. With her mother and countless letters from folks back in Atlanta, who recommended her talents, she started the rounds of the studios. It was two years before Jane got that break in "Bright Eyes." In the meantime the youngster did radio skits and an occasional "extra" role in the celluloids. . . . Those tomatoes strewn around with such a lavish hand were all "doctored." Each one was punctured and a panchromatic make-up liquid of deep red inserted in order that each would register realistically on the screen as it struck the victim.

★★★ Mary of Scotland (RKO-Radio)

The writing-directing team of Dudley Nichols and John Ford, responsible for last year's finest picture, "The Informer," combines forces again and emerges with a first-rate though slightly routine screen drama. "Mary of Scotland" is lavish in every detail, long, sometimes slow, but often interesting. As Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots, Katharine Hepburn's performance will more than satisfy her followers, although it must be noted that at times one feels that Queen Mary and "Alice Adams" are sisters under the greasepaint. Finest portrayal is that of Fredric March, who lends fire and charm to the lusty "Earl of Bothwell" role. The March family can almost be said to walk off with the picture's acting honors, for the Queen Elizabeth of Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) is a sharply defined performance that makes hers one of the outstanding roles in the production. Other commendable portrayals are Douglas Walton's Lord Darnley, Moroni Olsen's John Knox, Ian Keith's Earl of Moray and John Carradine's Rizzio.

Preview Postscript

Playing the deadly enemy roles of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Bothwell were one of Hollywood's most devoted couples, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. Somewhat upsetting their domestic tranquillity, however, was the schedule which made it impossible for them to work on the same day at the studio. Now they're on a trip to the Canadian woods with Penelope and Anthony to renew acquaintance. . . . Fredric's ambition has been to stay clear of costume roles, and with that in mind refused a contract with any studio. But the first role he accepted on the new free-lancing program was in this flicker so he's decided sartorial elegance must be in his blood after all. . . . Mrs. March had her costume troubles, too. Weighing a bare hundred pounds she was given a costume weighing 52 pounds, what with brocade, petticoats, embroidery and jewels. The solution was a baby-walker on wheels which the voluminous folds of her skirt disguised on the screen. . . . Many of the sets had to be strangely reinforced to support the unusual weight of the settings. On one scene alone 32,500 feet of flagstones, weighing 325 tons, was used. As if this were not enough, 200,000 pounds of sail was added. . . . James I was really twins in the picture. A state law forbids infants being photographed more than a minute at a time, so twins are selected whenever possible to prevent unnecessary delays in production.

★★★ Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)

"Girls' Dormitory" marks the American debut of Simone Simon, the petite French

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MODERN SCREEN



Mlle. Simone Simon in a scene from "Girls' Dormitory" with Herbert Marshall.

star about whom so much has been written. It is a pleasure to report that Mlle. Simon lives up to all expectations—she's an actress, she's attractive and she has a certain child-like quality which even her studio publicity department has difficulty describing. In fewer words, her debut is an auspicious one. And the picture itself, patterned somewhat after "Maedchen in Uniform," is for the most part excellent in spite of several obvious Hollywood touches. For one thing, the picture's producers have chosen to equip their school with a class of girls, each one of whom must have won beauty contests. However, this is perhaps a minor complaint. A major grievance is that a fine picture is weakened by a phoney ending.

Very briefly, the story goes like this: Anna Mathe (Ruth Chatterton), an instructor at a girls' school, has long been in love with the school's director (Herbert Marshall). Marie Claudel (Simone Simon) has a schoolgirl infatuation for the director. When one of her love letters is found she is brought before the school board, but escapes expulsion through the efforts of Anna, who understands the situation. Marie goes on to Paris after graduation, and the director follows her. In Paris we find Mlle. Simon's natural charm distorted by a make-up which makes her look like every other blonde in Hollywood, and this, together with the compromising climax, mars a potentially excellent picture.

Preview Postscript

Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's White Hope, has had a time of it since the studio imported her from France about a year ago. Mlle. Simon came to Hollywood with a great blast of publicity, but a decided lull followed due to the studio's discovery that she brought along too much French accent and curves. Scheduled for "Under Two Flogs" she was replaced at the last minute by a fellow countryman, Claudette Colbert, but was appeased by promise of co-starring with Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton in this flicker. Mr. Marshall and Miss Chatterton proved again what fine troupers they are by doing everything possible to make their 20-year-old co-star feel at home on the set. Miss Chatterton had other things on her mind, too. Primarily the defiance of her physician who ordered her to bed the second day of production with dire threats of approaching pneumonia. Ruth stayed two days, then appeared at the studio with her nurse and stuck it out for the picture's duration. . . . Since playing Papa Dionne, John Qualen's acting career has been on the skids. He was just too good. Now a movie audience glimpses him in any scene and howls with glee. Discouraged at first, John has finally solved his difficulties by perfecting a make-up which is as unlike himself as possible.

★★★ Give Me Your Heart (Warners)

Here is a good picture with an excellent cast to do it justice. Kay Francis' role of Belinda Warren, who loved not wisely but too well, provides her the best acting opportunity she's had in many a movie moon. The honors, however, must be accorded Roland Young with his characterization of "Tubbs." When Mr. Young gets his wits to work on a role worthy of him, you can be assured of the best comedy in town. As the distraught husband of the lovely Kay, George Brent has a rather thankless job but makes a sincere effort to do well by it. Henry Stephenson gives his usual polished performance, this time as Lord Farrington whose diplomacy saves the day for his son, Patric Knowles, and his daughter-in-law, Frieda Inescourt. Patric Knowles is adequate, but Miss Inescourt will surprise you with a display of talents heretofore unsuspected.

Preview Postscript

"Sweet Aloys" was the name of this play until the studio decided to inject more heart interest into it. Roland Young played the same role in the London production, with Diana Wynyard in the Kay Francis role. Being one of the favorite characters of all those Mr. Young has portrayed on the stage throughout the years, it was a simple matter to get him lined up for the movie. It's a far from simple matter to get the restless Roland signed up to most contracts. He's too busy to bother, what with writing, sketching and traveling always uppermost in his mind. Mr. Young's contribution to the studios, besides his acting, is a collection of the most unique biographies on record. Each studio where an actor works requests a long, detailed and flowery biography of the player. Mr. Y. has worked for all of them, and prides himself on leaving behind an entirely original and exclusive history of himself with each publicity department—and not a word of truth in any of them. . . . Pat Knowles has a publishing background—Knowles, Sr., being an Oxford publisher, who had high hope that Pat would follow in his footsteps. But after his son had sat around reading all the plays in the house for two years, father decided someone else could pay him a salary. London stage managers did so for awhile, then some New York ones did and now the movie moguls are footing the bill. . . . Kay Francis spent all her spare time on the set knitting green sweaters and fitting them on a stalwart electrician. Delmer Daves, according to our spies, has the same chest expansion!

★★ Suzy (M-G-M)

If "Suzy" does nothing else it proves that Jean Harlow is being wasted in roles for which neither she nor the audience can have much relish. One of the screen's finest comedienne, when she's given the opportunity, Miss H. finds herself unhappily cast as a tragic young wife whose waking moments are spent moping about the house wondering about the whereabouts of her husband. Not particularly because Jean Harlow is not the kind of gal you'd leave at home, but because this type of role doesn't fit her. "Suzy" is going to be a disappointment to her followers. The story itself is a lugubrious wartime affair having to do with an American chorus girl, an Irish mechanic and a French aviator. The mechanic (Franchot Tone) befriends the chorus girl and she marries him, only to leave him on their wedding night when he is supposedly murdered by a German spy. The gal becomes the bride of the aviator (Cary Grant), who immediately leaves her for any girl who happens to be handy. Then Mr. Tone

makes an appearance, all of which complicates matters considerably. Long and slowly paced, "Suzy" is an unfortunate vehicle for its star. Of the principals, Franchot Tone steals the acting honors.

Preview Postscript

Those who were lucky enough to go on location with this company up at Carpenteria claimed they had never had such good food before. And the cook was none other than Jean Harlow! Jean assumed full charge of the traveling kitchen for three days. It all started when she was rash enough to bring a picnic lunch the first day for the cast. On her admission that everything, including fried chicken, chocolate cake and such, had been prepared by herself, the cast ushered her without further ta-da toward the kitchen. . . . That airplane crack-up scene was the genuine thing and provided almost as much excitement as the new cook. Frank Clark makes his living crashing planes for movies, fairs and exhibits. It's all in the day's work, Frank says, and he never has a qualm about his selection of a life work. . . . Stanley Marner makes his second appearance here. Stanley is the protégé of no less a personage than Mary Garden, who discovered him in a Chicago night club and insisted that he turn actor without further delay. Miss Garden was a frequent visitor on the set while Stanley was before the cameras and seemed pleased with the progress of her "find." M-G-M has just appointed the diva as operatic advisor for the studio. . . .

★★★ The Devil Doll (M-G-M)

This picture is so decidedly different from the usual run that you are likely to regard it either as very good, or lacking entirely in entertainment qualities. The plot is so engrossing that the love interest becomes a negligible factor. Lionel Barrymore has an excellent opportunity to display his versatility in the leading role. An escaped convict, he has one idea in his mind—revenge on the men who ruined his life. He hears of a mad scheme whereby humans can be reduced to the size of dolls, so, opening a doll shop in Paris, he disguises himself as an old woman and sets about his business of revenge. With method in his madness and the help of one living doll he brings about his horrible revenge. Blood-curdling in its implications, the story is so well presented and the acting of such a high standard that "The Devil Doll" never sinks to the level of a horror thriller. The photography, particularly of the dolls, is exceptional throughout. Others in the cast are Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, Rafaela Ottiano and Henry Walthall. Grace Ford, in the role of the doll, plays it well.

Preview Postscript

Lionel Barrymore submitted to the feminine clothing allotted him good-naturedly—until bustles were introduced. He flatly refused to have anything to do with them, claiming that no Barrymore ever needed a bustle and he was not going to break the precedent. . . . Even studio biggies were refused admittance to this set, since the tricks used to get the astonishing effects in the picture were secret ones, for which a large sum had been paid to Houdini's widow, under promise of strictest secrecy. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan had to pick up a picture of her mother and look at it. So Maureen went home, got a picture of her real mother, and used it for the scene. She says her mother has always wanted to be in the movies. . . . The "doll" in the picture is played by Grace Ford and this marks her cinema debut. Grace is still surprised about it all, not having had the vaguest idea of a screen career six months ago. When a group of her dancing students, back in Tulsa,

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Oklahoma, won a dancing exhibition, M-G-M offered them a screen test if they would come to Hollywood. The girls needed no further encouragement, but they did need a chaperone, so they asked teacher, Grace Ford, to fill the bill. The pay-off came when the studio tested her and gave her the only contract. . . . Henry B. Walthall's last scene in any picture was a death scene. He became ill that evening and lived only a few days.

★ 36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)

There are plenty of laughs and not a little excitement in this celluloider, although the story has many familiar angles. Brian Donlevy, one of those handsome and fearless G-Men, is bent on tracking down the current Public Enemy No. 1. P. E. No. 1 (Douglas Fowley) is en route to claim \$150,000 and a rose-covered cottage which he has won in a Little Boy Blue contest. So Brian boards the same train, disguised as a reporter with an assistant posing as conductor. Then Gloria Stuart boards the train, also en route to Kansas City. Gloria's a fugitive from justice, but, of course, turns out to be another of those pretty reporters, sacrificing all for a story. And when you consider that Stepin Fetchit is the porter on the same train—no, not a reporter—you can bank on plenty of hilarity. Warren Hymer contributes a good "meanie" characterization, and Isabel Jewell comes through with the best bit in the picture, that of Public Enemy's Sweetheart No. 1, who finally saves the government the trouble of wiping him out. It's fast-moving entertainment, with the cast dependable in every instance.

Preview Postscript

The beautiful-but-dumb theory gets a bad blow from two stars in this celluloider, Isabel Jewell and Gloria Stuart. Gloria's a former newspaper editor and a poetess, while Isabel's an accomplished musician and Latin scholar. Both gals achieved success in these lines before turning to acting. Gloria graduated from Berkeley, went to work on the Monterey Herald and published a book of poetry before appearing in a community playhouse where a studio sleuth spotted her. Now she's raising daughter Sylvia to follow in mama's footsteps—but not the movie ones. Isabel taught Latin at Hamilton College for Women in Lexington, Kentucky, and first became interested in the stage after translating Latin plays into English for college productions. . . . Douglas Fowley's never considered anything but acting as a career since he was nine years old and made his foot-light debut. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, of stage parents, Douglas hung around the wings in so many theatres that a manager finally hit on the bright idea of putting him out on the stage in order to save the cast from tripping over him. On high school graduation Douglas, Jr., turned down college scholarships and took a permanent job with a stock company, gradually working into Broadway plays and Hollywood.

★ Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M)

Laurel and Hardy, we regret to report, won't strike you so funny this time. We find them in the roles of a couple of stodgy business men, then as their twin brothers—a couple of sailors whom the business brothers had believed hanged for 10 these many years. Since puns are the order of the day in this picture, we might add that this situation makes Laurel and Hardy twice as bad. Between getting into all the expected mix-ups from mistaken identities and mistaken wives and

girl friends, both sets of Laurels and Hardys get involved in a gang of racketeers who, it is finally disclosed, mean them no good. The picture goes from bad to worse—not that there aren't plenty of chuckles and a few good laughs, but the humor of each episode is built up to the point of strain. Arthur Housman is back again and still drunk. Alan Hale is good in a small role, while Daphne Pollard, Betty Healy, Iris Adrian and Lona Andre draw rather thankless roles as the wives and gal friends, respectively. We're right there rooting for the Messrs. Laurel and Hardy as a swell comedy team—but won't someone puh-lease concoct a story for them worthy of the name?

Preview Postscript

Oliver Hardy has the unique position among movie actors of becoming more valuable to his studio with every additional pound. There's a clause in his contract which leaves him jobless if he ever hits below the 180 mark, but the studio really owes him a percentage now for Hordy tips 'em at 260. . . . Stan Laurel helped write the script for this flicker and was careful to put in as many seaside locations as possible. The reason being that Stan has just purchased his first cabin-cruiser. The "Ruth L." is its name and 30 miles an hour its speed. . . . There's a Laurel and Hardy Fan Club in Paris, among other places. And that postcard which stood six feet high and four feet wide out on the "Our Relations" set was from the club. On one side there is a view of gay Paree, and on the other the fans' various sentiments as to how they feel about the team. Nice idea, but an awful dust collector, said Mrs. Hardy when Oliver toted it home. Mrs. Laurel thought so, too. That's why it's at the studio now. . . . Daphne Pollard is one of the smallest gals in pitchers. She's barely four feet five and earned some money one time when she was broke by giving a shoe dealer a squint at her tiny foot. He immediately staged a contest by exhibiting one of her shoes in the store window and daring any woman to come in and try it on. They all came in, being women, to see if anyone could wear it. So Daphne got a regular job exhibiting her Size 1.

★★★ Song of China (Douglas MacLean)

Once in a while you find a picture whose beauty alone deserves raves. Rarely do you find moving pictures with beauty deserving anything more than passing notice. The "Song of China" is an exception. Almost every scene is outstandingly effective, whether the subject is a landscape, a temple, a shanty, animals or people. Even the close-ups are remarkable for their depths of expression and play of lights and shadows. The picture has been brought to this country by Douglas MacLean, but it is a Chinese production throughout—acted, directed, photographed and written by Chinese people. The story is of absorbing interest, yet far from exciting at any time. It depicts five generations of a Chinese family, from the honorable and dignified grandparents to the shoddy, jazz-mad younger generations who are in revolt against all the revered traditions of their people. Casting in the many difficult emotional roles is faultless and you will enjoy the Chinese music which is played and sung through most of the episodes.

★★ Charlie Chan At the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)

The movie public may not be 100 per cent Chan fans, but we'll bet an autographed Garbo picture that no one has ever considered watching Charlie Chan as



Ann Sothorn and Francis Lederer in "My American Wife," amusing movie fare.

time wasted. Warner Oland's characterization of the Chinese gentleman-detective is always a masterpiece of suave conduct and subtle humor, in spite of the meagre plots that are often scratched up for his talents. However, this time we have a story that does justice to its star. A famous race track is used for background. The astute Mr. Chan is in his glory between dodging bullets, sleuthing out dubious situations, suspecting the most unsuspicious characters and showing up the irrepressible Keye Luke. Never have a father and son team appeared in celluloid that can beat these two. Helen Wood and Thomas Beck supply what little love interest there is. Alan Dinehart scores as usual with a meanie role while Gavin Muir and Gloria Ray are adequate in lesser roles. But, of course, it's Mr. Oland from start to finish—and Mr. Oland at his best.

Preview Postscript

Charlie Chan, Earl Derr Biggers' fictional Chinese detective, first appeared in celluloid in 1929. But it wasn't Warner Oland in the role. It was a genuine Chinese gentleman, a successful merchant in Los Angeles' Chinatown. A poor performance left Mr. Chan's activities confined to the cutting-room floor. In 1931 the studio worked up enough courage to again attempt a Charlie Chaner. Warner Oland, then playing Oriental heavies, was tested for the role just because he happened to show up at the studio that day. After Oland's first picture the fan mail began arriving by the barrel. Now there are twelve pictures in the series and the studio is rushing more out as fast as possible. . . . Born in Umea, Sweden, in 1880, Warner Oland came to this country at thirteen with his family. After some amateur theatricals in a Boston high school, he decided to become a professional actor and enrolled in the Curry Dramatic School. Stage experiences followed and then Hollywood. Oland wears no make-up to achieve that Oriental appearance. The Swede is ready for the Chinese part every day by simply brushing the ends of his mustache down and his eyebrows up. . . . If one Charlie Chan was so popular, mused the studio, why not two? So a year ago Keye Luke, San Francisco artist and philosophy student, was contracted as Oland's son. Luke came from Canton, China, at the age of three. He went to school in Seattle. He was doing scene designing for a studio when approached with an offer to try acting.

★ The Bride Walks Out (RKO-Radio)

The subject of this sermon is whether or not a young couple can live in New

WINNER!

Miss Theda Boyd, Permanent Wave by Edmond (55th St.) one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Friends admire my sunny golden hair, thanks to Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Theda Boyd of Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEPTEMBER winner of the MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest, pretty Miss Boyd is typical of the many girls who tell us they are more popular with bright, lustrous hair. Now, you, too, can gain this popularity. Rinse your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And have sunny hair friends admire.

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Brown Blondes!



The New
"Breton Bob"

**WANT
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HAIR?**

**Shampoo-Rinse
Washes Hair 2 to 4
Shades Lighter**

What girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabdest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try the new Blondex today. One shampoo with this new Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex—used by a million blondes. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring golden blonde. Get the new Blondex—Shampoo and Rinse combination. There is a new 10¢ size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE
HAIR SHAMPOO
AND RINSE—

York City on thirty-five dollars a week. Thirty-five bucks is Gene Raymond's stipend, and the gal he wants to marry gets fifty. The gal is Barbara Stanwyck and she gets her fifty for modelling clothes. Gene convinces her that this is a man's world, so she quits her job and marries the guy. But the thirty-five dollars, even with stretching, can't support the household, and Barbara, without telling Gene, goes back to work. When Gene discovers it, his pride is so upset he signs up for a job in South America. But Barbara catches him at the boat, quits her job once more and they settle down to a life of bliss. The script writers conveniently forget that the last time their hero and heroine tried it they couldn't make it work. All of which means that "The Bride Walks Out" proves nothing except that it is more desirable to starve with Gene Raymond than to live without him. Barbara and Gene turn in workmanlike performances with able assistance from Helen Broderick, Ned Sparks and Robert Young.

Preview Postscript

It's been many a day since a company enjoyed themselves as did this one while making a flicker. Barbara Stanwyck is a favorite with everyone on the lot, from office boy to director, in spite of the practical jokes which she plays on them. "Puh-lease, soft peddle on the guffaws" was heard from the directors before the cameras started rolling. So constant—and so good—were the wisecracks that went on daily, that a prop man decided to record the chatter unbeknown to the cast. On the picture's completion he presented Barbara with a set of records which revealed the idiocies of the cast and prompted Miss Stanwyck to give them a big party just to hear how witty they were. . . . Ned Sparks is commuting between Vancouver, B. C., and Hollywood these days. He's recently purchased an estate up there, being Canadian by birth and never having quite got over it. It's an eight-hour flight between points and Ned's in the market at present for a plane which he intends to pilot himself. . . . If you're interested in the movie's idea of what constitutes a traffic jam, it's two hundred people and seventy-six automobiles. At least that's the number of extras and cars hired for that jam scene in this celluloider.

★ Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)

This picture gets off to a good start, but lets you down with a thud. Robert Young, an ambitious law student, applies for a job in a packing plant only to be beaten up at the end of his first day's work by a gang of racketeers when he refuses to hand over the best part of his pay. When the same gang wipes out his brother and his boss, Robert gets to work in earnest on the situation, aided and abetted by Lewis Stone and Florence Rice. Mr. Stone has spent the last several years getting madder and madder at the racketeers, since he's had nothing to do in jail. And, naturally, Florence Rice isn't wasting any love on them, either. So, with the help of the government and Nat Pendleton, they set to work. And right here let us tell you that it's Nat Pendleton's show from now on. As the hulking, moronic prize-fighter, Nat gives a noteworthy performance, topping every other in the film. Joseph Calleia is the gruesomely crippled leader of the gangsters and certainly provides a menacing element. The story builds up to a terrific climax through a series of hair-raising escapades—only to get the racketeers cornered in a Turkish bath.

Preview Postscript

For that Lon Chaney act of Joseph Calleia's he actually used several of the Chaney

props which were in the studio wardrobe department. The canes, misshapen shoes and weights which were used in his clothing to give that peculiar dragging effect had all been the personal property of the former star. . . . The hotel fire scene developed into more of a realistic one than was really comfortable. It is a city ordinance that whenever the studios want to have a fire for a scene, no matter whether it be a fire in a stove or a ten-story building burnt to the ground, the fire department must be notified and men sent out to keep an eye on the activities. Consequently, ten stalwart firemen showed up on the set, but when Florence Rice set a match to the curtains the gauzy material flamed so quickly that it took prop men, cameramen and cost, too, to extinguish the conflagration. . . . Between this and the steam bath scene, Florence Rice says she lost about eight pounds. And she's one of the few in Hollywood who tries desperately to gain poundage. . . . Nat Pendleton actually doesn't realize his own strength. For one of the scenes in which he is supposed to pound on a door for admittance, Nat calmly went up and knocked once, then on the second pounding he simply knocked the door down. But Nat has interesting ways of preserving his strength. For instance, on the set he always has his valet sitting next to him to attend to anything of an exerting nature. His principal duty is to turn pages of the newspaper for his boss! When Nat finishes reading the funny page, he hands the paper to the valet and says "sport page" and it's hardly sooner said than done, Bob being an astute valet.

★★ Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M)

Here is Grade A slapstick if you can take it. At any rate, you'll agree that never has broad comedy been given such elegant trappings. Hal Roach's initial venture into feature-length movies is undoubtedly a success, since super-slapstick was his aim. With this in mind, he hired Jack Haley, Betty Furness, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart, Robert McWade and several others whose talents are undeniable. As a setting for his gems, Mr. R. has spared no expense on country mansion sets, swanky hotels and resorts. Furthermore, he hasn't spared a single Roach gag. After exhaustive research we can't locate one missing—the police chase, the bathing-suit loss while emerging from the surf, the sprawling entrance at the ball, etc., etc. But Jack Haley's finesse is evident in even the most trying situation, while Betty Furness' characterization of the aristocratic gal who falls for Barber Haley is sincere if somewhat appalling. Arthur Treacher, of course, is grand in a too brief appearance as butler, Raymond Walburn huffs and puffs in his best manner and the rest of the cast acquit themselves creditably. So, as we were saying, if it's slapstick you're after, this is tops.

Preview Postscript

Rosina Lawrence makes her first important appearance in this film, and shows a decided chance for better ones, too. Having suffered from infantile paralysis, Rosina was a cripple all through her childhood. She loved dance music and begged her mother just to let her watch other girls taking dancing lessons. She was so inspired that gradually she began to move her legs and arms and after a long time could out-dance any girl in her class, and soon joined a chorus where she out-danced them, too. Next she came to Hollywood and danced circles around the "extras" in a musical sequence, was noticed by the director and soon was getting speaking roles. . . . Kathleen Lockhart says she's still just

a small-town girl at heart and would never live in the city except that she happened to marry Gene Lockhart who happens to loathe small towns. Kathleen came to this country some years ago and met Gene who proposed to her at once, showing her a numerologist's report that with the name Kathleen Lockhart she would get much further ahead in the world . . . Monroe Owsley used to go to school back in Philadelphia with Jeanette MacDonald—but neither knew much about the other until they met in Hollywood years later. Monroe hailed originally from Atlanta, Georgia, then drifted to Philadelphia where he tried working on newspapers for awhile then decided to give the stage a trial. Now he says he's still a better newspaperman than actor, but can't make any editor agree with him.

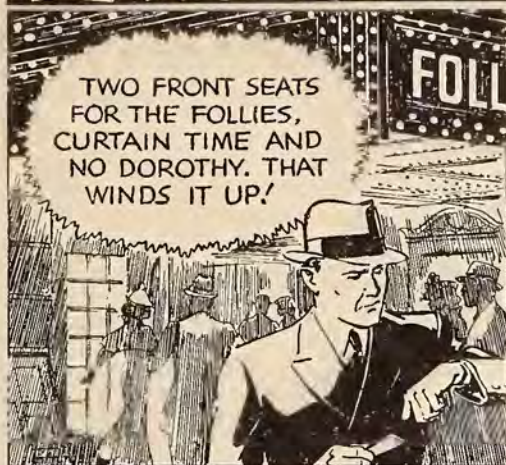
★ White Fang (20th Century-Fox)

This celluloid glorifies Lightning, the dog who was Buck's lady-friend wolf in "Call of the Wild." Once more this canine hero is called upon to face the terrors of the North Country for his employers and for the eventual happiness of Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. Lightning responds to the call with nobility and despatch, howling through the Alaskan wilderness in hot pursuit of such villains as John Carradine and his ilk. With almost human understanding, and surely without having read the script, he knows that good old Michael Whalen didn't really kill Jean Muir's brother. On this point he is several up on the rest of the cast, most of whom strongly suspect that Michael committed the foul act. Let it be said for Lightning that he is a dog's dog and never loses hope. You can almost see the satisfied smile on his face when Whalen's neck is transferred from the caresses of the noose to those of Miss Muir. "White Fang" is sometimes exciting, but mostly borders on burlesque. It's a barking picture that has no bite.

Preview Postscript

"The Call of the Wild" proved such an excellent midsummer picture last year with movie fans who complained it was "too hot to sit through a picture" that Fox decided to follow it up with this flicker. That touch of frost-bitten air does the trick. However, there wasn't enough of that kind of ozone while the picture was being filmed, causing considerable difficulty to the company. A turn of extremely warm weather at Truckee, where the cast was on location to shoot the snow fields, forced them back to Beverly Hills within a week. So more than three acres on the studio lot were turned into northland scenery. This meant lots of synthetic snow and for this purpose the production staff resorted to the old reliable—gypsum. It's impossible to tell gypsum from the real thing, unless you happen to have ordered it. Four tons of this chemical were strewn around the lot and for folling snow there was the other old reliable—bleached corn flakes . . . Lightning, star of this epic, is a giant German shepherd and grandson of Strongheart, one of the earliest and most famous of canine stars. Lightning goes through his histrionic activities with amazing ease. His owner, Earl Johnson, reads the script carefully, determines what the dog is to do in addition to his current tricks and teaches the new things to him in less than four days of intensive training. No oral commands are fired at this dog. Johnson directs him simply by flicking his fingers and moving his arms. All well-trained movie dogs are taught to meow it when they fight, and for this reason precautions were taken in fight scenes when Lightning attacks Carradine. A leather arm sleeve half an inch thick just barely protected the actor from the dog's savage grip.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER



TWO FRONT SEATS FOR THE FOLLIES, CURTAIN TIME AND NO DOROTHY. THAT WINDS IT UP!



DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!

YOU'RE A DEAR NOT TO SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M LUCKY.



LET'S DANCE A LITTLE, AFTER THE SHOW.

LET'S DANCE A LOT. I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.



WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A MAN. AND IF I HADN'T TRIED MIDOL I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day.



CHEATED OF HAPPINESS—

Rita Wilson laid her plans, spider-wise, spinning her web of deceit—and paid with heartbreak before life gave her the gift of love. Read—**"HIS BROTHER'S WIFE"** starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in the October copy of

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world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irri-
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Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of
gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.
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Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in
the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of
liquid bile onto the food you swallow
every day. If this bile is not flowing freely,
your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas
bloats up your stomach. You get constipated.
Your whole system is poisoned and you feel
sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause.
It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver
Pills to get these two pounds of bile flow-
ing freely and make you feel "up and up".
Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile
flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills
by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢
at all drug stores.

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★★★ My American Wife (Paramount)

Francis Lederer at his most romantic as
a foreign count; Ann Sothern at her most
glamorous as his American wife; Billie
Burke at her most flighty as her manag-
ing mother, and Fred Stone very whole-
heartedly being Fred Stone... well, don't
miss this picture. Old Lafe Cantillon,
who pushed across the country in an ox
cart and founded the town of Cantillon,
is horrified when he hears that his grand-
daughter has married one of them stuck-
up, no-count "furriners." He blames it,
rightly, on his socially-ambitious daughter-
in-law. The fact that the furriner is a
count only makes his ten-gallon hat sit at
an even wilder angle on his 100 per cent
American head. The whole town, headed
by the rest of the Cantillon tribe which
is never able to forget its financial and
social importance, turns out for recep-
tions, balls, teas and parties in honor of
their titled visitor. Old Lafe sulks on his
ranch. But the Count fools them all. He
endures a few social functions, then he
discards his uniforms and full dress for
a pair of overalls and a checked shirt and
goes out to the ranch to talk to Old Lafe
about horses, cattle and ranching. He has
a fight at One-Eyed Pete's saloon, takes
to chewing tobacco, and earns the nick-
name of "Spike" from the amazed and de-
lighted old pioneer. Of all the Cantillon
tribe, the Count turns out to be the most
genuine American. He even buys a ranch
and begins to put in alfalfa.



While in England, Walter
Wanger signed Joan Bennett to
a nice contract, so she didn't
mind cutting her vacation short
to do "Wedding Present," fin-
ishing her Paramount contract.
Here she is alighting from an
American Airways plane.



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SUCH a remark might well have
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glish home long years ago, for the tea
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had been blended to her taste by the
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For almost 100 years Ridgways Teas
have been the world's foremost quality
teas. Queen Victoria's once private tea
is now sold to the public as Ridgways
"H.M.B.". For almost every taste
and purse there is a—

Ridgways Tea

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FOR ITS FLAVOR

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More Good News

(Continued from page 97)

Francis Lederer is still the good provider of Hollywood. You may recall a couple of months ago that Francis sent members of the press sacks of cabbage from his ranch, holding out a promise at the time that we would hear from his apricots as soon as they were ready. Well, good news! Last month the apricots were good and ready, and we got them, in a basket all wrapped in cellophane, with a little note from Francis saying here they were, and adding, "Next time it will be 'nuts to you!'" There's only one thing you can say to that, and we're not going to say it.



The latest thing in Hollywood is party insurance. If you're planning a party, a solicitor will insure you against anything and everything. If a guest decides to fill your swimming pool with the champagne you bought for the affair, if someone roasts marshmallows over your flaming grand piano, if a charming dropper-in tries out her skull on your staircase, you simply phone the company and they pay for everything. Our prediction is that the firm will be bankrupt in six months, but they're optimistic about the future. They say they'll even insure a Lombard party.



After the "Rhythm on the Range" preview most of the attention of the crowd outside the theatre went to Bob Burns and Martha Raye, whose comedy was the best thing in the picture. It was easy for Burns to take, for the sage of Van Buren, Ark., stands six feet two and can hold his own. Little Martha Raye, however, found herself engulfed in a sea of admirers. It was all pretty swell until she squirmed her way out of the crowd and discovered she was minus her purse and \$200 worth of joolry. The price of fame!



Jane Withers' puppet show last month was a decided success. She invited producer Sol Wurtzel and a number of studio biggies and all her neighborhood pals to the world premiere in her back-yard theatre. But nature dealt a blow to drama, for just as the curtain went up the rain came down. Throwing tradition to the wind, Jane decided the show couldn't go on and led all her guests to the refreshments. Next day the postponed world premiere went on before the same distinguished audience and, to the delight of the actress-producer, there was also a repeat performance of the ice cream.



At The Fun House in Venice one night recently the barker out front shouted to the multitudes that Cary Grant, Sally Eilers, Norma Shearer and Marion Davies were inside. The crowd snickered, and passed along. The guy was frantic, because the stars he mentioned were actually in there. He finally gave up in disgust, probably mumbling that people are getting so they don't believe anything—not even an honest carnival barker.



In spite of the rumors afloat that Anita Louise is entertaining serious intentions about this person or that, they're saying she still casts an amorous eye in the direction of Ross Alexander. However, there's mamma's objections to overcome, but Love may find a Way.

"FLEAS... all dead"

CHEMIST REPORTS SKIP-FLEA KILLS ALL FLEAS

● "We have witnessed the application of Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap on a flea-infested dog, and made microscopic examination of the fleas remaining on and taken from the dog after the bath. We found every flea dead, the bottom of the bathtub brown with dead fleas and many floating on top, all dead. Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin."
Froehling & Robertson, Analytical Chemists



HERE'S actual proof that Skip-Flea will free your dog of fleas. Don't use ordinary soap on your dog. It dries and irritates his skin. Use "Skip-Flea." It soothes flea bites, destroys dog odor, keeps coat in top condition AND KILLS EVERY FLEA.

Or use the powerful "Skip-Flea Powder." Easy to apply. Guaranteed to kill fleas. Big, sifter top tins. It doesn't just *stun* fleas. It kills them all.

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Pretty Olivia de Havilland has managed to side-step romance rumors, but here Scotty caught her with James Blakeley beaming admiringly upon her.



Just to prove that James Stewart doesn't date Ginger Rogers all the time, here she is dining at the "Troc" with Phil Huston, another attentive swain.



Not to be outdone by younger men-about-town, Wally Beery takes his best gal to the Trocadero, too. You're right, it's blonde Mrs. B. herself.



As for Luise Rainer, she seems to keep the town guessing. What with Willie Wyler one night and now, above, with Clifford Odets dining at the Brown Derby.

Speaking of "San Francisco," it may surprise you to learn that Spencer Tracy, who did such a swell job in the role of the priest, originally turned down the assignment. He had been starred in "Fury," he argued, and couldn't see why he should accept a subordinate role in any picture. His bosses finally pinned him down, Tracy took the role, and it turned out to be one of the best things he's done on the screen. It just goes to show that sometimes even your boss can be right.

Most of Hollywood's sympathy these days goes to Director E. H. Griffith. He's directing "Ladies in Love" and his cast includes Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Loretta

Young and Simone Simon. Most any one of these gals is a hard day's work for most directors so everyone's wondering how E. H. is doing with four of them. Our guess is that the ladies will be trying so hard to steal each other's scenes they'll forget they're supposed to be temperamental.

During Richard Arlen's recent absence in England his swimming pool became a summer resort for all the kids in the neighborhood. One day a future producer aged 11, took over the place and charged a dime admission, including the use of a ladder to climb over the Arlen fence. The Arlen caretakers wrote to Dick and got this back: "Ban the promoter, but let the other kids swim all they like. And if the

promoter happens to reform, let him in, too." P. S. He reformed overnight.

Out of all the pictures made in Hollywood from January to July, here, according to a survey made by The Hollywood Reporter, these were the ten biggest money-makers: "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Follow the Fleet," "Rose Marie," "San Francisco," "Wife vs. Secretary," "Captain Blood," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Littlest Rebel," "Modern Times" and "The Magnificent Obsession." Among the no-profit group were: "The Princess Comes Across," "Love Before Breakfast," "One Rainy Afternoon" and "Dancing Pirate." And the low for the season was Hecht and MacArthur's "Soak the Rich."

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