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Enjoy Double Mint Gum daily for beauty of mouth and lips
A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING
The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning rings of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?
If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 51-05, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City__________________________State________________________

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Movie Classic for September, 1935
A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

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

CLARK GABLE
JEAN HARLOW
WALLACE BERRY

CHINA SEAS

with
Lewis Stone, Rosalind Russell

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Movie Classic for September, 1935
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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Madge Evans illustrates the September mood—Back from the Trip with a Smile. She has summered in England, making The Tunnel for Gaumont-British

W. H. FAWCETT S. F. NELSON W. M. MESSENGER ROSCOE FAWCETT
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The Thrill of a Voice

JOAN OF ARC heard Voices—and was inspired by them to lead a new Crusade, to work wonders that the world had never seen a girl perform before.

Five hundred years later, across an ocean and a continent, a whole city heard another great voice—and again a Crusade was started, again the world saw a girl accomplish a new miracle.

The name of the city is Hollywood. The name of the girl is Grace Moore.

Her voice has started a crusade to bring great music to the masses on every continent—through the magic of the movies.

The movies reach the far ends of the earth—beyond great centers of population to lesser cities, remote towns, the last outposts of civilization itself.

Grace Moore has proved that movies can take grand opera where it has never been before—even by radio, since radio has yet to offer any thrill for the eyes.

- BECAUSE of what she did in One Night of Love, and because the picture’s popularity in every corner of the globe proved that people were starved for the thrill of hearing a great voice singing great music, Hollywood is going voice-conscious and composer-conscious.

If Grace Moore had not made One Night of Love, you might not now have the thrill of hearing the operatic baritone of Nelson Eddy, singing music worthy of his voice.

Lily Pons, slender, vivacious French prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, might not now be filming Love Song... Gladys Swarthout, also of the “Met,” might not now be in Hollywood, starring in Rose of the Rancho, with Carmen scheduled... Xino Martini, handsome Italian-American opera star, might not now be filming Here’s to Romance... Lawrence Tibbett might not now be scheduled to make Diamond Horseshoe, a story of the Metropolitan Opera House... Mary Ellis might never have sung on the screen in Paris in Spring.

Before Grace Moore, Hollywood did not feel the need of operatic voices.

- BUT Grace Moore has done more than bring opera and operatic voices to the screen. She has made great singing an accomplishment of youth—of attractive and animated youth. Oversized sopranos with a multitude of chins can no longer depend just on vocal quality for romantic appeal. Not with the Grace Moores, Lily Ponses, Gladys Swarthouts, Jennette MacDonals and Mary Ellises “lovely to look at,” as well as delightful to hear.

Again in her new picture, Love Me Forever, the Moore style of singing is so natural and her enjoyment of singing is so obvious that she encourages every girl to discover her own voice, to find self-expression in song.

She is a living illustration of the fact that music has charms that neither kings nor commoners can resist.
Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

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

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

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

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

Movie Classic for September, 1935
They’re the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

- STIFF black velvet lined with taffeta is going to be an unbeatable combination this season. So are short “cap” sleeves. One of Adrian’s newest Crawford creations has all three features. It is in black velvet with a much-starched vest of white piqué that has rhinestone studs. The short sleeves have flaring cuffs of the piqué with rhinestone clasps. And the skirt—a stunning affair with tunic and train.

And, speaking of Adrian, he has gone in for trick poultry in a large, large way. Yes sir, Farmer Adrian has two Japanese roosters with tails six feet long in his collection, and expects them to win first prize at the county fair in October. The funny part of it is that Tony, the French poodle that Helen Hayes gave him for Christmas, has adopted the roosters and won’t let them get the other poultry near them. Believe it or not, the roosters have special devices that automatically record each egg laid. It may be a long jump from fashions to fowls, but the chickens aren’t going to fool Adrian!

- HE was practically mobbed at the San Diego Exposition by women. When they saw the tall, good-looking chap and discovered who he was, there was no holding them back. The gowns he has designed recently for Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Norma Shearer are on display there and he was inspecting the magnificent setting that Fair officials had accorded them. Then came the rush of eager femininity—and Adrian disappeared.

- MAE WEST, in white satin with a touch of red, went through the San Diego Exposition with eight bodyguards. But she would not let them ward off the autograph-seekers. "They pay good money to see my pictures, don’t they?" she demanded. "If they want my 'John Henry' they can have it!"

In the Federal Building, where a million-dollar bank note is on display, protected by marines armed to the teeth, Mae stopped for a long moment. "Why don’t you boys come up to see me some time—and bring that along?" [Continued on page 10]

Fashion Headline:

PARIS hasn’t heard of this. Neither has New York. But we predict it will be a bigger sensation than the famous Letty Lynton dress. We predict it will take the feminine world by storm. We mean—the glamorous new evening wrap that Adrian has just designed for Joan Crawford in Glitter. It’s a polo coat of gold metallic cloth!

Very tailored, with the same lapels and stand-up collar that the sports version has, it is the best-looking thing on the fall horizon. It has the dash and smartness about it, with that tightly belted effect, that made the polo coat the most popular coat ever designed. In metal cloth or in one of those super-heavy lames for evening, it is a complete knockout! So get yourself four and a half yards of material (if you are average size), use taffeta for the lining, resurrect your old camel’s-hair for a pattern—and lead the parade at the night formals this fall!

And a good time was had by all! Marlene Dietrich and Claudette Colbert shared hystericson the slide at Carole Lombard’s "amusement park party"
New Shopping

***A hat for 15c! My goodness, what's happening in the fashion world? Something smart, we'll tell you, for a well-known company has devised a new use for their paper—a chic head-covering use. You braid and sew and trim according to instructions, and the result is something pretty special. The directions are concise, the hats are easy to make, and are truly good-looking. What's more, you wouldn't believe they were paper if you didn't examine them with extreme care! On sale at department stores.

***Don't you love something new on your grocery shelves? Discover a brand-spanking new product that is simply delicious! It is an imported-style liverwurst roll in a 7-ounce can, and at its taste you'll call for more! Excellent for sandwiches, for summer suppers, for hors d'oeuvres. This company also has canned frankfurters and cocktail sausages that delight your tummy. The cans are vacuum-sealed for freshness, and steam-cooked for flavor. The new liverwurst is 2c a can, 3 cans for 75c.

***Let your books stand at attention! Books hate topping over and like to be held by smart-looking book-ends. The very newest have a spring action that keeps the books erect and accessible. These are lightweight in smart black and chrome finish, chromium-plated black solid brass, and they are hand-crafted by the company founded by that famous horse-riding Paul Revere in 1801. They make marvelous gifts with a very expensive look, while the cost is only $1!

***Have you always liked leather jackets, but thought they were very expensive? We've found the answer in these sports jackets that you make yourself of small leather pieces for 75c! A package of material contains enough leather (and ample instructions) to make a grand-looking patchwork leather jacket, chic for fall, for school and sports. Whoever had this swell idea certainly used a clever head, for imagine having a leather jacket for 75c! (50c children's sizes.)

***Women sighed for it, and it has been provided—a means of transporting perfume around in a purse. You've probably wished countless times that you could have some perfume with you, but dreaded carrying a bottle in your purse for fear of its breaking or leaking. No more! The case is a graceful fluted bakelite one containing a glass cylinder filled with perfume. It's leak-proof, leather-light, and refillable. You can get the case, and the perfume for 75c.

***Liquid stockings! Doesn't that sound like a grand summer idea? A famous beauty expert conceived the idea, to conceal blemishes and give the legs a silken finish. When worn under sheer evening stockings, the preparation adds to their allure. It comes in four shades: Eggshell, Evening, Suntan, Dark. If your legs aren't tanned enough to suit you, just apply this and you'll look like a true sun-worshipper. The price of this is $1.

***Wash your car without getting it wet! Sounds sort of impossible, doesn't it? But not when you know about this

Smart gals . . . our Sho. Scouts! This month they found new gadgets for home and items to step personal beauty that should welcome news for everyone. Find out from us what is new . . . convenient . . . dependable. And more next month!

“dry-wash” which saves eighty on car-washing cost. There are four people who dry-wash their clothes in cold weather, and the number is increasing for summer use, too. Just put this product on your dirty car cloth, and away you go. It's absolutely simple, and makes it keep your car gleaming. The price is $1, but it has been reduced to 39c!

***Inspired by the informality of Hollywood entertaining is the clev server made of lightweight wood. It is one of those things that serves many purposes in life, from being a cheeseboard to acting as a supper, bread, or cocktail board. It is smart to look at, and easy handy to have while entertaining, buys it!

***There's a new way of doing the trick of quickly removing hair from the legs. Just whisk these mitten-like affairs over the offending hair, and it vanishes! Easy to use, and extremely effective. The cost is 35c.

***Mickey Mouse has gone bookish—in a set of three little books, all illustrated by his foster-parent, Walt Disney. The titles are: “Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?”, “Adventures of Mickey Mouse”, and “Little Red Riding Hood”. And in addition to these charming children's books, there's a big rubber Mickey for the children to blow up an . . .

The three books in a box, and Mickey Mouse all for 50c!

***Wash windows without “What an idea” you say. “I’ll can't be done.” But that was before you knew about the new cleaner, whisk a small cloth dampened w over the glass and follow with an whisk with a dry cloth. That's Which all means it is a great water-, time-, and money-saver. Excellent for eyeglasses and automobile windshields. Leaves 'em all sparkling.
Do You Know

What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will Accent Beauty in Your Face?

If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

Max Factor* Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Mail, 5 East 53rd St., New York City, and receive a coupon for one ounce each of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, Super-Indelible Rouge and Make-Up Powder, free. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women the world already knows.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

Movie Classic for September, 1935
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!
■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing—and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!
■ NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!
■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no
diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!
■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!
And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of these wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!
■ "Massages like magic" says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

Movie Classic for September, 1935
HOLLYWOOD'S
Heart Problems
—and Yours

From the letters that come pouring in to me, I know that cities are going to be more crowded than ever this fall with young girls "starting out on their own." Young girls seeking to express themselves in some career, searching for freedom, for adventure. Young girls who wonder if they will need every ounce of courage to combat loneliness.

"In September," writes one of them (who is typical of so many), "I am leaving for a new job in the city... How shall I go about getting acquainted with people and having a good time?... What's the best way to get ahead? To meet worth-while men?"

I wish I could have a talk with each one of you—because the cruel impersonality of the city is bound to be tragic for some of you unless, of course, you know how to break through that impersonality and make a place for yourself. It isn't so very difficult, really. But it does take courage and a great deal of common sense.

I WAS talking about this to actress Binnie Barnes at lunch recently. Binnie has the limitless charm of the girl who has made her own way in life—and thrived on the experience. She seems able to converse on any subject. And to this particular subject she brings an understanding and sympathy that are genuine, that mean something.

"If I were to do it over," she began, "if I were seventeen again and newly arrived in London to make a living, I certainly would not go to some fifth-rate rooming house as I did! That's the first thing a girl usually thinks of: 'I must get a cheap room somewhere until I find work.'

"My advice is—don't do it! Go to some girls' club. Every profession seems to have one of its own. Off-hand, I can think of the Business Woman's Club, the Secretarial, Theatrical—and there are countless others. Then there is the Y.W.C.A. The main point is; find a place where you can have companionship. Let me tell you, that is the most important thing the first few weeks you are in a strange city. You don't pay any more to live at such places and living there is a million times more cheerful than in some dark, dingy hall bedroom.

"Any large city is the same, whether it is London or New York or Los Angeles. A girl gets buried in them, the maze of streets, the mass of

Picture yourself in Binnie Barnes' place sand miles away from home. Would
When a girl "starts out on her own" in a place far from home how can she avoid loneliness . . . best get ahead . . . meet worth-while men? Binnie Barnes gives several answers!

By Margaret Dixe

people. She feels lost. She is so lonely that it's like a physical pain. I know! I went through it all . . . You look for work all day and then, because you have no place else to go, you come 'home' to a dingy two-by-four. Maybe the landlady speaks to you—about the week's [Continued on page 72]

Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! She dances again... she sings 2 songs in this excitingly different story!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with John Boles
Rochelle Hudson
Jane Darwell

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monie. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."
YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE
ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

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

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

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!
MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- Exceptional
- Excellent
- Good
- Skip it

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

**Becky Sharp** brings color to the screen and undoubtedly as a result the future of the movies will be written in red, white and blue... as well as all the other shades. There is much development to be done, make-up technique to be adjusted, nuances of shading to be obtained, but for the first major all-color picture this one is a honey. Color tells the truth about the beauties in the picture; it makes the young ones look that way, while the older ones reveal their age. The story of *Becky Sharp* isn't a particularly jolly one, but regardless you'll like the trollop Becky, due to Miriam Hopkins' joyous acting of the part. From the time she leaves school until the last minute of the show, when she throws a saintly book at a departing saintly friend, she is a thoroughly worldly Becky. The Regency silhouettes are charming, including the bonnets, which should tease the present-day milliners' fancies. There is a ball scene that is a blaze of color, and makes a gal wish she could have lived in times like those. Frances Dee is lovely to see, Alan Mowbray is excellent in his part, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives a splendid portrayal. Remember when you see *Becky Sharp* that you're seeing only the first of a new cycle in motion picture history, and judge accordingly. (RKO-Radio)

**Love Me Forever** gives us Grace Moore—the girl who can take her kings or leave them—and is a picture that you must see... and hear. Her voice is glorious, and what is more, she is exquisitely beautiful. Leo Carrillo gives a grand performance as a gambler who falls in love with her, and builds for her sake an elaborate night-club devoted to operatic entertainment, and from there lifts her into the Metropolitan Opera. Luis Alberni gives a good portrayal as Carrillo's henchman, and Michael O'Sullivan, making his first screen appearance, outshines even Miss Moore in his rendition of "La [Continued on page 88]"

"La Bohème" is sung by Grace Moore and Michael O'Sullivan in *Love Me Forever* in a thrillingly beautiful manner!

Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are the merciless gossips of *Becky Sharp*, the picture that brings color to the screen with exquisite results.

Henry Fonda will capture your heart in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, with lovely Janet Gaynor as the maiden in the case.
For ten years, she has been in Hollywood—and the magic spell she has cast over moviegoers is still in force. She still is The Woman That Most Women Dream of Being—beautiful, individual, elusive, courageous. And now, in "Anna Karenina," she becomes newly romantic. She has changed her long bob for a coiffure of the 1870's, when women dramatized femininity, not sophistication. And on her return from Sweden, she may do "Camille."
New Child Wonder

Jane Withers is the name—and she is a natural. She proved it first as the child villainess of "Bright Eyes," in which she almost stole top honors. Now she is a sensation—and a star—in "Ginger." Like Shirley Temple, she will lead children back to the theatres, bringing their parents with them!

Sh-Sh-Shirley!

Speaking of naturalness, Shirley Temple has not lost hers. Totally unspoiled, she still looks upon acting as a game. And, to prove it, we present a preview portrait from her new musical picture, "Curly Top"—showing her as an orphan, with a four-footed orphan of a storm.
Dancing has done plenty for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—but they have done even more for dancing, making it gay and lively and romantic again. In "Top Hat," they have music by Irving Berlin, an amusing story, and the dancing time of their lives.
Are you Robert Taylor-conscious? If you are, you know a rising romantic star when you see one. And in "Broadway Melody of 1936," you will acquire the suspicion that the boy is versatile, too. For with coy June Knight as the girl who keeps him guessing, he not only whispers sweet nothings into her half-concealed ear. He joins her in duets and in dances.

Now that she has the West Point situation well in hand, after "Flirtation Walk," Ruby Keeler is prepared for a naval engagement. At least, Dick Powell is a naval cadet in the new musical, "Dress Parade," and they should be dancing toward the altar at the finale!
This Dramatic World

And Their Dreams Come True

Love, they say, is the same old story the world over—but Hollywood is constantly finding new ways to tell it. For example, it has rediscovered “Peter Ibbetson,” and a different kind of romance is on your autumn menu—with Ann Harding and Gary Cooper as co-stars in the fantasy of two long-parted lovers who find a way of making a romantic dream of reunion come true.

Pert Paulette Goddard was once one of the chorus in an Eddie Cantor musical. Maybe you overlooked her then. But you won’t miss her in Charlie Chaplin’s long-awaited, just-completed comedy about the machine age. She is The Silent One’s leading lady. And he is planning to star her in a picture (a talkie, no less) that he will direct!
YOU are about to become more charming than you ever were before, even in your best moments! Earnest young men in Hollywood, doing all sorts of miraculous things with lenses, color combinations, and lights are preparing to open a new world for you. It will be a world of living, pulsing color, where all the loveliness of your screen favorites will be seen, and where you will discover the delightful possibilities of color for your own adornment.

The stars themselves are preparing for color films by taking a new interest in the tint of their eyes, their skin, and their hair. They are feverishly swirling rainbow silks and satins about themselves, trying to find the colors that will give them That Certain Desirable Something.

In the midst of all this exciting flutter stands Willy Pogany, genius of color. Pogany is that extraordinary artist, illustrator and scene designer, whose canvases breathe with reality, and whose settings for Wonder Bar, Dante's Inferno, and dozens of other films open new vistas of splendor and imagination. And from this color master I sought the secrets of color alchemy, so that all girls could blossom with the beauty he gives the stars.
A famous artist—Willy Pogany—tells you what colors will enhance your beauty!

“Color can do more than any other single thing to make you charming,” declares this confidential adviser to the most beautiful women in the world. “Color in films will give every girl and woman increased color consciousness, and they will rely even more upon the stars for charm, beauty and allure.

“How can all this come about? I’ll tell you exactly what I tell every star whose portrait I paint, whose color problems I help solve. No matter what kind of hair, eye, or skin tones you have, there is a color that will make you more attractive. If you are drab, color can make you enchanting. If you are pretty, color can give you breathtaking charm. I have prepared a chart, suggesting the best colors to be worn by girls of all complexions to get certain definite effects. Would you like to share it with the stars?”

Who wouldn’t like to have a world-famous artist tell them just what color to wear to make them appear their loveliest! And at the bottom of this page, you will find Willy Pogany’s color chart, cut it out—keep it to consult when you go shopping, when you want to dress in harmony with your moods.

• “First of all, remember this—you are the most important part of your costume or your setting,” counsels Mr. Pogany. “Since all the colors that surround you must add to your beauty, it is essential to study your own coloring most carefully. Look into your mirror. What are you? Blondie? Brunette? Medium? Your answer will come quickly. There is no doubt, you say, that you are this or that. But, are you sure?

“Let us see. What is the color of your skin? It may be white, like a gardenia petal. It may be pink-and-white, like apple blossoms. It may have a pinkish hue. It may be creamy. It may be golden, like the tawny side of a ripe apricot or peach. It may be olive, with green tones underlying it. All dark skins are not olive, although they are commonly called so. Most sallow skins are merely olive complexities that have the wrong colors against them.

“I put so much stress on the skin because it has much more to do with your blonddness or darkness than your hair has,” Pogany says. “Your skin is the most important color index you have. Next come your eyes. If you have blue eyes with dark hair, like Jean Parker and Maureen O’Sullivan, you are not a brunnette. If your eyes are hazel, like Joan Blondell’s, consider them brown when you apply your make-up and choose your gowns.

“After your skin and your eyes, regard your hair. If it is dark, and you have fair skin and light eyes, you are artistically correct if you wish to lighten your hair, as Ann Sothern and Alice Faye have done. If your hair is drab, you are justified in brightening it.

“Are you still so positive of

[Continued on page 58]

### HOW TO USE COLORS TO VARY YOUR CHARM

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Study—and save—this handy guide to charm with colors, prepared by Willy Pogany. It will pay you dividends!
Why Janet Gaynor Is So Popular

Janet Gaynor today is sitting very prettily on top of the movie world—Feminine Favorite No. 1 by actual box-office count. And all the glory hasn't changed her a bit. She hasn't lost a single friend, while making millions of new ones. Friends matter to Janet!
In *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, the rousing romantic comedy drama of early Erie Canal days, Janet Gaynor is popular with such opposites as Henry Fonda and Charles Bickford. And in real life she is just as popular with people who are total opposites. Moreover, there are reasons!

She is Feminine Favorite No. 1—and her secret of popularity can be yours!

**BY LOUISE LEWIS**

Many women know how to dazzle and shine. Some know how to rule nations, how to be men's equals in any career they undertake. But Janet Gaynor knows what so many never learn—how to be a friend.

That is the way she has conquered an entire world. Not with banners flying—sensational headlines—champagne splendor. Oh, no! She has done it quietly and simply. She has done it by being a folksy little person, the sort who would stand by you through thick and thin, laugh with you, cry with you—yes, and fight for you. And that is the secret of the overwhelming Gaynor popularity.

"It isn't the glory-seekers and the self-seekers who have the fun," she believes. "It's the people who can get—and give—joy in plain, everyday living! That's the biggest lesson Hollywood teaches you. You soon learn how senseless it is to put artificial values on things, to strain after something that has no meaning. For instance, in my own case, I was told I should 'live up to my position!' And I tried. Honestly I did," she chuckles softly. "I rented a big place with the regulation swimming pool and tennis court, and I attended some of those enormous parties that are so elaborately done. But nobody had a very good time; it was too crowded. And suddenly I realized that it isn't the big things, the pomp and ceremony, that matter. It's the little things."

• And Janet has built her stairway to success on little things—the kind that you and I and the folks next door love for their sweetness and homeliness. She isn't an exotic wonder. She isn't a glitter-girl. But it is an odd fact that the Gaynors of the world, with their simplicity and just-glad-to-be-aliveness, have a special brand of glamor that outlasts every other variety. She has proved it with a hundred million people. After nine years of stardom, she still is on top. But even before she was famous, there was that "something" about her. You would catch people smiling involuntarily at Janet on the street, as if she had evoked some happy thought. She, you see, knows how to speak the language of humanity. And she has never learned to speak another.

There is a reason for that, of course—a reason why Janet, in the midst of Hollywood's sophisticated hurly-burly, has been left untouched by it. The answer, I think, goes back to a certain period of her life when she was a little bundle-wrapper in a San Francisco department store. Bundle-wrappers get a pretty good insight into human nature from their vantage point. Janet saw how quickly arrogance can freeze a person and how genial kindliness can warm the heart.

One afternoon a towering dowager came in. Janet heard what she said to the clerk, watched her haughty intolerance leave the other girl white and bitter-eyed. Finally, the woman called the manager and ordered the girl discharged. It was then that the little redheaded bundle-wrapper turned into an avenging fury. She had them all listening. And when she finished, the dowager was gasping. But she managed a half-apology before she stalked off. "I never want to be like that, as if the world owed me a couple of diamond crowns for getting myself born!" Janet told herself fiercely. "I want to be 'just folks,' no matter what happens!"

And she has kept her word!

• There was charming proof of that when she was in Paris last summer. Lollie, as her family call her, was at her favorite stunt—browsing among the old bookstalls on the left bank of the Seine. An American sailor was browsing, too—or making a pretense at it. You can't browse very well when...

[Continued on page 84]
The Nelson Eddy Women Want to Know

You don't know anything about the nation's newest film rave until you read this story . . . which reveals, among other things, the kind of girl he hopes to marry

By Dorothy Spensley

Nelson Eddy is a man's man . . . and a woman's hero. In apology for the latter, he puts the blame on the heroic, gallant, singing fellow, Captain Richard Warrington, that he played in Metro's smash hit, Naughty Marietta, which has taken the country's imagination by storm—and song.

Shy and lonely (by his own confession), the newest matinee idol lays the blame for his sudden film success—after waiting two long Hollywood years, playing vocal bits in Dancing Lady and Student Tour—to the romantic appeal of Warrington and not to his own personable qualities, his fine smile, even teeth, thick tawny hair, tall, vigorous body.

Eddy has had enough experience with success (concert, radio and opera) to know that most of his feminine followers fall in love with the ill-fated and anxious not to profit on sensational publicity.

Recent concert audiences stomped and clapped for him to sing the marching song from Naughty Marietta again

With Jeanette MacDonald, his costar in Naughty Marietta (above), he will soon film another operetta

Recent concert audiences stomped and clapped for him to sing the marching song from Naughty Marietta again
him. They do the same to Gable, Boyer, and probably did to Booth and Salvini. There is something about the genus actor, blond or brunette, that lures the ladies.

And Eddy is not entirely immune. Listen to this:

- “I MET my ideal girl when I was on tour this winter,” said the big, broad-shouldered singer, a symphony (or maybe an oratorio) in brown with tan shirt, autumnal tie. “There she was—beautiful, cultured, witty. I said to myself, ‘Well, this looks like it’s it,’ and to her I said, ‘Will you dine with me?’

  “We dined, danced, went to the theatre. She had everything, but between us that little flame, that chemical affinity or whatever you want to call it, never was fanned to life. You can’t fall in love without it. It gives zest and meaning and sweetness to any association of a man and a woman, I waited for it. But it never arrived. So there she is, still my ‘ideal’—at least she has all the qualities that I admire in a woman—and here I am.”

  “Here,” to Mr. Eddy, means Hollywood, some thousands of miles west of his birthplace, Providence, Rhode Island; some thousands of miles west of Philadelphia (Jeanette MacDonald’s home-town), where he lived for fifteen years. (‘If I had two theatre tickets, ten dollars to spend, and a bunch of roses in my hand, I wouldn’t know a girl in Philadelphia whom I could ask to share them with me,’ he says regarding his Quaker City romantic associations. He worked too hard in his youth to fill his little red book with the femmes’ phone numbers.)

  “Here,” to those of us who have watched his career, is away up on the matinee-idol success ladder, giving Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper and the other lureful lads a run for their popularity. It’s probably Eddy’s abundant vitality that does it, plus the robust baritone voice that has been wowing concert listeners for the past several years. Anyway, it’s bringing in the fan mail.

- “I THOUGHT thirty or forty letters a week was tops just a few months ago,” said Eddy, glad to be talking of anything besides romantic attachments. “Yesterday I employed a secretary here to care for my fan mail. And I have one in the East. I also put a lawyer on a retainer to handle my affairs. My head got to aching with all the things that I had to attend to, now that Naughtly Marietta has clicked and Captain Richard Warrington has made an impression on the crowd.” he added smiling.

  What he would rather talk about, instead of women and love (although he gives due homage to each), is his next year’s concert tour. From the middle of January to the end of April, 1936, you will find him singing lustily, in person, up and down these broad United States. And the price for this tour has skyrocketed exactly 250 percent over last year’s because of his film popularity!

  Shrewd businessman-artist that he is (he was advertising man, reporter, copy-reader, shipping department employee before he ever sang opera), he knows, from this season’s experience, that his next year’s concert audience is going to be swelled by filmgoers who think that he is a Hollywood actor or making a personal appearance. All of these people are not going to appreciate the melodious Mr. Eddy’s interpretation of selections from Italian opera, nor will they care a hoot when he launches into Wagner and German Recit.  

- “NEVERTHELESS,” says Eddy, determined that his artistic career shall not escape him, “I am going right on singing my classical scores, and I’ll give the numbers popularized on the screen as encores. Toward the end of his year’s season, I noticed that the audience was composed of more film fans than usual. I got this from them . . .” and the baritone clapped his hands and stomped his feet, rhythmically, to signify a demand for the marching song of his recent film operetta.

Next season’s tour promises to be an interesting experiment. But in view of [Continued on page 68]
Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

BE A one-of-a-kind girl!

Thus Miriam Hopkins counsels every girl who wants a career, an individual personality, charm... not to mention romance!

BY MARY WATKINS REEVE

Says Miriam Hopkins: "I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is not to be a 'type'"

wore a perfectly frivolous pair of white satin pajamas, her feet in pert white mules, a mass of taffy-colored waves for a coiffure. Her eyes were a vivid blue. In their depths were reflected beauty, intellect, and individuality. I wondered, watching, how much of that loveliness she had had at sixteen, when she had first come to New York as a chorus girl.

WHAT secrets had she learned and practiced to change her into the superbly poised Miriam Hopkins of today? How much easier would her struggle for success have been if she had known then what she knows now?

But you don’t ask people questions like that. You ask something simpler. So I said, “Miriam, suppose you had a sister in her teens. What things would you tell her out of your own experience about personality, charm, appearance and romance? I mean your own little secrets, things you’ve discovered for yourself.”

“I’d begin with appearance. Because the most important thing I’ve discovered, and one of the lessons that it took me longest to learn, was simply this: IT’S NEVER YOUR OBVIOUS CHARMS THAT MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL. IT’S THE LITTLE, LESS OBVIOUS ONES!”

“Really, I mean just that. You know how you’re inclined to be when you’re first beginning to go out. You think loveliness is mainly composed of chiffon stockings, and the best-looking clothes you can possibly afford. You have more interest in fashion books and bargain racks than almost anything else. And that’s all very well, for clothes are a big item. But they’re not the biggest. Neither is the perfection of your hair or figure or make-up. Practically anyone can achieve those.

“But almost everyone neglects some part of that biggest item of all. I call it little things. Have you ever seen a gorgeous evening gown on sloped shoulders? Or cracked nail polish on the same finger with a diamond? Or a girl whose hair in front had been fashioned into a stunning, just-so frame for her face, and in back was simply—well, plain hair? Then you know what I mean. Just such slight things as those can take all the glamor away from any girl.

“I’d teach my younger sister that lesson first of all. I’d harp on the sins of scrubby heels and elbows when she’s [Continued on page 76]
My Friend, MARION DAVIES

Anyone who knows her idolizes her. Now, at last, you can discover why!

BY EILEEN PERCY

IT'S NOT easy to tell people about Marion Davies. You come up against the same kind of resistance as when you tell a fairy tale to a child who has just stopped believing in fairy tales. "It's ridiculous," they say, "It's nonsense. As you describe her, she's Santa Claus. She's an angel. She's too good to be true." All right, then, she's Santa Claus, she's an angel, she's too good to be true. "But thank God," we cry—we who know her and hundreds whose friend she is, though they have never met her—"thank God," we cry from the bottom of our hearts, "she is true."

I have known her since we were children at school together. We weren't intimates then. I was just another girl to her, as she was to me, though even in those days Marion could hardly be "just another girl" to anyone. She was too lovely. Her eyes were bluer than any blue eyes I've ever seen, and though she wore her golden hair in braids, and though her perfect skin—rose glowing through white—was powdered with freckles, she still looked so much like a princess out of a storybook as to set her apart from the rest. Another thing that threw a halo around her for me—a stage-struck youngster—was the fact that her sister Reine was a headliner in the theatre. I used to steal awed glances at her over the top of my book, and wonder what it felt like to have a sister on the stage.

SCHOOL ended, our ways parted, and I landed a job in a revue called Stop, Look, and Listen. There I met Marion again, a member of the show—so gay, so kind, so open-hearted that all my awe melted and from that day to this we have been fast friends. She loved to laugh in those days as, given the least excuse, she loveshope that somehow we might be able to manage it. But we never did. So we would comfort ourselves by going home to Marion's, where we would dress up in some of Reine's finery and parade around, pretending to be at the party, telling each other: "You look charming tonight, Miss Davies" and "May I have the pleasure of kissing your hand, Miss Percy?"

We grew up a little and presently found ourselves together again in Oh, Boy. Marion sang a song, I remember, called Ribbon and a Little Bit of Lace, and we both did a specialty number, The Magazine Cover Girl, with Joe Santley, in which Marion was the Summer and I was the Winter Cover. She was winning attention then as a beauty and a dancer, and I was having my own share of good luck. It was during the run of that show that Douglas Fairbanks signed me to go to Hollywood. Marion went out to the Coast not long afterward. The ups and downs of my own story have no place here, but what my life would have been like without her friendship, I should hate to imagine. Being human, I suppose she must have her flaws, though through all my years of association with her, I have never been able to discover them. I know that, in saying these things, I lay myself open to the charge of prejudice. "Of course, you're her friend—"you [Continued on page 62]
YOU SAW Freddie Bartholomew play David Copperfield, and loved him. He won you so completely within an hour that, when the small figure faded out of the screen to make way for the grownup David, you felt an irrational impulse to fling out your arms and cry: "Stay, stay!"

Since then you have been hearing and reading stories about him, all indicating that his off-screen appeal is equally potent, that he mows down hearts as a bowler mows down ten-pins, though with far less effort—more accurately, without any effort at all, since the essence of his charm lies, as you may have guessed, in its utter lack of self-consciousness.

Let me invite you to an interview with Freddie—let me invite you to watch him, listen to him, laugh with him—and if you don't fall with a thud like the rest of us ten-pins, let me assure you that the fault will be none of his, but entirely that of his inadequate Boswell.

He's sitting more or less swallowed up in the depths of a large armchair, his legs stuck out straight in front of him, his socks revealing one sound knee and one that is pretty thoroughly battered. His hazel eyes under the wide forehead and mop of curly dark hair are momentarily serious, and he is twiddling a keycase by one key, held between fingers which are in the state normal to a boy who has had a busy day. His left hand is bandaged. Opposite him sits his beloved Cissy—otherwise, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, the aunt with whom he has lived since he was three—a wise and merry lady, between whom and Freddie there exists the easy understanding of perfect good-fellowship—rare enough between grown-ups, rarer still between a child and an adult.

- HAVING considered the question I put to him, Freddie plunges unhesitatingly into his story. He talks with the readiness of the well-bred youngster, who has been neither squelched to timidity nor coddled to self-importance. And if his vocabulary startles you now and then, it's the result of no unchildlike precocity, but only of an eager intelligence, a background of culture, and an early absorption in books which, at the age of five, included those of both Dickens and Shakespeare. (Everyone knows about their command of the English language.)

"Well," he begins, "I get up first of all. The alarm clock wakes me and I get up—which isn't easy. I love to be up—I love to be all up and dressed and doing things, yet the part I hate is getting up, do you see what I mean?"

"Perfectly," murmurs Aunt Cissy.

"It's a family failing."

"Is it?" inquires Freddie with interest. "Well, you've certainly taken it on," and is mildly astonished to note that he has brought down the house.

"I get up," he resumes, "and put the kettle on, and get everything ready by myself, and I make the tea and bring it in to Cissy on a little tray, and I pour her out several cups and she drinks it. Then I go in and turn on my shower, and then I get under the shower, and then when that's done, I dry myself and get dressed and then I have breakfast."

All this emerges on a single breath, and he pauses only long enough to draw another.

"For breakfast I just generally grab anything that's made. I like, first, cereal and then I take some fruit or anything that's faddish, and—oh, yes—I love—sandwiches. And after breakfast, we have to dash to
He may be a great child actor, but he also is all boy. Read this great story—and fall in love with him off the screen!

Basil Rathbone, Freddie's cruel stepfather in David Copperfield, is his kind father now in Anna Karenina—and Greta Garbo plays Freddie's mother.

get to the studio, and then if we arrive on time, which we very seldom do”—a guilty glance passes at this point between nephew and aunt—“I like to go to the dressing-room and help Cissy out with her attaché case.”

“Fan mail,” she explains, “which I couldn’t possibly manage without him.”

Freddie regards her with a thoughtful eye, “You wouldn’t kid me, would you, Aunt Cis?” he demands. And the effect of that borrowed Americanism on Freddie’s English lips is something you would have to hear to appreciate!

“Then I toddle off to school, and I think Miss Murphy, my tutor”—to whom he defers with a little inclination of the head—“can relate the next part of it.”

IN “RELATING the next part of it,” Miss Murphy touches on the fact that, while the school day of most studio children is limited to three hours, Freddie’s stretches to five, because of the necessity of meeting both British and American requirements. “That’s odd,” he observes, “Then I really work two hours overtime.” A sudden thought strikes him. “What’s more,” he informs his aunt, “I don’t get [Continued on page 82]
First Crossing

Have you dreamed of going abroad, of seeing faraway, romantic places? You can make the dream come true—just as the two courageous girls in this story did!

By Harriet Kahm

I FIRST began to collect steamship folders when I was a senior in high school, and planned one trip after another elaborately, right down to the last detail. I eagerly absorbed every travel book I could find. I gave my long-suffering family involved lectures on the beauties of the Riviera and which part of a ship vibrates the least on an ocean crossing. I even went so unspeakably far as to quarrel with steamship agencies about the relative advantages and disadvantages of various cabins (they, of course, little dreaming that I was no more a prospective passenger than an Arctic whale).

I had never been more than fifty miles away from my home town.

No one in my family had ever been in Europe (excepting those ancestors who had originally come from there). None of us had ever traveled at all. Travel costs money.

When I was graduated from high school, I took a business course for a year and became a stenographer. I was nineteen, and when I dreamed of romance it was always connected somehow with faraway, intriguing places. The steamship folder mania still had me in its gentle clutches; but down in my heart I realized grimly that my dreams never could come true. My salary was $23.00 a week. Travel is for the rich, isn't it? But lack of money couldn't stop me from dreaming.

I DISCOVERED that I wasn't the only girl who had sea fever without ever gazing on the sea. Beth Robertson, a girl at the office, and I became intimate chums and I learned that she, too, had been bitten by the deadly travel bug. We spent enchanted hours dreaming ourselves around the world, and exchanging travel information, books, and steamship literature. We made a sort of wistful game of it.

I might have spent all of my life in my home town if it hadn't been for a chance conversation I overheard in a street car one morning on the way to the office. Two well-dressed young women were sitting on the seat behind me. One of them had evidently just returned from Europe that very morning, and both were talking so excitedly that it was impossible not to overhear them. Said the returned traveler: "Oh, honey, you've got to do it! I had the most marvelous time of my life, and the whole trip didn't cost a cent more than three hundred dollars. I'm going to go back to England for another visit just as soon as I can save up the money, and I want you to come with me. I've got so many millions of things to tell you I don't know where to begin. Did you get my cable from London?" and much more.

I rode four blocks past my street, so absorbed was I in my impolite eavesdropping. It seemed to me as if some unseen, kindly power had purposely arranged matters so that I should be in that particular seat, in that particular street car, at that exact time.

I told Beth what I had heard. "Do you realize that there's nothing to stop us from doing the same thing?" I demanded. "It can't cost more than three hundred dollars or so, going third class, and taking one of the slower boats. If we each save three dollars a week out of our salaries for two years, we'll have more than enough!"

That night, in Beth's room, we figured out the details of the cost of a trip abroad, with steamship and other travel literature spread out before us. We found that every spring a certain line offers a round-trip excursion to Europe for $110.00, third class, including cabin and meals. Long study had convinced us that the modern third class was comfortable to the point of luxury, and eminently respectable. A passport would cost about
We saw the Latin Quartier, with its narrow, dark, winding streets, and artists everywhere, painting. (From a water color by Harry L. Taskey)

New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond—Paris!

Beth and I were enchanted by our miraculous discovery, though "enchanted" is much too mild a word for it. We were delirious and not at all deterred by the thought of having to wait two years to make our dreams come true. We each started a bank account that very week and began our weekly $3.00 deposits. Some weeks, at the sacrifice of a few desserts and other little "luxuries," we raised the ante to $5.00, but this didn't happen often. No one could describe the thrill of watching those bank accounts grow, week by week, month by month. At the end of a year and ten months, each of us had saved $310.00.

Three hundred and ten dollars! And it was spring!

Of course, no one really took our travel intentions seriously. Twenty-year-old stenographers don't simply pack their things and say, "Good-bye, folks. I'm running over to Europe for a couple of weeks, I'll write you from Paris." My friends were politely incredulous. My parents looked stricken. But the world didn't really stop until I actually received my passport from Washington and showed it, together with my two-yards-long steamship ticket to my pop-eyed friends of both sexes, and my despairing family.

"But Harriet, you can't!" they all wailed.

"Oh, can't I?" replied Harriet. "Well, just watch me!"

It was my job that cost me the deepest pang of regret. I would have to give it up and take my chances of finding another when I returned, and that might not be so easy. But Beth and I agreed that faint heart ne'er won trip to Paris, so we bade our employers a cheery farewell and cashed our last pay checks.

When the bus pulled out of the station, I saw my mother weeping. She was confident that she would never see her darling daughter alive again. The wilds of Europe would claim my slim and helpless carcass, if I

$11.00, including photographs. Round-trip bus fare from our town to New York, $12.00. Tips aboard the boat, about $2.50 each way; total, $5.00.

THE excursion permitted a fifteen-day stay in Europe. One's living expenses in Europe need not exceed $3.00 per day, including meals and a room in a comfortable hotel. That would total $45.00 for the fifteen days. Then there would be railroad fare from the seaport to Paris (our preferred destination). That would amount to $10.00 round trip. All of these costs would come to less than $200.00, and would allow the remaining hundred to be spent for pleasure. Fifty dollars a week for pleasure can buy a lot of pleasure anywhere in the world!
was lucky enough to escape the treachery of the sea. My father looked grim. A certain young party who kissed me goodbye—a trifle gingerly—looked puzzled and defeated, as if life had handed him a lemon when he had had his mouth all set for a nice, juicy orange. The darling boob!

Do you remember that picture, Monte Carlo, with its theme song of Beyond the Blue Horizon? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it was that picture that supplied me with the courage and motive power to accomplish my deed of daring. While the bus thundered comfortably toward New York, I kept humming the tune. I, little Harriet, was on my way to Europe! As Hollywood would put it, it was simply colossal, gigantic, and stupendous! It was absolutely and completely one of those things that can't possibly happen, and then does, to everyone's astonishment...

The tall funnels of our ship loomed skyward over the top of the pier building, and we were in the midst of a deliciously exciting scene. Porters and baggage men scurrying here and there; orders being shouted; uniformed pier officials and sailors everywhere. Departing passengers and their friends. Flowers. Steamer baskets. Smart messenger boys. Electric baggage trucks scurrying, rumbling along the vast wooden floor loaded with ticketed baggage and trunks. A gorgeous nightmare of thrilling pandemonium.

We found ourselves walking up the gangplank, practically in a trance. A white-jacketed steward showed us to our cunning little cabin on D deck. And it was just about this time that we experienced the only unhappy part of the entire trip. We wanted to stay and enjoy its lovely gadgets, and we also wanted to be on all decks at the same time, and on both sides of the ship so as to be sure not to miss anything.

• A DEEP-THROATED blast from the whistle. Frantic goodbyes. Last-minute clicks of cameras. A frantic tumble of visitors down the gangplank. Then a few minutes later another deep sound of the whistle, accompanied by the rattling anchor chains. Then slowly the ship—with Beth and me on it!—began moving away from the pier and into the Hudson River. I closed my eyes for a brief moment in sheer ecstasy. This was what I had dreamed of all my life!

Gradually, the crowd on the pier grew far away and tiny. There was no sound but the steady chug-chug of the tugs nosing our ship toward the harbor, and the warm rushing of the river wind. We floated past New York's skyline silently. If it is possible to suffer with happiness, I was so suffering. A musical bell clanged announcing that luncheon was ready, plunging me into a still deeper agony of indecision. I was starving hungry, yet I didn't want to go below where I would miss an instant of the magic panorama unfolding itself before me. Hunger—and a very nice, friendly chap (really much more attractive than the darling I left at home) prevailed upon me to dine. (There were a number of girls and boys of about our own age on board.)

That luncheon! I wondered if there was anything left for the first class passengers. We simply had everything; and it was delicious, as well as beautifully served. Third class, indeed! And, of course, it was at the table that people began to introduce themselves to each other. The Goodlooking Number (who was going to Holland) sat next to me and kept passing me things.

The many-coursed luncheon finished at last, I hurried back up on deck and was delighted to find that New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon, but we were out at sea. [Continued on page 60]
They All Like IRENE!

Men develop magnificent obsessions about IRENE DUNNE—whose charm is effortless and completely feminine

BY JANE McDONOUGH

GIRLS, gather 'round while I introduce you to one Hollywood charmer whose appeal to men is the kind that every girl secretly longs to have—and it is likely to be permanent. She isn’t a devastating blonde, tightly gowned, with a come-hither look in her eye. Her dark hair is as natural as her manners, and she has had neither a spectacular romance nor a single fit of temperament chalked up against her record. When it comes to popularity with the masculine portion of Hollywood, Irene Dunne wins without a struggle.

It is from the men and women who are with a star during her working hours that you may expect a genuine appraisal. She is not on parade then. Indeed, she may be forgiven for showing the least pleasant side of her personality. Nerves grow taut from emotional strain. The blazing lights exact a terrific toll of strength and energy. Courtesy and consideration for others demands a distinct effort. And Irene Dunne always has friendly words for everyone around her, from director to the lowest scene-shifter. And men have a way, just as women do, of cherishing gestures of thoughtfulness.

Fellow-workers will tell you dozens of stories to illustrate this trait in Irene Dunne. The one I like best concerns an electrician who worked on one of her pictures.

This man has a small daughter who must spend long months of each year in a sanitarium, trying to while away the endless days until seasonal atmospheric changes make it possible for her to return to Mother and Daddy. Miss Dunne happened to overhear the father discussing his little domestic tragedy with a fellow workman, and inquired into it. Now the lonely mite receives frequent notes and carefully selected gifts in an attempt to lessen the weariness of her lot. Of course, any star might duplicate the presents. They represent no great effort. But the personally written letters would be missing in most cases. They are a typically Dunne touch. Nor would anyone know about either letters or gifts, but for the grateful father.

I knew a young chap employed with the studio unit that produced Cimarron, Miss Dunne’s first screen success. A very sophisticated nineteen, he would, one imagined, admire a more flamboyant type. But he immediately fell victim to the well—[Continued on page 74]
GINGER ROGERS—Past, Present and Future

BY DONNA SHELDON

GINGER ROGERS has reached the top. After long years of climbing up the theatrical ladder, inch by inch, she has reached the uppermost rung—and now steps out onto the heady heights of stardom. In her new picture, In Person, her name—which has been second for a long time—will be first in the theatre lights of Broadway, London, Paris, and all points east and west.

Nine years ago, she stepped out on a stage in Dallas, Texas, as an entrant in a Charleston dance contest—a gangling fifteen-year-old, slight of figure, red of hair, and far from glamorous in appearance. But she had personality and she was a born dancer; she won that contest—and put her foot on the first rung of the ladder. An enthusiastic Dallas newspaper headlined the next morning, "Look Out, Broadway—Here Comes Ginger!"

Three years later, she was on Broadway. She would have been there sooner if she had not wanted to be sure first that she was ready for it. One year later, she was one of the principal reasons for seeing the Broadway musical hit, Top Speed. That same year (1930) she played her first picture role—in Young Man of Manhattan, featuring Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. She was Claudette's pert rival.

Today, five years and thirty pictures later, she is the pert, first-rank rival not only of Claudette Colbert, but of Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, and every other top-flight star in Hollywood.

In popularity, few—if any—actresses on the screen out-

For nine years, she has worked toward stardom. Now she is there, and no one on the screen has a brighter or happier-looking future!

The fashion world is Ginger Rogers-conscious today because so many of her smart gowns are practical for the average girl. For example: this double-faced, reversible wool street frock in Top Hat. The hat is of Cellophane straw.

Ginger, of the superlative figure, wears the latest in chic beach wear in Top Hat.
Ginger Rogers wears both of these gowns in Top Hat . . . and both were designed by Bernard Newman (right), who predicts a great fashion future for her. The dark gown is marine blue marquisette, worn over matching crêpe. The white frock is of starched chiffon, with skirt and bodice showered with silver paillettes. With it she wears three underslips.

**SHE** and Fred Astaire, who have just completed their fourth picture, Top Hat, are the most phenomenally popular costarring combination since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were a romantic duo. The Rogers-Astaire appeal is far different from the erstwhile Gaynor-Farrell appeal, but the public is just as insistent that they continue to appear together. And so they will. (Follow the Fleet is on the fall program for them.) But, meanwhile, producers are out to prove that they know what the public has suspected for three years—namely, that Ginger is a grand little actress, not restricted to musical comedy. So she is doing In Person, and RKO-Radio is shopping for other dramatic stories for her.

However, something even more important than stardom has happened to Ginger. Fame and fortune are rich prizes, but what would they mean without happiness? And Ginger has found that in her marriage to Lew Ayres, whom she met, ironically enough, when she played opposite him in Don't Bet on Love.

Their first date was on the night of March 10, 1932, the night that an earthquake laid Long Beach in ruins and shook Hollywood to its foundations. Ginger smiles today, "That wasn't an earthquake. It was Lew and I falling in love, only we didn't know it at the time!"

They did not believe in love at first sight. They both had been through the disillusionment of unhappy first marriages, and both were on guard against any sudden heart entanglements. They became—just pals. Ginger in slacks and Lew in cords and an old sweater went out at night on long walks. They sat home and read serious books to each other. They did not go to the bright-light spots to parade their companionship for whatever publicity there might be in it. Instead, they picked up hot dogs or hamburgers at some roadside stand, unrecognized by fellow diners.

Then Ginger went off to New York on vacation and they discovered a fact that they had subconsciously been dodging for months—they were in love, and life apart was not worth the living. Ginger rushed back to Hollywood [Continued on page 66]
A handful of men in Hollywood... clever fashion designers... make up your mind about "what to wear!"

ADRIAN put a pillbox hat on Garbo, and the whole world of women started wearing similar hats!

Travis Banton designed an evening gown with a tailored shirtwaist top for Carole Lombard in *No Man of Her Own*, and shirtmaker evening gowns of lamé, cloth-of-gold, satin, and other rich fabrics became a fashion necessity!

In *One-Way Passage*, Kay Francis wore an evening cape with a slightly military swagger, designed by Orry-Kelly. Now look at capes all over the place!

René Hubert slit a skirt that Janet Gaynor wore in *Servants’ Entrance*, and hundreds of thousands of women dashed from the theatre to grab for the scissors!

H.H. Plunkett’s costumes for *Little Women* were followed almost on the instant of the picture’s release by a passionate interest on the part of dressmakers and manufacturers in the tight bodice, the gored skirt, and the fullness from elbow to wrist—not to mention poke bonnets!

You wear what a handful of men in Hollywood tell you to wear, and it is of no use to argue!

IF THE fashion designers of Hollywood decide that you are to dress in hoop-skirts, hoop-skirts you will wear—and like the idea. That is, you will if you are the average woman. And, according to Walter Plunkett, most women are average women. “Otherwise, we wouldn’t have fads in clothes sweeping the country,” he explains.

Mr. Plunkett, costume designer for RKO Studios, was in a mischievous mood the day I talked to him. He was feeling very gay, I think, because his costumes for She, the spectacular picture from the Rider Haggard novel of the same name, were behaving very well for the cameras.

I asked him about this business of fads. “Do they just happen, or do you control them from Hollywood? In other words, do you think that the designers of Hollywood could put over any style they wished, no matter how extreme, if they decided to play a monstrous joke on the world?”

“In the first place, we wouldn’t want to,” he said. “But I suppose that if all of the designers made a pact to use one extreme style consistently in all pictures, within six months every woman in the world would be wearing... well, let’s think up something really fantastic for an example!”

His eyes lighted with an impish gleam. “Remember, now, I said IF all of the designers went slightly crazy, and decided to play a prank on the world,” he cautioned. “Our business is to make our stars look lovely in clothes that fit their characters and the stories. But IF Hollywood designers so chose, I’ll wager that in six months we could have every woman built up to eight or nine feet...
What You

BY
LYN MILLER

tall! All that we would have to do would be to put stilt shoes consistently on our most famous stars, and build up hair and hats into towering head-dresses. The more conservative women, of course, would restrain themselves to being only about six and a half or seven feet tall. But very quickly you’d have the extremists towering ten to twelve feet in the air. The implications are terrific! I tremble to think of my own power!”

“You’re not being serious!” I protested. “This is a very serious interview!”

“I’m perfectly serious,” he retorted. “Most women make the mistake of wearing whatever is popular at the moment, instead of what is becoming to them personally. Otherwise, we never would have had every woman wearing knee-length skirts, regardless of what kind of underpinnings she had been born with. And we never would see such things as huge wide sleeves on short, wide women.”

- PLUNKETT should know where-of he speaks, for he has been responsible for several trends, himself. All of them, he is quick to add, originated in spite of him, and not because he set out to invent something new.

The beginning of the modern usage of puffed sleeves dates back to his costumes for Cimarron. He designed those precisely to the period of the Edna Ferber story according to historical data, modifying them only in some slight details to make them attractive to the modern eye.

Shortly after the picture’s release, sleeves began to puff, then to gather and spread until Adrian, internationally known M-G-M designer, went the limit with the famous Letty Lynton dress he designed for Joan Crawford. They swept the country like wildfire within less than a month after the picture was shown.

Adrian smiled reminiscently when I asked him whether or not he deliberately had wished those huge, flaring sleeves and high, prim necklines on a defenseless country.

“Of course not,” he said. “Fashion evolves in spite of designers, and not because of them. There is an evolutionary law in fashion changes, just as there is in painting or any other art. A new Hollywood mode, used consistently, does make itself felt very quickly, and is very widely copied if it is good and right and sound. But there is no use in doing something just for the sake of being different. I put those huge sleeves on Miss Crawford in Letty Lynton because she was playing an extreme person, and it suited the character to have extreme clothes. They happened to click with the entire world.”

So far two designers had agreed, with charming modesty, that their brain-children had achieved worldwide popularity without their ever intending it.

- ORRY-KELLY of Warners-First National, added his important voice to the chorus:

“The essential thing in dress for all women is to have clothes that are personal, that reflect their own individual personality,” he said. “Any style trend I have started gained popularity because I introduced something that was becoming to a certain star and right for the part she was playing, not because I had the millions of women who might copy it in mind.”

His striking costumes for Dolores Del Rio (Continued on page 78)
By Gwen Dew

There is a whisper in the air of coming days full of the zest of autumn, of the winsome fragrance of the September air, of renewed interest in sports and affairs that are active. We have had our full share of being lazy, of just "sitting in the sun," and now we are ready to swing into autumn and its delightful new modes.

Meanwhile, for these last lovely summer days we can live in cotton lace, and capture all the honors. It is smart anywhere and any time. It is being made into amazing things that lace never dreamed of being before, and they are utterly charming. Shirtwaist frocks with trick buttons of patent-leather, brilliant glass and amusing wood serve all purposes. They pack easily, look supremely cool, and launder beautifully. So what more could one ask?

Even into the evening goes cotton lace, and you will see the bouffant gowns in the "best-dressed" places. Sometimes the lace is starched, and then it looks crisply cool, besides being mighty becoming to slim young forms. Eggshell is its favorite color, followed closely by flesh, white, aqua, yellow, and lilac.

Sheer blacks and navy blues, with flattering bows of crisp white organdy or dainty net, are another grand answer to the last warm days, particularly if there are jackets you can add as August slips into early September. There is really nothing that looks cooler, and the white touches set off the deep tan of your skin, and the matching tan of your sheer hosiery. Black or blue gloves with flaring cuffs give that final smart touch that means so much.

Berets creep up on us as summer wanes, and from Paris we learn that there is a jaunty new large Florentine beret draped in soft folds that is on its way to us. It will be worn high over one eye, and then dip daringly down over the other. Turbans for sports wear are being shown in New York in taffeta and paisley, and small close hats point the way to autumn millinery trends.

As the days glide swiftly into September, we promise you that velveteen will step up into fashion's spotlight. It will either form entire dresses or coats, or be used as large collars and revers. I have heard of one fall suit already being made of brown wool, with rose velveteen for its revers. Doesn't that sound enticing?

Skirts are literally creeping up on us, and by fall we will find our dresses an inch or an inch and a half shorter, which means that the lengths will vary from ten to fourteen and one-half inches from [Continued on page 79]
Fashion never stands still; it is always on the march—and now approaches the early autumn reviewing stands... or, rather, previewing stands... Kitty Carlisle, the society girl who turned screen songstress, is all prepared for that Indian summer mood with a chic, dark one-piece street frock, which has such bright accessory touches as clusters of silk flowers on her hat and belt.
How Carole Clothes Match

Romantic or gay or sophisticated, she always looks the part—with make-up and coiffures in harmony!

By VIRGINIA LANE

"T"he more interesting a woman is," says Travis Banton, the famous Hollywood designer, "the more sides there are to her personality. When she understands the trick of selecting clothes to match each mood, and of varying her hairdress and make-up as she varies her costumes, then she has glamor. That, really, is the secret of Carole Lombard's allure."

"Twelve-persons-in-one," Travis calls her. And he should know because he has designed gowns that dramatize every facet of Carole's temperament.

The lovely Lombard, you see, knows instinctively what clothes and coiffures and make-up can do for a girl as well as to her. She found out some time ago that, to be a success, a girl has to look the different parts she wants to play in everyday drama. That has nothing to do with acting. It is feminine psychology, pure and simple.

•

Suppose, for instance, that you want to capture the mood of romance—the most important mood in a girl's life.

There is nothing like tulle for that, declares Mr. Banton. It has been the outstanding prom-girl and bridesmaid fabric of history. And when a blonde of Carole's calibre combines tulle in a silky black with pink flowers at the throat—well, what man can look in the opposite direction? In order to allow the flattery of those pink cloth flowers to do their best, Carole uses a lip rouge in a deeper tone of the same shade. (Nothing detracts from such a mood like a bold orange rouge or one that has a bluish cast. And this applies also to a heavy perfume.) By all means, use a delicate floral scent and spray it over the whole dress, especially on the flowers.

Everything must be delicate. Your jewelry. The flush on your cheeks. And your eyelashes and eyebrows should be done in brown mascara and pencil. Black is too definite a contrast with light hair for such a mood. Even brunettes should use brown unless they happen to have very dark hair.

Carole's "coiffure counselor"—Walter Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers—says that you may have a passion for a sleek headdress, but when you want to spread the spell of enchantment, keep your hair soft. Combing out the bangs and waves, and just before leaving your room tip your head down. Then let the hair settle back into
Lombard's Her Moods

place of its own free will. This will give it the same light, airy effect as the dress. Carole even adds, 'Keep the conversation on light topics. Don't discuss politics in tulle!' In fact, dressed like that, you won't have to discuss much of anything. The Big Moment will arrive of its own accord without the help of words!

Of course, there are a good many "moments" in a woman's life—moments that require expert handling. Perhaps an ex-sweetheart of your husband's is coming to dinner, or you want to show the old crowd at your class reunion how "ultra" you have become. That is the perfect hostess mood.

The way to begin is by putting on one of those elastic girdles that can do grand things for even the grandest of figures, and rummage around until you find your most madly extravagant pair of sheer stockings. Thus fortified, slip into a white crêpe gown modeled along the lines that made Helen of Troy an international complication. A deceptively simple gown, you know, probably with the sleeves cut in one with the bodice like Carole’s, and with the same unmistakable air of being clever and classic all at once. Have a set head-dress with your bangs curled under [Continued on page 64]
Were you surprised by Claudette's newly auburned hair—as revealed in the striking natural-color photograph on this month's cover? Did you wonder about the silver fox cape? The answer is that both are chic... Evenings always are cool in California, and a fur cape is not only smart, but sensible. Just as smart and sensible as her simple early fall frock at the near-right—green wool accented with silver lame stitchings. The coiffure above is her newest—worn in the picture, "She Married Her Boss".
Happy Summer Ending

Joan Bennett, of the Hollywood smart set, is giving summer a pert and fashionable finale—like this...

For an "afternoon out," Joan comes downstairs in aquamarine crêpe, sportswear-styled. And sport shoes and a sporty little hat heighten the informal note.

For an "afternoon out," Joan comes downstairs in aquamarine crêpe, sportswear-styled. And sport shoes and a sporty little hat heighten the informal note.

Shopping is a "suitable" occasion to Joan, who likes this year's contrast motifs. Her skirt of sheer wool crêpe is topped by a brief jacket and multi-ruffled gilet of powder-blue linen.

For dining and dancing, Joan likes yards and yards of ruffled pink tulle, with a perky jacket. Which reminds us: her new picture is titled, "Two for Tonight".

Teatime is taffeta time for Joan, who rustles to her favorite restaurant in a navy-and-white printed frock, a navy coat and navy hat—all of taffeta (center).
MODERN Medieval

Travis Banton's creations for Loretta film spectacle, "The Crusades," are

Watch for modern versions of this velvet gown, designed by Banton for Loretta Young in "The Crusades"... its princess lines highlighted by bead embroidery at the neck and hipline.

As Berengaria, Queen of England, Loretta Young wears a veil bound about her head, with a narrow metallic band surmounting it.

Playing the heroine of "The Crusades," Loretta Young wears this Banton-designed satin gown... whose molded lines and skirt fullness will appeal to glamour-conscious moderns.
Luxurious use of gold embroidery features this gown designed by Travis Banton for Katherine DeMille in "The Crusades." And fashion will be reminded what embroidery can do!

And herewith is a sketch of a modern variation—a close-fitting hat with upturned and shiny band brim, face veil and chin strap.

In this Banton-designed medieval gown in "The Crusades," Katherine DeMille will give ideas to moderns about the effect of metallic cloth with black velvets.

MAIDENS, Modes
Young and Katherine DeMille in the destined to influence Fall fashions!
A Suit Substitute—such is Madge Evans’ smart black-and-white wool frock, styled like a tailored military tocoat.

Would you suspect that Una Merkel’s trim “office-girl” frock (above) has a removable jacket? It buttons in back—just for novelty.

Four pockets and eleven buttons adorn the jacket of Merle Oberon’s suit in “The Dark Angel” (right). Its checks are three-toned.

For evening, taffeta continues popular—like Maureen O’Sullivan (left). Her quaint gown is gray-and-white striped.

For autumn lounging, Rochelle Hudson has pajamas of chiffon velvet in a new weave. Their color? Rose opaline.
Give Yourself Some New Accessories!

You don't have to spend a fortune to smarten up your fall clothes. You can make things, yourself. Here’s how!

BY ANN SOTHERN

THE FASHION powers-that-be are good to us! Every fall they devise some new types of accessories that we can use with miraculous results on a last year's dress. And thus we fool our friends and enemies into thinking that we just went out and spent a small fortune (snap of fingers here!) on a whole new autumn outfit! Last year they said, "Trim with metals and metal cloths for dressy wear. And for sportswear make your own hats, sweaters, scarfs, and other accessories, even flowers!" This year the bright edict to us is: "Crochet!"

Crocheted gloves, I must admit, made their first appearance this summer ... but they were so successful and so well liked that we'll be wearing them far into the fall, in fact until the time when the frost begins tackling our fingers. The shades will be darker, of course, than we wore this summer, in order to match the darker hats and bags we'll be wearing.

Crocheted hats for sports and daytime wear are a practical innovation for those of us who take our hats off as often as possible (to allow our hair to breathe) and then put them on again five minutes later. They don't stretch out of shape ... they don't muss ... and you can easily tuck them in your pocket. And as for their cost ... a little time and a lot of inexpensive thread is nothing to complain about — particularly when the results are so extremely smart!

• I HAVE made only a beret and gloves so far, and I had to do those on the set between shots ... but I am going to make a crocheted vestee to wear with my fall suit. These vestees in contrasting shades are very chic—yellow with brown suits, light blue with dark blue, brown with gray suits. These handmade vestees are very expensive to buy, but easy and economical to make. The instructions for making them are too long to give here, but you can easily get details at any art needlework department in a department store.

The brimmed beret that I just finished is such a simple pattern, how- [Continued on page 80]
LOOKS Mean a

"CAMERA! Lights! Action!" Put yourself in the place of the star who listens to that thrilling cry of the Hollywood studios. It is the minute before the voice of the director will boom out, and you take swift inventory of yourself.

Your hair? Cut and curled to make you look your feminine loveliest.

Your dress? Smoothly fitted, immaculately clean, becomingly cut.

Your face? That gives you swift thought, and you steal a last searching glimpse in a mirror. It must show a lovely face, with a faultlessly smooth make-up. The poor features of your face must be hidden—the best points of your looks must be enhanced, played up, emphasized. That’s the art that makes the millions who watch the movies believe that before them on the screen is a girl with all the beauty of the world embodied in her features.

Make-up! That’s the secret of these stars who make a thorough study of it. And you, too, must know these tricks of making yourself as charming to look at as any star on the screen. You must realize that every day when you go to work or to a dance, you face the camera of passing glances, the lights of friendly inspection, the action of the people who judge you only by your appearance.

There are few stars who were born beautiful. You realize that, don’t you? Myrna Loy has freckles; Joan Crawford’s mouth is large; Ginger Rogers’ hair is “carrot-y” color; Marlene Dietrich has high cheekbones. I know these exquisite stars will forgive me for saying these things, because they themselves have recognized the facts, and—who is more important—have made of them important factors in their stunning appearances, and a great part of their personal charm!

How do they do it?

• LET’S just imagine for a while that you and I are in Hollywood, and that I’m the make-up person who is giving you some points on how you can make yourself look as lovely as you possibly can. Attention!

First: consider each part of your face individually. Eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows, lips, complexion, and hair must be at their individual best.

Second: you must know certain make-up principles that I shall soon tell you.

Third: each part of your face must be in perfect harmony with the rest.

Perhaps you think you know how to apply powder. Probably you do, but just let me give you my suggestions, too. Start powdering at the lower edges of the cheeks. Blend toward the center of the face. Powder your nose last. Be sure to press the powder lightly into the tiny lines of the face. Brush away surplus with a soft complexion brush.

Rouge next. Never rub your rouge in, but pat it gently on. Start at the top part of your cheek, and follow the curve of the cheekbone to the nose. Blend carefully with your fingers so that the rouge looks like

By Alison Alden
natural color in your cheek. Your rouge should be applied very faintly from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. If there are tiny lines under the eyes, rouge carried up almost to the lower lid will help eliminate them. (That's a make-up secret I learned from Dumas of New York, who used to make up the ladies of the royal Russian court.)

The important lipstick! Always dry your lips. Make up the upper lip by following the contour with lipstick, and fill in by blending with the lipstick or your finger. Compress your lips together to give you the proper contour for your lower lip, and so make your mouth look symmetrical. Fill in and blend the lower lip with the lipstick. Rub well toward the inside of the mouth so you don't have a red smear just on the outer part of your lips. Blend the lipstick into your lips carefully. The color of your lipstick should harmonize with the color of your rouge and powder. (That's an important principle of one of Hollywood's most famous make-up men.)

Eyeshadow! This can do much to enhance your beauty, for if the “eyes are the mirrors of the soul,” they should be an outstanding part of your looks. Apply eyeshadow to the upper lid only, and blend very delicately to give an even color from eyelash to eyebrow. If your eyebrows need it, define their natural curve with eyebrow pencil, and extend the line a trifle. Where the eyelash meets the outer corner of the lower lid, draw a fine line that will make your eyes look larger. Deepen your eyelashes by brushing mascara on them with an upward stroke on the upper lashes, and with a downward stroke to the lower lashes. Never let your lashes look “matty,” but separate and soften the lashes with a small brush.

- THAT'S the main part of the make-up lesson, but if you have special problems I can help you. For instance, there are ways to make a round face look more oval, a thin face fuller, to hide too-high cheekbones, to rouge hollow cheeks. Or to change the looks of your eyes, or to remedy the thinness or fullness of your lips. I shall be glad to help you with these problems if you will write me about them.

Of course, you realize that no make-up in the world can be wholly satisfactory unless you have a clean, healthy skin underneath it. That you must insure for yourself. It is a result of sensible eating, plenty of sleep, and absolute cleanliness. Never hop into bed, no matter how tired, without thoroughly cleansing the face. If your skin is dry, it needs to be nourished and freshened. If it is oily, it needs an astringent.

Study your face, pick out its good points and play them up big. Be clever and do something to detract from your weak spots. Choose your colors carefully, and apply them with thorough knowledge that you are doing it just the way a master make-up man would. You can. Make it your business to start out every morning with the feeling that the next minute you are going to face the cameras, let the lights search you out, and snap into action!

[Continued on page 73]
Secrets of the Stars

The acid test of any woman's charm is the kind of closet she keeps. Read what Hollywood charmers have in theirs!

There is nary a skeleton left in Hollywood closets. Because, in order to rattle around well, any self-respecting skeleton must have one of those old-fashioned dim interiors spiked with hooks that bump you in the eye. And it couldn't possibly be happy in the bright, modern, practical marvels that are the stars' closets!

As Mae West puts it—and believe it or not, she is one of the best housekeepers in filmdom: "Whether you're single or married, if you want to save your disposition, you've got to have a place for everything and everything in its place! You know how little things can happen in the best-regulated families—the wife loses a shoehorn, the husband can't find his favorite tie. Before you can say Mickey Mouse, they've quarreled and she's telephoning her lawyer. Now I don't say that convenient, well-planned closets are the answer to the American Divorce Problem, but they certainly ought to help to steer people clear of it. Even in apartments, where space is what you have the least of, you can manage them."

And how Mae has managed hers! The closets in the West apartment show what can be done when you set your mind to it. First of all, she had cupboards built in—cupboards with cute draw curtains over them to hold her size 4A pumps, her gloves, the famous West tams, and so on. It's surprising how much extra room they provide and how inexpensively a carpenter will build them.

The cupboard for the shoes has a sloping shelf with a ledge for the heels to rest against, and it is low enough to reach easily. All of Mae's hatboxes are labeled so that she doesn't have to scurry through a half dozen before she finds the particular one she wants. And, nicest of all, the minute she opens the closet door, she is greeted by a delightful odor. It comes from the quilted padding on the shelves. Incidentally, it is now possible to buy this padding by the yard in any color and in varying widths; then you scent it yourself with your favorite sachet.

- Today, smart closets are as essential as smart clothes. And the end of summer is an excellent time to clean out the old catch-alls, to give them a fresh lease on life. Just remember:
  - A little modern equipment—and you have space where there was none before.
  - A can of paint—and you have sunshine where the sun never penetrates.
  - A few yards of chintz—and you have chic, plus cheer!

Let me tell you what that charming little Southern girl, Gail Patrick, did. Gail is living on a very moderate Hollywood income because she is just starting out in the movies, and she and her mother live in a small apartment. But the girl

Elissa Landi had a "clothes filing cabinet" built in her closet—which is novel in other ways, too

Lyda Roberti doesn't keep hats in boxes, but in deep closet drawers. Neat—and accessible!

Behind three full-length mirrors in the room that Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young share are three attractive, well-arranged closets
must have some special Alabama ingenuity, as you will agree after reading what she did to her closet.

It was the "pocket-handkerchief" size with hooks scattered around the walls. After Gail had hung up five or six dresses, it looked as jammed as a subway at rush hour, and half her clothes still were on the bed. "A rod from wall to wall across the length of the closet will more than double its capacity," she reasoned, "and that will still leave room for a shelf!" So out came the hooks.

She called the janitor. He put up a shelf for her; two inches below it he arranged brackets for the rod. But Gail did not buy the ordinary thick, wooden rod. A plain iron gas or water pipe makes a far stronger one and she knew it. So young Miss Patrick bought a length of pipe and a can of paint—cream-colored paint to match the woodwork in her bedroom. And she set to work in the closet painting the new rod, the floorboards and the shelf. And when she had finished, Gail went shopping again.

This time she acquired four yards of figured chintz and two and one-half yards of shelf edgings in a turquois rayon taffeta—you can get this sort of edging in any number of materials. With the chintz she covered the little wooden hangers, the hat stands, and boxes for her hose; gloves, and lingerie. (It means a lot if you can find place for all that in your closet. It means that you can do without buying an extra piece of furniture for your bedroom, and that's something to consider these days!)

With the new paint and the chintz, that closet took on a gaiety it had never expected to know. But when Gail added the taffeta edging to the shelf—that was the supreme touch! She tacked it on with cream-lacquered thumbtacks. And the result was completely charming.

And this was the amazingly low cost for the whole thing, item by item: Iron rod, 35c; Paint, 45c; Chintz (at 35c a yard) $1.40; Taffeta edging for shelf (at 40c a yard), $1.00; Thumbtacks, 25c. Total cost: $3.45.

- IF YOU have neither the time nor the inclination to cover your hangers, you can buy clever little velvet dress hangers in any large department store for thirty-five cents a dozen. Get them in shades to match the color scheme of your room. Hatstands to match are also available.

- LET yourself go where closets are concerned! Joan Crawford did—with thrilling results. Joan, you know, has always hated closets, because she was shut in a very dark one once and the memory lingers on. Consequently, every one of Joan's closets now has a window in it. She has all kinds, but one of the neatest is her "game" closet, which lives next door to the card room. In it, she has enough compartments to hold the backgammon and chess boards, the boxes of cards and chips and all of the old games that help to make a party so successful. All of the shelves and drawers are painted white with silver moldings and the walls are pale blue. It isn't necessary, of course, to devote a whole closet to such things, but it is a won- [Continued on page 86]
Sally Eilers Plays Hostess

SINCE her marriage to Harry Joe Brown, the producer, Sally Eilers has blossomed out as one of the most brilliant and most successful younger hostesses in Hollywood. Her little "dinners at eight," of which she gives four or five a month, have become patterns for successful entertainment. They are by no means lavish, but Sally’s gifts as a charming hostess make each of them distinctive, individual, dramatic. And you may obtain some new ideas from her for your own next dinner party.

She attacks her problem of entertainment, not as a successful motion picture star, but rather as a young wife whose husband’s friends and her own friends she wants to have around her. It is a healthy mental attitude because her own eager friendliness is transferred to her guests, and the formality of the dinner itself never defeats the sparkling atmosphere she creates at her dinner table.

Cooking is a hobby with Sally. It has been ever since she was a child, when she displayed her passionate interest in the culinary art by deluging her mother with questions about how cakes were mixed and roasts prepared for the oven. In fact, when Sally is a guest, it is not at all unusual for her to ask her hostess for recipes, and no chef in any restaurant in the world is safe from her! She will wheedle and cajole until she triumphantly carries away the secrets of the dishes that have beguiled her. And, as likely as not, she will spring a new dish at her next dinner party certain to elicit "oh's" and "ah's" from her appreciative guests.

* SURPRISES are half of the secret of the success of any well-remembered dinner party, Sally believes. "No matter what your menu is, it must always have a dramatic quality," she says. "It must have surprise and visual delight; it must not only be—but look—appetizing. Your dinner is a success only when your dullest guest makes brilliant remarks. Your table is a success when it catches and holds the eye. Your menu is a success when everything is eaten and evidently enjoyed."

In these repeal days, every dinner of course begins with cocktails. Simple hors d'oeuvres may be served. Sally suggests that tiny pig sausages im-paled on toothpicks and the toothpicks stuck into an apple or a grapefruit, like porcupine quills, are extremely attractive and inexpensive. Cottage cheese mixed with a little horseradish, chopped green onions, and a suggestion of tabasco sauce, placed in a large bowl, and framed in potato chips, makes another excellent hors d’oeuvre. A third favorite of Sally’s is peanut butter spread on tiny strips of bread, rolled and folded into bacon, then browned in the oven.

As the guests sit down, her table has a crisp look. Sally places importance on the visual delights of her table. The centerpiece of flowers is always flanked by candlesticks, with candles of a harmonizing color. A dish of nuts and a dish of chocolates invariably grace the table. She makes sure that there is pepper and salt within easy reach of every guest, and cigarettes and matches and ash trays at every place. A thoughtful hostess, of course, will always try to remember the brand of cigarettes each guest prefers and provide those.

**No one in Hollywood is more successful or popular in the rôle. Let Sally give you ideas for your own next dinner party!**

BY SONIA LEE

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* "I SERVE several types of dinners," Sally reveals. "One I call ‘the roast beef dinner’ and another ‘the steak dinner.’ With so many women calory-conscious today, a hostess no longer plans a dinner for women. She caters to the tastes of men. That is as it should [Continued on page 87]*
Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so deeply—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will protect your skin—give it that smooth, cared-for look that's so appealing.

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

Movie Classic for September, 1935
your blueness, your darkness? Even if you have changed a life-long opinion, you are trading it in on a greater loveliness,” Mr. Pogany assures you. “Now you are ready to ‘flip into the great palette of colors and choose from it the hues that will set you apart, emphasize your beauty, give you charm.

“IN RELATION to you, all colors have only two variations. They either contrast with your complexion, or they harmonize with it. You may use either group of shades without fear, but you will get very different results from each. Dolores Del Rio is such a definite color type that she makes an ideal model. She has dark eyes and hair with a golden skin. Her general coloring is in the warm browns. The contrast to warm brown lies in the greenish tones.

“Supposing Dolores wishes to appear very sweet and unsophisticated. She can do no better than wear a quiet shade of green with a silvery cast to it. However, should she wish to be vivid and startling, she gains the best effect by turning to the brilliant, gorgeous hues of emerald and jade. Scarlet would be good, combined with metallic gold.

“Follow her into the harmonizing colors, and what effects do we find? In dark, dull shades of brown and in black, she is unlike and severe. In lighter tans and fawns, she is quiet and demure. Glinting copper-browns and lustrous blacks give her elegance.

“Bette Davis is as blonde as Dolores is dark. In contrast to her white skin, warm ivory makes her appear very sweet and girlish. Emerald green is as much a contrast to Bette as to Dolores—it would make her very striking. To be demure, Betty would choose a soft, pale yellow; to be unlike, she would select darker tones of beige and brown; and she would be distinctive in black.

“YOU SEE, blondes and brunettes must not dress in contrast to each other, necessarily. They must dress in contrast to their individual skin coloring, and frequently that contrast will be the same for both of them. The same is true of the harmonizing colors. ‘Blondes cannot wear this color and brunettes cannot wear that color.’ It all depends upon the shade of the color in question. There are only two ‘can’ts.’ Girls with olive skin should avoid black. It makes them sallow. Girls like Bette Davis, with white skin, should avoid white. It makes them too pale. Otherwise black and white go well on everybody.

“There are warm and cool shades to every color. If your skin is cool—that is, if it is white, white-and-pink, or olive—choose the warmer tones of your selected colors. If your skin is warm and glowing—if it is creamy, rosy, or golden—choose the cooler shades. Violet, for example, is warm. Purple, because of its greater percentage of blue, is cool. Turquoise, which has a touch of green, is a cool blue. Powder blue is warm. There are cool yellows, such as lemon and pale gold. There are warm greens with a decided golden cast, Gray, which is considered a standard cool color, may be warm and pearly.

“Redhaired girls, who usually feel bolder because of the limitations put upon their color scope, are really the easiest to dress. Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke are two extremes of redheadedness. Katharine is dark with greenish eyes, Billie is bright with bluer eyes—but either of them can wear almost any color and be lovely in it.

“Redheads can be very alluring in creamy pinks, peach, and tea rose, in spite of the accepted taboo upon these colors. Try different shades of pink against your skin, you ladies with the Cleopatra tresses, the next time you are in the silk section of your favorite shop. Swath the fabrics around you, try the color that is just right for you, and select your dresses accordingly. Common sense will tell you to avoid wishy-washy colors that will be faded by your own coloring.

“The hardest type to dress is the dark-eyed blonde.” Mr. Pogany continues. “Joan Blondell approximates this type. Binnie Barnes is another brown-eyed girl with light, bright hair. This combination happens very rarely. Dark-eyed girls who lighten their hair find it extremely difficult to bring out their best points. If they dress to beautify their skin, their hair is wrong. If they emphasize the gold of their hair, their skin looks muddy. The best advice is to play up the skin tones, and let the hair take care of itself.

“THE coming of color to the screen threatens none of the stars,” is the assurance of this man who knows. “They will be colorfully gowned to high-light the loveliness of their own colorings and more than ever will they be able to show other girls just how to get the most out of this business of beauty.

“Color is a fascinating thing. It is easy to check up on yourself and discover whether or not you are being as beautiful as you can be. The three things every woman must have in order to be charming are gained through color. Grace, so necessary to a girl, comes through a harmonious linking of the girl and her dress. Faire is achieved by elegance. Art is a Coming with vivid, striking clothes.

“After you have gowned yourself with loveliness and charm, watch your lighting effects. Cool lights of green or blue are dangerous. They will make you appear ghastly. Very warm lights will steal the color from your lips and cheeks. Soft, light pinks are the most becoming, and lavender, too, is good if it is warm.

“Now I have told you my color charm secrets,” says the famous Willy Pogany in conclusion, “and if you take my friendly tips, each of you can become ‘A Portrait of a Lovely Lady.’"
"I found a little SECRET OF POPULARITY that so many women OVERLOOK"

FOR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others...
First Crossing

[Continued from page 36]

It was a sea as calm as a lagoon, dotted with ships. I will never forget those magic few moments as long as I live. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond—Paris!

Days lolling in deck chairs in the sun, talking to the Good-looking Number who refused to be put in the discard. Deck tennis, Shuffleboard. Marvelous meals. Peace and quiet. Then nights of dancing, movies, parties, swimming in the ship’s pool, and watching the moonlight on the endless rolling waves, with my head close to that of the good-looking lad, leaning on the deck-rail. It gradually occurred to me that this chap was a swell person. Beth, by the way, wasn’t lonesome either.

TEN days of paradise. Then one night a sudden, deep thrill at the sight of lights dotting a distant coast. The coast of France! A tender came up alongside manned by French officials with dark beards and red-lined capes. Machine-gun French. Excitement. Tremendous excitement.

We were on the tender, waving good-bye to those aboard the ship who were going on to Rotterdam. Pangs of regret at parting from friends we would never see again. Then the gradual drawing nearer of that lighted coast, and a backward glance at the thrilling outlines of the ship etched in lights against the dark sky. Forward, forward into mystery and glamour—beyond the blue horizon.

I stepped off the tender and onto French soil, and it seemed that I was no longer the same person; my old life dropped from me like a cloak; I was brand-new all over.

The boat train for Paris didn’t leave until morning so we passengers were put up for the night at a comfortable, quaint little hotel owned by the steamship company, where I tried out my high-school French on the hotel clerk and was understood! I told him Beth and I each desired a warm bath (you have to ask them in France) and after repeating the French words only twice, he comprehended perfectly. And then, to my disgust, replied in perfect English!

THE boat-train—a funny little train with a sort of peanut-whistle on the tiny engine—left at eight o’clock the next morning. A few hours later we pulled into the Gare du Nord in Paris, and I kept a promise I had made to myself for years. I gazed about me rapturously (nearly dead with excitement) and said aloud, “So this is Paris!”

It was! It was! It was! The very selfsame Paris of my dreams. Glorious old buildings. Graceful statues. Those high-pitched, musical auto horns, Berets. Street singers. Sidewalk cafés. Gaiety and laughter. Students. Soldiers. Beautiful boulevards, centuries old. The Eiffel Tower.

“I was in a mellow daze. ‘I can’t believe we’re here!’” I murmured. “I can’t either,” said Beth. “It’s impossible!”

We said goodbye to the last of our shipboard friends (not without a pang) and set about finding a hotel. It was a simple task. Paris abounds with them. We found a lovely one on the Rue Lafayet, and had a gorgeous double room, with tall French doors opening onto a balcony, for 30 francs a day. That amounted to about $1.00 a day apiece! (That same double room, before America went off the gold standard, would have cost us very little more than 45¢ a day apiece.)

Although we were terribly tired that first night, we found sleep impossible. We decided to take a taxi ride up and down the boulevards. It would be expensive, but it would come well within our budget. Paris at night! It was indescribable. It was like riding in fairyland. We rode down the glorious Champs Elysées toward the beautiful Arc de Triomphe and fairly gasped with delight. It loomed out of the darkness, the fragrant, illuminated, like the very gateway to heaven. (All of the public buildings and edifices in Paris are illuminated at night—and they are all overwhelmingly beautiful.)

We rode through the Place de la Concorde with its marvelous statuary, and gazed in awe at the tall obelisk that Napoleon brought back from Egypt to celebrate his victory there. All of our high-school and movie knowledge of French history sprang to our minds as we rode through the Place de la Bas-tille, where the gouttes once overran (literally) with blood during the terrible French Revolution. As if in commemoration of it, the street lights of Paris give forth a subtle, reddish glow, superbly beautiful at a distance, that would intrigue any artist.

At last we returned to our hotel. Our taxi bill amounted to about $4.50 in American money, but we had seen things that we would never forget—scenes which, like the scent of perfume, must be experienced and cannot be described.

THE food we had in Paris lived up to all the legends about it. We had snails for dinner—and they were delicious! And the next day frogs’ legs, and highly excellent. It’s almost impossible to get a bad meal in Paris. Dinners are, I will admit, expensive; you could scarcely get a good one for less than a dollar. But breakfasts, consisting of a delicious, fatty croissant and hot chocolate, were cheap. A sidewalk café opposite our hotel served a complete break-
To make THIS BEER yeast cells must be fed just as carefully as babies

Since the yeast discoveries of the great French scientist, Louis Pasteur, revolutionized brewing practices, we have learned many things. We know that to make good beer, yeast cells must be fed as carefully as we nourish our own infants. So, during the BUDWEISER fermentation period, we see to it that the yeast cells get just the right amounts of the various food values they need. Thus, BUDWEISER is always uniform—in flavor, bouquet, carbonation, color, clarity and purity.

In the brewing of BUDWEISER, nothing is left to chance. By clock and thermometer, every process is controlled. You find always in BUDWEISER that matchless bouquet that is the delight of exacting connoisseurs and the envy of all brewers. BUDWEISER is always rich in the flavor of the pick of each year's barley crop. Always BUDWEISER lives up to its age-old reputation—the one beer that sets itself brilliantly apart from all others. The very first sip tells all who try it why the world-wide demand for BUDWEISER built the world's largest brewery.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS

Visitors are cordially invited to inspect our plant

Budweiser
THE NATURAL DRINK
My Friend, Marion Davies

Continued from page 31

see her through rose-colored glasses." If that’s the case, then everyone who
knows her, whether closely or slightly,
wears glasses of the same color. Nor
does the charge bother me. I am not
telling this story to convince anyone.
I am telling it to relieve my own heart
of a little of the love and gratitude and
admiration that fill it to the bursting
point.

MARION was born with a passion for
giving—and I do not mean by that
material giving only, though I have seen
too much of the world to minimize the
importance of that brand of assistance.
She gives lavishly of herself—her time,
erthought, her sympathy, her energy.
Any of her friends who get into a jam
go straight to Marion—it is a kind of
blind instinct with them, just as it is
an instinct with her to respond to any
honest appeal for help. She seems to
have strength enough for them and her-
self, too, for nobody hears her talk of
her own troubles. Recently she lost her
father and a beloved niece—Reine’s only
dughter—within a brief period. Dur-
ing that time of strain and grief, it was
Marion to whom the family turned like
chicks to their mother, Marion who
found courage to support and comfort
them.

Many share their plenty with others.
Few share it with the same delicacy as
Marion, the same gift for putting them-
selves in the other fellow’s shoes, the
same fierce rejection of thanks. Nor
will she thank me for telling these tales
now. What she has done for me, she
has done for dozens of others. That is
between her and them. I hope she will
forgive me for revealing a little of my
own experience with her.

A few years ago, I was desperately
ill, my illness aggravated by worry over
hospital bills. The bills that should
have been presented at the end of the
first week were not forthcoming, and I
fretted still more, knowing that they
were piling up. "Doctor," I begged,
"can’t we cut down on expenses, some-
how? I don’t need these private nurses.
I can’t afford them."

"Don’t worry," he soothed me,
"there’s nothing to worry about."

But I kept on worrying till at last, to
make me stop, he got Marion’s consent
to tell me that she had made herself
responsible for all my hospital bills from
the moment I entered the place to the
moment I left—four months in all.
"Only you must promise," he said, "not
to mention it to her. She doesn’t want
it to be added to substantially by Marion.
As we were trimming the tree, she
drew me aside.

"Jim has no bicycle," she informed
me.

"But don’t be silly, Marion," I pro-
tested. "He has loads of things. He
has everything he asked for."

"He hasn’t a bicycle," she insisted,
"and the others have."

"But he doesn’t want a bicycle," I
cried wildly. "He wouldn’t know what
to do with a bicycle."

"Every youngster wants a bicycle,"
stated Marion and went to the ‘phone.
How she did it, I haven’t the faintest
idea. It was Christmas Eve and all the
shops were closed. But next morning
there was a bicycle under the Christmas
tree for Jim, because Marion knew what
a youngster wanted even though he had
not asked for it.

Her friends protect her as best they
can against her own generosity. They
have learned that they dare not admire
anything she owns. For if you say to
her, "Isn’t that lovely?" or "That’s a
lovely pin you’re wearing," you will
find that you might just as well have
said: "Please give it to me." Her eyes
light up with what we have come to
recognize as the "take-it" gleam. "I
really don’t care much about it," she
will tell you. "I hardly ever wear it.
I just happened to put the thing on, and
I don’t suppose I’ll ever use it again.
Won’t you please take it?" She sounds
so plausible that maybe the first time
you do take it. If you refuse, you’re
likely to find it waiting for you at home
when you get there.

When it has happened once too often,
and you protest—truly and sincerely
protest—because, after all, you have to
draw the line somewhere, she comes as
near in a pinch as I have ever seen her.
"What difference does it make?" I have
heard her exclaim. "I have more than
I’ll ever be able to use. Nobody knows
what’s going to happen tomorrow. I
can’t take these things away with me
when I go. Why grudge me the fun of
giving them away while I’m here?" So
there’s nothing you can do but keep
your eyes carefully averted from Mar-
ion’s belongings, and your mouth care-
fully shut.

THERE are times, though, when even
her generous spirit balks; or rather,
when her sound common sense tells her
that generosity is no longer a kindness.
"Do you know So-and-So?" she asked
me not long ago, naming a man who
had been at the top of the heap and
was now near the bottom.

"The last time I heard of him," I
told her, "he was in jail."

"He was in jail the last three times
I heard of him," she informed me calmi-
ly. "I’ve never met the man, but one
of his friends asked me to get him out,
so I did. Now he’s in again, and it’s

Eileen Percy (above) gives, in this story, the
most complete, convincing word-
picture of Marion Davies yet published

going to cost five hundred this time.
Not that I mind giving him the five
hundred, but—I don’t know—" she said
thoughtfully. "Maybe it would be best
for him to stay in this once."

In small things as in big, she has
what I once heard called an educated
heart.

But trying to describe Marion
through a series of isolated instances
is like trying to build a shining tower
with a brick or two. It can’t be done
—at any rate, not by me. Yet there is
one story I must add, because it is per-
haps the most characteristic of all.

On a visit to New York I was doing
some shopping and bought myself a
pair of sandals. Suddenly I thought:
"Marion likes sandals and these are
cute. I’ll send her a couple of pairs."
She wore those sandals ragged. She
couldn’t be persuaded to part with them
till they parted with her—literally
dropped from her feet. "I know they’re
shabby," she would say, "but they’re
like old friends. I hate to see them go."
She liked them, I’m sure—but she didn’t
like them that much. She wore them
threadbare because I had given them to
her, and because she knew how much
pleasure it gave me to see her wear
them.

Long ago I learned to know her for
what she is—the most thoughtful, the
most selfless, the most understanding
and tolerant person in the world. If
there is another like her anywhere,
then I can only congratulate that other’s
friends on being as fortunate as I am.
She has so much to give, and she gives
it so bountifully. What can you do in
return but love her?—love her and give
her a pair of sandals, and she will cher-
ish both gifts as though they were
precious jewels, because they come from
a friend.

WE SPEND every Christmas with
Marion—my son and I. Last
Christmas the holiday party included
children of other friends as well. The
children’s gifts were brought from home
and piled together under the huge tree,
And Now!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

to suit different women
and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex...the Regular, the Junior (slightly narrower), and Super which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Movie Classic for September, 1935
How Carole Lombard's Clothes Match Her Moods

[Continued from page 45]

and a low-placed roll in back. You cannot help but be a poised young person, who looks as if she had the 'classic' answer to everything.

But the scene changes and the mood with it. There is a blue sky melting against a still bluer sea. And you want to be in your gayest mood—in beach clothes that are terribly smart, but not too studied. For that, Travis suggests blue and white polka-dotted shorts. And an ankle-length white coat lined with the blue and white material. If you wear a cape or coat that hits your bare legs somewhere in the calf, the effect is far from attractive.

And, before you go out, scrub your face! Yes, actually. The 'lustrous look' is the thing at the shore this season. If your face is very dry, rub on a little nourishing cream and let it stay. Instead of lip rouge, use pomade on your mouth to protect it from the sun. And the most exciting thing of all is that last-minute scheme of Carole's. She sprinkles gardenia oil in a lukewarm bath. Enough of the oil clings to the skin to guard it against an overdose of sunburn and the subtle fragrance is delightful.

* ALMOST every girl has a flair for "the modern manner," but Banton considers it the most overdone.

"It's so easy for a girl to overstep the line and harden her looks when she is in a sophisticated mood," the designer points out. "Sophistication must be done with great care and an eye to complete harmony. This is what I mean: I made a very sleek, flesh-colored satin gown for Miss Lombard, the kind that looked as if it had been molded on her. There were bands crossing in front and a sable collar. She partied her hair in the center and drew it back severely and tightly, permitting it to curl out only at the ends. And because her hair was swept back like that, she made up her mouth much more fully than usual. (For a sophisticated effect, you see, the accent must be on the eyes, the lips, and the line of the dress.) And again, instead of black, she used dark brown eyebrow pencil. It is subtle touches like these that spell the difference between real sophistication and attempts at it."

And it is worth doing well, because nothing gives a girl such a sense of power as a dramatization of feminine wisdom.

Ah, but you have a new beau. And that is another story... For once, you don't care a whoop about being smart or chic. You want to be downright pretty! You are in your most feminine mood. So you put on something soft and preferably pastelish, for this is decidedly not the time to wear anything bright or too surprising. Next, you set about making your face as heart-shaped and dewy-eyed as possible.

Using Carole as a model, you may part your hair in the center—but this time you will draw it oh-so-gently to the sides and let it fluff there. You will keep your lips moist and natural-looking. The sparkle in your eyes should be something to write home about—and five minutes' rest with eye-pads before you go downstairs will

Top, in a Sophisticated Mood, Carole Lombard wears a sleek, flesh-colored satin gown. Her hair is drawn back severely, curling only at the ends. Her make-up has subtle touches. Left, she expresses a Woman-of-Destiny Mood in the new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees.
do the trick.' Don't make the mistake, though, of shadowing your lids too much. A slight darkening at the eyelid line suffices beautifully. Then step out softly and hope for the best!

• SOMEHOW, no one thinks of the luscious Lombard going into a "small girl" mood. But when she does, brave men weaken. They do with practically every woman. Something about that freshly wholesome schoolgirl-look tugs at the male heart-strings, particularly if they're used to thinking of you as a more woman-of-the-world type.

Those little Breton sailors make it extremely easy to slip into this mood. So do the short swaggerish coats and round-colored frocks. And the make-up is almost as easy as dreaming about it. You use a very small amount of lipstick—and, if you are blonde like Carole, will do the ingenious thing by applying a pale rose shade of that new liquid rouge that is the consistency of a lotion. Put it all over the cheeks with cotton so that it is perfectly blended; then apply powder. It will make you look distractingly sweet. A toilet water of an outdoorish fragrance like heliotrope or geranium is the thing to use. And arrange your hair with a studied carelessness.

What a twist of the comb can do to hair—the change it can make in a girl's appearance—is intriguing. And Walter Westmore is up on all the newest twists. For example, the same haircut that made you seem a pert seventeen under your Breton hat can—when it is more tightly waved, combed and brilliantined—alter you into a 1935 siren!

A dazzling, dangerous siren—if you supplement it with the right cosmetics and gown. But, warns Travis Banton, be very careful not to be obvious in this enchantress mood. The modern alluring lady à la Lombard does not go in for leopard skins and slanted lids. On the contrary, she even borrows some of the ingénue's gestures—like a net fru-fru around the neck. Only hers is flame-colored, and she wears it over the low décolletage of a molded gown.

Her perfume is frankly alluring. She draws in her lips fully and roundly with lipstick of the new dark purplish-red cast, and the polish on her fingernails matches it. Her eyebrow pencil and lipstick are a deep black, her eyeshadow a glorious violet shade that speaks of Paris and cosmopolitan living. As a finishing touch, she uses wisteria evening powder that is the last word in powders. Then she sets forth to conquer.

• "I BELIEVE the most effective dress I have ever made for Miss Lombard is that thin black crêpe in a draped silhouette you will be seeing everywhere in the fall and in 1936," said Travis. "I made the dress for her "going places" mood.

Carole, herself, considers it the smartest gown she has ever owned. She wore it in a picture, then had it copied into two versions for her own use. "It's a luxurious restaurant frock," she explained, "the sort of thing I'd wear if I were dining with some fascinating older man. The slit skirt and separate panels give me utter freedom for dancing. The hat is in perfect keeping with a dinner-out mood; it is fascinating and amusing—a crêpe turban trimmed with feathers that make a half frame for the face."

The fur and feathers are so [Continued on page 75]
Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

[Continued from page 39]

and to Lew, who had been bombarding her with wires and telephone calls. Together, they went to Ginger's mother, Lew said, "Ginger and I want to be married. But we don't want a typical movie wedding. We want just a quiet, simple church ceremony, with our closest friends there." And that was how they were married.

They had planned a sea honey-moon, but picture demands on both of them prevented their taking one. Except for a short boat cruise a few months ago, they haven't yet had a honeymoon. But they still are planning one.

"We want to honeymoon in Europe," Ginger told me, "and we expect to be gone three months. Lew has been over, but I have never. Now nothing is going to stop us." By the time you read this, they will have gone on their long-awaited trip.

Press photographers have resented the fact that Ginger and Lew have permitted no photographs of the interior of Ginger's home. Ginger explains: "It's a house we rented furnished. I didn't select or buy a single stick of the furniture in it. I don't want us to be photographed with furniture not our own. When we build, which will be soon, we will furnish the new house ourselves and then the doors will be wide open to the press boys. It will really be our home."

Perhaps the greatest thrill for Ginger in her new stardom is that she justifies the faith her mother has shown in her, all through the years. Mrs. Lela Rogers is a very clever woman, well known as a writer and producer of Little Theatre plays. In the early days of the movies, she wrote scripts for and helped to direct a starlet, Ginger. Mrs. Rogers had a way with children—with beginners in every form. And when she had a child of her own, she knew how to develop whatever talents the child showed. Ginger's talent seemed to be dancing. Her mother encouraged it.

But she had seen too many one-talent successes quickly become one-talent failures to be content that Ginger should become just a dancer. She saw, with the practiced eye of a talent judge, that Ginger had personality. In a hundred little ways, she set out to make the expression of that personality the most natural thing in the world. When the youngster showed signs of self-consciousness, she taught her all the beauty aids that she, herself, knew (and Mrs. Rogers, too); she gave her beauty-building exercises that were disguised as games; she watched the child's diet carefully and gave her the benefit of regular hours of sleep. Beauty was the result. She encouraged healthy romping and athletic activities of all kinds; she encouraged reading, to give her a love for drama; she interested her in acting at home, little playlets that she had written. So that when Ginger entered that Charleston contest in Dallas, she already had "stage presence." She was ready to go on from there.

She was offered an engagement with a vaudeville act in which all that she had to do was the Charleston. She clicked. Then, fired with ambition, she decided to branch out—to appear in a song-and-dance routine by herself. The act opened in Memphis, Tennessee, in a theatre that was half-empty, with the usual audience too sleepy or blasé to applaud. Her mother, in the back of the theatre watching the act, heard the house manager say that Ginger was "terrible" and that he was going backstage, to tell her so, and wire for a substitute. "Mother and I had no money to get back home," reminisces Ginger. "We had spent every cent getting my costumes ready and traveling to Memphis. But Mother always was resourceful and she proved it this time in a big way. She fairly flew backstage and then she hustled me out of the stage door and onto the first trolley that came along."

"You see, if the manager did not succeed in notifying me that I was through before I did my second show, he had to pay me my week's salary if he closed me out. So Mother kept me out until just time for me to go on for my second show and then pushed me through the stage door and down to the first entrance. Of course, she had not told me anything except that she wanted me to relax after my first performance."

"As luck would have it, the house had filled up with young people from the high schools and college, and my act was a riot. They called me back again and again. By getting me a second chance, Mother had saved the day. It is possible that if I had been closed out that day, I might never have gone on with my stage career."

Ginger would have you think that luck explains her ever winning recognition. That's like Ginger. But you know differently—about the explanations.

There are some other things that you may not know about her. She would like to play the rôle of Queen Elizabeth (who also was redheaded), but admits herself still too young. Her real name is Virginia. She likes greens, browns, and blues best. Her favorite authors are Dumas, Maug-
Models are careful about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

“A real beauty aid,” says Miss Weary, “and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure delicate enamel.”

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LARGE SIZE 25¢  DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER
Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER • 2½ oz. 25¢
The Nelson Eddy Women Want to Know

continued from page 29

past occurrences, no more interesting than life has been for him in Hollywood since film success overtook him. But Hollywood females are not exactly unaware of the Eddy attractions. They lay all sorts of snares for him. And, confidentially, of course, we think he rather likes it. It’s fun, after all, to be the pawn for beautiful women to fight over . . . and pardon our mixed metaphors.

ONE dazzling charmer, according to newspaper gossip columns (and that’s where you will see the names, right out in cold print, of the Eddy conquests . . . since we were gagged by honor not to print them), wagered that she would be dancing with Nelson Eddy in ten days—just give her time. And she won the bet, to Mr. Eddy’s chagrin. He really thought she liked him for himself alone. And there she was making game of him.

It was fun to watch her tactics, though, Eddy admits. She appeared (unexpectedly) at a luncheon date with a mutual friend. Eddy, like a lamb led to slaughter, or, for an operatic simile, as a Samson with his scissored Delilah, asked her if she would enjoy a movie sometime. She would, after all. She was having motion-pictued, if she would like a bite to eat. She would. After that, the strains of the orchestra were so tantalizing that he asked her to dance. (“I don’t dance at all well,” he admitted, seriously, “but I like to dance.”) And there she was, wager won, waltzing around the floor in the arms of Nelson Eddy. It made a swell story for the gossip columnists. Eddy was a bit chagrined. He thought she was a very pleasant girl.

SHY, lonely, as he has confessed, this occurrence probably did not help his spiritual ease. But it has not put an end to his quest for the ideal girl—a quest that is normal to any home-loving bachelor who would like to marry a girl of whom he may be proud.

But hard work, instead of shyness, will keep Eddy from meeting her, if anything conspires to do so. Eddy has always been willing to do more than his share of toil. He was never too busy to learn an extra oratorio in the days when he was striving for concert success. Today there are just as many busy obs- cures to romance. The living room of his Beverly Hills home (where he dwells with his mother) is crowded, not with gay friends, but with sound recording equipment to help in his film singing. It’s not at all conducive to parlor romance.

“I go out every other night in the week, dining, dancing, and still I am lonely,” says Eddy, in sudden confidence, “the only way I can forget how alone I seem to be is to get busy on a new musical score. That, to me, is the finest recreation in the world. That’s why I am a singer.”

IT ISN’T only loneliness that gets me, but shyness. You may not believe this, but I am very shy. Last night I took a young actress to dinner at the Russian Eagle Café and there she was, the two of us. I had ordered hortkiss and blini and pirojiki and baked Alaska, and all the specialties on the menu, just like a man of the world, and there we sat, like a boy and girl from the country, wondering what to talk about.

“I don’t care,” she said. “You know that when I left the party Louis B. Mayer gave to Director W. S. Van Dyke, Hunt Stromberg, Miss MacDonald, and others who contributed to the making of Naughty Marietta, I drove to the top of Beverly Crest and watched the dawn come. I sat there trying to realize what it meant me and you to my credit, after all the waiting. And with the friendly comments of the members of the party still ringing in my ears, I never felt more alone. I often go up to that mountain top and just sit there, glad to be away from the constant ringing of the phone, the countless demands that are made upon me since the picture clicked. I watch the automobiles, like ants, and the people, like pin points, rac- ing about. It’s only then, high above them, that I can reassemble myself and become Nelson Eddy, a fairly peaceful fellow.”

At the moment he is scheduled to make a second picture-operetta with the fair, vivacious Jeanette MacDonald. But first he is likely to be singing with Grace Moore in Rose Marie.

SOMETIMES he gets to wondering if he would be an ideal husband to his ideal girl. He is the kind of man who is forever putting off visiting the barber until next week; he has a horror of sleeping in stuffy, warm rooms, under heavy, cumbersome blankets. What, he wonders, if the woman he marries in- sists that he have his hair trimmed every week, and likes a hot-house temperature for her nocturnal slumber? Then, too, he broods, he has a habit of tossing his clothes about the room. Would she like that?

Would she understand him as well as does his mother, who feeds him his fa- vorite plain, simple foods, doesn’t try to make gridle cakes or pies for him (the hired cook makes better!), and would she be as entirely worshipful as Sheba, his English sheep puppy, given him by Miss MacDonald? Mr. Eddy doesn’t know. And it’s not true that the ladies not to take it up with him in lavish letters. You’ll probably do it anyway.

Movie Classic for September, 1935

Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test

That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn’t it enough to make you want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can’t. For the simple reason that it isn’t paint. Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that changes, on your lips, to the one shade most beautiful to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes . . . 39c and $1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Warren William playing in the Case of the Curious Bride, a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

WORLD’S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

TANGEE

Ends that painted look
USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! Its natural BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFIT COMPANY
317 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10c stamps or coin. 15c in Canada.

Cheek Shade [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel

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City ____________________________
State ____________________________

© Warren William

68
LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Sunny Golden Hair—
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth

Make nature’s own allurements your secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair—smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

BLONDES:—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand’s imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

BRUNETTES:—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of blondeness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES and BRUNETTES:—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don’t risk “superfluous” hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to blend “superfluous” hair with your skin coloring and add to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand’s for head, legs or arms. Today.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE! A trial bottle of Marchand’s Castile Shampoo—FREE—
to those who send for Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. (See coupon below.)
Handy Hints from Hollywood

BY MARIAN RHEA

SOAP AND WATER are the best things in the world for cleaning Oriental rugs, according to Miriam Hopkins of the blue eyes and yellow hair. She may not look domestic, but she has two homes—one in Hollywood and one in New York—that she keeps in the spicest and span-est of condition.

The procedure she follows is to have her small rugs thoroughly scrubbed in a tubful of sulky water, then hung on the clothesline, equally thoroughly rinsed with water from the garden hose, and left to hang in the wind and sun until dry.

Miriam has her larger rugs taken out on the lawn and scrubbed with a brush, then rinsed with the hose and left on the line to dry.

Deep-fat frying is more healthful than other frying methods, according to Norma Shearer, who is almost an authority on food-preparing practices. And so, she says, no kitchen is complete without two or three frying baskets to eliminate the old and bothersome method of spearing doughnuts, fritters, and croquettes with a long-tined fork.

Bette Davis has a new use for the lowly hairpin—a kitchen use! Buy a package of medium-sized hairpins and use one every time you want to seed cherries. The way you do it is to gouge out the seed with the curved end of the hairpin, at the point where the stem protrudes.

The idea isn’t new, but old friends are often the best, after all. Meaning Minna Gombell’s kitchen stool, which is also a stepladder. Firm and compact, it does away with that old, precarious balancing on a chair, plus a couple of books necessary to reach inaccessible shelves. Also, these stools are fine to keep away that tired feeling while performing any variety of kitchen duties.

For comfort, as well as other reasons, dainty women are favoring now, as never before, those remarkable articles called “Peds,” which have solved at last the problem of going bare-legged without irritation to sensitive feet. “Peds” are stockingettes that keep the feet coolly protected from hot shoe leather and still do not show above the top of even the lowest cut pump. They also can be worn under or over stockings to minimize friction and thus save wear, as well as adding comfort.

Scatter rugs have their place in every house, but a carefully planned place—usually NOT the living room or dining room. One reason is because a larger rug offers a richer and more spacious effect. There is also that undeniable fact that small rugs, often “skid” most embarrassingly and often uncomfortably, if used on a slick floor.

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

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

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

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

Minna Gombell doesn’t need Alpine technique to reach the topmost shelf. She has a stool-stepladder!

Movie Classic for September, 1935
All of this is pointed out by Clara Kimball Young—you remember her—who is working in Columbia Pictures. She has just had some new rugs—big ones—made from several of her smaller ones that were beginning to wear out. The Olson Company of Chicago, New York, and San Francisco, did it. Making new rugs from old ones is the Olson Company’s forte. You send them a certain number of pounds of rugs or other woollen odds and ends and get in return a brand-new and beautiful rug, its size depending on the amount of material you have sent them. These rugs are made in any proportions you want.

Sometimes, instead of cutting string beans in pieces, it is a nice variation just to remove the strings, tie the whole beans in bunches with a cord and cook that way in salted water. When ready to serve, clip the cords and serve in bundles, like asparagus. It’s done in Hollywood restaurants!

Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

(Continued from page 66)

Ginger, and Katharine Brush. Emeralds are her favorite jewels.

Elated as she is over being starred by herself in her new picture, she has the greatest enthusiasm for working with Fred Astaire. She says that dancing with him is every bit as enjoyable and exciting as it looks—even though they rehearse for hours.

Ginger and Lew still do not go in for the bright-light side of Hollywood social life. They spend most of their evenings at home, where their most frequent guests are such members of the old All Quiet on the Western Front gang as Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason and William Bakewell. They take parts in the 16-mm. film which Lew is directing and photographing and for which he builds the sets. In the film, Ginger plays the feminine characters. (And always bakes a cake for the picture-makers.)

But let us look at Ginger’s future. What will the next few years bring?

Friends and strangers alike predict continued happiness for Ginger, and she has long since grown out of friendship, not infatuation.

Bernard Newman predicts that she, more than any other star, will soon set the styles that girls everywhere will follow.

Producers predict that she will find even greater fame as a dancing-singing heroine and as a clever comedienne—and, moreover, will become a dramatic actress on occasion.

And some day she may do the rôle that she most wants to do: Queen Elizabeth.

Undeniably, there is a great future before Ginger Rogers. Great parts in great films.

She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

She cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There’s little excuse for it these days. For there’s a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you’re dressed. It’s harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It’s so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don’t cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Another way Mum helps is on sanitary napkins. Don’t worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

Movie Classic for September, 1935
Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours

[Continued from page 15]

rent. That is the only human contact you have. Probably you do a little starving because there's nobody to help you out. It's great for the figure, but hard on the hair. Still, you feel you could stand it if you just had someone to talk with you.

"That's why it is so much better to go to a club. There are recreation rooms downstairs where you can meet other girls. Very possibly some of them will be able to give you tips about getting a position. They hear of openings. They tell you. And before you know it you have a job! Then somebody's Aunt Jane gives a party and you really begin to get acquainted."

THAT suggestion of Binnie's is the best one possible. I wish I could tell you about some of the pitiful cases that come to me about the desperate girls who are driven to desperation by loneliness. Only too often a lovely girl imagines herself in love with the first man who pays attention to her. She accepts his advances because she is so afraid of losing him. And soon another young life is ruined. Be patient and go a little slowly about masculine friendships. There are plenty of fine young fellows just as eager to meet a sweet, decent girl as she is to meet them—and they are worth waiting for.

I think that the most difficult situation an attractive girl has to face when her employer becomes infatuated with her. Fortunately, this is not so common as novelists would lead us to believe. Men, as a rule, take women at their own valuation and if a girl carries herself with the right amount of self-respect, her "boss" won't be apt to overstep the mark. But if he does—what should she do? She needs her job. If she's a newcomer to town, there is no one to whom she can turn.

"I found myself in that situation once," said Binnie. "And I laughed my way out of it!" That, I discovered, is much more effective than getting furious or standing on dignity. Nothing cools a man's fervor so quickly as having fun poked at it. Diplomatically, you understand, or you'll find yourself fired!

"Another girl I knew, a regal blonde, had a neat way. She would look bored and yawn slightly. 'Sorry, Mr. —' she would say, 'but you're the fifth man this morning who has tried to hold my hand.' And she would smile forgivingly—and walk out.

"Of course, as Lillian Russell said, 'it's more a matter of getting the right man than escaping the wrong one!' I have just played the part of Lillian Russell in Diamond Jim, which explains how I know. She was a small-town girl when she was born, in Clinton, Iowa, and went to New York where she became the most popular woman of the Gay Nineties. Wide popularity was a feat in those days. Today, if a girl is not popular, it's pretty much her own fault. She has everything on her side."

"FOR very little money she can attend an evening dancing class and learn to become a really good dancer—and a really sought-after person. Or she can work up her game of tennis or bridge so that people will always be asking her to make a fourth. And what if she hasn't had the opportunity of going to college? Why should that spoil her fun when it's so easy to read up on a subject? You can find out anything through the books in a public library."

Binnie herself spent a great many evenings at the library during those first days in London—chiefly because it was warm and it was a handy place for resting. After a while she grew so absorbed in the books that for three years afterward, when she met the man she later married, he found her not only amusing and witty, but wonderfully well informed. People who did not know her thought it amazing that Samuel Joseph, the most noted collector of rare books in England, should become so interested in a little night-club hostess. To those who knew her it was not at all strange. For Binnie had spent her spare time well.

I have little sympathy for the girl who feels that life has cheated her because she isn't getting anywhere. What is she doing to get somewhere? Usually, she doesn't do anything except talk about it. She makes no attempt to improve her appearance or her mind. Perhaps she has visions of being a high-priced confidential secretary—but she would laugh if you suggested a course at night-school to help her reach that end. Binnie went to night-school and joined classes in playwriting and public speaking. It intrigued Mr. Joseph when he found this out. 'This girl was interesting, —...'

The truth is, girls hope to find interesting men, but half the time they forget to make themselves interesting! The city offers them every assistance. It's kind and friendly and full of treasures—if you know where to look for them.

TROUBLED?

What is your own personal heart problem? Wouldn't you like someone to help you solve it—someone warmly sympathetic who has found the right answers for hundreds of others? Write to Margaret Dix, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Don't forget to tell her what problem you, personally, would like her to discuss. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence.
Looks Mean a Lot—of Care

[Continued from page 53]

Things That Help!

Perhaps you are one of the thousands of girls who have been trying to find out how Hollywood stars get that luminous look to their faces. I know! There is a new shiny make-up for evening, and for tanned skin. There are shades for Tittans, Brunettes, and Blondes, and the company sponsoring it has also developed the correct shades of lipstick, rouge and eyeshadow to go with this radiant make-up.

Are you one of the many girls who feel they could be beautiful if they did not have some sort of scar or blemish on their faces... and now suffer tortures of self-consciousness? I have seen a new product that will absolutely cover such marks on your face and give you the same effect as skillful make-up on a flawless face. It's a perfect send-in the way of cosmetics, and a rare blessing to girls who have always hated the misfortune of some facial blemish. It won't even come off when you're in swimming. It is absolutely harmless to use and sells for $3 a bottle.

There's a new soft-tone powder that is natural looking, alluringly scented, and lasts unusually long on the face. It gives you that new "powdered" look that is so important in the modern technique of make-up. Here are the shades in which it is offered: ivory, flesh, or pink, natural, rachel, and brunette. Can you believe that the price is only 50c?

Are you sure you are protecting yourself against the perspiration odors that are so damning in the summer? There's a delightful deodorant cream that does two things: it banishes odors, and it softens the skin under arms, leaving the armpits as white and smooth as a baby's. It is harmless; it acts immediately; it will not stain the clothes.

The allure of perfumes! Want to know the name of one that makes you think of summer gardens full of madonna lilies, bluebells, and heliotrope? One that smells like a whole world of flowers? And that sells for only $1.10?

And a lipstick that blends perfectly with the present vogue for tan make-up with a rosy tone... and that gives your lips that attractive moist look that is so youthful and so Hollywoodish! It is a flattering shade, and adheres even through the meals without becoming caked at the corners of the lips. There are tropical tones of powder, and cream and dry rouge to go with it, too. Very summery, indeed!

Would you like the names of beauty aids mentioned in this article? Just write Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed return envelope.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY!

New “7-power” ale yeast giving thousands 5 to 15 lbs. quick

Don't think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 solid pounds, normally attractive flesh never could gain before in just a few weeks.

Doctors now say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—In a very short time.

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

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

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of such Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first packet, your money back instantly.

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the red on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this article. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package or money refunded. All druggists Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

Feeds by professional
models

Movie Classic for September, 1935 73
WHY BE FAT?

She LOST 55 Pounds

Read what these women did to regain slender figures...

FREE! valuable book

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE." If you wish REDUCE-OIDS check number of packages here.

GOBYE, FAT!

GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F359
744 S. Orange Street, San Francisco, Calif.

They All Like Irene!

[Continued from page 37]
How Carole Lombard’s Clothes Match Her Moods
[Continued from page 65]

important a highlight that no jewels are necessary. With no hair visible on the forehead, your eyes must be the center of attraction. A deep midnight-blue eyeshadow, and blue mascara on the lashes, will work a miracle on them.

Perhaps the mood that is most indulged in by every girl is the urge-to-charm mood. It is not reserved for romantic moments; girls have been known to have it with only a family audience. Carole expresses it by getting into something that clings softly... that has floating sleeves and a flower lei for a neckline. Since she is fair, she likes it to be pink, and uses a pinky make-up. (Pink powder, and lipstick of a bright pink only a shade or two deeper than her cheek rouge.) This is a mood that incorporates gentleness, a touch of mystery, a bit of sophistication. Travis says that Carole, in this next mood, reminds him of Gaby Deslys, the girl whose compelling charm made her a woman of destiny. In every woman lurks the suspicion that she, too, may be a woman of destiny. At least, there are times when she is in a thrilling, dramatic mood. The new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees, gives power to it. Express it in black velvet and furs and a dead white make-up—and you will create an exciting, never-to-be-forgotten impression.

In direct contrast to this is the "mood spirituelle," which is woman at her most dangerous, inspiring admiration that borders on reverence. This time the bangs are curled high, instead of brushed straight down, and the back is rolled into an old-fashioned coil—the “Little Women” hairdress. This is accented by very natural-toned cosmetics, and by her quaint monastic cape. The dress itself is a simple chiffon dinner dress with flounces around the feet and ruffles falling over the hand.

Finally, there is the tailored mood. Right now it is terribly important. It probably needs more thoughtful planning than all the other moods together. But here is one little secret that many girls forget. The bigger the job and the larger the salary, the more you should avoid mannish clothes. Wear a hat that is frankly becoming. Two-tie pumps that have a pretty feminine air instead of flat-heeled oxfords. With your suit, have softening touches like wine-red fresh carnations that match the deep wine-red crépe blouse, and the flowers in your hat. Your make-up should be very modified and informal. No blatantly red lips or cheeks.

It gives such zest to life, it makes life so much more interesting—if you know how to dress your moods!
wearing a bathing suit. On feet that don't display the advantages of pedicures and skin softeners. On wayward ends on eyebrows. Exotic perfumes which are never apropos for daytime. A thin back wearing a very low-cut dress. Poor posture. Lingerie touches that droop, and pleats without the kick an iron could give them in two seconds. The complete importance of daintiness—all the little things you're apt to overlook.

"They're what make the difference, actually, between beauty and just 'dressed-upness.' I've found that out. What's more, they usually require daily care, and that's hard when you're busy. But you're far better off coming in an hour earlier each night and attending to all those seemingly unimportant things, than you are dancing the last dance every time, and concentrating simply on the more showy angles of your appearance. Big things take care of themselves—but the little things can ruin you!

"I'd tell my sister that I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is not to be a 'type.' Don't copy the clothes and manners and ideas of the girl across the street who happens to be a knockout, or your favorite actress or heroine—or your big sister! Be your own type. You'll have something no other girl in the whole world can reproduce: a one-of-a-kind personality. If you're just naturally frilly and feminine, don't wear tailored things because they're smart. If you're sophisticated, don't affect naiveté because you think it goes over. If you're athletic, stay that way. If you're a thoroughly American Girl, develop that and leave the exotics, the statuesque and the sirens to their own types. Make a new type for yourself—a you type. And then you'll be a distinctive individual.

"I want my younger sister to be popular. So I'd try to influence her to learn to like everybody's kind of fun, whether it's fun learning or not. If dates and dancing and clothes were her sole interests, she should make her own swim and ride and golf and play tennis anyway, so that she can have those things in common with the people she meets who may not like just dates and dancing. If she spent most of her leisure knitting sweaters and nuts and playing bridge, I should suggest that she read good books, learn to be a whiz at backgammon and ping-pong as well as at contract bridge. She should be able to fix hors d'oeuvres and party sandwiches as expertly as she fixes her hair, know as much about music and art as she does fashion and eye make-up and the Continental. The concerts and tennis parties, for instance, that she'll miss if she doesn't like concerts and tennis, can keep her from making many acquaintances she may never make any other way. I'd like her to think of that.

"I've learned that for everything you know something about, you'll sometimes meet somebody who will like you because you can share intelligently that interest with him or her. And particularly when it's a "hym! I'd want my little sister to be capable of fitting into his moods for dancing, hiking, high-diving, visiting an art exhibit, enjoying a serious play—or even just sitting around and talking for hours. Why? Because him, I've found, adores good 'mood-mates.' And every girl can be one if she teaches herself to be."

AND there we were on the subject of males! Which is such a big subject, Miriam agreed, you could talk all afternoon about it and still just barely scratch the surface. However, we did not just drop said subject. Miriam told me of those first days in New York when she was sixteen, living in a boarding house on historic Washington Square. She didn't know any young men when she discovered that she even wanted to know the two or three at the boarding house who asked her for dates. They were nice, she knew, but she considered them dull.

"However, I dated them anyway because I was lonely," she told me, "and learned, then and there, something that every girl should learn early and never forget: that men, sentimentally speaking, are much like sheep. They invariably flock first to the girl who has a stag line around her. And a girl's personal stag line, whether it's on the dance floor or in her own living room, can be secured most easily by being friendly with every worthy young man who desires her friendship.

"No man is really dull, I don't care how unattractive you may think he is in the beginning. I can find a lot to like about every man who likes you. From those three boys in my boarding house, I began to build my stag line, and my acquaintance gradually widened to include others. One of the original trio has remained a close friend to this day.

"I'd tell my little sister about that, too. It's not how she can captivate the Yale hero for an evening that counts as much as the way that she can interest every boy she meets—and every time! The boy next door may seem totally unromantic, but if he adores you and you can make him think you're a swell girl, whether you're seriously interested or not, and do the same to the next boy and the next one, you'll form a nucleus of admirers which is certain to attract others."

"Then, when the Big Moment, that you simply must have, appears, you'll know just what works when it comes to making a hit. For you'll have perfected your charm by varied and fascinating experience."

Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

[Continued from page 30]
They're the Topics!

[Continued from page 10]

face. It will give you a youthful glow that will remain all evening. It's an old trick that stage folk have known for generations. Lawrence Tibbett, so they say, never gives a performance without first standing on his head in the wings!

GLENDA FARRELL is sporting the two most novel hats on record. One is of heavy black felt and the other of heavy yellow felt. When worn, they look like tams with a square crown. The cloths are starched and give them a decidedly smart look. Then, if you are an outdoor girl like Glenda who hates to wear a hat except to make a proper entrance, you snatch off the tam—and it folds into a compact bag!

SYLVIA SIDNEY has been having an interesting and amusing vacation in New York City, where she stayed at the St. Regis. Her suit has been full of books and flowers, and she has been catching up on her reading, for she loves that relaxation. The day we visited her we counted seven different kinds of flowers, including mountain laurel and madonna lilies. Also went shopping for hats at Lily Daché's, and you should see the exotic fashions that are awaiting us this fall! Sylvia wears them beautifully, too. You might be interested in one of Sylvia's late summer hats—a clever white felt, with a number of ribbon bands of different colors, such as blue, red, yellow, which snap on, and thus match in a second any dress she may be wearing!

NORMA SHEARER THALBERG's new baby is a girl, and what a complete and happy family that is now! The Thalbergs' young son is a darling child, and now that he has a little sister named Katherine, there is a perfect American family. Norma is already planning her next picture, which will be Romeo and Juliet. She is a typical American mother in raising her family, being a splendid wife, and still finding time for other interests.

KAY FRANCIS ended her European holiday by returning on the famous new liner, Normandie, and arrived with some flawless-looking clothes that trust Kay! She has since been completing her vacation with a month's rest on an isolated ranch.

WORD has been received from London that Madge Evans is having the delightful experience of having her clothes for her Gaumont-British picture, The Tunnel, made by Schiaparelli, of Paris, and that's something any girl would love to have happen to her!

How Kelpamalt Helped Me Win New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

JIMMY BRADDOCK

THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Reveals Secret of His Startling Improvement—How He Built up Iodine-Starved Glands—Recommends Kelpamalt to Every Weak, Skinny, Rundown Man and Woman Who Wants to Add Extra Lbs. of Good, Solid Flesh, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy.

The amazing story of James J. Braddock's amazing victory over Max Baer for the Heavymen's Championship of the World can now be told. Braddock knew that without any considerable increase in weight he could not acquire the crushing strength and battering power needed to win the championship. The condition of a number of his unsuccessful efforts, Braddock turned to Kelpamalt, which experts in nutrition and health believe is the greatest weight and strength builder there is. In a short while, the new champion pushed up 40 pounds of good, solid flesh and acquired the driving, dynamic power behind his punch that started victory. Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinflint—IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the foods in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL, AVAILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which offer poor results—but the same iodine that is found in sea-cucumber in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets a good supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—the wonderful condition I was in—has to be given to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or had more to all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt is the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in available form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. Try Kelpamalt for a week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stamina diminishes, how firm flesh appears in places of tender flabbiness—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 3 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

SKINNY GIRLS: Too Skinny, in 1 Week

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Sealed bald size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—guarantee to make the slimmest fat girl put on at least one pound of real flesh every week—sent free. Only 50 cents for special introductory bottle of 65 tablets to the adress below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

World's first for making potassium iodine tablets—HOW TO USE KELPAmalt—Kelpamalt Kelpamalt, double strength and measurement charts, Daily Kelpamalt Tablets contain 120 mg. of Iodine; 100 mg. of Iodine—tends to the thyroid, to the glands that govern the thyroid, to the bones, to the muscles, to the nerves, to the skin. Each tablet contains the equivalent of 2,000 mg. of seaweed, 4,000 mg. of sea-cucumber, 6,000 mg. of spinach, 12,000 mg. of lettuce. Make Kelpamalt your daily companion. One tablet a day makes it unnecessary to eat meat, legumes and fish. Kelpamalt is the greatest weight builder, the greatest strength builder, the greatest energy builder. Kelpamalt makes everyone look young, beautiful and healthy. No wonder it's the favorite of every star of stage and screen. You can start Kelpamalt today, send 100 cents for introductory bottle. Kelpamalt Company, Dept. 329, 23-35 West 33rd St., New York City.
are a case in point. As long ago as last November, Orry-Kelly made sketches for gowns along extreme Grecian lines. Wraps were fashioned of eight-foot lengths of heavy silk, wrapped around the hips, and draped over the head. In this case, be anticipated a trend that was to be sponsored in Paris a few months later.

Travis Banton, of Paramount, one of the most important figures in the fashion world, agrees that fashion happens because of a designer's imagination of a suitable style to a certain star, rather than because of a desire to be startling. And he says this in spite of the fact that he is responsible for many trends.

ALL of these are modest in disclaiming direct responsibility for fashion changes, but let us take a look back through recent years, and see just what they have inspired us to wear.

Adrian and Garbo jointly are responsible for the long-sleeved, high-in-front, low-in-back frocks, so Adrian made a habit of giving her at least one long-sleeved evening gown in every film. It was not long until such gowns caused not so much as a ripple of comment around formal dinner tables.

Travis Banton was directly responsible for the return to favor of enormous hats, which have been in such wide vogue since Mae West wore them in *She Done Him Wrong*. Hats he made for her were true to the period, but were modified slightly so that they appeared interesting to the modern eye.

It was Orry-Kelly who slashed sleeves for a dress for Kay Francis and cut out segments in the back. And do you remember how we went around showing bits of ourselves through slits and slashes, as soon as we caught sight of the effect on Kay?

AND this naturally leads us up to the question: "What will they tell us to wear next year?" They are going to give you a wide range from which to choose, so be sure you are right in your choice and go ahead.

Adrian thinks that the next important trend will be a slim silhouette with an accent on front drappings.

Walter Plunkett would not be surprised to see a modified hoop-skirt come into sudden popularity!

Rene Hubert's sports clothes will feature a stunning, swagger simplicity. They will be very feminine, with an emphasis on huge square sleeves.

Orry-Kelly is using a straight, rather full skirt gathered into the waist a bit. He calls it the "peasant line," and expects it to be widely used, particularly among younger women, with the draped Grecian line favored by mature women.

Travis Banton already can see the result from released styles of his costumes for *The Crusades*. . . . the tightly molded body line; the very long flowing sleeves; simple, but dramatic necklines; and new emphasis on flowing feminine caps.

Nor are these the only Hollywood designers, nor the only ones who are capable of influencing American fashions. Bernard Newman, modern stylist for RKO, has made a point of glamorous practicality in his gowns for Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat*. Omar Kiam, of United Artists, has designed some beautiful things—all completely practical—for Merle Oberon in *The Dark Angel*. Roger, young Fox designer, is giving the girlsinger-Fox players new gowns.

There is variety enough here to please anyone. Pay your money and take your choice. But of one thing you may be sure . . . no matter what you buy, you will be gloriously garbed in something Hollywood has told you to wear!
the floor. As long ago as last spring, Orry-Kelly, Hollywood fashion designer, predicted the trend; Paris suggested it this summer; and now New York is showing it in the dresses being made ready for autumn.

SPORTSWEAR always holds the spotlight in the fall, and rightfully so, for we begin to anticipate football games, long hikes, crisp walks on wind-swept avenues. There will be a casual air to fall sports things that will make girls delight in wearing them, and yet their strict tailoring will make them trim and youthful. Two- and three-piece suits in brilliant colors, as well as dark browns and blues, will hold our fancy. Not for years have wools been so bright and gay as they will be this season.

Gold standards may come and go in the world of finance, but feminine fashions will not be cheated of their effectiveness in fall clothes. There will be dresses of unusual fabrics such as Virginia Bruce is so strikingly showing us on page 42. Accessories will carry their golden touch on plain daytime dresses, in the way of gold belts or clips used on fine black silk jersey or crépe, or in cleverly designed belts and matching buckles.

TO NEW YORK from the Hollywood set of Cecil B. De Mille's newest film spectacle have come the new "Crusades" fashions, and in the shops there have begun to appear many of the outstanding notes of these dresses. Square necks, heavy antique belts, rich velvet cloths, and long full lines are already finding favor.

Another picture that will give fashion hints to young Americans is Top Hat, with Bernard Newman creating gowns for Ginger Rogers that are youthful and buoyant and modern in the extreme. Dare to be original in your fall dressing, from color to style. Choose from the whole assortment the things that will make you delightful to look at and smart to behold. Then you will be truly Autumn 1935!

FASHION ADVICE
MOVIE CLASSIC covers the Hollywood fashion front ... listens to all the Paris hints ... knows the latest Hollywood vogues. And puts them all together just for you ... to give you the absolute latest in fashion information. Call on us with any of your clothes problems, from how to budget your salary, to what to wear, to work or play. Address Gwen Dew, Fashion Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 151 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Give Yourself Some New Accessories!

[Continued from page 51]

ever, that you can make it from the following instructions. This hat (I'm holding it in the picture) can be worn off the face...or, for a change, drawn forward and tilted over one eye. It can be trimmed around the head band with a contrasting "crocheted ribbon," or you can use little grosgrain ribbon loops, one on each side of the hat, as I have. Anyway, here are the instructions:

To begin the crown, chain 5, and join to form ring: 1st round: 8 simple crochets in ring, 2nd round: 2 simple crochets in each s c. 3rd round: single crochet in each of next 2 s c, 2 s c in next (this is an increase). Repeat these two steps around, 4th round: Single crochet in each of next 3 s c, 2 s c in next. Repeat these three steps around. 5th and subsequent rounds: Increase whenever necessary to have work lie perfectly flat, until work measures 61/2 inches in diameter. (Do not make increases directly over increases of previous round.) Then work with increasing for 1 inch, and decrease 8 stitches. Then work without increasing for 1 inch. Next round: Chain 3 (to count as double crochet), double crochet in next single crochet, chain 2, skip next 2 doubles, double crochet in each of next 2 s c, chain 2, repeat from first chain to 2 to end of round. Join with single crochet in third chain of chain 3 first made.

Brim: 1st round: Single crochet in next double crochet, 2 single crochets in next space. Repeat from second step around, 2nd round: Single crochet in each of next 10 s c, 2 s c in next, and repeat these two steps around. 5th and subsequent rounds: Work without increasing until brim measures from 1st round of brim 13/4 inches. To make brim stiff, single chain over a millinery wire for the next 3 rounds. Fasten off wire and complete work with 1 round of single crochet.

You use your thread double throughout on this hat...and you will need about 8 balls, size 10, if you use Clark's O.N.T. or 6 of J. & P. Coats Mercerized Crochet. Your crochet hook should be a No. 2. Oh, yes, and you'll need 3 yards of millinery wire. And that's all! Unless you need crocheting instruction—and every department store offers that.

THE collar I am wearing in the picture is one of the loveliest I have ever seen (I didn't originate it so I can brag without sounding conceited). The collar is white piqué, trimmed with Irish lace, and makes any plain dress smart. Yet because it is simple and not frivolly you can wear it at office or at school, as well as "out to dinner." It cost $5.95 at a Hollywood department store, and I liked it so much that I have copied it in several shades, and for much less money. I think you'll be able to copy it too, with the help of the diagram on page 51. Here is what you will need for it first:

3/4 yard piqué.
1 1/2 yards of 2-inch wide Irish lace with finished edge (1 edge).
3/4 yard of 1 1/2 inch wide Irish lace (straight edge) for insets.

Cut the piqué according to the diagram...there are five separate pieces...and be sure the grain runs as indicated on the diagram. First join the two front pieces to the center strip of lace. Then sew on the two side strips, and cut out the piqué from underneath. The lace with the edging is used all around the outside, of course. And you outline all the insets with the 3/4-inch lace. The diagram is too small (especially with the picture to guide you) that I don't believe any further instructions are necessary.

I KNOW from experience how important accessories are, particularly if you haven't much to spend on a wardrobe. When I was looking for a chance in pictures not so long ago, I used to see to it that even if my dress was not new, my collars and cuffs always looked fresh and neat. My hat had to be smart, too...and my gloves were of equal importance. As in everything else, it is the little things that betray us or else give us the right air of poise and smartness. So my best advice on clothes is: watch out for those little things!

There's one more new accessory note which I would like to give you. Collar and cuff sets of woven ribbon are extremely easy and fun to do, and require scarcely any sewing. One smart set I saw the other day was woven of three-quarter-inch-wide ribbon. Ask to see them at your department store, and one look will show you how to make them.

And here is one last new idea for you: bead accessories. There are belts of brightly-colored beads in smart designs matching belts and bags, and even collars and cuffs. Some of the beads used are natural-color wood, and others are painted. Very, very smart! Do try some of these new tricks and have them all ready to put on your last year's fall dress, and you'll look like the latest picture of autumn 1935!
New Shopping Finds!

[Continued from page 12]

****Grace Moore, the girl who sings for kings, sponsors the newest sports hat. The word hat doesn't really do it justice in the way of description, for this new sports headgear is something entirely different. There is a stiff visor to protect the eyes, but a soft scarf attached winds around the head and ties in jaunty knot-fashion in back. Checks, plaids, and vivid plain materials make these swagger affairs, and they'll keep your hair in place and your eyes shaded while playing tennis or golf, motoring, or just sitting in the sun. Price, $1.

****Are you a bachelor girl with a small apartment or room where you "keep house," and do your own lingerie-washing? Then you'll be tickled at this clever, new gadget that is a clothesline with rubber suction things at the end. Apply them on any smooth surface and they will stick, until you want to take them down. Clever, these modern gals! 15c buys the whole business!

****Want to know how to protect the back of your dress from fading, perspiration stains, sagging? These dressbacks fit into your dress, and prevent discoloration, save cleaning bills, and keep the waistline in place. They are not rubber and they are highly absorbent. Price, 50c.

****Did you ever try painting a room yourself—and have a headache for days because of the aroma of paint hanging heavy in the atmosphere? Then you're bound to be interested in "one-day paint," which practically invites women to refurbish their homes, themselves.

When Grace Moore plays tennis, she likes her hair under control and the sun out of her eyes. Hence—this new chapeau

Every month famous Hollywood stars, executives and other film celebrities make the Savoy-Plaza their New York home. To attribute the popularity of this distinguished hotel to any one feature would be difficult. It is the combination of luxurious living, supreme service, unexcelled cuisine, and the most beautiful outlook in New York.

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As Chandu, Will L. Lindhorst has baffled millions with his feats of magic on the stage. At last he reveals his secrets, tells how anyone can mystify friends or conduct spirit seances

and other big features in the SEPTEMBER
MODERN MECHANIX & INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

15c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Movie Classic for September, 1935
Freddie Bartholomew’s Busy Day
[Continued from page 33]

By our simple easy way from which folks scattered throughout the country report substantial weight losses quickly and tell of feeling much better without using salts, tea, sweat baths, or any other exercises or dieting. Mrs. M. H., New Jersey, lost 16 lbs., feels fine; Mrs. R. K., Minn., lost 20 lbs.; Mrs. W. C., W. Va., lost 3 lbs. a week; Mrs. E. B., Tex., lost 2 ins. in hips and bust; Miss C. S. B., Mich., says life is one great joy. Mrs. M. H. had to get into old dresses she thought she would have to give away; Mrs. F. T., Cal., says nothing would reduce but this.

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Britain fat often robs health, beauty and popularity. If you are tired of the inconveniences, uncomfortable and expense of overweight, if you crave the joys which fat folks miss, feel there is some opportunity to try the Modern Method. The method is the same as those mentioned above. Test it in your own way. Patents or there is no cost in your TODAY write us and simply say SEND FREE TRIAL PLAN. You request for your free trial badge parcelled away by return mail and complete at your own convenience. NOW IS THE TIME to try the Modern Method at our.

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Adress

HOME is a Los Angeles apartment or a beach-house at Playa del Rey, Freddie prefers the beach-house, because “first of all, you don’t have to sit down to a set meal—there’s a cupboard place where you keep all your food—and you just dig in and pick out what you like. And then I bathe and play on the bench and have a good time in general. And, oh yes, the dogs—I must tell you about Fritzie.” He’s out of his chair at a bound, words tumbling out in a frenzy of love and excitement.

“Fritzie’s the most beautiful dog in the world—if you know what he does? He gets a stick and he keeps half of it in his mouth, and gives you the other half, and then he tries to get it away from you—just playing, you know—and he’s so pleased when he gets it. But he wants to make sure there are no hard feelings, so he sort of laughs at you—which his eyes twinkle and he looks up into your eyes. He’s a marvellous dog. You know what I’m going to do, Cis?” He’s thumping his aunt’s knees ecstatically.

“I know what I’d do if I had any sense,” she rejoins. “I’d wear kneeguards.”

But Freddie is oblivious to everything save the birth of a great idea. “I’m going to register him here at the studio,” he squeals. “And then if they ever want a dog that laughs, I’ll know where to put my hands on him.”

“Meanime suppose you put your

When Freddie Bartholomew was five—and beginning to become interested in Dickens—this is how he looked

Movie Classic for September, 1935
mind on the rest of the story," his aunt suggests.

"Oh, of course," he agrees readily. "Well, we don't always go to the beach, but when we're in town, life's pretty interesting, too. We take a walk or we do a little shopping or sometimes we go to a show. Then there are special times—like the other week, for instance, when it was boys' week in Culver City, and they made me chief of police and gave me a badge. That came in quite useful, I can tell you. When Cissy wanted me to do things, I'd flash this badge at her and tell her: 'No, you can't come at me this week.'"

"Then Saturday's special, too, because that's my day off. So's Sunday, of course, but being a national holiday, Sunday's different. Anyway, that's when I generally go horseback riding. Provided—he gazes blandly at his aunt, "Cissy has got her document a mile long with everyone's signature in there. It has to be signed, to guarantee that the horse is perfectly safe.

"Oh, and that reminds me." He's out of his chair again, laying an imploving hand on the arm of mine. "Would you put in a story about Cissy?" he pleads breathlessly. His face is aglow, his feet dancing with impatience, and he hurries on to foretell any possible objection.

"Once when she was a little girl she lived in the country, and she was going home from school, and she was terribly afraid of cows and bulls in Culver City, and there was a cow"—he all but chokes with glee, "and Sissy heard her moo. And she ran into a field and began running about with this cow behind her, and she fell into a nice soft bit of moss, so she thought, and she lay there quietly, thinking she was perfectly safe. And then this nice piece of moss began waving about with Cissy on its back, and it was the cow all the time!"

Chortling happily, he turns to Cissy and starts punishing her knee again. "And Cissy was so wound up she ran all the way home like the little pig in the nursery rhyme.

"Freddie, Freddie," protests Cissy through her helpless laughter, "how you're embroidering it!"

"What doesn't matter—it's a much better story this way," crowdes Freddie, thus revealing himself the true creative artist. Suddenly he soberes, and surveys his aunt reflectively. "You know," he announces, "I haven't quite decided whether I shall be single or a widower when I grow up, but I sometimes do think it would be nice to marry, and have a son to carry on the same strain!"

HE RETURNS to his chair, waiting patiently for the shout that greets this declaration—made in simple good faith—to subside. A friend passes behind him and drops something into his lap. Freddie looks pleased. Aunt Cis looks up and I look inquisitive.

"Chewing gum," Freddie explains, popping the gift into his mouth. "It's my weakness over here. I never knew it in England. But on the David Copperfield set I'd see people moving their mouths as hard as if it was because of chewing gum. So one day I asked a property man: 'What's this chewing gum I hear about? What do you do with it?' 'You just chew it,' he said. Well, I thought it was a new kind of sweat. So I said: 'May I try a bit?' So he gave me the first two or three times I used to swallow it, and then he showed me how to chew it, and now it's one of my favorite things."

"Then he's up again. "Oh, and talking of favorite things, Cis," he reminds her. "That radio, the old radio."

"Yes," groans Aunt Cis, "there's always the radio."

"After dinner," he continues, cheerfully unheedingly, "Which he gobbles like the rest of his meals," puts in his long-suffering aunt. "After dinner he sits with his ear glued to that horrible instrument for the rest of the evening, while I plug my own ears with cotton to make life bearable."

"You ought to get him earphones," someone suggests.

FREDDIE pounces on the idea. "Earphones—that'll be interesting. I could trail all over the house with the earphones dangling behind me. Oh, yes, Cissy, I would know how to use them."

"Pardon me, Cissy, but don't you remember when the radio was out of order one night, I twisted all the screws and what-me-nots and made it go? Oh, I could use earphones. Cissy."

"He has them practically clamped to his ears already, "Then we'd both be happy."

"Because," he explains a little superfluously, "Cissy doesn't specially care for the program I like, but she's kind enough to put up with it on my account."

First, at a quarter to seven, there's the Adventures of Jimmy Allen—then Frank Wh坦taman and the Honorable Archie—then there's a interval of music that I have to listen to in order to get the rest—and then come the In-Laws and then King Cowboy—all on the same station—and you get the whole thing without once moving out of your chair or twirling a single knob."

His eyes are wide with the wonder of this heaven-sent miracle.

"And after King Cowboy?"

"Well," he says, tapping himself reflectingly from the radio, "that's getting to be around eight."

"And CIS,"

"Contributes that last firmly. "I'm thinking about the tenth time, Fredd, tell you to go to bed?"

"And Freddie," he chimes in promptly, "is saying: 'If I go like a lamb, may I read for half an hour?'"

I tell him he may with an easy conscience, for I know that the minute his head hits the pillow, he'll be off."

And there, with your head on the pillow, we leave you, Freddie, wishing you happy dreams, and hoping that you may indeed marry some day and have a son to carry on the same strain—to move the hearts of another generation to laughter and tenderness, as you have moved ours.

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Why Janet Gaynor Is So Popular

[Continued from page 27]

you're lonely and worried about your girl back in San Diego. Lollie looked up to find his eyes on her. "Say," he said awkwardly, "you—aren't you Janet Gaynor?"

At her nod, he grinned widely. "Gee, it's good to see someone from home!"

She wasn't the great movie star to him. She was a little girl from home—the sort you can confide in. And the sailor did confide in her, for two hours. He told her about his hopes, his plans, his sweetheart. And at the end he bought her a nosegay and gave her the supreme compliment of her life, "Gosh, I forgot you were famous! You're so regular."

It takes a certain genius to do that: to know the wavy taste of almost incredible success—and to remain regular. But Janet would rather be one of the gang" than the greedy person on earth. That's what she loves the vacations at her "hideaway" places, the lake in Wisconsin and the beach in Hawaii.

PROBABLY you would get the surprise of your life if you went with her to that cabin at the lake. There is mosquito netting over the windows and the stove smokes like blazes if it isn't handled properly. The noise you hear isn't that gorgeous mountain erupting; it's Uncle George's outboard motorboat getting under way. But to Janet, it's more fun than the expensive purr of any yacht. Nobody sniffs, "Humph! Going highbrow!" if she is caught reading Marcel Proust. Nobody hesitates to ask her please to mind the baby or help collect the firewood... She belongs.

It's the same at her Honolulu hideaway, where she is going as soon as she recovers from the unfortunate injury that took her out of the cast of Way Down East.

When Warner and Mrs. Baxter came back from there a short while ago (Janet always lends them her cottage for their trips to Hawaii), they were telling me of the place Janet holds in that little community. "To them she doesn't spell Hollywood. She's one of them. The natives call her the "little sun daughter" and her neighbors call her "Jan-ny." There's never any struggle or fuss when she arrives—but you can be sure of good fun, they say!"

Janet's humor is infectious. Incidentally, it has saved the day more times than even Einstein would count. I remember one particular occasion on The Farmer Takes a Wife set. They had tried to "shoot" one certain scene eleven times. The company's nerves were on edge. The director was pacing up and down, shaking his fist, and Janet, as if she was entirely unaware of the tension, started doing her imitation of Stepin Fetchit—those vague, shuffling steps, those slow, aimless gestures. It's the funniest thing this side of a circus, and the tension broke in an instant.

AFTERWARD Henry Fonda took me aside. "You know, before I came out here, there were all sorts of rumors about Janet—about how hard she was to work with and how she was one personality on the screen and a completely different one off it. That's the worst honey I've ever heard! Let me tell you that she has taught me more about screen technique than I could ever teach her about the stage. She has even shown me how to steal scenes from her! Hard to work with? Why, the whole studio adores her... It doesn't matter who they are or how old they are—they're all friends of Janet's." And that sums it up exactly.

Then there is the little seamstress in the wardrobe department. Janet had an appointment there for fittings for her Way Down East costumes. She came dressed like a sailor, practically in uniform with her—beret, double-breasted jacket and slacks. (Believe it or not, she has seventeen outfits like that in every hue and color—and only two evening dresses!) It was funny in the room and the costume woman was to try on were the 1890 variety with all the frills and furbelows. Janet looked at the seamstress. "You seem so tired that I hate to have you work on my stuff," she said, one pal to another.

"Well, it has been a strenuous day," admitted the woman. "But I'll bet it hasn't been an easy one for you. Look at your cheeks! It's that impacted wisdom tooth again, isn't it?"

"Um-hum," said Janet. "And it hurts like sixty. But let's go have some tea and forget about it." And off they went, arm in arm.

Again, she went over to Stage Seven to watch Shirley Temple at work. The alert cameraman sprang to get a picture of Fox's two biggest feminine drawing cards together. They posed. They smiled for the camera. Then Shirley caught Janet's hand, "Janet's my friend and I want to show her some—thin. Can't she come to visit me without us having our pictures taken?"

Janet's eyes lighted with amusement. "I know just how you feel, Shirley!" "They're all friends of Janet's...

I ASKED her point-blank what a girl should do to be popular. 

"Certainly she can't be self-centered!" was the little Gaynor's answer to this fully. "To me, selfishness is the most horrible thing in the world—and it's especially so in this business, because you owe your support to many."

"Let's see. A recipe for popularity... I'd say the one that any girl can use with the best results is this fully. "A goodly amount of loyalty, mixed well with gratitude and thoughtfulness. A little sugar and spice! Add a brimming cupful of gentleness, and season well with humor and gayety."

"I've never known it to fail!"

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around their necks, just as you have
seen them in the movies, danced with
to the tunes without trouble to re-
move their cigarettes. Beth and I were
a little nervous for we knew this wasn't
just a show put on for tourists. The
price of admission was only three francs
—the cost of a glass of beer—and one
could spend the entire evening there.
Paris abounds with such colorful places.
Some of our fears were allayed when
we observed these toughs saying "Par-
don me" to one another when they acci-
cidentally collided in the process of danc-
ing. I can't imagine American rough-
necks doing that. Of course, all the
French are extremely polite. The po-
liecen salute like soldiers when you
come up to them to ask a direction, and
salute again when you thank them.
American movies, we found, are ex-
tremely popular in Paris. There are
about twenty-five big theatres showing
them exclusively—in American dia-
logue, too. The theatre is just as
modern as ours in every respect, and
the pictures are not much older usually
than those shown in American houses.
American movie stars are as popular
in France as they are here. Jean Har-
low, for example, is as well known on
the Champs Elysee as she is on Broad-
way. And Camille Claudette, who was
born in Paris, is another great French favor-
ite. So, of course, is Maurice Chevalier.
His pal, Charles Boyer, and Tullio Car-
miniati are likewise very popular. And
the French are highly Grace Moore-
conscious.
We wandered along the banks of the
Seine, past the second-hand bookstalls
you see so often in paintings of Paris.
We fingered dusty old volumes and
bought a couple that intrigued us, just
as we acquired two inexpensive sketches
at the open-air artist's market. We
walked under chestnut trees heavy with
blossoms.
We found the French stores extremely
like American ones. Beth and I bought
some perfume, some silkundies and a
few trinkets to bring back home—plus
one dress apiece. Could any American
girl go to Paris without buying a Paris
frock? They were not expensive. Beth
paid $25.00 for hers—a lovely afternoon
dress; I bought a gorgeous suit made out
of bed-sheek (Schiaparelli created the
original) for $31,50.

Here is a summary of the complete
cost of a five-weeks trip to Paris, as compiled by
Harriet Kahn:
Third-Class Round Trip
passage, approximately $115.00
Passport .......................... 11.00
Bus fare, round trip, (about 500 miles each way) ........................... 12.00
Tips aboard ship .......................... 5.00
Taxis, tips to porters .......................... 10.00
Railroad fares in Europe .......................... 10.00
Hotel—fifteen days .......................... 15.00
Meals .................................. 22.50
Sight-seeing buses, car-fare, etc. .......................... 5.00
Postcards, stamps, sou-
venirs, gifts .......................... 20.00
TOTAL .................................. $225.50
If you start out with $300.00,
this leaves about $75.00 for mis-
cellaneous expenses, such as
theatres, opera, cafes, personal
purchases, etc. Don't forget that
you have no cost of living
while on the boat, and this sav-
ing can be added to your fund.
(For approximately $50 more,
you can have a month and a half
in Paris, instead of 15
days.)
If you save $3.00 a week, you
will have $300.00 in a little less
than two short years.

**First Crossing**

[Continued from page 60]

**Mercolized Wax**

Keeps Skin Young
Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax.
This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects.
Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blem-
isches. Your complexion becomes so beauti-
fully clear and velvety soft, your face looks
years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out
the hidden beauty of your skin.
Phelactine removes hair growths—
takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-fine. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

**Powdered Saxolite**

is a refreshing stimulating astrigent lotion when dispensed in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines course-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

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I want 500 addresses women at once in every town, close to 15,000 in all; must be willing to do needed work of some kind for
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bargaining. No money. 

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Shirley's Lessons

She may be the "Little Queen" of the movies, but life is full of problems for Shirley Temple and her parents—particularly papa and mama Temple.

They have had a big job trying to keep life normal for Shirley, but they have done pretty well so far! How two perplexed parents have tried to keep up with the most vivacious little star on the screen is told in September HOLLYWOOD Magazine in an article entitled "Bringing Up Shirley Temple." It's human. It's gripping. It's any mother's child in a make-believe world!

The NEWSY side of Hollywood gets a big splash in HOLLYWOOD Magazine with spicy gossip items and a host of exclusive informal pictures, snapped by our own candid cameraman.

You can get all the news of Hollywood by reading the Hollywood News Reel and Harry Carr's Shooting Script in this concise, breezy magazine.

Other features of the September issue include a Natural Color photograph of Shirley Temple, a side-splitting article by Jack Oakie himself entitled "I Got Stung"; a hilarious lesson in juggling as engineered by the incomparable W. C. Fields; and innumerable anecdotes and articles about the stars.

Secrets of the Stars' Closets!

Continued from page 55

deful convenience to have a couple of drawers for games tucked away in that two-by-four off the living room.

Joan has one of the neatest tricks I have ever heard of in her shoe closet. No matter how carefully you keep shoes, they do have a leathery odor that climbs around! And Joan eliminates it with spice balls. They are made of cotton, about four inches in diameter, and kept saturated with oil of cloves. They are just the thing, too, for the closet in the hall where rubber boots and overcoats give off a musty smell. Once you use these balls, you will never be without them in the house—and in cost they average only a nickel apiece!

When Elissa Landi recently did over her home, "The Cloisters," she decided to take the downstairs suite for her own private use—and discovered that she had practically no wardrobe space. Instead of having closets built in, Elissa did an exceptionally clever thing. She had a wardrobe built out, two feet deep, along the length of one wall. It is mirrored and divided into sections, one for a series of sliding drawers made to hold every conceivable accessory, and another for her sport togs. There is still another for her evening gowns, which are wrapped in bags of Argentine cloth, which is transparent, as well as dustproof. This type of wardrobe is extremely effective, and wonderfully handy. If you want one without mirrors, with the wood stained or enameled to blend with the surroundings, you can have it, made as cheaply as $35.

In her new home, Constance Bennett has this sort of wardrobe-closet with sliding doors covering the four walls of her dressing room. Sally Blane and her sister, Polly Ann Young, have them, also, in the mirrored version, in the room they share. And this time the looking-glass is painted with gay bonnets. There is really no end to what you can do to make closets attractive. Perhaps you are troubled by the "where-shall-I-keep-my-hats" problem. It becomes an actual difficulty with assorted boxes cluttering up every nook and corner. One good answer is to take three or four large hatboxes and cover them with wallpaper. By stuffing the hats with tissue paper and placing a sheet of the tissue in between, you can put two or three hats in a box. But Lyda Roberti has probably solved the problem in the most expert way of all. She has a number of deep drawers constructed right in her closet. In the top drawer are her berets, below come the sports hats, next the evening hats, and in the large bottom drawer are her picture hats!

Sylvia Sidney has what she calls a "three-way" closet, which is almost the answer to everything. You open the door—and discover three lovely red Chinese drapes hanging from the ceiling to the floor. Her clothes are behind one. Cupboards are behind another. And behind the third are such necessary, but undecorative things as a vacuum cleaner, a broom and a mop! Triple cleverness, we call it.

It just isn't possible for skeletons to rattle around in Hollywood closets any more. These spots now are much, much too pleasant!

Ern Westmore—of the famous Westmore brothers, coiffure counselors de luxe—looks over the Marie Antoinette coiffure he created for the Countess Rina de Liguro. She wore it in the recent beauty pageant staged by the Westmores upon opening a Hollywood beauty shop.
They are the cook's best customers. "When I serve roast beef, I usually have Yorkshire pudding with it, browned potatoes and several vegetables. I have at least three, so that the tastes of every guest may be pleased. One of my favorite vegetable dishes is the carrot ring. You grate carrots, set them in a mold, then turn out the ring on a large platter, fill the center with sautéed corn and surround the ring with green peas. It is colorful, attractive and delicious. "Steak dinners are topped off to any man's satisfaction by hot apple pie. I usually have it cut in the kitchen, so that it will offer no problems in serving. To decorate the apple pie tray, I take Tillamook cheese, roll it into apple-shaped balls, tint them and stick a little mint in the hollows, so that they look like little apples. I flunk the pieces of pie with the cheese balls and in the center I put vanilla ice cream, and as each guest serves himself or herself there is a choice of any apple pie combination desired—apple pie with cheese, or apple pie à la mode. Of course, with apple pie as a dessert, it is best to serve coffee at the table. I find that men prefer it that way. "Another favorite dessert of mine is a large pineapple, cut in half, with the center scooped out and filled with pineapple ice cream. It's attractive and is perfection itself after a heavy dinner. With this dessert I usually serve angel-food cake, cut into fingers and rolled in coconut.

"OF COURSE, some hostesses make the mistake of thinking a dinner is over with the coffee. As a matter of fact, that is when your evening should begin, and that is when it takes the most astute planning to continue the success begun at the dinner table. You can't leave an evening's entertainment to chance. You can't hope that people will find sufficient diversion in conversation. I invariably plan bridge or other games and see that my guests get at their amusements directly after coffee."

From the moment she has invited the first guest until she has seen the last guest leave, Sally personally assumes all of the responsibilities for the success of the party. Her servants recognize her superior abilities, and she finds no antagonism when she goes into the pocket-handkerchief of a kitchen in her apartment to supervise details. They know that in her own right she is a splendid cook, and that if they walked out she would undoubtedly be able to do everything herself with distinguished success.

Sally Eilers is a delightful hostess, by virtue of her own scintillating personality. And her perfect "dinners at eight" are culinary gems because she transfers to them all of her own knowledge of cooking and concentrates her dramatic ability on making them events long to be remembered.

Here are Sally Eilers' favorite recipes:

**MUSTARD SAUCE—For Steaks**

Put piece of butter in open chafing dish or frying pan. Add three teaspoons of mustard, one-fourth cup horseradish, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon Sauce Diable. Bring to a boil and add a little cream and serve.

**CHEESE SOUFFLÉ**

The ingredients are: One Philadelphia Cream Cheese, six eggs, one cup cream, and salt. Melt cheese over hot water. Add cream, stirring constantly. Beat eggs separately and add yolks, then whites. Pour into casserole and bake in hot water slowly for thirty minutes.

**DATE PUDDING**

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one cup walnuts, one cup powdered sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup dates. Beat eggs, add sugar, flour, and baking powder. Then add dates and nuts (cut as fine as desired). Pour in greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake slowly for forty-five minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

**POPOVERS**

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one cup milk, one cup flour, one teaspoon salt. Beat eggs (together). Add milk, flour, and salt. Beat well. Heat small muffin tins and butter generously. Fill half full of mixture. Bake in hot oven until they pop. Then turn oven down. Bake about twenty minutes.

---

**Have you heard about—**

**Hollywood's "Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3.00" Club?**

**MOVIE CLASSIC** will tell you all about it next month —tell you how you can start one!

Movie Classic for September, 1935
For the story a dainty something He

(M-G-M)

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Speaking of Movies

[Continued from page 18]

Bohème." But what a glorious treat the whole picture is for music-lovers, with the miraculous Moore singing more opera than has ever been sung in one picture before. There is a lovely chiffon dress with yards and yards of pleating that is utterly feminine. (Columbia)

The Farmer Takes a Wife finds Janet Gaynor crashing through with such a sparkling performance that you'll have to believe in even higher Gaynor popularity. If it weren't for this extra-special performance, the honors would go to Henry Fonda, who is going to be a new pulse-throb with the feminine world. The story deals with the early days of the Canal. Janet is a canal-boat girl; Fonda is a canal-boat worker who is saving to buy a farm and loves Janet; and Charles Bickford is the leader of a rough-and-tumble gang of canal boatmen who never lose a battle. Gaynor loves to see one fight, but because of the general side of it, but because she believes it indicates manliness. Her allegiance to the canal takes her from one boat to another until Fonda goes back to his farm. Later he returns to thash Bickford in one of the greatest fights ever put on the screen. I'm afraid I guess what Janet does! No modern clothes problem here, but Gaynor looking her sweetest in a story that has no dull moments in it. (Fox)

No More Ladies asks you: Have you ever loved a will-o'-the-wisp? That's the utterly tantalizing situation in which Joan Crawford finds herself. And when that particular "will" happens to be Robert Montgomery, then you can know what a demon you've met if the girl finds herself in! Joan, who marries Bob, only to find that it is as impossible for him to stop being himself as it is for her to stop loving him. (What about sums up the fate of most feminine beings, don't you think?) Franchot Tone is brought into the picture to add complication, and to awaken Bob to his love for Joan. This young wife's stratagem in bringing Bob to a sedate husbandly state includes the bringing together of her ex-flame (Franchot), her husband's ex-affair, and several other interested persons. In the form of a week-end party, this situation is a riot of laughs, and fun all the way. It's sophisticated, indeed, and utterly brittle comedy. Charlie Ruggles and Edna May Oliver offer additional mirthful comedy. The clothes Joan wears are enough to set any feminine heart all a-twingle, and include a stunning pleated gold affair, with matching cape, an evening gown with interestingly pleated white collar that will set a new neckline fashion, and a satin affair with cut-outs at the shoulder. There is also a glimpse of the famous Crawford figure in bras and step-ins! But as faithful as you may be to Crawford, you'll have to admit it's Bob Montgomery's picture . . . and after seeing it, you'll love to admit it's so! (M-G-M)

Orchids to You gives us a feminine chance to take a deep breath, and enjoy ourselves! John Boles has at last been given a leading role that is worthy of his talents, and so can give us all the romance we have wanted from his pictures for some years past. He is even allowed to sing two songs, a nursery rhyme and Sylvia, and the Boles voice is something smooth to hear! He plays the part of an attorney, and Jean Muir furnishes the love interest in the story. Jean is fast developing into a star, and handles this role with sparkle and poise. And when Boles sings to her, she looks just as you and I might wish we could look in such a superb situation! Charles Butterworth is, of course, his usual droll self, the, and he wins a lady's heart with the phrases: "I love you not because you love me, but because I love you." The story is all the better for the Morse-code-on-the-old-homestead type, but with a different slant. The principals are all become involved, and there's a clever divorce suit slant. Butterworth is responsible for the happy ending you perhaps expected, but you'd better see for yourself what love can do! (Fox)

Stranded finds the beautiful Kay Francis involved in a racket story, but there's a light comedy vein that makes it satisfactory entertainment. She is a Travelers' Aid Society worker, and finds in George Brent a friend of the world and youth. This lady learns to love. But like a lot of modern women she likes her job, too, until the time when George's safety is endangered by racketeer troublemakers. Of course Kay is able to expose the whole affair, and save George and his job. You've always liked George Brent, haven't you? Well, you'll like him in this picture, for he's a pretty slick sort of masculine person. You can always depend on Kay to come forth with the sort of swank clothes that make feminine hearts cry for more, and so she does here. Much of the time she wears simple dark things, suits with bright knotted scarfs, dresses with white lace collars, but there's always a place for startling Francis things. For instance there's an evening gown with a halter neck, and long back that sags clear down to low levels in back, with a startling grouping of white carnations right in front. And equally interesting is the white gown with a dainty collar that zips almost as low in front. Fashion hint; see the monogrammed scarf Kay wears with a street frock. (WARNERS)
Men Without Names asks you: Are you still interested in what G-men do for a living? Then you'll like this story about a vicious gang of killers. Remember Fred McMurray in Gilded Lily? If so, you'll rush along to see him as a small-town man, a newly trained G-man. Fred is a likable lad, and one who is apt to creep up and get into your heart without your knowing it. In the story he is accompanied by Lynne Overman, a veteran Government man, and together they raid the killer's lair with gory consequences and the defeat of the gangsters. Madge Evans plays the romantic interest as the local newspaperwoman, and wears the sort of clothes such gals really do. Young David Holt is her brother, and he's a most lovable child, as well as a true actor. The whole story brings a sense of reality with it . . . and there's going to be a new McMurray-ward rush after its release. (Paramount)

The 39 Steps brings you Robert Donat again. Haven't you missed him since The Count of Monte Cristo? Most feminine hearts have, and they will enjoy seeing him in this melodrama. Although he is not playing a romantic role this time, the tale is an interesting one of international intrigue in London and Scotland. Donat finds himself involved in an attempt to secure an air ministry secret, which includes murder, shanghaiing, and wild rides through foggy nights. At one stage of the proceedings he is handcuffed to Madeleine Carroll, and these scenes form an amusing interlude in the grim tragedy of the rest of the picture.

The Keeper of the Bees is the sort of picture at which you're sure to find the whole family in attendance, for it's a fine portrayal of Gene Stratton Porter's beloved novel. The plot concerns Neil Hamilton, a disabled war veteran, who is given six months to live. Starting on a good-time journey, he meets Betty Furness, who in turn takes him to the Bee Master. Here Neil regains his health, and eventually finds himself after many complications married to Betty. Sentiment, humor, and excellent characterization all rub shoulders here. (Monogram)

Nell Gwyn provokes the thought: What riotous days the old days must have been! Here's a spirited and entertaining costume picture which emphasizes the glamorous Nell's fidelity to England's monarch of the time. She does battle royal with the Duchess of Portsmouth for the King's favor, and wins. The beautiful costumes make of the lovely Anna Neagle a very enchanting Nell Gwyn, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives an excellent portrayal as the King. The whole thing is a jolly, witty, and very robust comedy—excellent film fare. (United Artists)

As Josephine and Napoleon, Ann Sothern and Jack Haley found life a serious business. So, between scenes of The Girl Friend, they read the comics.
Robert Donet, now appearing in *The 39 Steps*, is one of the favorite subjects of the letter-writers. And one presents a new slant on him.

**$15 Prize Letter**

Glamor, Bergner Brand—One hears so much about the dramatic aspiration of a certain Hollywood "glamor queen." Every interview she gives seems full of them. I do wish she would concentrate her mascara-encrusted eyes on a very great dramatic actress whose current screen masterpiece, *Escape Me Never*, is now playing in America—namely, Elisabeth Bergner.

In Miss Bergner, we have a plain little soul who, strange to relate, always dresses her hair in the same way (rather démodé!) and who wears almost dowdy clothes and yet gives a performance of stupendous emotional force which transforms her into a very beautiful being.

There is more glamor in Bergner's little fingernail than in the "glamor queen's" whole body (celebrated though her figure may be). Which just shows that it takes more than a few "dramatic poses" to make a great actress.—*Elsa Castleton, 744 Gordon Square, London W., England.

**$10 Prize Letter**

Something to Anticipate—Opera on the screen! When this becomes a reality, it will be one of the greatest evolutions in screen history! Won't we be thrilled to see such singers as Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Grace Moore, Nino Martini, and Jan Kiepura? Won't we be proud to say we have seen Carmen, *Martha*, the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and others? I'll say we will! Music culture has not been in the hands of many, but now our chance has come. We do not have to be content with merely reading of the great operas in New York and London; we'll see and hear them ourselves! We shall change our jazz tunes to finer, more educational music. What could be better than this? The sooner full-length operas makes its début on the screen, the better, and we'll all be there to celebrate the arrival.—*Miss Anne Waishen, 1207 11th St., Leed, S. Dak.*

You won't have long to wait now. See page 6.

**$5 Prize Letter**

Likes Them Real—I would like to give the real-life picture a boost. In my opinion, the average movie-goer appreciates this type of picture to a far greater extent than the so-called modern sophisticated epics. And what more natural? Hasn't a person more interest in a portrayal closely resembling his own life than in the amorous adventures of some bejeweled, cocktail-sipping cutties as far removed from ordinary existence as Mars from Venus?

I am eighteen years old, I wear high heels, I love hot music, saxophones and hoofers, but that doesn't stop me from appreciating such pictures as *The Wedding Night*, *As the Earth Turns* and *Straight Is the Way*, all packed with intrinsic drama.—*Miss P. Blehrinssop, 1518 Myrtle Ave., Victoria, B. C.*

Some like them real, and some don't. Which do you prefer—and why?

**$1 Prize Letters**

New View of Donat—Let me, as one who spent much time in England recently, give you Robert Donat as we know him. First of all, his breathtakingly inspired performances in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* gave us a jolt and no small surprise. We always knew him as a light-hearted, slightly swanky fellow on the Robert Montgomery style. That he had a serious side, and could feed us ancient vintage romance and make us lap it up and ask for more, never occurred to us.

But we liked it this new way because he is a good actor, the like of which Hollywood sorely needs. So give him to us in *Captain Blood* (no wig, please), *Robin Hood* and *Romeo*. And in heaven's name, let the American public know now what an enthusiastic, effervescent and grand person he really is!—*Ardell Beyer, 337-47th Street, Union City, N. J.*

Shirley's Secret—Why can't some of the other actresses take a hint from Shirley Temple? How has she become such a favorite? Surely not by being aloof and mysterious about her life, nor by wearing dark glasses in order to avoid recognition by her public. Shirley is as honest as the sun about everything she does, and we love her for it. We'd hate to picture our little Shirley going glamorous and alluring on us, wouldn't we?—*Edna Batchis, 370 Cochran Place, Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y.*

For Movie "Bargains"—May I put in concerning this double-feature squabble? We have long had them showing at the neighborhood theatres in our fair city. Often I spend a very pleasant evening in the theater—and if one feature isn't good, I always feel my evening wasn't wasted since I have seen two for the price of one. Maybe I am a little Scotch, but two features in these bargain-hunting days are a good bargain.—*Martha McHatton, 5631 Lowell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.*

This is the strongest sales point of double-feature programs—two pictures for the price of one. Are you sold on the idea, or not? Why?

Diamonds in the Backyard—Hollywood, why don't you wake up? Give your extras and stand-ins a break! Put on an "ability" campaign! Forget "theatrical and social background!" In other words, take a few chances! You've got the material if you'll train it—acres of diamonds right in your own backyard. Hollywood takes unknowns and makes stars of them. And anything that Broadway can do, Hollywood can do double, if Hollywood will.—*Louise Williams, 1007 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $10; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
I GIVE UP! I SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP MY WASH FROM GETTING GRAY AND DINGY, AND I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO SCRUB IT ANY WHITER.

DON'T TELL ME YOU STILL SCRUB CLOTHES, MRS. EVANS! I NEVER SCRUB MY WASH. I JUST SOAK EVERYTHING IN RINSO SUDS AND THEY COME 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT A BIT OF HARD WORK. TRY IT.

ONE WEEK LATER

I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND USED RINSO TODAY. I HAD THE EASIEST WASHDAY EVER—YET SEE HOW BRIGHT MY CLOTHES ARE!

I TOLD YOU SO! YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER NOW THAT YOU'VE STOPPED SCRUBBING THE LIFE OUT OF THEM.

TRY RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO. IT SAVES WORK AND IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS.

YES, IT'S TRUE! RINSO DOES ACCOMPLISH IN ONE OPERATION—SOAKING—all that some women do with bar soap, washboard, boiler and hours of hard work. RINSO soaks clothes snowy and clean. It keeps colors fresh, bright. And it's absolutely safe.

A little Rinso gives a lot of creamy, active suds—even in hardest water. Makes dishwashing quick and easy, too. Kind to your hands. Recommended by the makers of 3/4 famous washers.

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October

FILM FASHIONS
BEAUTY and CHARM

MIRIAM HOPKINS
Photographed in
Natural Colors

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My Secret of Loveliness

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Sunny golden hair is so softening, so flattering. Brings out all your natural hidden beauty. A touch of blondeness adds sparkling vitality and appealing freshness to your personality. Gain for yourself the fascinating charm of light golden hair your friends will admire. Now! Just rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!
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BLONDES and BRUNETTES: Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes arms and legs as smoothly alluring as the rest of your body. No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal. Use Marchand's to blend with your own skin coloring, and make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for your face, arms or legs!

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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He left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating... And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he wooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released without the victim knowing it.

Don't take a chance
Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

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Listerine puts your breath beyond offense
QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

Movie Classic for October, 1935
"All That I Know... I Know by Love Alone"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called... to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

Freddie Bartholomew
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with Maureen O'Sullivan
May Robson
Basil Rathbone

Clarence Brown's
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by David O. Selznick

Movie Classic for October, 1935
Charles Farrell and Charlotte Henry symbolize the carefree, romantic month of October, as they stroll to work together on the picture, Forbidden Heaven. Insiders predict it may be another Seventh Heaven.

OCTOBER, 1935
VOL. 9 No. 2

MOVIE CLASSIC
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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MOVIE CLASSIC is the first film magazine to present a natural-color photograph of Miriam Hopkins, of Becky Sharp fame. This month's cover portrait was taken in Hollywood, where she just completed Barbury Coast.

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“The Big Broadcast Of 1936”
A Picture With More Stars Than There Are In Heaven

Ray Noble’s boys play Why Stars Come Out At Night

There’s romance in The Big Broadcast! Lovely Wendy Barrie and debonair Henry Wadsworth are the lovers

Ethel Merman sings It’s the Animal in Me. What a song! And boy, what a girl!

Gracie’s forever dropping things! And Georgie loves it! (Advertisement)

Amos does his stuff

Above, you see the
including
Bing Crosby
Burns & Allen
Jack Oakie
Lyda Roberti
Wendy Barrie
Henry Wadsworth
Amos 'n Andy
Ethel Merman
Charles Ruggles
Mary Boland
Sir Guy Standing
Bill Robinson
Jessica Dragonette
Ray Noble & Orchestra

Hot feet and hot rhythm,—and how Bill Robinson goes to town! Watch him!

Does mama love papa? That's Charlie Ruggles' question here. What will Mary Boland answer?

Arms around Henry Wadsworth, Lyda Roberti still has a kiss for Jack Oakie

Big Broadcast chorus,—ten tons of it!

I Wished on the Moon is Bing Crosby's hit song in the picture

Movie Classic for October, 1935
Men—and Other News

• INTERESTING men are always good news. So are interesting women. But in Hollywood, at the moment, the male of the species is earning far more headlines than the female.

The star of the hour, beyond any doubt, is Nelson Eddy, M-G-M's blond baritone. Good-looking, a good actor, and a fine singer, he isn't like anyone else on the screen. That's why you like him.

But Hollywood isn't insisting on any duplicate copies of the hero of Naughty Marietta—any more than you are. So Nino Martini comes to the screen. He is as dark as Eddy is blond, and has a Latin personality, plus a Metropolitan Opera-radio background. The chances are that he will make good in films. And he won't have to mimic Eddy to do so.

Two months ago, Henry Fonda was just a name—and an unfamiliar name—to most moviegoers. Today everybody is talking about this tall, rugged, appealing chap, who, in his first picture (The Farmer Takes a Wife), accomplished the feat of becoming co-star with Janet Gaynor. He's no copy of any other screen actor; he's an original.

Since his first picture, Fred Astaire has had no screen rivals. Now one appears on the scene—namely, Clifton Webb, who used to be his competitor on Broadway. They both used to angle for the same kind of audiences, but they angled in different ways. They will keep on doing that.

• BACK in the not-so-good old days, a leading man was limited as to the types of women he might play opposite. Not so, today. Charles Boyer appears with Claudette Colbert and Katharine Hepburn, two widely different personalities, and makes a hit. Fred MacMurray has appeared with Colbert, is now appearing with Hepburn, and is making a hit—differently.

Then, because they are interesting individualists, there are other new screen actors who are rating headlines. For example, Peter Lorre, now filming Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment. Walter Abel, who left Broadway to play the title rôle in General Grant and meanwhile has scored a hit as D'Artagnan in The Three Musketeers. Michael Bartlett, who sang with Grace Moore in Love Me Forever and now is Claudette Colbert's leading man in She Married Her Boss. And Errol Flynn, the tennis-playing Irishman, who has drawn the coveted title rôle of Captain Blood.

Another member of the man's sex of whom you will soon be conscious is Mickey Rooney, the boy actor, who literally romps away with top honors in one of the most-awaited pictures of any year: A Midsummer Night's Dream. Here is Shakespeare as you can like it: here is a thrill of a lifetime. Warner Brothers have performed a major miracle in bringing the monumental fantasy to the screen with all the color, all the variety of mood, that Shakespeare put into it. And of all the members of the all-star cast, young Mickey Rooney—as Puck, the mischievous—best captures the spirit of the piece.

There are few actresses on the screen today who are capturing interest as these actors are. The outstanding one is Luise Rainer, the Viennese surprise of Escape, who is talented enough and individual enough to go far. So is Tutta Rolf, the practically unannounced sensation of Dressed to Thrill. Olivia de Havilland, though young, shows great promise in A Midsummer Night's Dream. But aside from these, where are the new girls who should be setting the movie world on fire?
Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman... beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize... to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL
in
THE DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER · JOHN HALLIDAY · HENRIETTA CROSMAN · KATHERINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Guy Bolton
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

- NORMA SHEARER has been on a clothes spree! With her new daughter (Katherine) safely installed in the re-decorated Thalberg nursery and with Romeo and Juliet about to go before the cameras, Norma took time off to go shopping. One of her most completely devastating new fall outfits is a sand-colored coat-dress, very skilfully tailored. But the exciting note is the detachable collar and cuffs of Kolinsky fur. On an Indian summer day she can zip 'em off and look coolly unfurred. Smart, these Shearers.

"We're going to see a lot of gray and red combined this season," Norma told us. "Also a lot of navy, especially in softly finished wools. All the amber tints are going to be better than gold. And the kilts-pleated skirts are with us again. If a girl wants to be very ultra, she'll have the hemline of her formal frocks curve up in front in a mildly inverted V. It's the vogue, particularly with draped models."

- Light notes: Arline Judge was quarantined with a light case of scarlet fever and her friends sent her stacks of children's toys. Why doesn't Mary Brian marry Dick Powell and save the poor fellow? Neighbors at Toluca Lake say that all he does is play the Wedding March on that organ of his. Nelson Eddy caught a fever when he made Naughty Marietta. He played fever. He used to be the soul of dignity, but since that picture he's the life of the party. At Ida Koverman's get-together, he did a Greek dance with a water pitcher on his shoulder that caused a near-riot. (P.S. He didn't break the pitcher.) Gene Raymond certainly believes in variety. First he takes Connie Bennett to the polo matches, then he beaux a Pasadena deb who owns a Phi Beta Kappa pin. And then he sees Janet Gaynor off to Honolulu.

- JANET, by the way, was far more ill than the reports said after she fell during the early scenes of Way Down East. She was in bed for more than a month with a bad brain concussion. Now she has gone to her beloved beach cottage at Hawaii to recuperate, and there will be no swimming or hiking there this time. Shirley Temple, who sailed with her parents shortly before Janet did, told her pal, "I'm going to Honolulu to take care of you, Jan-y." Meanwhile, Rochelle Hudson gets the Break of the Year—taking Janet's place in Way Down East, opposite Henry Fonda.

- SHIRTMAKER frocks are no longer stiffly tailored. Quaintness is the new note. Ann Shirley, Patricia Ellis, and the whole younger set have them with huge puffed sleeves, shirred fullness in front, and little round necks. Also, cotton underwear is back in vogue after all these years! Not, of course, the kind that Aunt Tildie used to wear, but a lovely kind that's as sheer as dawn and all finely stitched. These undies come in heavenly colors like bittersweet and rustica. Ann Dvorak has her first name embroidered on them. Sylvia Sidney—and any number of others—have gone in for them. Looks like a happy year for the South!

- AND this is the way new jobs are born! June Knight had a date with Tommy Lee—she usually does—but she thought that they were just going to a neighborhood movie, so she wore navy blue satin slacks. But Tommy insisted on going to the fashionable Trocadero to dance. All the women were in full evening regalia. Very swanky. Very décolleté. June was embarrassed to tears and decided that the next time she visited the Troc she'd be dressed as formally as they make 'em. She was! It was two weeks later. And half the girls on the floor were in satin slacks!!

- WITH other experts giving out opinions on the most beautiful women, the most beautiful legs, the best-dressed and so on, one of the film colony's leading beauticians—namely, Jim—has compiled a list of filmies who have the most beautiful hands and nails. Topping his list are Claudette Colbert, Mae West, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, and Evelyn Laye, the English actress. Would you agree?

- Evelyn Venable is it SPOT! Poor Evelyn made the mistake of

[Continued on page 88]
"Page Miss Glory"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. — her finest for anybody!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated names really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.

Movie Classic for October, 1935
And on top of this, it belittles bumps, wrinkles, and large pores. There are seven shades, to give you a choice of complexion ranging from a lovely pale-face to a Florida tan. There is a $2 size, plus a leatherette-cased purse size at 50c!

****What do you know about a nail polish that won't crack, peel, or fade, will last two weeks, cover nail imperfections, and oil your nails? It shines beautifully, too. What more could any girl ask? It comes in five grand shades, from natural to garnet. And the manufacturer guarantees your 50c back if you aren't satisfied . . . . which makes everything perfect.

****Rainy days are coming soon! Which means that you'll want to know about these clever military capes made in rubber and oiled silk. The oiled silk ones fold up into little cases about six inches square, which you can tuck very easily into your purse or keep in your desk for emergencies. The rubber ones fold into slightly larger sizes. The oiled silk ones are transparent, and cost $3. The rubber ones are $1. And the colors are very lovely!

****How about a little oevenette all your own, if you live in an apartment so small that you never dreamed of being able to bake there? This contrivance bakes and roasts economically and easily over any cooking burner or heating unit. And, what's more, it roasts meats to a turn while consuming only one-quarter of the fuel required to heat an ordinary oven. Plop! you set it on any stove or electric plate, and have an oven . . . for a little over $2.

****“Drat that run!” How many times have you said that? We've lost count, ourselves! So glory with us in this run-stop liquid that you can apply in a second, that does not stiffen the stocking, and that does not leave a stain. It comes in cute little packages that you can keep in your purse or office desk, and one of these will stop fifty runs. Which is as good as winning a ball game any day! 25c.

****We're sorry to mention such miserable things as colds, but thought you'd like to know about the new mentholated tissues that are excellent for curing them, easily disposed of, and prevent the spread of germs. There are two hundred and fifty soft tissues in a package, size 8x9 inches. And "cold" weather is coming, you know. Two packages for 45c.

****Do your own dry-cleaning—ten dollars' worth for 65c. This cleaner removes spots, stains, and perspiration odors like magic . . . and it is amazingly easy to use. It is the same kind that is used by many dry-cleaning establishments, and does a fine job of French dry-cleaning. The can contains one gallon of the fluid, and this will clean a carload of clothes!

****Have you ever seen a chair smiling? That's what will happen to any chair in your house, no matter how dirty, when it gets a sponge bath with a foamy new cleaner. It is so simple to use that even a child can do a beautiful job—and instantly. Moreover, it can be used on the finest upholstery—furniture—to bring back the original colors, and remove the spots where oily heads or animal hairs have rested. In sizes from 70c to $1.85.

****Good old food mill! The idea came from France, land of famous chefs, and landed smack in the middle of our best kitchens! With just a few turns of the crank, out come the slickest mashed potatoes, other vegetables, or fruits. It's a helpful gadget for making purées, creamed soups and soufflés. It strains the baby's food, and it saves endless time and labor in making tomato juice, grapefruit juice, jams and jellies. This mill is made of steel and is acidproof and rustproof. $1.25 buys it.

****And Humpty-Dumpty took a great fall? Well, that was before the days of the new egg cradle, which keeps eggs unbroken and always handy. It fits any electric refrigerator or icebox, and slides in and out like a drawer. It fastens underneath a shelf, thus saving the space that egg boxes or big bowls always take. This cradle uses space that's often wasted. 45c.

**GOING SHOPPING** is what we like to do best—and we're sorry we can't undertake any shopping commissions for you. But we can tell you what to ask for by name—if you want to go shop-scouting on your own for any of the things mentioned above. Just address: Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.
Does excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours? Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises! The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its absolute safety and comfort. You take no drugs... no exercise... you eat normal meals... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight! The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days... at our expense!

You Need Not Risk One Penny! You can prove to yourself that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

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**HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems — and Yours**

If you had a promising future—and love came your way—which would you choose? Olivia de Havilland has a sane answer!

**BY MARGARET DIXE**

**S**hould a girl dodge romance if she is planning a career? There are seven million girls in the United States seeking the right answer to that problem. So many new, fascinating fields of work are open to them today—but the age-old desire to love and be loved is pulling them in another direction. Which way to go?

"Personally, I'm going to take the middle course!" says Olivia de Havilland, that lovely eighteen-year-old brunette who had never appeared before a movie camera until she won the coveted rôle of Hermia in Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—and now is on her way to stardom, with *Captain Blood* her next picture.

"You see," explains the pert, alert, and thoroughly loveable Olivia, "careers in Hollywood are no different from what they are anywhere else. You have to study to make good just as you do in any other job, any other place. You have to keep the strictest kind of hours so that you'll be at your best—and, most of all, you have to be able to say 'No!'" "You have to 'No' yourself to begin with. If a girl tries to play a lot at the same time she is building a future for herself in her work, she makes a hash of both her work and her play. I've had to draw the line on going out nights during the week, no matter how attractive the invitation may be. It isn't always easy, I can tell you! But if I do go..."

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

**ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS** is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.
to some middle-of-the-week party, I’m so tired the next day that I can’t settle down to business. And I find my mind wandering off to what that nice boy said the evening before—and wondering whether or not he meant it—just when I need to be most alert in my lines...

“Naturally, you have to have some social life. You’d get as stuffy as a bat if you stayed at home all the time. That’s why I intend to take the middle course. Some girls—and they’re good looking and interesting, too—feel that they simply have to devote every minute to career. Then, after they have made good, they suddenly wake up to find themselves so hungry for romance that they snatch at the first man who comes alone. And if they make as much of a success of marriage, it’s just dumb luck. They didn’t really prepare for a permanently happy ending. And, usually, they don’t find it.

“NOW I have it figured out this way: Right at present the career is the most important thing in my life. I might never have an opportunity like this again and I realize that I ought to make the most of it. So I’m subduing my romantic inclinations! I have simply made up my mind that I can control my emotions for a specified time...”

“If I’m not wanted at the studio on Saturday afternoon, I like to swim or go riding. Working in the movies is something like an office job, you know. You spend three quarters of your life indoors in a place that is artificially lighted. Consequently, you doubly appreciate any outdoor activities and if you can find a man who enjoys the same sports you do, it’s great.

“Saturday evening I have a whirl, I usually go dancing because I adore that. And on Sunday we go on picnics or long hikes and have an informal party at somebody’s house in the evening. But Monday morning I pull the curtain down on the weekend. I forget it completely. I put the accent on work now, and the soft-pedal on romance. I won’t mix the two together! A man forgets even his best beloved when he becomes engrossed in his job. A woman has to learn to do the same thing.

“Naturally, some day, when the career has had time to develop a bit, I hope to put the accent on romance. I want a home and a marriage that is a marriage. Not just one of these if-I-don’t-like-it-I’ll-get-a-divorce arrangements. I want a husband with plenty of character who can broombeat me if it’s necessary. (And I like nothing better than a good rousing argument!) If a man has ideas, I am willing to learn from him. And I hope my husband won’t be an actor: I’d much prefer him to be in some business I know nothing about so that marriage to him will open up a whole new field of interest.

“IS THERE someone now? Ye-es... But it will be a long, long time before there is any wedding. There is nothing ‘settled’ between us. In fact, he has been away for a year. I’ve known him all my life. I know his family and background and all. That’s essential, don’t you think so?” asks Olivia.

It is so essential that I would like to underscore it a dozen times. Olivia’s whole plan is wonderfully sound, right up to and including that last statement!

Know everything you can about your man. Unfortunately, few girls bother about research when romance comes along. Even trained business girls, who would not think of going into a business deal without knowing all about it, consider it “noble” to take a man at face value alone. I can’t begin to tell you the grief that attitude has caused.

To make a real success of marriage, it is absolutely necessary for a girl to have high standards of her own and to test the boy’s. Is he honest? Is he kind to his people? Is he thrifty? Have she and he at least four big interests in common?

Marriage vows are supposed to make a girl and boy one—and isn’t it wise to find out all you can about the person who is to be your other half? That’s where a girl who has worked out a career first has such advantage over other [Continued on page 69]
TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight... AS YOU DO... for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—you'll watch this
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living your
dreams, your desairs. Fascinated . . .
behold the raging spectacle of hell here
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel  Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY... AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS... ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!
Will Rogers in his greatest picture

'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!

Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!
MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

- - - - Anna Karenina brings Garbo back to us again in all of her glory! In this new version of Tolstoy's immortal novel, with an ultra-dramatic and tragic role completely suited to her best ability, she gives one of the finest performances of her career. And lovable Freddie Bartholomew, (who was young David Copperfield), as the son in the story, is sensationally good . . . so much so that he steals every scene in which he appears! Fredric March, as Vronsky, the dashing officer, for love of whom Anna abandons her coldly ambitious husband and her child, is technically perfect in the rôle, but seems emotionally taut. Maureen O'Sullivan, Basil Rathbone, Phoebe Foster, Reginald Owen, and Reginald Denny are outstanding in the supporting cast . . . You'll love the clothes Adrian has designed for Garbo in this picture, and their quaintness will strongly influence the fall fashion mode. Plumed hats, delicate nosegays, the rustle of taffeta . . . you'll soon be wearing them. (M-G-M)

- - - - Curly Top is a "natural" for little Miss Shirley Temple—a light operetta with a child prima donna, which gives Shirley a chance to sing, dance, do imitations, be emotional and amusing. John Boles, as the kindly bachelor who takes Shirley and her older sister (Rochelle Hudson) away from an orphanage, is human and believable. The lovely Rochelle gives a beautiful performance, and her work in the scene wherein she reveals her love for her guardian fully justifies her recent elevation to stardom. Maurice Murphy, Esther Dale, Arthur Treacher, and Etienne Girardot feature the supporting cast. Highlights: Shirley's two songs, When I Grow Up, and Animal Crackers in My Soup; and John Boles' two songs, It's All So New to Me and Curly Top. (Fox)

- - - - Accent on Youth gives Sylvia Sidney a chance to shine once more, and she does it very gracefully and amusingly. This story deals with the love of a youthful secretary for her employer, a playwright past-middle age, and with his efforts to convince both her and himself that June and November should never mate. Well, that's a problem many girls have confronted, and Accent on Youth offers a clever solution. Maybe the laughs of the picture won't shake you from your seat, but you will be consistently amused. You'll like Sylvia's clothes—both her smart new numbers, and her sane suggestions for dresses for office wear. Herbert Marshall's stock will soar to new highs after this picture, and since he is always good, you can judge of this performance! But you'll pretty well have to hang the credit for the real comedy star of the production to Ernest Cossart, playing the butler rôle. In fact you can almost call his the most intoxicating comedy of the year! (Paramount)

- - - - Diamond Jim makes a girl wonder if it wouldn't have been pretty good fun to live in the glamorous days of the Gay Nineties, when Diamond Jim Brady blazed a never-to-be-forgotten trail on Broadway. He was a high-pressure salesman, prodigal spendthrift, super-gourmand and half-fellow, well-met playboy. His life story, brought to the screen, is a flashing, colorful drama, and Edward Arnold in the title rôle is magnificent. He gives a performance so deft that it is unforgettable. The story takes Diamond Jim from his humble beginnings as a freight clerk to his reign as a railroad mogul. It presents a kaleidoscopic picture of the whirlwind boom days at the turn of the century and dramatizes the birth of modern sales methods. But it never loses sight of its central intimate theme: Diamond Jim could buy anything—excepting love. Binnie Barnes, as Lillian Russell, the Glamor Girl of her day, shows appeal even under the layers of the clothes of the 90's. Jean Arthur, as the "No-girl" who wrecks Brady's life, turns in another performance that proves she rates star billing. And Cesar Romero is convincing as [Continued on page 60]
Fine actress, devoted wife, proud mother, Norma Shearer lives a success story every day of her life that has no equal in Hollywood. And now she is about to enact the most poetic love story ever told—"Romeo and Juliet"
Before the cameras turn on a home scene of "Alice Adams," the star has a last-minute dialogue rehearsal with a one-man audience—the dialogue director.

The camera is focused—the microphone is in place—the lights are on—and the star is about to begin her job-hunting scene in the film, "Alice Adams."

Time out. Hedda Hopper, Fred Stone and Katharine Hepburn have a rest on the sidelines. Hedda entertains conversationally.

A street scene finished. Katharine Hepburn strolls off the set, pulling on her gloves. Walking and talking with her is Director George Stevens.

Behind the Scenes with Hepburn
Josephine Hutchinson, of "Oil for the Lamps of China" fame, is an independent, talented young person. Warner Brothers believe that, if Will Shakespeare were alive, she would remind him of Rosalind in "As You Like It." So she is to play the first heroine who masqueraded as a boy!

Merle Oberon, of Tasmania, who reached Hollywood by way of England, exotic roles and costume pictures, is becoming her natural self and a star at the same time in "The Dark Angel." Give the little girl a hand for daring to go "different" at this stage of her career! Hollywood has high hopes for her future!
WILLIAM POWELL is your idea of what a sophisticate should be . . . suave, clever, adventurous, amusing. As he will be in "The Black Chamber" FRANCHOT TONE proved, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," what you had suspected. Now he's a he-man—no playboy—in "Mutiny on the Bounty"

RANDOLPH SCOTT is blond and a Southerner—which is a hard-to-resist combination. And you'll respect his earnestness in "So Red the Rose" CHARLES BOYER has the charm of the sensitive Continental. Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Loretta Young and you all agree on that score
THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Little Miss Parker

The young girl grows up; Cinderella arrives at the ball; Jean Parker, of the gingham rôles, becomes a swelle—as well as sweet—young thing. Wonder if she took this gown, with its "crushed bodice" and yards and yards of chiffon with her to England? She is making a film for famed Alexander Korda there.

"Smart Girl"

That is the title of Gail Patrick's new picture . . . which aptly describes the poised young Alabama beauty, herself. Her rôles increase in importance, and her screen gowns become more and more stunning . . . which are symptoms of stardom. This gown is of silver metallic lace over white satin, molded to the figure. The skirt is sable-banded.
CHARM! What is it? . . . A mysterious, magical alchemy that covers a multitude of sins and bridges a thousand shortcomings. It created the lure of Cyrano de Bergerac, despite his hideous caricature of a nose, made the lameness of the lyric Lord Byron one of his most endearing graces, gave Napoleon stature. It is simple to sense—difficult to define. Can it be acquired? Cultivated?

Charm in men is what beauty, personality, grace and a dozen minor virtues are in women. It is the open sesame to the affections of both young and old—a priceless possession. No man can be a hero—or even a success—without charm. It is valuable in all walks of life and endeavor, but its rewards before the camera are fabulous!

For instance, take George Arliss. What has he? Unmistakably, CHARMS!

What made John Gilbert the matchless hero of the silent screen? CHARMS.

As you leave the theatre after seeing an actor, you carry away, not the memory of his appearance or his voice or his ability to sway your emotions, but a combination of all of these. In a word, CHARMS!

When the Editor of Movie Classic asked me to tell what I find charming in men, I was both delighted and nonplussed. Delighted, because I have always maintained that when a man is charming he has everything; nonplussed, because to describe charm is somewhat like being asked to put into words the splendor of Wagner’s music, the glory of sunrise in the San Bernardino mountains, or the beauty of a child’s happy smile. But the opportunity to talk on a favorite topic is far too infrequent to allow it to pass, so here are my five requirements for charm in men—one requirement for each of the letters of the word. See if you agree:

- C is for Chivalry.

Even when I was a very little girl, leading a secluded existence on an army reservation where my father was stationed, I was enthralled by the tales of King Arthur’s Court. I still am. Chivalry, not necessarily “knighthood in full flower,” is always a very satisfying trait in a man. Most women find themselves vulnerable to it. The “little things” in life go to make it up. They include the pulling out of a chair for a dinner partner, the “right way” of walking along the street, the flowers and gallantries that don’t call for any large expenditure of money, but bring inexpressible joy and eternal devotion from womenfolk. It is really pathetic how little women demand of demonstrations of respect—merely thoughtful gestures, chivalrous attentions.

It brings to my mind an almost forgotten incident.

I recall a very, very poor family that lived on the wrong side of the tracks of this particular town. As the wife of what was termed, in all dignity, “a drinking man,” and also the mother of a large brood of scrawny, poverty-stricken youngsters, Mrs. F. was obliged to provide them with what few necessities they had. This caused her to seek odd jobs wherever they could be found. She did some work for our neighbors, possibly for us. I cannot say. But I do remember she was discussing her marital difficulties with our martial cook, who advised her to “shoot him up!”

I still can see her, worn and dilapidated and infinitely poignant, recounting her husband’s shiftlessness and the ill-treatment to which she was [Continued on page 72]
By Gary Cooper
As told to Helen Harrison

WHEN Movie Classic asked me what traits men find most attractive in women, I simply voted for one little candidate—"charm." Then I began to wonder if I knew what I was talking about. It seemed the logical thing to answer, and sounded as though it covered a lot of ground, but the truth of the matter was that I knew very little about it.

After making this rash, one-word statement, I decided to look up the word in the dictionary. I picked one of those foot-thick volumes that ordinarily scare me on sight, and began to study it. The more I read, the more I realized I had got myself into deep water by uttering that one word. "Charm," I discovered, has a big, long paragraph all to itself, which begins as follows:

"CHARM . . . to put a spell upon . . . attract irresistibly . . . bewitch . . . enchant . . . as to charm audience.

"To overcome as by magic power . . . soothe . . . assuage . . . allay . . ."

The definition turned out to be a description of an actress. It described the mental and spiritual quality of those women who have made good in their profession. Heretofore I had never stopped to analyze opposite whom I had played in pictures. Now I the dictionary had all the answers as to why working with them and why audiences go to pictures.

Millions of women besides actresses have this quality of charm, but just what it is made of, or whether it is a natural or an acquired trait, is more than I can answer. In fact, I have never paid any particular attention to that until now, and merely have gone along taking things granted!

One thing that I have noticed about charm is that, to a great extent, it is geographic. That helps to make the job of defining it an even greater task—if not an impossible one.

In the various countries and among the various races that I have visited, ideals of womanhood vary with the parallels of latitude and longitude. Kau-oola-mai, a charming girl in that Sunda Isle known as Bali, would be something considerably less in London's Mayfair. What captivates in the Pampas would bring a different reaction in the Klondike.

It is the same thing with individual men. The woman who seems charming to one man has absolutely no effect on another. Every man has his own idea of what constitutes charm in a woman, and I doubt if any two men ever will agree on every detail.

This boils it all down to a suspicion that charm in a woman exists primarily in the minds of the persons who consider her charming.

My own ideas of what constitutes charm, if I had any formulated, would not mean a thing. They might be ably refuted by Joe Glutz of Bismarck, North Dakota, while Herman Zilch of the same town would heartily agree with me. That would only go to show that Zilch and I think alike, while Glutz has different ideas. It would have nothing to do with the validity or standards.

(Continued on page 74)
Margaret Sullavan is an intense young modern—who is intent on being completely natural, both on the screen and off it. Here she is at home and at ease, in shorts. And in the "scoop" interview on the opposite page she is equally as informal—and human.

—Portrait by MacLean
“I Can’t Pretend!”
says MARGARET SULLAVAN

CERTAINLY. I’ve always been like this. ‘Untamed,’ you called it? I guess that’s it,” said Margaret Sullavan, as she gave me that million-dollar, small-girl grin of hers.

“I was a pampered youngster and I grew up with the idea that I could do as I wanted to do. Not that it was the family’s fault, you understand. They had to give in to me more or less because I was sick. Anemic, I was all arms and legs and weakness. If I walked upstairs fast, things would get black in front of my eyes. So, naturally, I didn’t encounter much family opposition to anything I wanted to do—if it wouldn’t hurt me.’

“A future? In a vague sort of way, I didn’t expect to have any and I got in the habit of doing whatever pleased me at the moment. Sometimes it was pretending I was Sarah Bernhardt—in my aunt’s best silk dress. One time, it was painting the piano legs green—only my artistic talents weren’t appreciated!” Her grin deepened. From her seat on the ground she inspected the fat yellow moon that hung above Malibu Lake, near Hollywood. “I never made plans as most girls do. I don’t today... D’you know something? You get a lot more fun out of what you’re doing now, if you don’t think about what you’re going to do next...”

“We lived in Norfolk, and the family took me all over Virginia and North Carolina, fishing and hunting, in the hopes of making me stronger. All it did was to give me a taste for the simple life. Ever since, I’ve doted on living outdoors and hated ‘dressing up’... It wasn’t until I heard someone say that I’d never live to see my sixteenth birthday that I really set my mind on getting well. I had to show ‘em. That’s part of the Sullavan in me, I guess.

“Do you know what really made me decide to be an actress?” The moon winked behind a cloud and somewhere in the near-by hills a coyote howled. Margaret threw a pebble in the water, watching the ripples for a long moment. “I was going to Sullins College in South Carolina. And I was overwriting every essay I did because I knew that if I wrote enough, I’d strike the right thing sooner or later. But the professor in English literature caught up with me. On the margin of one of my papers he wrote, ‘I wish you [Continued on page 68]
Clark Gable made me envious of his own easy-going disposition. So I shrugged, too—for the first time in my life!

How Claudette Colbert conquered her greatest enemy!

One of the things that people most admire about Claudette Colbert on the screen is her great poise, her calm, cool self-assurance . . . sometimes referred to as her "girlish dignity." And when Claudette reads such references in the reviews of her pictures, she laughs aloud as though they were a great joke. For, as everyone who knows her well is aware, these particular qualities are self-manufactured.

She used to tie herself up in knots over some small detail faster than a Barnum and Bailey contortionist, and the weighing of her problems became a task for a Fairbanks scale to deal with. Because, believe it or not, until recently Claudette has always been Hollywood's chronic worryer!

But now she laughs aloud when people call her calm and cool. She smiles because she knows that at last she has succeeded in conquering her worst enemy—worry—and has it pretty much in the bag where it belongs.

"And do you know who helped me conquer it?" she asked me, with a hint of the surprise to come. "None other than Clark Gable, himself!"

"Of course, other people had tried to help me. My mother, my husband (Norman Foster), my friends, all did their best. But because they were so close to me, I was inclined to disregard their advice on the theory that 'they didn't understand' . . . that no relative ever did. But when my constant silly little worrying got under the skin of a fellow-worker, a co-star . . . well, I really listened.

"Ever since being a child, I have been anticipating trouble. That has been my particular complex. Before an exam in school I used to worry so much about not passing it that I couldn't even study for it. And while everybody else was cramming at the last minute, I was..."
Do you worry about your looks, about the impression you make on others, about things that might happen? Claudette did—until Clark Gable taught her not to worry!

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

kneading my hands and wondering what the family would do about it when I came home a failure. That never seemed to happen, for I always managed to pull through, somehow... but I suffered agonies!

"I suppose that there are millions of girls like that in the world. Perhaps my experiences will help.

- "AS I GREW older and began to look for parts on the stage, I grew worse. I would leave my home with high hopes. But by the time I reached a producer's office, I had worried so much that I could scarcely speak my piece. Yet, strangely enough, if I did get a turn-down, I never worried about it. I would almost feel relieved that it had happened, because that was what I had expected to happen. It was strange that while I always used to cry over the milk's possible spilling, I never cried when it did.

"I think that a little tenseness in an actress is perhaps a good thing. At least, it was true in my case, that the more high-strung and the more nervous I was before an opening, the better I was in my performance. This tenseness creates a sort of electrical energy that can be turned to good advantage on the stage... but this same electrical energy displayed elsewhere is apt to drive one's friends mad.

"And that's true not only among friends and relatives. I suppose I have been responsible for much gritting of teeth among dressmakers, car salesmen, clerks in department stores, and the like. I could never help being 'persnickety' over every little thing I bought or did. 'Was the article going to last? For how long was it guaranteed? Would Norman like it? Would Mother like it? Would I like it, after I had bought it? And so on! And after, I would be conscience-stricken, and try to patch up things with a smile, just to show that I wasn't such a fuss-budget as I had made myself out to be."

- "WHEN I came to Hollywood, a big new worry entered my life," continued Claudette. "My face! It had always stood me in pretty good stead on the stage, but when I saw it for the first time on the screen, I nearly had apoplexy. I was certain that I would never have a picture career. My cheekbones were too high, my nose was tipilted... and those two features were the ones that every cameraman dreaded most! I actually cried that night, I was so worried. Mother said, 'Now, what's the use of worrying? It's your face, and you can't change it. Let the photog-raphers worry about finding a way to photograph it!'

"Again I was certain that she didn't understand. She couldn't understand what all this meant to me... or she wouldn't be so casual about it. So I shared the studio's worries. Eventually things worked out all right, of course; my face problem was conquered.

"But, with that particular headache out of the way, I began to worry about scripts and parts and proper directors—until making a picture was actually an ordeal, instead of the fun it should be. Even then, I never realized how much my worrying was annoying other people, until It Happened One Night came along.

- "I REMEMBER that only a few days after we had started the picture, I was voicing my worries about it to Clark Gable. I had my doubts about the script... the dialogue was too flip, I [Continued on page 73]"
The Grandest Romance Ever Born from the Fire-Dipped Pen of Dumas!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again!

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Bruijer as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid. Fencing arrangements by Fred Cavens.

This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"
What Every Smart Woman Should Know

DOLORES DEL RIO, who has charm that matches her beauty, makes this provocative statement: "No attractive woman should be conspicuous!"

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"THIS is my listening room," smiled Dolores Del Rio, as we entered her modernistic living room. "I suppose I have done more good listening here than in any other room of the house. Learning to listen is important, you know. No woman can be conspicuous if she listens more than she talks."

Dolores is one of Hollywood's most charming women—but far less aggressively so than some of her sensational contemporaries. She does not (and never will) try to startle onlookers with her allure. Artists may pay tribute to her classic loveliness, but she, of all the people in Hollywood, seems least conscious of that fact. She has the inherent good taste of a sensitive sophisticate, who feels that a woman should not ballyhoo her charm, but allow others the pleasure of discovering it for themselves. (If a woman has charm, they will discover it.)

Men like that quality in Dolores Del Rio. She attracts them without making any apparent effort to attract. And what are her subtle secrets? What is her "philosophy of charm"? I went to interview her—to find out.

"In the matter of dress," she said, as she sat back gracefully (and few women know how to sit gracefully), "no woman who wishes to be attractive should dress so that she stands out in a crowd. She should avoid too many bright colors, rakish hats, flouncy gowns and novelty gloves. No one part of her ensemble—her dress, her hat or her shoes—should stand out from the others. If she wants to be charming, she should not enter a room in a manner that says, 'See who's here!'"

"I think that the really well-dressed woman is not the one you notice first, but the one you remember longest. I do not believe that many men are attracted to conspicuous women—women who have no glamour of mystery, no poised reserve. They do not rush toward the women whose dresses are the flashiest, whose voices can be heard above all others, and who are constantly saying 'I' or 'my' or 'me.' I'm sure that any man would rather be with a woman whose mannerisms denote quiet good taste, who does not go in for excesses of dress, and who will listen and let him talk about himself occasionally, instead of forcing him to talk about her. He has a way of feeling flattered when such a woman—a woman of subtle feminine graces—likes his company."

• What kind of woman does she think is the saddest victim of that all-too-human [Continued on page 62]
SHIRLEY
Health

If she hadn’t been healthy, she would never be the world’s most famous child today. And Dr. Russell Sands, who knows, tells what her mother has done for her!

Once upon a time, a small miracle was born. Everyone, unless he has been South-Poling with Admiral Byrd during the last year or two, knows that the small miracle who arrived in the Santa Monica Hospital on April 23, 1929, is none other than the dimpled darling of Fox Films—Shirley Temple! There were other details to be noted at the time, such as an elfin face framed by wisps of golden hair revealing a tendency to curl, a mere suggestion of a mouth, and a button of a nose.

Today, aged six, she is the world’s most famous little girl—one of the Ten Top Favorites of the world’s greatest entertainment medium, the movies—and has just completed her ninth starring picture, Curly Top. All at the age of six!

And the root of Shirley’s tremendous charm today—her glowing health—leaves nothing to be desired. She is a bit heavier than the average six-year-old, but is as solid as her own box-office appeal. And she is endowed with the sunniest of dispositions—the logical result of fine health in any child.

How Shirley acquired her amazing health and energy, and her sweet, lovable, cheerful disposition makes a story with a theme ast old as life itself—the story of mother-love.

But it took even more than this love to accomplish the miracle you see upon the screen today. It was love coupled with a mother’s intelligence, and an understanding application of a pattern designed to make a child healthy in body, mind and character.

If Shirley ever voiced anything so unoriginal as a bromide—perish the thought!—she might seriously utter that famous classic, “All that I am I owe to my mother.”

Dr. Russell Sands of Santa Monica, whose life’s work revolves about children and their health, has been Shirley’s doctor from her infancy. And he lays all the credit for transforming this tiny mite into the robust, rounded, merry Curly Top at the feet of Mrs. Gertrude Temple, Shirley’s mother.

“Shirley’s health is letter-perfect,” Dr. Sands told me. “She has a balanced, stable nervous system, a sound body, the sweetest nature imaginable, and an alert mind far beyond a child of her years. Why? Because Mrs. Temple sought advice in building up Shirley, and then adhered rigidly to the routine prescribed. She persisted in following the rules, even in the face of ridicule by other mothers.”

The secret of that health program might be briefly summed up in three salient points: 1. Proper diet. 2. Plenty of rest. 3. Supervision of character-building habits.

But before going into this, I want to let you in on another secret. The charming friendship existing between this favorite actress of millions and the eminent child specialist is one of the most interesting things of which I know.

In the first place, Dr. Sands pretends to be serious in his remark that Shirley is just another patient to him. Without her glamour, he says, she would be the typical little American girl. But give him half a chance, and he will tell you about her lovable nature, her unusual intelligence, her amazing personality, and so on, just as if he were her press-agent!

And does Dr. Sands wax indignant about any suggestion that she will ever be “spoiled”! Not that I have suggested such a thing—I know Shirley better than that. But just watch your step, if you commit such a faux pas in his presence!
AS FOR Shirley, she thinks the tall, good-looking, pleasant doctor is O.K., thank you. They get along splendidly together. I saw her in his office recently, an edifying picture of what the well-dressed young miss is wearing this season. A double-breasted blue coat revealed a glimpse of a blue-and-white checked frock, and a bewitching blue bonnet covered her curls. She dashed across the room and embraced the doctor in a big bear hug. There were several friends of Dr. Sands present, and she was introduced to them. “How d’you do, Mr. So-and-So,” she said to each in turn, repeating every name correctly.

The social amenities over, Miss Curly Top turned her attention to the toys in the reception room. Tucking a lavender-colored woolly dog under her arm, she obediently followed her mother into the doctor’s private office. Another child might tremble at this point, but Shirley has no fear. Everything is fun to her—the shiny white table, the instruments, the bottles in the cabinet. She refuses to be awed by the doctor. addresses him formally [Continued on page 64]
There's Only One JOAN!

SOMEONE always seems to be discovering "a new Joan Crawford"—a "different Joan"—a "more worldly Joan." I'm sick of it. I haven't seen any weird, fantastic collection of different Joans. I have seen a changed Joan, yes. But I have been changing, myself. So have you. If the years brought no changes in us—changes for the better—we would consider them wasted. And Joan has done anything but waste the few brief years that she has been in Hollywood!

But these stories about a hundred "different" Joans have finally reached such proportions that movie-goers now are shrieking, "Please! Not another Joan!" The stories have reached such proportions that it's time we heard from the person most intimately concerned—Joan, herself.

"Joan," I asked, point-blank, "don't you ever resent it when you read all this twaddle about 'new Joans'? Doesn't it annoy you when you read that 'our Joan has gone grand on us'?"

She gave what sounded amazingly like a snort. "There aren't any new Joans," she informed me, incisively. "I haven't gone grand. Look! Take any girl, or any group of girls. When they are in high school or college, life means little to them except dancing every night. All they want is excitement. They want to be on the go all the time. But after a few years, that sort of existence begins to pall. They start looking around for other pleasures, other activities.

"I was no different from any of those other girls. I had worked hard ever since I could remember. When I first came to Hollywood, I lived in a little two-by-four room. I didn't know anyone at the studio, and no one knew me. I was young, full of life, and with nowhere to go and no way to let off excess steam."

"As I began to get acquainted, and various lads wanted to take me dancing, it was as natural for me to go as for any other girl in any other walk of life. I was no older than any member of an average group of college girls. Also, don't forget that I had never had the time or the opportunity for playing before. But as time went on, I grew tired of dancing—just as any other girl would have if she had danced as much as I had."

"Let's still use that group of girls as an example," continued Joan. "After they tire of dancing, they marry and settle down. So [Continued on page 75]
Garbo to Sweden: "Well, here I am now—wild and uncombed"

GARBO Talks

for Publication

It has been years since you have read a Garbo interview. But here is one—authentic, dramatic, straight from Sweden!

BY GUNILLA BJELKE

EVERYBODY in Gothenburg, Sweden, knew that Greta Garbo was on board the Swedish liner, Kungsholm, which was slowly moving into its home port. Everybody in Gothenburg was there to see the ship dock. But would anyone actually see Garbo? Or would she be smuggled ashore in a packing case—or go ashore dressed as an old man—or perhaps be spirited away by the boatload of optimistic reporters that had gone out to meet the ship—or some other fast motorboat? Or was she actually going to come down the gangplank like any other mortal, to greet—and be greeted by—her admiring fellow-countrymen?

Out on the little press boat, the newspaper people—a couple of them from as far away as Greece—were wondering if she would escape them, as she had escaped reporters in New York, and not grant them an interview. Being one among them, I must admit that I was uneasy, too, having flown from Stockholm to Gothenburg for the sole purpose of seeing Garbo.

At the top of the staircase leading up the ship's side, we were greeted cordially by Captain Wulff, himself, who escorted us to the ship's library. He urged us to sit down and wait. "She will see you," he said reassuringly—and disappeared. Minutes ticked past, and nothing happened.

Finally, we had been waiting for a full half-hour—and the ship was drawing near the pier. Had we been fooled into coming in off the deck, so that she could escape? The news photographers re-arranged their cameras, examining their lights, to make sure that everything was ready, in case Garbo should appear and disappear suddenly. I personally had been accompanied by the photographer, Paul Melander. But since we had stepped on the boat, he had mysteriously disappeared. I couldn't go looking for him now. And I had no way of knowing that I was to have good news from him later...

We had waited three-quarters of an hour when a most irritated gentleman, faintly reminiscent of Mussolini, entered. He took charge of the whole gathering, treating us all as if we were his employees. Which made us highly amused. Who was the man? Nobody knew. And cared less—after a while. He undoubtedly had Greta Garbo's welfare on his mind—most likely unmasked for, we gathered. Extremely annoyed at us, he told the calm photogra-

[Continued on page 77]
CHAPLIN—in Quest of Love

All his life, the genius of mirth has been seeking an ideal love. And all he ever found was heartache—until he met Paulette Goddard

BY DELL HOGARTH

“His weakness is women.” So said a producer and a director, standing on the sidelines at the old Mack Sennett comedy studios in Hollywood, watching the little comedian shuffle through his inimitable antics. The verdict was pronounced lugubriously. Charlie Chaplin had just skyrocketed into fame as one of the greatest box-office draws in the struggling movie industry. Now, starting a new two-reeler, he was showering attentions upon his new leading lady as soon as he stepped off the set. This weakness, they agreed, would get him. He would make a meteoric flash and then, shorn of creative powers by some lovely pair of hands, sizzle out to oblivion.

If these gentlemen could have foreseen the host of beautiful and illustrious women who would weave a bright pattern of his emotional life, they would have thrown up their hands in disbelief.

For they were wrong, these gentlemen. Women are not Chaplin’s weakness. They are his strength. Love is the life-blood of his creativeness as an artist. His every picture has been inspired by some woman, and his every effort has been a tribute to an adored one. But, contrary to popular belief, he has not been emotionally involved with all of his leading ladies.

Edna Purviance, of The Gold Rush and A Woman of Paris fame, occupies a unique position in his life. And so does Paulette Goddard, his leading lady in his latest picture, Modern Times. Of these, and his two childwives, we shall speak later. But Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill, and Georgia Hale were merely actresses as far as Chaplin was concerned. Pola Negri—to whom he was once reported engaged—may have meant a little more. She never appeared with him on the screen.

But this is the important truth to know about the great comedian, the only comedian ever to be called “a genius”: The love of some inspirational woman is more vital to him than breath, for without such love, he holds life to be nothing, and not worth living.

IT WAS nothing, to this sad-eyed Pagliacci, not so long ago. He had reached an emotional abyss in which life held no gifts that could stir his desire to go on living. “Living,” he confided bitterly at the time, “has become no more than a habit.” He had just returned from his triumphal trip around the world. He was still to meet Paulette Goddard. He was tired of wealth and fame and love. He was surfeited with them all. He was aching from ennui. But one tiny flame still fluttered feebly within him, beckoning onward.

He wanted to live in his youth again, he wrote, hoping “to capture the moods and sensations of childhood,” so remote from him then, and unreal, almost like a dream. He wanted to turn back the clock of the years, to venture into the blurred past and bring it into focus.

And the fountain of youth, Chaplin was wise enough to know, is to be found in the heart.

Since those melancholy days when he had propped his tired elbows on the window-sill of a workhouse orphanage in London to gaze longing—[Continued on page 84]
Charlie Chaplin knew little affection as a child. And so, sensitive dreamer that he was, he imagined an ideal love that should make up for all he had missed. The constant heartache of the search for this ideal has given him that wistful quality. . . .

"The cleverest girl I have ever known," Chaplin called Paulette Goddard two years ago. He was not exaggerating.

Mildred Harris’ beauty appealed to the artist in Chaplin. But, little more than a child then, she could not keep pace with his feverish mind.

Lita Grey bore Chaplin two sons—Charles, Jr., and Sidney—with whom he spends every weekend. But differences in temperament parted Charlie and Lita.
The "Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3" Club

Four members of Hollywood’s smart younger set start something new in depression dining. It’s fun—and practical!

BY KAY OSBORN

"T"

HE Junior League might get away with a thing like that," said Patricia Ellis, doubtfully, "but could we? You can practise any kind of economy in the name of Charity or Society, but remember we’re only picture players, and the public supposes we have a lot of money, even if we haven’t . . . and if we give a dinner that costs as little as three or four dollars, won’t people think we’ve gone stingy? Honest, Paula, I don’t think it will work!"

Patricia Ellis and Paula Stone, movie newcomer and daughter of famed Fred Stone, were discussing the problem of entertaining their “set” . . . and how to do it on the least possible amount of money. Their “set,” in case you aren’t up on Hollywood’s younger generation, includes Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Helen Mack and her new husband, Charles Erwin, and Henry Willson and Ben Alexander, who keep Pat and Paula, respectively, from being lonely in the big movie city.

You see, the boys in the group had trotted them around to the Trocadero and other night spots time and time again, and now they felt they should do something to repay them a little . . . but what, and on what? That was their problem. (And doesn’t it sound very familiar to you?)

• “I KNOW!” said Paula, suddenly inspired. “We could make a club out of it. And we could put a little competition into it, too, just to add fun and suspense. I could give a dinner for the eight of us . . . then you could give one next week . . . Helen (Mack) could be next in line, and then Anita could have her turn. Each of us would be required to plan our menu to cost less than three dollars. That will take a lot of ingenuity . . . and each hostess will have to put her itemized budget right on the table, so that there will be no chance to cheat.

And then at the end of the four dinners, we can vote which dinner was the best, and the winning hostess can get a prize or a medal or something. How does that sound?"

"Let’s ask Helen if she thinks it can be done,” suggested Pat, reaching for the phone. “She’s the only housewife [Continued on page 88]
Are You Up-to-date about Helen Vinson?

The tall, poised Southern girl is the very newest international star. And fascinating from any angle!

BY VALERIE GAY

WHEN Helen Vinson, then in her teens, walked into dress shops in her hometown of Houston, Texas, she never dreamed that, in a very few years, her taste in clothes would be world-famous.

When she finished at the University of Texas, where she was known as "the campus menace," and started on the stage in romantic roles, she never dreamed that world audiences would become Vinson-conscious by her expert playing of unsympathetic "other women" parts.

When she first left Broadway for Hollywood, she never dreamed that she would attain stardom six thousand miles from Hollywood—in a British picture. And in a romantic rôle.

And when she played her first game of tennis, she never dreamed that one day she would interest (romantically) the world's greatest tennis player—who is none other than tall, smiling, colorful Fred Perry of London, England.

All of which gives Helen the impression that practically anything can happen in this life that we are all living!

- SHE was born Helen Rulfs, the daughter of a well-to-do Texas oil man, and grew up to be five feet, six inches tall without benefit of high heels. Moreover, she grew up with a Southern accent. At first, both her height and the soft Southern slurring of words seemed like possible handicaps on the stage. That was why, for a while, she became a professional model.

But elocution lessons lessened the accent, and her poise made her height a distinct asset, not a liability. She proved that the tall girl could be graceful and charming without being statuesque. She had glamour. She had charm. She had intelligence. She was human and under-

standable and likeable—even when the script writers made her appear a super-menace!

In other words, Helen has won public approval the hard way. She has taken the thankless rôles and turned them to her advantage. She has refused to be tied down to any one studio—so that no one studio has felt the necessity of "building up" her standing as an actress, as a personality, or as a woman who dresses beautifully. She has earned every bit of her reputation.

And it has not gone to her brownish-blonde head; nor is there any fleck of egotism in her brown eyes. Whatever praise may come her way, she takes in stride—with a smile about the possible impermanence of it. She is a firm believer in the old [Continued on page 66]

Helen Vinson has won a reputation as one of the world's best-dressed women. This black net and satin, with a sari cape, is a Molyneux creation.
BY SELENA MORRISON

DO YOU remember the excitement you felt when Anna Christie came to your theatre and you first read those magic words, "Garbo TALKS"?

But 1935 has brought you a new "high" in movie thrills. You have met that vivacious vixen, Becky Sharp. You have seen something more than shadows on the "shadow screen"; you have seen a woman in natural, lifelike color—a woman whose expressive eyes are blue, whose ash-blonde hair catches and reflects the glory of a sunny day, whose lips, trembling in fright and ecstasy, are red lips!

Becky Sharp will paint Hollywood red! And she won't stop there! Yellow, blue, orchid, green, magenta, brown, pink, tan, orange, purple, cerise, crimson . . . . Just name your favorite hue and voilà! there it will be!

But stop a moment.

What are color films going to do to your favorite star, and mine? Miriam Hopkins, who played Becky, may be "just the type," but what of Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hepburn? What of Garbo?

What of the others?

The more I asked myself these questions, the more determined I became to know the answers. All the answers—and the right ones. Who could tell me?

Rouben Mamoulian, of course! The man who directed Becky Sharp for Pioneer Pictures—and the only man, incidentally, who has directed the three leading glamor queens from abroad: Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, and Garbo.

I FOUND him charming and as eager to talk about color as we are to learn its possibilities.

"Set all your fears at rest," he told me. "Color on the screen will enrich every face—it doesn't matter whose—because it will make every player's individuality, or glamor more pronounced. The color of the complexion, the hair, the eyes will accentuate the features, making each face more individual than it has been up to now, and adding to the variety of faces on the screen.

"Let me put it this way," Mamoulian offered. "There is a saying that 'at night all cats are gray.' So are humans in the color-blind eye of the black-and-white camera. They are all reduced to gray, which becomes the Common Denominator as it were.

"Then," he suggested, "consider the same man or woman in the color scheme of things. Hair, complexion, and eyes are brought to life and animated. So color makes for greater individuality, for greater expression of personality."

"Just how," I asked, "would you go about selecting a blonde or a brunette for a part?"

"I'm glad you brought that up," the director answered quickly, "for that is just the point! You won't select a 'blonde' or a 'brunette' in the new color era, although I'll grant you that we used to do just that. You will select individual beauties individually! Formerly, if the heroine were a brunette, then the ingenue would inevitably be a blonde—'for contrast.' In Hollywood the blondes had to become even blonder blondes, and the in-between shades had to become darker, so that their outstanding values would photograph dramatically. Finally, the monotonous sameness of shades has become very dull and uninteresting."

To Rouben Mamoulian, orange-yellow expresses the personality of Miriam Hopkins

To color-conscious Mr. Mamoulian, Marion Davies suggests sky-blue

Marlene Dietrich—exotic, remote, regal—suggests light purple

Frances Dee—alert, modern, sensitive—suggests clear blue
You!

Do you have a vivid personality? Wear the right colors and no one can miss it! . . . Movie stars will soon be showing you how, predicts Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Becky Sharp"

"BUT, before long," he continued, "women on the screen will cease to fall into merely two categories. There will be platinum blondes, ash blondes, golden blondes, auburn, titian, chestnut, light brown, dark brown, blue-black and iron grays. Coupled with these variations, consider pale blue, gray, hazel, light brown, dark brown, dark blue, black, violet and green eyes! And, with these infinite possibilities for fascinating contrast, consider the added lure of complexions ranging from alabaster through fine golds to pinks and olive. Color, through these various avenues of expression—eyes, hair, skin—will give new values to every screen face. No longer will we judge beauty only by the contour of a face; color will count, too—as it does in real life.

"Color, we must always realize, is not superficial. It is not adornment, as a dress worn for an occasion, but is properly a part of the physical make-up of any person, male or female!

"And here is another thought: in every picture in the not-far-distant future, color should emphasize all of the story's dramatic significance, for color is a great and powerful factor in life itself. From time immemorial, colors in infinite variety have provoked a variety of different emotions in us. Smart women select their colors carefully to dramatize their beauty, their personalities, to the fullest. Just so, Hollywood will heighten the drama of a story by the careful selection of colors to illustrate it.

"All combinations of color in harmony and [Continued on page 70]

Ginger Rogers—impulsive, athletic, sunny—brings to mind warm yellow
Irene Dunne—serene and poised, with quiet charm—suggests blue-green
Mae West—daring, provocative, keen-witted—could wear orange-red
HELLO, Autumn... Here so soon?... As much as we love summer, we have been looking forward to our “dressed-up” date with you and trying on all those new clothes you’re bringing us from Hollywood and Paris and New York... O, we know all about them! Our spies have been peeking in the packages—and they’ve seen a whole world of new things... Subtly flattering, utterly chic, gaily-colored things... And all for us!

Beeley Sharp wasn’t any more colorful than we’ll be when you arrive... That grand new shade of “pottery rust” fascinates us... and purple in woolen dresses... blue and red together... all those lovely new “Zinnia” colors, ranging from amber to copper, but always with a “Zinnia” glow... each Renaissance blue... honey-colored neckwear for black dresses... and black with white trimmings for silk dresses and for coats.

• AND this “Renaissance trend” intrigues us. So much so that we’ve checked it out and found a fascinating story... All about an exposition of Italian Renaissance art in the Petit Palais in Paris that inspired fashion creators to adapt Renaissance styles to modern times and bring a brilliant new theme into 1935 fashions...

In a painting by Raphael, for example was a striped, off-the-face turban—and soon it will be in every millinery store in America, too! Botticelli’s Madonna of the Pomegranate inspired the new aureole hats. Titian’s painting of the Doges is responsible, all these hundreds of years later, for hats low in front, high in back.

So, because all of these glorious paintings were shown in Paris a few months, Renaissance styles will hold full sway in our new clothes. They’re romantic-looking... their lines are flattering... and the materials for evening will swish and swirl around our feet, while we become delicately feminine. Yes, even intriguingly feminine.

And there will be draped effects, even in daytime things... in capes, pockets, sleeves, and bodices. And we are looking forward to those new tunic dresses. They’re becoming to almost all figures. And plain high necklines, draped to give fullness and grace, are very enchanting to wear, and very, very smart!

Our spies have told us, too, about the fabric contrasts in the new dresses—such as velvet combined with crépe, crépe with satin, and wool with velvet. This has been a year of contrasts—in colors, in fabrics, in details of ensembles. So why shouldn’t the “contrast” cavalcade continue? Particularly when the trimmings for the new fabric combinations will include soutache, cré and rat-tail.

[Continued on page 81]
There is a tang of autumn in the air... and coats once more have wide appeal. Not to mention wide lapels... and high waists. Rosalind Russell, alert young dramatic actress now appearing with William Powell in "The Black Chamber," manifests the "tailored trend" in a smart tweed, topped by an Ascot scarf and black accessories... The setting: the doorway of a shop conducted by two of the movie colony...
If you want to look

Just follow the lead of pert Ann Sothern

By GERTRUDE HILL

IF YOU were a cuddly, baby-doll type of girl, and you very much wanted to look sophisticated, how would you go about it? That was the problem Ann Sothern faced when she first went to Hollywood six years ago.

If ever there was an ingenuous ingénue, eighteen-year-old Ann was it. Soft curly hair (medium-brown), a round little face, big eyes and a pouting mouth—Ann had them all. A cute little trick she was, a bit of very feminine fluff.

But no one takes an ingénue seriously. Her rôle in life is to provide a pretty interlude of romance with the juvenile. She misses out on all the big dramatic scenes; she never is allowed tense moments; no audiences sob and sigh and thrill with her emotional cadences. To be frank, she lacks distinction.

And in order to get anywhere in Hollywood, or even in Snoqualmie, Washington, you must have distinction! So young Ann laid her plans. From a peaches-and-cream ingénue she would evolve into a champagne-and-caviar sort of girl!

She had much to learn, and much to overcome. But today there is no question as to the Sothern chic, her languid poise, or her smartly sophisticated manner.

"A smart suit is important." Left, Ann's unusual one

A black skirt, silver-cloth shirt, and eracul cape
Sophisticated...

—who refused to be a baby-doll type any longer!

- Ann began her re-characterization with her personal appearance, guided by the direct supervision of the late great glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld, to whom she was under contract. He told her to lighten her brown hair to a corn-silk yellow. She trained her eyebrows to be questioning, slightly supercilious arches. She brushed the curls away from her face and cultivated a sleek hairline. She was no longer the girl on the candy box; she was smart, assured, and ready for the next step in her transition to a sophisticated lady.

"After I had done as much as I could to overcome the babyishness of my face, I started in on my clothes," Ann told me. "Fortunately, I didn't have to do anything to my figure." (I glanced upon the luncheon table set up in Ann’s dressing-room between morning and afternoon scenes of The Girl Friend. Salmon loaf en casserole, crackers, tomato and cucumber salad, black coffee. No sugar, cream or butter, but a generous portion of very rich cheese pie for dessert. If she diets to maintain that figure, she must do it on off-days. But why should dieting be necessary, when a girl is naturally small and dainty?)

"Sophistication," she continued, "really means a chic simplicity. So I discarded everything that was fussy and loaded down with doodads. In place of them, I chose clothes that were svelte, individual, and cleverly designed. The aim of the sophisticate is to be noted for her distinction and good taste rather than to be startling or bizarre.

"I still select my wardrobe according to the rules of my original schedule. The guiding principles are simple and almost any girl can follow them with success. In the first place, I buy a few clothes every season, and I never carry one season's gowns over into the next. I dislike to wear one dress too many times, and besides, it is poor business to do so if you can possibly avoid it. You become associated with that one costume, and you  [Continued on page 76]
Morning: Bette Davis dons a black wool two-piece dress with a medieval type of white collar.

Afternoon: Bette Davis wears a stunning black and white coat, with a matching cloth hat.

Evening: Bette Davis rustles—and is chic—in crisp black net over taffeta, its novel neckline trimmed with flowers.

Teatime: Bette Davis dances in black, trimmed with three saucy bows—the largest at the top.

Here's the story in BLACK and WHITE.
Here's how a movie dress is born—to be correct in style, suited to the actress, and easy to photograph. There are five major steps in the evolving of an ensemble, which Walter Plunkett, RKO designer, and Helen Mack, now in "The Return of Peter Grimm," illustrate.

1. Stylist Walter Plunkett shows Helen Mack his design for a new dress.

2. The designer and his fitter, Marie Ree, measure material for pattern.

3. Fitter and designer fit the dress on a form the same size as player.

4. Miss Mack tries on dress, plus coat, which near-finished touch.

5. Accessories are added...and Helen has a stunning new ensemble!

Evolution of a Dress
Accessories That Are Successories

Hats of novelty printed material, with bags to match... watch for these this autumn. June Clayworth's wool frock is of Chinese red. The buttons and braided belt are "electric blue"... The hands and the key belong to Virginia Bruce... who has made a part-time accessory (a scarf pin) out of her dressing-room door key.

Ostrich feathers and braided felt combine to make a Pierrot hat... an English fashion tip given us by pert Pamela Ostrer.

Berets will be more popular than ever this fall. Esther Ralston wears one of felt, leather-trimmed, with her plaid swagger coat.

Lapel are almost necessities on suits; now, on dresses, they become accessories. Bette Davis decorates a Fall frock with wide fur lapels...
Shovel-brim hats continue in favor . . . as proved by well-dressed Esther Ralston. Note the new square-frame style of her coat's fox collar.

Jackets . . . what girl can do without one in the fall? Esther Ralston's is of the popular gold velveteen, with leather buttons. Her hat, an Anzac felt rhodors.

Have you seen any of the new "Dutch boy" hats, such as Betty Furness is wearing? You will . . . you will!

Large shoulder clips on evening gowns . . . these are the costume jewelers' newest gift to womankind. Claire Dodd wears them on black satin.

Charm bracelets are seen on nearly every feminine wrist in Hollywood. This is Mary Carlisle's.
The "sari" itself is such a graceful costume that it practically demands a graceful wearer—preferably tall, brunette, a bit exotic. And because Kitty Carlisle fits the description, the "sari" fits her to fashionable perfection.

From the land of Buddha, where it is the principal garment of Hindu women, comes the exotic, softly flattering "sari"... which Loretta Young wears enchantingly in "Shanghai"... Hollywood adopts a Hindu mode... which the world will copy.
Fashion Yourself a Fall Wardrobe!

Genevieve Tobin and Mary Carlisle model two smart new frocks—simple to make.

FOR afternoon wear, for office wear, for almost any wear—anywhere—you could use a frock like Genevieve Tobin's (right), which she wears in Here's to Romance. It has simplicity, plus chic and charm. The material is wine-red crêpe, with a vest of white piqué, repeated in the revers. But it could be made just as easily in purple crêpe-back satin, with vest and revers of the lustrous side of the crêpe. Particularly with MOVIE CLASSIC Pattern 801. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Pattern, 25c. Order by coupon.

PETITE Mary Carlisle, of M-G-M films and Hollywood's younger set, is noted for her clever clothes. At the left is a brand-new sample—which is yours for the making. The material is white-heeled black silk that looks like wool, with a collar of quilted white satin and a burnt-orange bow. Note how the big sleeves make the hips look thin. Note its simple lines. It might also be made in novelty wool, satín-back crêpe, wool jersey—from Pattern 805. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Pattern, 25c. Use coupon below in ordering.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed please send me Genevieve Tobin Pattern No. 801—Mary Carlisle Pattern No. 805 (circle style desired).

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Patterns, 25c each
Here are the answers for autumn to your cry of: "I wish I could be as pretty as a movie star!" You can be!

By Alison Alden

YESTERDAY'S CAROLE

What the Stars Have

SUMMER'S at an end, and the thrill of autumn days is here. Regretfully, we watch the long hours of tennis, swimming, riding, become memories. But, as long as there are football games to watch, long hikes to take, new clothes to buy, life can still go on. Especially, if we—like old Mother Nature—acquire new loveliness in the autumn!

Look into your mirror, and what do you see after summer days are past? A petal-smooth skin? A lovely, radiant face? Look at yourself as critically as any Hollywood star might look at herself. Then answer yourself truthfully as to whether your skin does or does not need some special attention.

While hours in the sun have been wonderfully healthy ones for you, there is a tendency to a drying of your skin due to swimming and the effect of the sun. If you were a Hollywood star, would you just let this situation pass, and think that perhaps time would remedy it? No, of course not. You would know that it would mean lost loveliness, lost prestige. With an office and home audience to face, you are likely to be criticized for a lack of personal care. And there's no profit in that. So let's do just as the stars would, and make our appearance conform to the fall pattern.

Carole Lombard did not change from the conventionally pretty girl that she was a few short years ago into the ravishing beauty that she is today without being self-critical constantly. Neither did Joan Crawford. Nor Jean Harlow. Nor Ginger Rogers. And they kept asking the questions until they found the right answers. Moreover, with every changing season, they find new, additional answers!

• FIRST, consider your skin. You will soon begin to want to lose that deep tan—for lighter skin tones are what the darker autumn clothes fashions will demand. As the days go by, your skin will fade, but there are skin bleaches that are mild and harmless and will help the process along. They will help you change from a bronze Indian maiden into a smart "pale-face."

Then your dry skin will need lubricating, and you should apply a nourishing cream with a good deal of oil in it to remedy that condition. Of course, skins vary in their needs, but if yours is the kind that becomes dry and coarse by the end of the summer, it must have nourishment.

There's something else, too. Every star has some facial defect to overcome, and she is not averse to using some clever, sane cosmetic aid to remedy it, to make herself look as lovely as possible.

Soft fresh skins must always be cleansed, lubricated, and stimulated. Glenda Farrell is intent on her task!

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Done—You Can Do!

Here are some suggestions that she might give herself—and you:

**If your nose is too long:** Put just a tiny bit of rouge under the tip.

**If your face is thin:** Put your rouge farther back and away from your nose. Rouge your ears slightly, but not your chin.

**If you have circles under your eyes:** Blend your rouge up a bit into the shadow.

**If your face is broad:** Your rouge should be placed higher up and nearer your nose. Try blending just a tiny bit of rouge on your chin.

**If your lips are thin:** Use lipstick freely in the center of both lips, and less toward the corners.

**If your mouth is too wide:** Use lipstick on the center only, and then blend to the edges. If your lips are the least bit thick, don't rouge the lower one, but merely press the two lips together.

- EXPERIMENT a bit with make-up, and you will find that it works wonders in your appearance that you never dreamed could be achieved. The stars do it by make-up . . . why not you?

Let me tell you of a beauty treatment that many stars have found valuable. Use two shades of powder . . . one that is your natural shade and one of a lighter hue.

This combination works like magic. It gives harmony to your features—features that may not be exactly classic in their proportions. For instance, the girl with the too-prominent nose can make it appear smaller by using a darker shade of powder than that used on the rest of her face. Or, if you are a girl with a slightly receding chin, you can make it look firmer by using a very light coat of rouge all over your chin, as well as a lighter shade of powder than that used for cheeks, nose and forehead.

Hollywood beauty aids are worth knowing!

Last month, I told you how to apply your powder and rouge . . . and this month I'd like to make a suggestion about something not to do.

Never get your rouge inside your "smile curve." By that I mean that when you smile there is a curving line down from the nose to the lips, and your rouge must always go outside that curve. And your rouge must never be lower on your face than the line of your lips. It will make you look older if you don't follow this tip!

- IN THE actual care of the skin, there are three fundamental things you must always do: 1. Cleanse. 2. Lubricate. 3. Stimulate. There are different ways of meeting these needs, but a system is absolutely necessary if you . . .

(Continued on page 87)

Ginger Rogers is a lovely exponent of the importance of taking the proper amount of time to apply make-up.
LET'S GET DOWN to figures! After all, what is more important in feminine lives than smooth, slim figures? And where do they know more about attaining them—and retaining them—than in Hollywood? . . . One smart company recognized Hollywood's supremacy in svelteness, and organized the Hickory Fashion Council, made up of five of filmdom's most chic stars: Sally Blane, Esther Ralston, Gloria Stuart, Ad-rienne Ames and Binnie Barnes. They act in an advisory capacity to a staff of expert designers, suggesting new innovations in girdle design. No two feminine figures may be alike, but when five ultra-feminine stars can agree on what every figure needs, it stands to reason that their consensus of opinion will result in a combination of smart style and smooth figure control in Hickory foundations. A brand-new idea—and a grand new one!
JOAN
Why so fussy about cleaning your face?
It's late.

LOTTY
I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN
What's the harm in that?

LOTTY
Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, choked pores may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it really works.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullavan
Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH!
I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

Movie Classic for October, 1935
Much more is expected from women today

These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene.

The modern woman has found out that Zonite is the ideal combination of strength and safety needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is not poisonous, not caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet—"Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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Ask Yourself

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TEN QUESTIONS
—And Win a Prize!

- Movie Classic invites you to enter one of the world's simplest, fairest contests—in which every entrant will be a winner.

Do you have a pencil handy? Get it! You may win $25.00 with it—now. You are certain to win an attractive, useful article that any girl would like to have. Just by playing this little game of answering ten questions frankly!

You are acquainted with Movie Classic. But we want to get acquainted with you, with your personal likes and dislikes. That is why we are asking these ten simple questions. Your answers—if they are frank and honest—can be our greatest guide in giving you the kind of magazine that you want to have.

All that it costs you to enter is a three-cent stamp . . . and a few brief moments of your time. Certainly, you know what you like—and certainly you would enjoy entering one contest in which no one can be a loser.

The whole contest hinges on the tenth question. The answers to that will decide the money-prize winners. You stand as good a chance as anyone of thinking of a story title that would be alluring, irresistible. Just think of a title that would impel you, yourself, to read a story.

Wouldn't it be nice to pick up $25.00 with little effort? Someone will. Why not you? And there are other cash prizes that you stand a chance of winning. Second prize is $10.00. Third prize, $5.00. The ten next-best titles will win one dollar each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And everyone who competes—whether a cash-prize winner or not—will receive a "mystery prize" of an attractive, indispensable beauty aid!

The rules are simple: (1) All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and submitted on coupon below. (2) They must be in our office not later than September 20, 1935. (3) All entries, to be eligible, must have answers to all ten questions. (4) The decision of the judges—the editors of Movie Classic—will be final. (5) Members of the Movie Classic organization and their families are not eligible to compete.

Winners will be announced in December Movie Classic.

Are you ready? Get set! Go! Remember—everybody wins!

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1. What is your name?
2. Your address?
3. Your vocation?
4. How old would you tell a census-taker you are?
5. How often do you go to the movies?
6. Why did you buy this copy of CLASSIC? Because you have "the CLASSIC habit"?
   Because someone told you about the magazine? Because of its fashions, or its beauty and charm features? Because you were attracted to it by the cover? Or why?
7. What three features do you like best in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC?
8. What three photographs?
9. Which five players would you like to see "covered" by MOVIE CLASSIC'S star reporters?
10. What would you suggest as a title for a story about your favorite star?

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Clip and Mail to

Contest Editor • MOVIE CLASSIC • 1501 Broadway • New York City
"I'd sooner die than go to another party"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'. Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun—

Don't let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples can be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start now to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood
They're the Topics!

(Continued from page 10)

by Jane Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

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

Hold the Line

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

First Aid Kit

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

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department F-10, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

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Movie Classic for October, 1935

having long hair when her romance with Hal Mohr was flourishing and now that he is her husband he won't let her cut it. She is the only star in Hollywood with genuine "flowing tresses" long enough to sit on. "And sometimes," she confided, "I feel like a freak. I'd adore having it bobbed—but I dread the scene that would follow at home!" Hmmm—looks as if we'd found one man who is head of his house! Or maybe that is what comes of having a wife with hair of an old-fashioned length....

Hollywood Bowl, during the "Symphonies Under the Stars" season, gets a big play from music-lovers among the picture folk. But there would seem to be no set mode of dress for these concerts in the vast theatre with the sky for a roof.

For example—at the first concert Marlene Dietrich wore a navy-blue tailored suit with matching accessories. Gladys Swarthout wore a wine-colored peasant linen dress with natural-colored straw bonnet. And whatever Lily Pons wore was concealed beneath an ermine wrap.

When Mae West steps out evenings, she invariably wears wide-brimmed drooping hats. And there's a reason aside from the sartorial angle.

La West can manipulate the brim of that hat like nobody's business—merely with a toss of the head. Those who get close to her and start to take a good look will find that brim—front, back, or sides—always in the way.

Lily Pons has a keen sense of showmanship, as she has proved on many occasions. At a garden fête that she gave recently at her Los Feliz home in Hollywood, Mlle. Pons chatted with her guests the while she held in her hand a large crystal glass, filled with orange juice. The color scheme of the drink just rounded out her orange ensemble and scarf....

It's the slack season in Hollywood, and we don't mean from a business standpoint. We just mean wearing apparel.

In one afternoon recently we noted the following "slackers": Mae West in white slacks, white felt hat, white silk man's-style shirt and white polo coat; Patricia Ellis in tailored linen slacks, azure blue upper, natural color straw cooie hat with blue ribbon tied under the chin; Anita Louise in white silk pajamas with red polka dots and red hair ribbon; Joan Crawford in white slacks and Mary-Jane kid slippers with her name perforated on the toes; and—

SPEAKING about the wearing slacks fad around the studios, Bing Crosby saw so many of the gals so attired that he decided, for a gag, to stand in himself. So he clowned around a whole afternoon attired in vivid blue shorts and a polo shirt until Dixie Lee arrived on the lot and gave Bing the "Go!" signal...the Bings have been vacating between pictures in their new home at Rancho Santa Fe. (And Movie Classic is going to tell you about that home. Watch for "Bing Crosby Wanted a Small House"—Editor.)

James Dunn's a changed man. And a blonde did it! Maybe you've wondered why you haven't heard of him being at this night club and that one, hitting the high spots in the old Dunn custom. He's actually saving money and has a nice trust fund established, thank you. All because Patricia Lee made him do it. They've had the let's-go-together habit since they played in the same picture, Stand Up and Cheer. And Pat has given Jimmy food for serious thought. He used to be up in the clouds all the time. Now he has his "feet on the ground"—but he has taken up flying! His whole object these days is to get enough hours in the air so that he will be eligible to enter the air race to Cleveland in the early fall.

Meet the Newest Topic—Walter Abel. For his first screen role, he plays D'Artagnan in The Three Musketeers!
MRS. SAMUEL L. BARLOW of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City, Socialite... ardent horsewoman and dog lover... traveler... international hostess... collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS
OF Charm AND Distinction

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture.

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Brady's stockbroker pal. (*Universal)

- Page Miss Glory is light comedy, amusing, but slow-moving, whose biggest attraction is Marion Davies. You haven't seen her in months and months, and the reunion with her is refreshing. No star of long standing has retained her beauty without a blemish, as Marion has. Millions of women must envy her the secrets of perennial charm that she knows. In this, she is a naive, plain-as-a-hedge-fence chambermaid in a big hotel, where Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Mary Astor, who think fast, are trying to have off eviction and starvation. They make a composite photograph of several movie stars and enter the result in a photo contest, calling their entry "Dawn Glory." *Dawn* wins, and then the trio have a struggle to keep the press from finding out that there is no such person.

- Dressed to Thrill is sophisticated, sparkling, amusing—and it uncovers, as its major surprise, a brand-new and practically un heralded personality. Her name is Tutta Rolf. Jot it down in your memory book; you will be hearing it often after this picture gets around. The story revolves around three people, and she is two of them; the third is Clive Brook. He falls in love with her when she is brunette and a little Parisian dressmaker; and when she becomes blonde and an opera star, he doesn't recognize her and falls in love a second time. She wants him to love the dressmaker, not the opera star, and uses complicated but novel ways to try to get her wish. She is charming, with a charm completely her own—except for a first brief suggestion of another Dietrich, which soon fades. And not only is she charming, but convincing. What more could any woman want to be—except, perhaps, a movie star? And Tutta Rolf will soon be that! (*Fox*)

- The Irish In Us gives you what you think it will...high emotional appeal and a gusty robust comedy, just as any true Irishman would. It all may not be pure "art," but it has what it takes to make you laugh and cry...and what more could one want? James Cagney, in the central rôle, again proves that he is a real actor, and turns in one of the finest performances of his career as the seaplane. The woman was the youngest son of a family. He is devoted to the mother, at odds with his elder brothers, and determined to make a success of the fight game. And Mary Gordon plays the most convincing Irish mother we've ever glimpsed on the screen. In his scenes with her Cagney reveals genuine tenderness and his work in the fight scenes climaxes the story with a real two-fisted wallop. Olivia deHaviland, development with the screen, shows considerable promise, and is the girl in the case. Then there are Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Allan Jenkins, all adding to the fun. If you like to laugh, put this down as a grand picture to see! (*Warner*)

- In Old Kentucky is a grand Will Rogers laugh-fest, and it's the most hilarious thing he has done in years! It has Rogers' wit, a grand love story, a mile-a-minute plot, the rhythm-crazy dancing feet of Bill Robinson, and some plain everyday tomfoolery. The story is laid in the Kentucky hills, where the Martin-gale and the Shattucks carry on an ancient feud with undiminished verve. Rogers plays a wisecracking horse-trainer. Fired by the wealthy Shattucks, he is promptly hired by their deadly rivals, and devotes his talents and his philosophies to the final triumph of romance. (*Fox*)
From lovely, blonde  

TO THE surprise of Ann Sothern, her guest Helen Davis and Louise Lee, declined her invitation to the preview of, "The Girl Friend," her latest Columbia picture.

"You'll meet screen stars, directors, and other interesting people there," urged Ann Sothern.

"That's just it," returned Helen, "I'd feel self-conscious meeting glamorous celebrities when I'm so dull looking."

"So would I," returned Louise.

"Nonsense! You're better looking than you think—I'll prove it to you by taking you to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. He knows a secret that can make you glamorous too."

An hour later the famous make-up artist was creating a beautiful living portrait from the dull little face of Helen Davis. With every touch of his deft fingers, her face blossomed with new beauty. Color harmonized powder, followed by color harmony rouge, then lipstick...suddenly with a thrill of joy, she saw in her mirrored image, a beautiful woman!

"You see new beauty," explained Max Factor, "because for the first time you have used the three harmonized shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick that reveal the beauty of your brunette type. Color harmony is a discovery I originated in creating make-up for living screen star types, and consists of powder, rouge, and lipstick in shades that harmonize with each other, and with the individual colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and brownettes."

Louise was also amazed at the power of color harmony make-up to dramatize her redheaded type. Enchanted with their new found beauty, the two girls attended Ann Sothern's brilliant preview where they met famous stars, authors, and directors with the poise and assurance that comes to a woman when she knows she is lovely.

"Thanks to your make-up secret, life is going to be much more fun now," they told Ann Sothern.

Would you too like to share the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for screen stars exclusively? If you are a blonde, brunette, redhead, or brownette, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being just as it did for Helen and Louise. Max Factor's Powder is one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is one dollar. At leading stores.

ANN SOOTHERN'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

POWDER. To dramatize her delicate blonde coloring, and give her skin satin-smoothness, Ann Sothern uses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony shade enlivens her skin, and its texture makes it cling permanently. Used exclusively, it safeguards her sensitive skin, keeps it young and normal.

ROUGE. To give a radiant, lifelike glow to her cheeks, Ann Sothern uses Max Factor's Blondene Rouge. Exquisitely smooth, it blends so easily that it appears to be her own coloring. The color harmony shade remains alluring under any lights because it has been light tested.

LIPSTICK. Being moisture-proof and pure, Max Factor's Vermillion Super-Indelible Lipstick is applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly natural appearance that remains uniform in color for hours.

a Brunette and a Redhead  

Learn how to  

Dramatize  

Their Beauty  

Max Factor * Hollywood  

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in your Color Harmony

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Mail Order Dept., Hollywood

Send Postal Note for Powder and Rouge, together with your color harmony slip. Always send your name and address.

Mail order instructions book, "The New Art of Beauty Make-up," FREE.

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urge to "stand out from the crowd."

"She is the woman who has ample money to spend, but does not spend it intelligently," says Dolores, after a moment's thought. "For when she enters a shop to have a frock made, she always selects something vastly different from the present mode, fondly believing that she is a season ahead in style. When she selects a hat, she selects it for its freakish design. They are more expensive, but do not harmonize with the rest of her attire—and draw undue attention to her feet. She clutters up her wardrobe with too many accessories. Her voice is usually strident, and her grammar does not indicate culture.

"When she enters a café, she greets too profusely every person she knows, as she is shown to her table. And she could so easily avoid feeling—or being—conspicuous, if she never turned her head or bowed even to her best friends, until she was seated! I know. It is a long-standing habit of hers."

"Then, when this woman goes to parties or to formal dinners, she spends hours thinking of some original mannerism, some seemingly unconscious trick, by which she can attract attention with her entrance. Her laugh is usually affected and fools no one into believing her light-hearted. She talks so much to so many people that she can never hear anything that might improve her grasp of events and her mentality."

Dolores smiled at the "grouse" portrait she had drawn, but I told her that she had probably overdrawn the picture very little. Everywhere, one meets women who are just like that.

"And the sad part is that they usually are very nice women—who just don't know how to make themselves inconspicuous," she commented.

ONE WAY in which any woman can achieve attractiveness without ostentation, Dolores believes, is to take special care with her make-up. Eyes should not be mascaraed until all other features practically vanish by comparison. Neither should lips be so over-emphasized as to detract from the face, nor should cheeks be painted until a good mouth or fine eyes are obscured. Eyebrows should not be plucked into lines unnaturally thin or arched, or blackened to the point where they look artificial. Like every part of a costume, every feature of a woman's face should be in harmony with every other part, forming an entire ensemble.

"I often think that women dress not to attract men, but to fascinate women," Dolores said. "Any woman would rather have another woman come up and say, 'How stunning you look tonight!' than to have a dozen men say the same thing. Another woman's approval of a woman's appearance is the most subtle flattery she receives.

"Never wear cheap jewelry," is another Del Rio dictum. "It attracts the kind of attention that doesn't flatter your tastes. If you cannot afford real jewels, choose inexpensive. Excellent costume jewelry is preferable. But never overlook the accessories touch." A woman over-jeweled reminds one of the well-known—how do you say it,—Mrs. Astor's pet horse.

"ALSO, select your shoes with care. They are a very important part of any ensemble. Never buy cheap footwear, which may soon look tawdry and torture your feet besides. Men notice whether or not you are well-shod long before they pay the slightest attention to your clothes or her curves. Select shoes that are the very best you can afford, even if you must skimp on gowns to buy them; then take the best possible care of them, keeping them spotless and brushed thoroughly before putting them away. A well-shod woman is a well-dressed one."

"One sees many a woman, otherwise well groomed, spoil the effect of her entire ensemble with flamboyant gloves. To be really inconspicuous, a woman must coordinate the various parts of her ensemble without one discordant note, for it will always be that note that will first attract any observer's eye.

She believes that when a woman tries consciously to make herself conspicuous, she defeats her own purpose of being charming. When a woman is entirely oblivious to the effect or impression she may be creating, and concentrates on being simply comfortable, she subconsciously creates the sort of impression that is favorable.

"It is decidedly painful to watch a woman enter a room where a number of people are gathered," says Dolores, "and to see her stop in the center of the floor and look around as if to say, 'Well, what do you think of me?'

Anyone who moves in the upper strata of Hollywood society will tell you that Dolores Del Rio never violates the "philosophy of charm" that she has given here. It helps to explain why she is admired, almost worshiped by her loyal fans and is a welcome guest at any social gathering from a Mayfair ball to an informal cocktail party.

WHAT sort of person is Dolores Del Rio behind that outward resemblance to a lovely orchid? You have found part of the answer above, in her own words. But there is more.

For example, one side of her that is little known is her interest in hospital children. She takes dolls and toys to them by the carload. One time she found that several small girls in a tuberculosis ward were made to sleep in the same room with four elderly tuberculous
women. Her protest to the authorities won them separate rooms. Last year on St. Valentine’s Day, she received a huge box. Opening it, she found that every poor child in the hospital had made her a valentine.

Garbo is a great friend of Del Rio’s and often plays tennis on her court. "Miss Garbo is not a formal guest," insists Julia Hudlin, Dolores’ maid. "She just walks in when she feels like it. But Miss Del Rio knows that Miss Garbo doesn’t like to be talked about and she won’t talk about her."

Dolores has the reputation of being the most tactful and successful hostess in Hollywood. "She has the facility," Virginia Bruce once told me, "of making each guest feel that it was he or she for whom the party was really given."

Considerate to the last degree of her friends and her social obligations, she will go to any trouble to keep her appointments. Scheduled to lunch with a party of friends, she was delayed for more than an hour on a movie set. Nevertheless, she eventually appeared, as well groomed as ever, and apologized. She drank a glass of milk, ate a piece of toast, and went back to the studio. She had changed her costume, removed her screen make-up, dressed in appropriate clothing and driven from Burbank to Beverly Hills, rather than disappoint her friends.

SHE is not conscious of her own rare beauty. She never thinks of herself as beautiful and yet she praises other women of the screen unstintingly, both for their beauty and charm. Yet I have heard many strangers say, when they see her at Hollywood gathering places, "Why, she looks more like a star than any of them!"

Says Julia Hudlin, her maid, "When Miss Del Rio first came to Hollywood, she spoke English with a decided accent, and it made her very shy of strangers. For that reason, she gained a reputation for being cold and distant. But during the past two or three years, she has studied English systematically and now has hardly a trace of accent. This has enabled her to overcome her shyness and be as gracious to strangers as anyone could be."

Her extreme tenderness and the constant fear that she will do something in her pictures that will give the public a mistaken impression of her is exemplified by an incident that occurred while she was making a certain picture. The script called for her to push a child away from her as if angry with him, and to indicate that she disliked children. She refused flatly to do it, and when the director insisted, she went to her father. "Don’t do it, even if it costs your contract and a million dollars," he told her. "Do not let your public think you would hurt a child."

She is married to Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, who designed their beautiful modernistic home. She herself is a star at Warner Brothers’ Studio where she has completed I Live for Love.

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BY THE TIME IT HITS THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS IT IS DISINTEGRATING.

Quick Relief for Headaches, pains of rheumatism, neuritis

THE old adage says, "what you see you believe." So the scientist, pictured above, shows you two actual photographs to prove the quick action of Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

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Countless thousands know that about BAYER ASPIRIN. Know by experience that it brings the quick relief you want when in distress.

Keep this in mind the next time your work or play is handicapped by a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain. And ask for Bayer Aspirin by its full name “BAYER ASPIRIN” when you buy. Learn for yourself how fast you can get relief.

NOW REDUCED TO 15c

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

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Shirley Temple’s Health Secrets

[Continued from page 33]

as “Doctor Sands,” confides that she loves him, and beams at him affectionately. Shirley has had no real illnesses, ever. A few minor colds, perhaps, in her earliest years, but even those have been gradually eliminated. She has been spared such juvenile ailments as measles, mumps, and all the “poxes.” She has an excellent constitution, but to safeguard her further against possible contact with germs, she has been immunized against practically everything. And Shirley doesn’t like being vaccinated.

“Of course, she’s no cry-baby,” said the doctor, a defiant look daring me to differ. “She’s a little girl, after all, and no martyr to pain. But though she may cry like the dickens, it’s never for long. Her forgiving nature won’t let her stay ‘mad’ at me more than three minutes!”

SHIRLEY’S diet, in the beginning, consisted entirely of certified Holstein milk, with feedings on a four-hour schedule. At three months of age, her two a.m. meal was discontinued, and cooked cereal added to the 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. feedings.

But let Dr. Sands continue the story:

“At five months, we added strained vegetables to the 2 p.m. feeding. Speaking of vegetables, they were always puréed for Shirley until she was a year and a half old.

“At six months, the 2 o’clock meal was increased by meat in the form of finely-ground, well-cooked liver, lamb chop, or beef. Until the age of six months, this is about the routine that the average child should follow.

“At six and a half months, Shirley’s diet was increased by egg yolk at 10 a.m., and puréed fruit and cottage cheese at 6 p.m.

“At seven months, Shirley was a sturdy young lady, and we put her on ‘three square meals a day.’ Breakfast consisted of orange or tomato juice, cereal, egg or chopped bacon, and eight ounces of certified milk.

“Small interiors get hungry often, so at 8:30 she was given fruit juice or milk. Also, cod-liver oil may be given at this time, increased from a minute quantity at the age of three weeks to two teaspoons of straight cod-liver oil, or one teaspoon of cod-liver oil with Viosterol.

“Luncheon included milk, two green vegetables, meat or a meat-vegetable soup, and either fruit pulp or a simple pudding for dessert.

“Shirley dined between five and six o’clock on milk, cereal, or another starch such as baked potato, baked banana, boiled rice, macaroni or spaghetti, or milk toast; cottage or cream cheese, and cooked fruit.

“Except for the added nourishment at 8:30 a.m., Shirley never was given food of any kind between meals, and her mother still observes that rule. When a child plays hard, fruit between meals is a tonic, but otherwise it is better omitted.

It’s no fable, that Shirley Temple is a happy—as well as healthy—child. For proof, here is a new, unposed snapshot of her with her mother and father...
"I believe that the average normal child does better on a three-meals-a-day regimen, starting between seven and eight months, than if more feedings were continued past that time," Dr. Sands continued. "At this age a child accepts the routine very well and thrives upon it. Furthermore, it makes the care of the child a great deal simpler from the family standpoint, because the baby's meals can be prepared at the same time as the family's. But in following this routine, two rules should be observed—add only one new food at a time, and always start with a small quantity, gradually increasing it.

"Shirley's diet at six years of age is similar to this one that I have outlined—with more variation, of course."

Shirley's favorite dish is ice cream and "gravy"—an ice cream sundae—which she may have on state occasions. Next on her list of favorites comes vegetable soup. At the studio she lunches in exclusive solitude in her pretty white bungalow, for too many people clustered about and disturbed her when she formerly ate with the other stars in the studio café. And there is no danger of her getting indigestion for she eats slowly, chewing her food thoroughly.

"Then there was the matter of rest," Dr. Sands went on. "Shirley had two naps every day from infancy until she could not sleep that much. Now she takes a long nap in the afternoon, and her bedtime is seven at night, with twelve hours of sleep in store for her."

But let there be no misunderstanding on one score. Shirley is no "mama's angel child." Mrs. Temple guards her daughter's health, play, and associations, but disciplines her whenever necessary.

"Mrs. Temple hasn't allowed the aura of glamor that surrounds Shirley to influence her in letting down the bars even an inch," said Dr. Sands. "From the very beginning—long before Shirley was a 'child wonder' or a 'miracle child'—she has sacrificed personal pleasures at a cost that few mothers would be willing to pay. The family's home life is unostentatious and simple, in wide contrast to the excitement in which the child lives at the studio and in public."

In tempering indulgence with discipline, Mrs. Temple has followed another of Dr. Sands' rules. In his opinion, you can't indulge a child one hundred percent and expect her to be anything but "spoiled." From the time that Shirley was old enough to be reasoned with, her mother has been frank and honest with her.

Unconsciously imitating the attitude always shown toward her, this very famous Shirley has remained sweet, good-tempered and unaffected. She is the happiest of youngsters, her little feet are firmly set on the ground, and her lovely curly head remains balanced and unspoiled!

FROM Crusading Men at Arms comes the Vogue of METAL MESH

From the hand-wrought chain mail of warrior Crusaders springs the motif of this ultra-smart style accessory—METAL MESH by Whiting & Davis.

In smartly styled Mesh Bags for day or evening wear, in collars, belts, gauntlets, caps, and even in shoes and caps, Whiting & Davis METAL MESH adds to the fall costume those individual touches of gleaming metal which win Fashion's approving nod. Send for brochure showing many styles, sets, and the latest in trimmings of METAL MESH.

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PLAINVILLE, (Norfolk County) Mass.,

"HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION"

Movie Classic for October, 1935 65
Are You Up-to-date about Helen Vinson?

(Continued from page 39)

Hollywood adage, "No player is bigger than her last picture." And respect for that adage pays dividends, particularly if you can pick your parts, yourself—and make the right guesses.

On the screen, the impression that she usually creates, with deft serenity, is that she is an exotic sophisticate, a deliberate and skilful attention-seeker. Off the screen, she does not even pretend to live up to the role.

If you should arise early enough some morning when she is in Hollywood, you would see Helen astride her favorite mare, Arabella, riding along some quiet Hollywood bridle path—the typical outdoor girl, with cheeks glowing and hair flying. To see her on the screen, the epitome of "the hot-house flower" type, you would never suspect that, in real life, she plays a rousing game of tennis (and in shorts, too!) or that she is a strong, agile swimmer. And, if you should have an interview appointment with her, you would not find her waiting for you in a gown intended to dazzle all onlookers; you would find her in a simple, smart dress, probably of the street variety, with a dash of the active young modern about it.

Moreover, you would not be disillusioned to find her thus. You would suddenly realize that you knew she must be like this—animated, informal, too varied in her interests to be self-centered, and too conscious of the color of life to sacrifice other interests to mere wearing apparel.

Not that she minimizes the importance of attractive clothes. She doesn’t. But she thinks that a girl can easily fall into the error of believing that clothes make the woman... interesting. “And it should be the woman who makes the clothes interesting," believes Helen.

Doesn’t she enjoy her reputation, then, of being “one of the screen’s best-dressed women”?

"Up to certain point, any woman would enjoy such a tag-line," is her answer. "I don’t want to get beyond that point... to have anyone accuse me of paying more attention to my clothes than to my acting. After all, I am an actress, and my prime ambition is to be a good one. What I wear while I am acting is only a side issue.

You tell her that many people think that she is after the laurels of the late Lillian Tashman, who reigned supreme as "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood"—and who specialized in "other woman" roles.

Helen smiles, and asks, "How could I be a second Lillian Tashman," even if I wished to be? I’m not the Tashman type. She had a marvelous clothes sense—a clothes sense all her own. She really was one star who could tell designers what she should wear, instead of having designers tell her. She had a great flair for the dramatic. Everything she wore was dramatic. She created an instant sensation, wherever and whenever she appeared; and she seldom wore the same dress twice. She spent hours every day—and thousands of dollars every year—for a mail-order title. I don’t have that much money but I’m sure I couldn’t be dramatic every waking moment. I like my comfort too well.

"And, speaking of money, I’ll tell you an additional hazard in wearing glamorous clothes on the screen. People not only assume that you must be wealthy; they think that those clothes all belong to you, personally. And when they see you in several gowns in one picture, and never see you wearing the same gowns in any subsequent picture, they assume that those dresses are just hanging in your closet, gathering dust. So they write to you, asking for them. Letters arrive by the hundreds.

"If only some writer would tell people how small a share we have in the dresses we wear on the screen! We don’t, as a rule, own them; we just wear them. They are the property of the studios for which we work. They are made for our particular specifications. yes, and presumably wouldn’t fit anyone else. But you might be surprised.

"Do" you know how long it takes to acquire a wardrobe for a single picture? Usually, two weeks. Every working day for two weeks, we have to think about that wardrobe. First, the designer shows us water color sketches—works of art, really—of the gowns he has in mind for us, along with samples of materials. We make our criticisms, if we have any, and the dressmaking begins. Then we have various fittings, immeasurable fittings, as the making of the dress progresses. It mustn’t have a wrinkle anywhere. Finally, it is finished and the picture begins. Every night, when we take off the dress, it is sent to the wardrobe department to be pressed. If there are any makeup stains on it—and makeup stains are frequent under hot studio lights—the dress must be dry-cleaned. Finally, by the time the picture is completed, the dress is worn almost threadbare—from its many pressings and cleanings.

"We usually wouldn’t want to buy it, even if it were offered to us. Not only because of its sad condition, but because we are heartily tired of it, after days and weeks of wearing it. So it is sent to the wardrobe department, and then, until it is literally threadbare, it is worn by one inconspicuous ‘extra’ after another. Usually this has never been explained before? I think people ought to know," she added.

Knowing that she was playing the only feminine role in the Gaumont-British picture, King of the Damned,
The Serene Confidence of the 8th Woman

ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a knowing woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.
would stop acting.” It made me think. Maybe I was acting. Maybe I could act! So I went over and joined a dramatic group.

“Now, I’m not kidding Hollywood. I’m not pretending. I’ve always been this way. Just funny...”

It is a blessed kind of funniness, if you ask me—as refreshing as a cool breeze in a Sahara of sophistication.

A GREAT number of people have thought this indifference of Margaret Sullavan’s to publicity, to Hollywood, to fame, was a deliberate pose. And it was to get the correct answer that I drove forty miles out to Sherwood Forest, where she was making outdoor scenes for So Red the Rose. Two days “on location” with any star can reveal more about her than anyone could discover in two years of casual friendship. Emotions are intensified by the strain of working under unusual conditions. And for the first time the reasons for what the film colony terms Miss Sullavan’s strange behavior became evident.

Her indifference is based partly on that credo of hers—indifference. And partly on her shrewd wisdom about what really matters in life. For Margaret was well aware that indifference to its gold and glitter was the one thing Hollywood couldn’t understand. Before she ever left for the Coast, she knew that it would be her safest weapon. Just as Joan Crawford once told me, “You can’t care too much or it gets you.”

It got that pitifully beautiful girl who was once “Miss America.” She took the shortest way out—with a bullet. It has got—how many? Only the great movie god knows and the great movie god isn’t telling. But it will never get Margaret Sullavan. She could bury herself in an obscure stock company—in fact, she did so last summer—and be just as happy as on a hilltop in Hollywood. That is what living for the moment has taught her.

TO UNDERSTAND Margaret’s viewpoint, it is necessary to understand that flamelike, independent spirit of hers. The very spirit that makes her so outstanding on the screen is what makes an adjustment between Margaret and the hullabaloo of fame so difficult.

“There’s a tendency here toward turning everyone out according to mold,” she protested to me.

“There has been an illusion that feminine stars are goddesses. I’m not that type of person! I can’t pretend that I am—and no one can build that kind of glamor around me. I don’t like any process of whitewashing the human being and elevating her above the common herd,” putting a halo around her head.

“If only people would let you be yourself between pictures, if they’d only leave you alone... But they won’t. It’s up to you to get away every little while or lose your perspective. And life’s too short to be narrow visioned about anything.”

It was 110 degrees in the shade in Sherwood Forest the day I arrived. Two of the oldest trees in California were gently waving “prop” heads of Impal and Dixie. The atmosphere was so distinctly 1860-ish that I felt out of place in a shirtmaker frock—until I saw Margaret step blithely out of her hoop skirt and appear in shorts. And I swear that she is the only woman who could do it without losing charm.

She has the childlike quality of all young genius. And something of its sparkle. But most of all, I like the sweetness of “the girl that Hollywood will never tame!”

I can’t Pretend!” says Margaret Sullavan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

4 MILLION WOMEN BOUGHT CLOPAY PERFECTED 15¢ WINDOW SHADES LAST YEAR...and Here’s Why...

TOTAL. Clopay sales compared with average purchase per person show the astounding fact that Clopay 15¢ window shades now hang in 1 out of every 4 American homes! American housewives have seen CLOPAYS, tried CLOPAYS, and then bought them again and again. But, no wonder! The beauty of their lovely patterns and rich texture is not to be equaled in even the costliest shades—beauty acclaimed by leading interior decorators the country over. Add to that the amazing durability of Clopay—their utter freedom from cracking, pinholing, raveling on the edges and other common faults of shades costing far more—then, their sensational popularity is easy to understand. And now the new fall patterns are out—the most attractive ever before. Don’t fail to see them. Write for samples showing patterns in full color. Enclose 2¢ for postage. CLOPAY, Conn., 416 York St., Cincinnati.

NO FILLER TO FALL OUT

This shows how clay or other fillers fall out of ordinary window shades from regular wear causing cracks, pinholes and raveling edges. Impossible with CLOPAYS which have no filler to fall out—no threads to ravel.


Watch STORE WINDOWS During October leading “3 & 10” stores and many others will feature in their windows those striking new CLOPAY patterns so handsomely displayed by Mrs. Lockwood. Watch for those displays—see how to beautify your home at negligible cost.

CLOPAY 15¢ WINDOW SHADES At All 5 & 10 and Most Neighborhood Stores NOTE: Like all successful products, CLOPAYS are imitated. Beware! CLOPAYS have PATENTED advantages do other imitative shades cannot possess. Insist on genuine CLOPAYS.

Movie Classic for October, 1935
Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours
[Continued from page 15]

girls. She has been taught to judge more carefully, to test and weigh and balance problems in everyday life.

Without a doubt business girls make the best wives if—
Yes, there's an "IF." A very big one. It's this: If they don't permit themselves to be too matter-of-fact.

I HAVE in mind a young woman who is gradually and unconsciously ruining her home by being too, too practical. She is spoiling every romantic illusion her husband ever had—and American men are the greatest romanticians on earth. They still don't want to look on a girl as an equal, but as an ideal. Women used to earning their own living sometimes overlook that fact. They get too frank and palsy-walsy in their friendship with men. Don't make that mistake! Keep those illusions for him.

He if is calling for you at the office snatch a minute somehow to buy a flower for your dress. Don't take your office personality out into the moonlight with you. Or to the altar! It's the grandest feeling on earth to know that you are equipped to take care of yourself and that you can be brightly efficient if the need arises—but don't thrust the fact in his face morning, noon, and night.

One of the things I like best about the way Olivia de Havilland is managing her career is that she has not allowed it to take any of her sweetness or womanliness away. She still brings a young man home and introduces him to Mother before she goes out with him! It's the truth! Of course, you can bank on her not to make a coy Victorian gesture of it. She simply invites a boy out for a game of badminton or to dinner. And seeing her in her own surroundings makes a boy appreciate a girl.

Business girls need to preserve their mystery "after hours!" If they can retain all their feminine charm and yet manage a career competently, you can rest assured that they will be the ablest manager of a home later on...

AN 18-YEAR-OLD GIRL, torn between love and a career, wrote to Margaret Dix for help in solving her problem.

Her letter inspired Mrs. Dix to ask eighteen-year-old Olivia de Havilland what her answer would be. You have read the same answer that Olivia gave—and Mrs. Dix's sound comments on it.

What would you like to ask her? She invites you to write to her. Address: Margaret Dix, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Colorful Women—and You!

[Continued from page 41]

contrast must be planned very deliberately to obtain desired dramatic situations. For each situation, as every artist knows, there is only one color-combination that will best express a given dramatic point or a certain characterization. You wouldn't play Faust against a light pink background, or Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde against baby-blue.

"Nor," I contributed, "would you think of Mae West in pastels!"

"Precisely," he agreed.

CONSIDER some of the stars I have directed," Mamoulian continued. "Hopkins, Garbo, Dietrich, Sten, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, could not all be dramatic against the same color background. No two of them are alike, and each one must be interpreted in colors completely different from those that would heighten the appeal of the others. Even now, in black and white, each must be photographed individually—lights, angles and dramatic intensity all considered. In color photography, lighting is a part of make-up—heightening, as it does, the natural colorings and bringing out the desired effects. To translate it for every woman, then—no matter where she may be and regardless of her natural coloring—the most effective way to express your personality is to find what combination of colors you wear most effectively."

"How fascinating! Which means, of course," I assumed, "that you see the stars' individual personalities expressed by some particular colors in your own mind?"

"That is so," he agreed.

"In that case," I said, "don't you think movie-goers would be extremely interested in learning how Miriam Hopkins, for example, 'translates' in color? What color would express her personality?"

"Well, I see Miss Hopkins as orange-yellow."

"And Greta Garbo?" I prompted.

"Violet-blue."

He continued, without prompting:

"Anna Sten suggests dark green, Marlene Dietrich light purple, Mae West orange-red, Marion Davies sky-blue, Elizabith Bergner purple, Frances Dee clear blue, Sylvia Sidney dark blue, Joan Crawford bright red. Katharine Hepburn deep blue, Ginger Rogers warm yellow, Ann Harding bright yellow, Irene Dunne blue-green, and Margaret Sullavan dark green, just to name a few."
should you come into a theatre in the middle of a film, you will probably be able to say that the picture is a Mamoulian, or a Color or a W. S. Van Dyke production, as a result of certain general coloring and shadow effects, just as today one recognizes a painting by Rembrandt or Corot from their individual use of colors. And, undoubtedly, your favorite stars will also become identified with pastels or sombre rich hues or bright gay colors when they have found their métier in Technicolor!

All of this should mean something important to you in your personal appearance, too. You can sit back and let the stars, whose ensemble of coloring nearest approaches your own, do all your experimenting for you! And when dusky Dolores Del Rio or blonde Joan Bennett or auburn-haired Janet Gaynor arrives at the lipstick, eyeshadow, rouge, and powder that seem just right, then you can step out and do yourself up brown—or blue—or violet, as the case may be.

And don't, for one moment, think that complexion isn't a deciding factor when it comes to beauty. Mr. Mamoulian believes that complexion alone gives one a definite impression of a face—for frequently a lovely skin makes a girl pretty, or even beautiful, though her features may not be.

"Eyes," Mamoulian says, "are today but two black dots on the screen, almost infinitesimal in size and practically of a color with the rest of the picture. But think of them as bright blue eyes! Immediately they become interesting and intriguing, like two cornflowers in a sunny field—for a golden complexion gives added beauty. Do you recall when the sun goes under a cloud, however briefly, the change that comes over the landscape? Just so," he says, "the change to color is rapid and convincing."

Hollywood has always had beautiful women, and now they are to be colorful as well! That is, if Mr. Mamoulian has anything to say about it—and who can doubt that he will have something to say?

Because, to use the words of Cole Porter's song, he's the top!

At last!

A novelist pictures Hollywood as it really is.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM is the novelist.

And her newest novel—which will be talked about all over America—will begin in November

MOVIE CLASSIC

Be a FIRST Reader!

"Princess Chic" FOUNDATIONS

DOUBLE KNIT FOR DOUBLE SUPPORT

by hickory

Be as Slim as a Princess...

in "Princess Chic" Double Knit for Double Support

FOUNDATION BY HICKORY

The glamorous influence of Hollywood is dramatically reflected in the new slenderizing "Princess Chic" Foundation. The Hickory Fashion Council, consisting of Adrienne Ames, Gloria Stuart, Esther Ralston, Binnie Barnes, and Sally Blane collaborates with the expert staff of Hickory stylists in designing new Hickory creations.

"Princess Chic" is seamless, two-way stretch, reinforced through hips and waistline for extra support and figure control. Brassiere of lace and satin Lastex gracefully moulds the bust to complete the charming silhouette. "Princess Chic" Foundations are $3.50 and $4.00.

See the "Princess Chic" and other Hickory Foundations and Girdles at your dealers. If he cannot supply you, write us direct. Address 1159 West Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

A. STEIN & COMPANY * CHICAGO * NEW YORK

Movie Classic for October, 1935 71
How Jimmy Braddock
NEW WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION Made Startling Discovery that Added 26 lbs. in 6 Weeks and Built His Shattering New Strength!

SHOWS WHY TIRED, WEAK-ENED, RUNDOWN FOLKS QUICKLY BUILD UP RUGGED STRENGTH AND TIRELESS ENERGY THIS NEW, EASY WAY. S 3 ADDED LBS. THE FIRST WEEK OR NO COST!

Take the advice of the new World's Champion—"Jimmy" Braddock—if you are weak, tired and rundown. Build up rugged new strength, cool good looks, a head of hard flesh and dancing energy. In 6 weeks before the day is over.

He says: "Tests confirmed me that random conditions, poor diet and drinking frequently from indigestion and the glands. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight-building—such a PLANT OF JOHNE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine), even dieters in fact and settlers fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites, yet stay skinny.

With the discovery of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate made from a huge 60-ton sea plant harvested off the Pacific coast, you can now have sure of your needed ration of fresh iodine in concentrated, easy to take form. 1000 times richer in iodine than orpine, Kelpamalt helps your food to do you good, build rugged strength, add weight and furnish vitality. 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to get your minerals and nutrients. Kelpamalt furnishes natural, more true and purer than 1 lb. of iodinum or 7 lb. of fresh iodine, more calcium than 2 oz. maple sugar, more iron than 1.5 lbs. of lemon. It is the solution of all your health problems."

Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny," you must add 5 lbs, the first week or the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—in five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 45 tablets in the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating attractive 25-page book on how to add 15 lbs. in weight, plus beautiful color plates of feed that take away the "fat look" and make you seem older. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 89, 2450 West 2nd St., New York City.

Kelpamalt Tablets

Constantly subjected. And then, suddenly growing tender, she said: "But he sobered up once a month and then he's so chivalrous!"

Man may commit a thousand major crimes, but let him, in an off moment, be thoughtful and kind, and most women are eternal slaves!

H STANDS FOR HUMANNESS. I mean the quality that calls for friendship—and gives it. It progressively covers friendship, love, marriage, and companionship. It also embraces understanding—the greatest of all human relations. Without understanding, which in itself makes a man charming, he lacks much that women find vital to their happiness. If he is cold, unfelching, indifferent, no woman can find him charming.

A IS for the "assertive" quality in a charming man. Now please don't misunderstand. I don't want you to confuse assertive with aggressive, for one has little to do with the other. An aggressive man, by and large, is not only a bore, but a very annoying animal. An "assertive" man is really a "masterful" one.

He never leaves you in any doubt that he is a real man. He will see that you are comfortable and happy, even if he has to fight a whole regiment to make it possible. He doesn't wildly, wildly, he likes you. He makes it perfectly clear. But, remember, he is also chivalrous—and he doesn't force his attentions. He is simply there to do whatever he can. And he does. You can't make a convenience of him. (You wouldn't want to do so.) But he will be your friend, if that is your wish—and he will do everything in his power to make you his wife, if that is his desire. You find it exceedingly difficult even to try to dissuade him. You see that assertiveness is one of his most persuasive charms!

R IS for his romantic quality, the Romeo lurking in every charming male. And women love romance! When I say "romantic," I am not thinking only of a balcony scene or even a scene in a lovely Venetian setting. A romantic quality is much more than mooniness in a moonlight setting!

For instance, it may mean that a man dances well, that he walks with virile grace, or has a voice with timbre and depth. Or a romantic quality may enable him to enjoy the poetry that you do, be the athlete to whom you may point with pardonable pride, or his ideals may be such as to make you justly proud.

FOR M there is only magnetism. Magnetism is the very core of charm—its tip. Magnetism is its most obvious sense, "attracts." It is that subtle something that causes us to turn to a certain one in a group for interest and appreciation. It is vague, provocative, and, of all the qualities which comprise charm, it alone cannot be either acquired or cultivated. It simply is—or, lamentably, it isn't!

All together, these five attributes spell C-H-A-R-M.

ASKED to illustrate these points, I find myself thinking of an assortment of types that have caught the imagination of all women, men who seem to be the personification of each ingredient of charm.

For chivalry there is Leslie Howard, who appeals to women as the type of man who would do all those tender little things which endear men to us. He is the embodiment of old-world charm that accounts for the vogue of English actors in Hollywood's renaissance.

For humaneness, Gary Cooper, with whom I am co-starring in Paramount's Peter Ibbetson, and who suggests to women everywhere the constant friend, rich in understanding and devotion. And Gary is human. He is kind to everyone alike—and friendly to all. One believes in humanity through him.

For assertiveness, Clark Gable stands as the pre-eminent example. Women find in him the man who overcomes barriers, who knows what he wants and has the courage and ability to go after it. And get it! No if's, and's, and but's for him. He is no weak-kneed, indefinite, waverin- fence-sitter, but a man who asks only to be depended upon.

For romance, the Prince of Wales is an international figure who makes Prince Charmimg come to life. No figure calls forth more adoration from feminine hearts than David Windsor, the future bachelor. Wherever he goes, the Prince is a figure of romance materialized.

For magnetism—Lindbergh. The flyer's very name is mesmeric. His lanky good looks are not those of a Beau Brummell, but his appeal is sheer magic. His charm, a strange mixture of modesty and outstanding bravery, is a hearty drink for women.

And yet charm, for the average woman, is not prefaced by titles or great deeds. It is a happy combination of all the qualities cultivated by the appreciation and sympathy of women. All men have charm in varying degrees, but it takes a woman to discover it. That's your gift from the gods above!
How Claudette Colbert conquered her greatest enemy!

[Continued from page 29]

insisted. It was all very cute and light, of course, but that was just the trouble with it. What audiences would want to watch Clark and me working out a thumb-formula for hitch-hiking?

"Well, Clark listened to about as much as he could stand. Then he said, 'Oh, forget it, Claudette! What do you care?' And if you do, you'd better keep it to yourself; because, as far as I'm concerned, it just doesn't matter. If it's going to be a flop, it's going to be a flop. If it's going to be a hit, it will be one. Don't forget you and I just work here. The script isn't our business any more than the photographing is. Come on, how about a game of checkers?"

"Well, to make a short story of it, he absolutely scoffed me out of my worries. He suddenly made me ashamed of myself because I realized that I was annoying everyone.

"I LEARNED from Clark a thing or two about taking life in stride, and I'll always be grateful. He's so amiable, so unperturbed, that I couldn't help learning! I never start on a picture now without a Clark Gable talking-to.

"Then, too, whenever I entertained, I used to have such a bad time at my own parties, worrying about whether my guests were having a good time, that everyone else sensed the strain in the air. That, incidentally, is a failing that many women have—anticipating trouble at their own parties. And if anything will spoil a party, that will! I have learned now not to worry. I invite only my eight or nine close friends to parties, anyway.

"There is only one worry of which I have never been guilty ... and that is how I look off the screen. If someone sees me wearing a pair of comfort-shoes, instead of snappy high-heeled slippers, I don't care. I'm comfortable, and I refuse to parade.

"And here is the final proof that I really have improved! Just recently I bought a beautiful plot of land in Holmby Hills. I selected the plan for the house I wanted—English Colonial—and started to build. The foundation was scarcely begun when the whole industry began to talk of moving out of California. If this had happened three years ago, I would have been thrown into a panic. But I had learned the Clark Gable shrug. I used it. I figured that it would take the industry a couple of years to move, anyway, and by that time if might be tiring from pictures. But I would still have my house ... the house that I had always wanted. Doesn't that sound as if I am cured of worrying?"

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MILLIONS NOW USE
FAMOUS NOXZEMA
for Skin Troubles

Which troubles you?

- LARGE PORES
- BURNS
- BLACKHEADS
- CHAPPED SKIN
- BABY RASH
- SHAVING IRRITATION
- PIMPLES

(from external causes)

Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief promotes rapid healing—refines skin texture

JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexion. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimplies caused by internal conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15 cents for a generous 25G trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 610, Baltimore, Md.
of charm. I have been told that there are certain universal standards by which this priceless quality can be judged. Maybe so. If there are, they must be judged universal on the strength of the fact that they appeal to all people.

This subject of charm is one I don't recall ever having heard discussed in my early days in Montana. A man and woman there began marriage with scarcely anything to offer them courage, mutual interest in their home, and four willing hands. They had to fight for those satisfactions that most of us now take for granted.

And yet, despite the hard winters, unreliable crops and the cattle that strayed, starved, or were frequently stolen, they managed to gain a foothold, fight through, and flourish. There was no whining, no putting, no scenes. A wife had vision and courage and faith in the future and by encouraging and toiling side by side with her hard-working man, she helped him to accomplish the impossible.

Call that charm if you will. The Montana husband probably did. Yet it stands to reason that this Montana woman wouldn't pass inspection in a Hollywood casting office or in front of the stage line at the Ritz.

Those whose business is to pick the stars of tomorrow from the thousands of young hopefuls who flock to Hollywood set up a lot of arbitrary standards by which they judge potential charm. They demand, so they tell me, poise, beauty, intelligence, womanliness, and sincerity. It sounds as though a combination of all these in one woman should do the trick without fail, but such is not the case.

We all have seen women who have held the attention of all the men around them and who lack some of these so-called "necessary attributes." No man who has ever met Amelia Earhart has failed to remark on her charm. Yet she is not on any Hollywood casting director's list under the heading of "beauty." One or several of these attributes may be missing in a woman, yet some person, group or even an entire nation may set her up as an ideal of charm. Maybe I'm wrong, but we all have seen it happen.

The screen is the conceded international focal point of beauty; yet notice how varied the types are. You will hear Marlene Dietrich rated as the prototype of perfection for natural beauty of features, while others will dispute such a contention and substitute Greta Garbo as their choice. Or they may prefer the warmth of Sylvia Sidney, the verve of Katharine Hepburn, or the sparkle of Carole Lombard, and each would be right. That is why any girl can be quite as lovely as any of these if she appears so to her sweetheart. It all depends on who is doing the appraising.

That beauty alone is not considered charm is conceded by all women. It may help to attract a man. But will it hold him? For every physical fault a woman may have there is a compensation. Homely women have been known to hold the attention of men to the exclusion of stunning beauties. They have personality, intelligence, character, wit, or some other quality that outweighs mere beauty.

It seems that qualities that go to make up charm can be cultivated, either consciously or unconsciously. There is not a woman living, no matter what her appearance, who cannot find compensating qualities in her nature that will make her attractive to men. This is one of those facts of life on which everyone agrees. How it happens is something else again.

It's all a mystery to me. I do not analyze the women opposite whom I play. I have no category into which I can place Ann Harding, with whom I am now appearing in Peter Ibbetson, nor Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, Carole Lombard, nor any of the others. I enjoy working with them, and that's that. To be where they are in motion pictures naturally presupposes that they have what is commonly known as charm. I assume this and go on that basis.

There are women all over the country who are dead-losers for many of these actresses, yet they don't set things on fire to the same degree—and some of them perhaps not at all. They may be sincere or artificial, exactly alike in most ways or with a number of differences, yet they bring a different reaction in men. Why this is so will have to be answered by greater authorities than myself.

You might also ask these authorities why the standards keep changing so often. I would like to know why myself. The chorus girl with the "boyish figure" seems to be the standard today. The buxom beauty went out with the mustache cup. There must be someone who decides these trends, but no one has yet been able to identify him or it. This seems to prove that there doesn't seem to be any use looking for a formula or a gauge.

You can have a lot of fun speculating on just how far Lillian Russell would go on the screen if she were alive and today, or how the baldheaded row would have received Joan Crawford if she held Lillian Russell's place back in the '90s. I feel safe in saying that there is only one hard and fast rule: CHARM is inherent in every person. Find it in yourself—and then make the most of it!
There's Only One Joan!
[Continued from page 34]

did I. They don't live the same impulsive, happy-go-lucky life as married women that they did as single girls. They have new responsibilities now. They can't help being more dignified. It was the same way with me.

"The difference between them and me lies in the fact that their friends expect them to settle down after marriage. If they continued going out night after night, even with their husbands, people would talk. They would say that those girls were wrecking their husbands' health and lives, keeping them out every night until all hours, preventing them from going to work on time.

"But because I settled down, I had done grand!" exclaimed Joan.

"Those girls, after they marry, occasionally go out dancing. So did I. If I feel like going to the Coconut Grove or the Beverly-Wilshire today, I go. But as any girl grows older, it is natural that less strenuous pleasures should attract her.

"No beings on earth remain the same year after year. If they show the least inclination to stay static, the world moves on and leaves them behind. When you are a child, you read books by Louisa May Alcott. As you grow older, their simple sentiment clings. You go on to a little more mature fiction. After awhile you become saturated with that, too. You go on to something else, something with more meat and substance to it—biographies and histories, perhaps. I don't believe anyone starts out by reading classics. You work up to them gradually. You have to develop an appreciation of them."

I knew what Joan was driving at. Some time ago an actor-friend of mine was working in a picture with her. He came home one night muttering about her trying to show him up. Pressed for an explanation, he said that during the day he had quoted a line from one of Shakespeare's plays. Joan had picked it up and recited the whole speech from which the quotation was taken. It gave him a feeling of inferiority because she had known the whole thing and he had known only a line or two.

Yet it was he who started it! In repeating the incident to others later, this actor did not bother to explain that part of it. All that he found necessary to say was that Joan went around the set flaunting her knowledge of Shakespeare in others' faces to impress them with how well-read she was!

I HAVE KNOWN Joan pretty well over a period of years. I have never known her to try to impress anyone with anything. This chap started the conversation. There was no reason for her to be awed by his casual use of a

[Continued on page 82]
WHY BE FAT?

If You Want to Look Sophisticated...

[Continued from page 45]

lose your personality. You are no longer Mary Smith, but 'The girl in the yellow dress.'

"EVERY wardrobe must have a dominating color, and you can do no better than black. It can be worn anywhere, any time, triumphantly. Black shows to best advantage on blondes, of course. Since my hair has been lightened, it is much easier for me to dress becomingly, for I can always rely on black."

"The most important item in my wardrobe is evening gowns. I must give them the greatest attention because I make most of my public appearances at formal evening affairs. However, for the non-theatrical girl, or the girl who doesn't go out a great deal at night, I think the most important single costume is her tailored suit. It is the best thing, if you can possibly afford it, to have this made for you. You have to be fitted by a regular man's tailor to achieve that crisp precision of line that is so essential. With my suits I prefer tailored shirtdress blouses.

"If a girl has to economize, I would suggest that she save on the little casual dresses she wears on the street in summer and under her heavy coat in winter. The wash silks, the prints, and the plain in-between dresses can be purchased for very little money, and still put up a good appearance.

"For example, I have a new navy silk luncheon dress printed with white polka dots. It is entirely simple save for the unique trimming of shirred navy blue taffeta ribbon that runs the length of the sleeve from shoulder to cuff. With the addition of a bow-tied sash of the ribbon, and a tie at the base of the neckline, that is all there is to the gown. It is an exclusive model designed for me, but it certainly wouldn't cost a great deal to duplicate.

"Although I like clothes, and I like to have as many of them as possible, I don't consider myself extravagant. Perhaps the only thing I indulge in to excess is shoes. I have slippers of all different types, colors, and materials. My hose I buy by the dozen pairs, but that is merely for convenience. I am not particular about them.

"Handkerchiefs, lingerie, and gloves are other accessories I purchase in quantity. They are staples, and it is only practical to have a generous supply on hand.

"LET me show you the clothes I have selected for my fall ensembles. I had them designed by Dot Gregson, a young couturiere who is making a name for herself as an American modiste. These dresses are all very new, and I think indicative of the trend that winter fashion will take, during the coming season.

"I am simply crazy about the black and white evening gown. To me, it has everything. It is made of sheer black wool crepe, molded closely to the hips and flaring below the knees. The blouse is nothing in the world but two giant, beruffled berthas of white soufflé, falling over the shoulders to the natural waistline. A black velvet ribbon ties in a bow at the front of the low décolletage, and loops over my neck. With this I wear a very plain black velvet hat, and a little cape of the white soufflé ruffles. I also like large single pearl ear-rings with the costume, and no other jewelry."

"My new dinner dress is entirely of soufflé. The black skirt is softly draped, and concentrates its fullness at the back of the waist. Black elbow-length sleeves are so full that they seem almost to be part of a cape. Over the front of the black bodice comes a large, low collar of pale blue soufflé, shirred into countless tiny ruchings. Pale blue and black interwined to form the girdle.

"My suit is unusual. It is entirely hand-made of a dark wine-colored crepe. The blouse of crepe is most severe, and its long, narrow neckline is edged with finely pleated grosgrain ribbon. A little bit of a torque with a nose veil matches the suit, and is trimmed with a saucy cluster of yellow daisies right in front. The daisies are slotted to the top that make up my corsage. Black patent-leather pumps with rhinestone buckles, a double scarf of silver fox, and a luncheon date make the effectiveness of the outfit complete!"

"ANOTHER street costume, that I have, introduces a new note with the shimmered insertion of the tiny shoulder cape of black crépe de chine. The capelet, which is finished off with a wide, shirred flounce, goes over a plain waist with full elbow-length sleeves. The skirt of black crépe is wrap-around and has a flounce.

Still another smart street ensemble for autumn in Ann's wardrobe is a two-piece black jacket and skirt of black caracul. The skirt is black with a faintly ribbed design; it is topped by a shirt of silver metal cloth with an Oliver Cromwell collar.

"With sophisticated clothes, you gain self-assurance," better than to choose them. I encourage you to be smart and modern in your appearance, your manner, and even in your mode of thinking. You subconsciously live up to your clothes, and the first thing you know, you have the gift you have been seeking—Sophistication!"
phers "not to blaze their spotlights in her eyes." He said, vociferously, "We must not scare her!"

Then, a moment later, we saw her standing in the doorway. Greta Garbo herself, smiling. She did not look tired, as reported. She was tanned, healthily-looking.

SHE sat down, and as a group we looked at her—Sweden's Queen Christina. Greta Garbo never has been so popular in Sweden as she is right now, since making this picture.

For a moment no one said a word.

As a beginning, someone asked the most obvious possible question: Was she happy to be home again?

"Yes, indeed," she said—and sighed a deep, contented sigh.

We inquired how she felt personally about the popular Queen Christina.

She looked sadly disappointed. She should have been; she said: "That picture never was done the way I wanted it—not at all."

"Is it true that you love Nature—the country—more than the city?"

"I love Nature, yes. I feel free and clean when I am out in Nature. And free—only then."

We asked if she saw many pictures. "Yes, I love to see pictures. And I do whenever I have time to see them. But I have so little time."

Does she ever see Swedish pictures? And does she like them?

"I have seen so few recently. But—all seem to move in the same circle. Why?"

Greta Garbo asked us. And we could not answer. That amused her.

"Now, you see how difficult it is to answer some questions," she joked—throwing her head backward, laughing. She made us all laugh with her.

What did she think about the newly-found Mauritz Stiller manuscript? This was the play that the late great Swedish director (and her discoverer) had wanted so much to film, with Garbo as star, upon his first arrival in Hollywood.

"How can I make any statement about that off-hand? It is entirely too important—maybe—and very near to my heart."

"What were her plans?"

"How do I know?" she said. "I make plans and change them. I never know what will happen. I have as yet no idea what I will do tomorrow."

"Do you mean actually tomorrow—or in the future?"

"Both," she said slowly.

"But, Miss Garbo, you must have some plans of your own. Something that you desire—something that [Continued on page 35]"

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**Movie Classic for October, 1935**

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77
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Garbo Talks for Publication

[Continued from page 77]

you want to do yourself—very much.”

“Yes,” she said, “I have. But what
is the use of telling them?”

                                  How cleverly evasive her answers
were! All right, we would try one
more question.

We asked about her friends. Did
she have many?

“Not many. I have so little time to
be out socially. And when I am, I
have just a few.”

“You play tennis a great deal?”

“Tennis is exercise.”

“Do you play it with friends?”

“Sometimes.”

We were getting nowhere—if we
wanted to find out anything about
her private life, her own thoughts—her
hopes, her ambitions. That, after all,
is her private business. But, unfortu-
nately perhaps that is what the world
wants to know—even if it has no busi-
ness to know it at all. Garbo in self-
defense, has developed a tech-
ique in dodging questions. And hard-
crusted reporters find themselves ad-
mirers for it.

We asked her about her men
friends.

“How could I answer?” she said
very sweetly.

WHILE we had been talking, the
photographers had been busy
continuously and Garbo had flashed
her captivating smile occasionally. It
was as if one had been in a studio in
Hollywood, watching them making pic-
tures of her—a sight that is rarely the
privilege of the uninitiated.

The “royal” photographer asked her
to smile for a special studio—sin-
which she very graciously did—and I took a
look at her costume for the first time.

She was wearing a gray suit, gray
scarf, blouse, shoes and coat. Her hair
was uncurled—windblown—and ex-
tremely girlish. She looked much
younger even than she is.

What we had expected happened:
her handsome brother, Sven, came to
rescue her—and do the “forgive, but
I have really no more time” for her.

Which he did most charmingly.

“You know,” he said, “my sister has
never deliberately granted an inter-
view in any other place than Sweden
for years. So—when she has loved so
much to see you—I know you will not
mind, if I take her away now.”

He helped his sister up from the
to chair, took her coat from her arm,
and escorted her to the door. She
turned there to smile a friendly farewell
—and was gone ahead of her brother.

Naturally, we went out on deck
to see her launch the gangplank. That
was worth seeing. She stood on the
deck—and suddenly stepped up on
the gangplank in front of her brother.

Her hair flew back from her face. And
as she stood there she reminded every
onlooker of the marvelous last shot of
Queen Christina—where she stood at the prow of the sailing vessel that was to take her away to foreign lands, with the wind blowing through her hair. She created entirely the same impression now. And she must have sensed it, like the thousands who were waiting for her on the pier.

Her lips quivered, as all eyes were turned up to her. Then she shouted, so that everybody could hear her.

"Well, here I am now—" and added, as she put her hand through her hair, "wild and uncombed." Then the tears choked her. She could say no more. But the thousands below were cheering wildly. It was as if Queen Christina, who had left Sweden three hundred years ago, had come.

WHEN Garbo's waiting limousine had disappeared among the old street-lamps, I headed for an unknown destination. I went into the Kungsholm's bar—to have a well-earned cocktail. There I met a charming Englishman, who had been seen with Garbo a couple of times during the voyage.

He was all aglow with the memories of glorious days on shipboard. In fact, he did not feel like going ashore and breaking the spell.

"She is the most fascinating person I have ever met—and ever expect to meet. There is no one like her. I swam with her several times. She swam twice a day generally. And I was one of the few who were up early enough to see her. We chatted and had a glorious time. And let me tell you—she is lovelier than ever in her bathing suit."

"What color bathing suit did she wear?"

"A light blue, of very fine wool, cut out of silk. Sun-tanned, they call it. And she always hid her hair under a tight bathing cap."

"Very modern and feminine, in other words?"

"Decidedly so. I don't like her pictures at all. But I see them all several times just the same. You see, she has always fascinated me. And I haven't changed my mind since meeting her."

"She kept to her stateroom almost all day a couple of times. But she was not seasick—only resting. And most of the time she saw her, except for a few glimpses they got of her passing by in her dark blue slacks—or if they occasionally were up early enough to see her exercise in the morning in her yellow pajamas—or hurry back to her cabin in her gray morning coat."

I did not have to ask any questions. The chap was so engrossed with his memories of shipboard incidents that I earnestly believe he gave me all this information without knowing he was talking to a reporter—or anyone, for that matter.

He told me that she amused herself by playing deck games. Often she played with Madame Bostrom, wife of the Swedish Minister at Washington, or with the ship's officers. Particularly she played with the good-looking young second officer, Ewert Eriksson, who was born a few houses down from where she was brought up. "The young man entertained her with droll stories that she seemed to enjoy."

S O I went to take a look at the young officer, who, I discovered, had movie-possibilities himself. I wanted to call one of the photographers to get a picture of him. But he refused to be photographed. He also refused to say one solitary word about Miss Garbo. But he gladly admitted that he had had a good time on this particular trip. And that his fondest dreams were to be a motion picture actor.

Before I left the ship, I went to meet the chef, who told me in confidence that he would have liked so much to cook the finest dishes he knew—and particularly the ones that he alone knew—for her."

"But his diet was Spartan," he told me. "For lunch, he ate a few vegetables—and a slice of brown bread with layers of raw white onions. For dinner a few more vegetables—and a small piece of grilled lamb—with all the fat removed. And no salt, no pepper. But last day she really ate a juicy Swedish beefsteak."

Otherwise, the chef would not tell much. A couple of American women told me that they did not like the idea that she avoided taking her meals in the dining room—except at the captain's dinner the night before reaching Gothenburg. Then she came.

"SHE wore a black velvet costume," they told me, "very lovely in its own way—cut very mannishly, tuxedo fashion—with a plain white silk blouse —and low-heeled shoes. She talked mostly to the captain, whom she had visited daily. And she left before the dessert."

When I was about to leave the ship finally, my photographer, who had so mysteriously disappeared, returned.

"I got pictures of her up on the captain's deck. No one else got them. And I accidentally got a couple of the second officer."

I had learned things about Greta Garbo on vacation from Hollywood that none of the other reporters had learned, because they had followed her ashore. And now I even had exclusive pictures. (Two of them, exclusive with MOVIE CLASSIC, are published on page 35.—Editor.)

Just before leaving the ship, I heard that the Fair Garbo had been in excellent humor throughout the voyage and seemed happy to be "going home." After the emotional strain of the title rôle of Anna Karenina, which should make her even greater than ever before, she really needed a vacation among old friends. Or alone, as she so much likes to be—at least until she has become thoroughly rested.

Movie Classic for October, 1935

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MARIAN MARSH has an electric iron that will almost sit up and talk to you! It is regulated by a gauge which attends to the details you may forget... like the detail that different kinds of cloth call for different degrees of heat. So when Marian uses this iron to press silk things, she only has to turn the gauge to "Silk." When linen is to be ironed, the gauge goes to "Linen," and so on. It's made by General Electric, the company that is fast turning every house in the land into a House of Magic.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is one of those girls who hates cold corners and drafty rooms in her house, and that's a sentiment we all endorse. But sometimes in summer homes or beach houses there are no heating systems, and along comes a rainy or cool day, and it's all very shivery and miserable! Sylvia found this true even in sunny California at her Malibu Beach house, so she has a Nesco de Luxe Circulating Heater, which affords approximately twenty-five hours of continuous operation on one gallon of kerosene! These helpful burners are well built, and come in one or two burner sizes. They are excellent aids in beach houses, mountain cabins, or in any house in which there is no heating system or the heat is not turned on until freezing weather.

Joan Crawford no longer worries about moths in draperies, upholstery, furs, rugs and carpets. She uses Mortex. This is an odorless, stainless liquid that penetrates the fabric and makes it absolutely safe from moth damage for one full year with but one spraying. It comes in pint bottle sizes and a special Mortex Sprayer is also available. Joan says she wouldn't be without its protection. (P.S. If the name is new to you or your favorite store, this preparation is made by the Murray and Nickell Manufacturing Company of Chicago.)

Florence Rice has found a way to keep the silver, brass and copper things around her house looking sparkly and well kept. Metal tarnishing used to be a household problem to her, but then this smart daughter of Grantland Rice, famous sports writer, discovered Burnshine. This extra-special metal polish just whisks away the dirt and tarnish that have such a habit of spoiling the appearance of brass, copper, zinc, tin, nickel, and silver in things around the house. Florence, who has a flair for things domestic, as well as for acting, is never without some in her house.

Have you seen those cunning wire hors d'oeuvre baskets? If you want one, write for its name.

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Movie Classic for October, 1935
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What you should get to fill out your present wardrobe for fall? Or what you can do—
and still keep within your clothes budget? Or how you will solve
that other little clothes problem that needs solving?

Stop wondering! Write to
MOVIE CLASSIC'S Fashion Editor, 1501 Broadway, New
York City. She will be very glad to help you.

(P. S. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply!)

Fashion Foreword

[Continued from page 42]

And we can't imagine anything we'll
enjoy wearing more than one of those
new street ensembles. We mean, a
plain, simple woolen dress with a
matching knee-length coat—perhaps 
with a hand of fur around the neck and 
down the entire front, both for
chic and warmth!

Tams, tams, tams! Big ones, little
ones, crazy ones and sedate ones—
they all are on their way to us. 
And they look as if they came straight
from the Latin Quarter. We (and
the artists of Paris) shall go around
wearing gay head-coverings that dip
down amazingly over one eye and
flake amazingly high over the other. 
They are full, use a great deal of
shirring, and ostrich-feather trim-
ings—all of which gives them "that
feminine touch," not to mention
charm. Just thinking about them, we
feel ourselves going romantic. 
What shall we be like when we actually
are wearing them! . . . And we know
we're going to see (and have) some
halo hats. They can make almost any
girl, with the right facial contour and
coiffure, young and angelic-looking
and practically fatal to the male
of the species.

And jacket costumes. They fill so
many needs that we must have them!

Skirts a bit shorter and becoming
too slim, girthless legs. Flat-heel ed shoes
that are inspirations for long walks.

Dark gloves with flared cuffs to wear
with tailored fall suits. Hosiery in
autumn shades. Matching lips and
fingernails . . . These are all little
details for Autumn, 1935.

We're packing our summer things
away . . . and risking to wish
into soft woolens and hand knit things
for sports . . . crepes and satins for
day-time events . . . and swishing,
rustling gowns, divinely romantic, for
the exciting evening hours.

Welcome, Autumn!

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MOVIE CLASSIC'S Fashion Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
There's Only One Joan
[Continued from page 75]

familiar quotation, and it seems to me it was human and natural for her to chime in with the rest of it. I would have done the same thing—if I had known the rest. But I have probably gone grand, too!

Anyway, it was shortly after this incident that a story appeared about a new Joan, with thinly veiled innuendoes to the effect that she was posing as a "litterateur." I have never known her to boast of reading anything. Rather, if she discusses any book, she does it with an apologetic air, as though she is afraid that by merely admitting she has read it, people will think she is trying to show off.

Then there was the "hooked rug" period when another "new Joan" was exploited, more or less sarcastically, as a model of domestic industry. The pendulum always swings from one extreme to the other. When anyone becomes surfeited with night life, whether she is a Joan Crawford or a Mary Smith, it is to be expected that she will seek simpler pleasures.

Unless a person knows Joan, he cannot appreciate what her home means to her. There was nothing more natural, after her final purchase of a house of her own, than wanting to fix it up. I have known dozens of girls and women who have made hooked rugs and needlepoint pieces. One and all, they have told me that the work is so fascinating that they cannot put it down.

Joan is one of the most intense people I have ever encountered. She has never learned the meaning of the word "moderation." To whatever she does, she gives her whole heart and soul. A person familiar with her will realize that she could not make two or three hooked rugs and call it quits. She would not have been here if she had not made at least a dozen. And I defy anyone who knows her to say that they were made out of affection.

Eventually she tired of them—as who wouldn't? And immediately we were regaled with stories of yet another "new Joan."

THEN we were told that there was still another Joan who was dabbling in interior decorating. Anyone who has ever known the pleas of furnishing a home can understand how that craze takes hold of and possesses one. If you have the money, and little expert knowledge of materials and woods, you can call in an interior decorator as an adviser. At first you are charmed with the results. But after a while in the setting he has provided, you begin to realize that it reflects his personality more than yours. So you start making changes.

Every time Joan changed a chair, rumors went the rounds, she was "doing her house over." (It was originally...
JOAN BENNETT'S
Two Lives

SPANISH.) In actual fact, she has changed it only once since it was built!

"You see," Joan explained to me, "I didn't know anything about architecture—or about furniture—when I built the house. I had never owned anything beyond a few clothes. I built during the time when people thought that only Spanish architecture was suitable to California. After I had studied a bit and traveled a little, I found that other styles could be even more attractive, so I began renovating it. I found, too, after living in it, that I didn't care for Spanish things. Accordingly, I began changing it over to English, which I prefer. I didn't want to go into debt, so I have altered only one room at a time. But every time I have refurbished a room, there have been stories told that I was doing over the whole house.

"Then people commented because I changed it again after Douglas (Fairbanks, Jr.) and I separated. As a matter of fact, I only completed the changes I had started some time previously. But people would not understand that. They quoted me as saying that there were too many bitter memories about the house as it was. That's partly true. It's why I finished all the changes at once instead of gradually. I didn't want to give up the place, because, after all, there are also some very pleasant memories connected with it. This house has a significance for me. To me, it stands for me with all the changes that the alchemy of time has wrought in me.

"WITHOUT change," Joan continued, "we stagnate. It's like an old woman trying to dress and act like a young girl. She only makes herself ridiculous. I don't want to develop along only one line. If I am going to develop at all, I want everything about me to keep pace with my development."

"Joan," I asked earnestly, "do you know where you are going, what you really want from life?"

She shook her head. "No. I only know that I want to find myself."

That's Joan. Ever since I have known her, through all her changing moods and shifting fancies, which has always been Joan. She has passed through many phases (as who hasn't?), but always there has been one Joan with one consuming purpose: that of making something of herself. She has made mistakes along the way, some of them ridiculous, some of them laughable, just as we all do. But I can think of no one who has improved herself and developed to the same extent as Joan!

I glory in her spunk in sticking to her purpose despite jibes, jeers, and laughter. And, I might add, I am very proud of knowing her.

READ
"Why Women Can't Resist" William Powell" by Jim Tully
in November
MOVIE CLASSIC

Movie Classic for October, 1935
Chaplin—in Quest of Love

(Continued from page 36)

ly into the murky distance, he had dreamed of a perfect love. His vision
had risen above the spire of White-chapel to fasten upon a will-o'-the-wisp
that would lead him through life.

That was only natural. His mother
was an actress, jumping from town to
town with a vaudeville troupe, trying to
support her child. He had known little af-
fection as a child, none of the tender
solicitude of friends. And so, sensitive
dreamer that he was, he imagined an
ideal love that should make up for all he
had missed. It has been the constant
heartache of the search for this ideal
that has given him that wistful quality
on the screen which has endeared him
to humanity the world over.

His career has moved smoothly up-
ward, so far as fame and fortune
are concerned. But with love, rocks
and brambles have tripped him, and bruised
him. Money and fame meant one thing
only with him—a means to a rich emo-
tional life. But ever his goal remained
unattained. That was why, a scant two
years ago, he said despairingly to a few
intimates: "I am a failure."

If Chaplin had not been an artist, he
might have found his ideal long ago.
For an artist sees first with his eye.
The lady who haunted the comedian's
dreams had to be beautiful, with that
fragrant beauty found only in the bloom
of youth. And once this elementary
sense was satisfied, Chaplin ecstatically
leaped to the conclusion that his
riveting angel possessed all the other requi-
sites as well. His disillusionment in
every instance was torture.

The story of his emotional life is a
history of impetuous loves broken off
after first blossoming, dropped to earth,
and ground deep into the dust by a
slender high heel.

Mildred Harris was his first wife.
She was barely sixteen when they
married. Her features were so fragile
they could not be caught by the camera,
and she never made a great success in
pictures. Not that Chaplin cared, for
he wanted to cloister her in his home.
"The loveliest girl who ever set foot
in Hollywood," was the unanimous verdict
at the time. But people wondered how
the marriage would turn out, whispered
about the difference in their ages, and,
because human nature envies those on
top, hoped for the marriage to end
soon.

All too soon they were able to gloat
—to say, scornfully, that Chaplin could
not be happy with any one beauty for
long—to imply that any gorgeous young
creature could hold him only for a brief
while, until, tiring of the same cares, he
would go out hunting for a new one, along,
searching restlessly for another.

The same charge might be repeated
today if something happened to his
marriage to Paulette Goddard. I hope
this article will lay that ghost forever.

WHY did he and Mildred part?
What broke up his home with Lita
Grey—mother of his two sons? You
should already be able to infer the
answer. But this story must begin at
the beginning.

Chaplin's first romance was typical
of many others—except that it lasted
longer. For twenty years.

Let us get a picture of him at that
time. He has said that he was a spiritu-
ally starved child of nineteen, earning
a haphazard living as a vaudeville sketch
artist. Life was lonely. His social ac-
tivities were limited. He yearned for
more than his environment could give
him. He lived through moody days
without romance or beauty until one
memorable August night . . .

He saw her, that tender, wistful
being in the wings about to scoot on the stage
with a troupe of other girls. He, him-
self, was shortly to appear as a ragged
harlequin. As he feasted his eyes on
this lovely brunette, his pulse began to
throb, for she was smiling, and smiling
at him.

Three days dragged by tortuously
before he mustered courage to speak to
her. Laughingly, she asked why he had
not done so before. With eyes and smil-
ing lips, she had done her best to en-
courage him. He asked her to have
luncheon and she accepted. Furthermore,
her face became one of loving, uncondi-
tional beauty.

Three days later, he saw her in the
street and he knew she had seen him. He
asked her to dinner and she accepted
without the least reluctance. Then they
walked together in the park. He asked
her to marry him, and she said yes.

Suddently, she went away. She
went to the Continent with the troupe
and he did not see her for two years.
Then Fate brought them to-
gether again. He was crossing Trafal-
gar Square one day when a limousine
slowed down and a white-gloved hand
waved from a window. Hettie, more
vivacious and beautiful than ever be-
fore! He went home with her that night
and met her mother and brother. She
had to return to the Continent in the
morning, so they sat up alone, dream-
ing, until she fell asleep on his shoulder
at dawn.

Then she left for America to join her
brother. Chaplin resolved to follow her.
Three years later, he was in New York. He searched all over the city before he located her address. His hopes were dashed. Hetty, her brother said, had returned to London. And she was married.

It is indicative of Chaplin's capacity for devotion that even this could not erase her from his heart. In Philadelphia, Chaplin was signed up by Mack Sennett and left for Hollywood. He was tasting already the fruits of success when one of her infrequent letters arrived. "If you are ever in London," she wrote, "please look me up."

Up to now the affinity of her position had added to his sense of inferiority. But now, he could return like a conqueror. He quickly put his affairs in order and left for England. Her brother, with whom he had corresponded, met him at Southampton. As soon as Chaplin saw the chop's eyes looking up from the desk, he knew that something tragic had happened. But it was more than an hour before his shy nature was able to ask: "By the by, is Hetty in London?" The brother stared at him. "Why," he said, "I thought you knew. You must not have received my last letter. Hetty died three weeks ago."

The comedy of this story is, of course, that any tragedy but this. Years later, he was still able to write of his feelings at that time. He had pictured his success as a bouquet of flowers to be addressed to someone, and it could never be sent to that person.

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Name...

Address...

Soothe those tired eyes...

MURINE


[Continued on page 86]
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Chaplin

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Heals Pyorrhea
in

Quest

of

Love

Trench Mouth
For Thousands!

[Continued from page 85]

"My

dentist pronounced my ease of
Pyorrhea one of the worst he had ever
:n.
After using P. T. M. Formula a
few weeks the infection was entirety
gone and my gums in a firm, healthy
condition. I feel that without P. T. M.
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would have lost all my teeth. Am

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devoted his attentions to them and even
pretended, when their eyes conveyed a
message that no man can misread, that
they had captured his affections. They
knew better. He couldn't even pretend.

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and Traps, Auto-

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Control,

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86

E.

Lake

St.,

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Chicago

HP HAT

is

why,

when Chaplin has

fallen in love, he has been so hopelessly at the mercy of his beloved. He
loves utterly. He gives without thought
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happy to have the opportunity to

—

Beach,
'*-

-

DON'T LOSE TOUR

Cal.

TEETH!

TI'.Y P. T.

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painless economical home treatment
Mrs. E. L. Bulmer with money-back guarantee. P. T. M.
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sore, tender. Weeding gums successfully for thousands of
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NOW

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of cost or consequence.
Lita Grey bore him two sons
who
Charles, Jr., and Sidney Earle
attend a West Coast military academy,

—

whom lie spends every weekend
on his yacht, Panacea. (Only an idealist
would give such a name to a boat
He adcres his children. But their
mother— perhaps through no wilful
fault of her own
filled his house continually with guests.
She loved to be
surrounded always by gaiety, this stun-

tell

others the merits of P. T. M."
Mrs.
E. L. Bulmer, 1452 Lewis Ave.. Long

'BR'/z Price

with

!

—

ning Mexican girl in her middle teens.
But Chaplin couldn't stand it. An artist
matures in solitude.
Thus ended his marriages to a blonde
and a brunette. Edna Purviance was
dark, also, and there is no question that
he loved his first leading lady. It was
Chaplin, linked
for
a curious love
strongly to respect, and mellowed, as
time went on, to an enduring friendship.
But that spark of his creativeness, the
secret dream he had locked in his heart,

was

lowest ebb before he met
Goddard. He has not been
known to look at another woman since
he had her change her blonde hair back
at

its

Paulette

to

its

natural color, rich

with gold.

brown

Her glowing beauty

SENS NO MONEY

All i&tc models completely refiniohed

b-and
Bit;

FULLY

new.

is

with most Hollywood sweethearts and
wives. When they are together at the
studio they do not lunch together. He
dines in his bungalow with his cronies
and she eats with her mother. With her
mother, she will go to Palm Springs
for weeks at a time, to leave Chaplin
alone with his thoughts and his friends.
It is fatal, she understands, to smother
genius with affection.
Chaplin's quest for love has not
For with him. as Paulette
ended.
knows, love is not something static. It
is not a tender word in the morning,
and work, and play, intimate chatter
over teacups, friends in to dinner, and
The search for
a goodnight kiss.
romance must be endless to keep love,
But it is a dual adventure
itself, alive.

now, instead of a solitary one. Two
eager hearts are trying to enjoy that
dream that a street urchin had long ago.
So Chaplin has recaptured his youth.
Classic for October, 1935

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Enternateonal Typewriter Exch., o OP t.

DEAFNESS

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people with defective hearing and
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the inventor who was himself deaf.

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assortments, 60c op. including Relisrio':-.- and
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pro-

Her actions bear out
after he met her.
his contention.
If it isn't necessary,
she doesn't come to the studio when
Chaplin is working, as is the custom

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Lowest prices. Send at c:
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iu full colors.

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She is
verbial, as is her intelligence.
twenty-one, he, forty-seven.
"The cleverest girl I have ever
known," he enthused to friends, a week

Movie

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Dept. 510-A, Los Angeles, Calif.


What the Stars Have Done—You Can Do! 
[Continued from page 53]

would have a lovely skin. Some of you like to accomplish all this with one cream, and there are some very excellent all-purpose creams on the market. Others of you prefer to use a variety of creams.

New Make-Up Aids

Can you imagine a powder that will stay on your skin for a whole quarter of a day? There’s a new miracle-worker in the form of "liquid powder" that does the trick. It also acts as an astrigent and foundation base at the same time. It takes less than three minutes to apply and stays on from six to ten hours! It comes in seven grand shades, any one of which can be used, thus making it possible to change the coloring of your complexion at will. It costs only $2 a bottle, or 50c for a supply to carry in your purse.

How would you like to have everything for the care of the skin in one grand-looking kit? There is a stunning new cream-and-orange one that holds, in one compartment, generous portions of liquefying cream, tissue cream, skin tonic and skin lotion; while another compartment contains rouge, lipstick, and face powder. All for approximately three dollars!

There is a delightfully light, fluffy cream that does wonders for a dry skin. It contains vegetable oils that are welcomed by the skin cells. It soothes, as well as cleanses, and is especially penetrating. This is an excellent cream to use, as the first step, in your cleansing at night. The price is only $1.

How would you like your use of soap made easier? With the soap made of the purest domestic Castile so that you would feel that you had to use it? Popeye, the comical cartoon sailorman—as well as Olievoil and Winipdy—have been made into soap-figurines. And the set of three sells for 50c.

You will like a new creamy mascara that is now on the market because it will leave your lashes feeling so silky. What’s more, it is "run-proof." The shade is blue, black, and brown. There is a little brush to use with the mascara—to help you to make your lashes look more lovely. All for 50c.

I’ve come across a bleach mask that will help you remove the tan from your skin without harming it. It is one used by many Hollywood stars after the summer season is over, when it is time to recover the pink-and-white coloring that is appropriate for autumn activities, and sells for $1 at any good cosmetic counter.

Hair is a find—a new way to remove hair: You spread on the hair remover, then immediately pull it off with flannel-ette strips that come in the same package. And your arms and legs will soon be as smooth as a baby’s.

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GET A 10 INCH BICEP
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I will show you how to develop a pair of biceps shaped like a barbarian and fast as steel, and a pair of biceps that will show their double biceps formation.

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Name

Address

Age

See Handy Hints feature on page 80.
The “Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3” Club

[Continued from page 38]

Gravy, reheat, and serve with border of steamed rice.

HELEN MACK’S menu was as follows:

-Creamed Spinach Soup $20
-Stuffed Fork Chops $1.25
-French Fried Onions $1.15
-Parsley Potatoes $1.10
-Applesauce $1.10
-Hot Biscuits 20
-Carrot and Walnut Salad $1.25
-Ice Cream $1.60
-Cookies $1.20
-Demi-Tasse $1.20

Total $3.00

*The Recipe Helen used for her French fried onions: Peel medium-sized onions, and cut in one-quarter-inch slices, and separate into rings. Dip the rings in milk, drain, and dip in flour. Fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. That’s all there is to it . . . they are delicious!

AND last, but not least, came Anita’s turn . . . and her dinner was a complete success, just as the others had been. This was her menu:

Appetizers
-Chives $0.10
-Pretzels $0.30
-Cream cheese $0.30
-Crackers $0.30
-Cream of Tomato Soup $1.15
-Qt. milk $1.15
-Tougue $0.25
-Carrots, parsley, onions $0.05
-Riced potatos $0.05
-Candied Carrots $0.20
-Green Salad $0.20
-Rolls and crackers $0.20
-
-
-Chocolate Bread Pudding and cream $0.70
-
-
-Demi-Tasse $0.10

Total $2.95

*Anita’s chocolate bread pudding is made like this:

The ingredients are 2 cups stale bread crumbs, 4 cups scalded milk, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla, 2/3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1/3 tsp. salt.
Soak bread in milk thirty minutes; melt chocolate in saucepan placed over hot water, add one-half sugar and enough milk taken from bread and milk to make of consistency to pour; add to mixture with remaining sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs slightly beaten; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake an hour in moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce or whipped cream.

Now, with these menus to guide you, see what you can do with a “Dinner-for-Eight-on-$3 Club” in your gang! It’s loads of fun, and practical as well. And don’t forget where the idea originated. In Hollywood—the most entertaining town on earth!

Movie Classic for October, 1935
GIVEN

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Boys—Girls
Standard size, Guitars, variety—fretted, enamed fingerboards; pearl position dots, as shown. See Mickey Mouse on the Dial! In colors too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. What a watch!

Harry Edwards, M. D., says: "My friends and I think this wonderful, Keen's good time. The girls all want to wear it. I am sincerely pleased. Frank Teish, N. J., says: "I am very much pleased with the beautiful Guitar."

Either Given
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Twelve Features

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Just As You Say . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC’S readers have the final word and win prizes with their letters

Grace Moore in Love Me Forever is the new theme of the letter-writers. And they predict opera is here to stay!

$5 Prize Letter
All for Beacons—Well, Oil for the Lamps of China is a picture with a lot of fuel in it which isn’t all oil and isn’t all intended for the Chinese, either. In fact, it casts an illuminating beacon on some practices which in too many Big Companies have been explained in the past with a shrug of the shoulders and a “business is business” lift of the lip. Is the picture as nice as it was for a million? It’s an honest story and Pat O’Brien is as real in the role as if he had actually been living it and some movie hooch didn’t have him be shot when he wasn’t looking. And that’s true art in acting.—Helen Stoll, Box 271, Mendo Park, Calif.

$15 Prize Letter
More Praise for Moore—While it may be true that Love Me Forever is not quite as faultless as its predecessor (sequels seldom are), it is also an undeniable fact that this film will prove tremendously popular—because it is chockfull of merits of its own, plus a story that holds the spectator’s interest throughout.

Miss Moore’s voice has never been better; its sonorosity, tone, volume, flexibility are as dexterous as ever; too, her acting has improved considerably since One Night of Love; and Columbia has had the good judgment to surround Miss Moore with a supporting cast that goes a long way toward making Love Me Forever the success it is.

In short, Love Me Forever is the second milestone on the road to screened opera entertainment; and the hosts of music lovers who were under the impression that the glorious voices of the operatic world were to be heard no more, since opera was “a thing of the past,” will be overjoyed at this new trend in picture endeavor.—Maurice Jacobs, 937 W. 42nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$10 Prize Letter
Not Pretty, But Art—What a powerful picture The Informer was! Its story was wild, rude, tender, noble and craven, yet full of a shakien kind of laughter. Its photography was suggestive, poetic, and dramatic. Its direction was superb. Victor McLaglen, as the brutish, helpless, innocent Gyto Nolan, gave an inspired and unforgettable performance. We know now how Judas must have felt after he took the thirty pieces of silver, after hearing Gyto’s agonizing cry, “I didn’t know what I was doing!”

The Informer wasn’t a pretty, glamorous picture with its terror, tears and trouble, but it was art—for art need not be confined to a pleasant mold. Truly, it was one of the classics of the screen—Bruce Cameron, Box 322, Oshkosh, Pa.

WHY DON’T YOU tell us your movie thoughts? They certainly are worth repeating—and they may be worth money to you. Each month we offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letters received. Write today to MOVIE CLASSIC’S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of Tattoo, the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

Tattoo is #1!

TATTOO YOUR LIPS
WITH THIS LUSCIOUS NEW RED
FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

Alive and alluring as flame... yet soft as the note from a thin silver chime. Dashing and gay as Hawaii's wild Hibiscus flower; vivid and daring as a grass skirt on Fifth Avenue... still as easy to wear as the most elusive perfume. It's the brighter red you have dreamed of and hoped for—in indelible lipstick, but has never been available because it would turn purplish on the lips. Now, Tattoo has found a way to give it to you without even a hint of purplish undertone. You'll find it the same luscious, appealing red on your lips as it is in the stick. See "Hawaiian." Tattoo your lips with it... if you dare!

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"
PUT IT ON • LET IT SET • WIPE IT OFF • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS!
NO THANKS! I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies
MOViE CLAssiC

November
NSC

Jean Harlow

FILM FASHIONS
BEAUTY and CHARM

A Hollywood Novel by Nina Wilcox Putnam
When I say these are the greatest values that we have been able to offer in 56 years, I am ready to prove it. Even my father who founded this business 56 years ago—in the days of low prices—could not have done better. Look at these beautiful new rings and watches—look at the low prices. Let me send you your choice on money-back guarantee. Here's how you do it. Simply put a $1.00 bill in an envelope with your name, address, number of article wanted and tell me your age (must be over 20), occupation, employer and a few facts about yourself. This information will be held strictly confidential to direct inquiries made. I'll open a 10-month charge account for you and send your selection for approval and 10-day free trial. If it isn't all I say about it and more—send it back and your dollar bill will be refunded immediately. If satisfied, you pay the balance in 10 small monthly payments that you will never miss.

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"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct?... "How terrible"... "How perfectly awful"... And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be his reaction... "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about "pink tooth brush."

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in both will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 13-year success in promoting complete oral health.

Ipana plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
M.G.M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!

SING THESE SONG HITS!
"On Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"
by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with
JACK • ELEANOR • ROBERT
BENNY • POWELL • TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Movie Classic for November, 1935
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Movie Classic wants to call particular attention to its cover this month—a fashion portrait of Jean Harlow by Charles Sheldon. You have never seen anything like it on a screen magazine before. It is something new, unusual and smart—for the magazine that is smartly different.
Gone...?

• "ALL I know is what I read in the papers," you used to say—smiling that shy, boyish smile of yours, talking in that querulous drawl, as if you, personally, wouldn't guarantee that the papers were right.

Now, we've got so used to having you joke us about believing all the headlines, that we're suspicious of half of them. We don't believe half of them. Like those about you and Wiley Post, for instance.

The first ones said you and Wiley—a great flier, that pal of yours!—were off on a flying vacation. To Alaska. Maybe on to Siberia and Russia. Maybe on around the world. You didn't know. Wherever you were going, you were happy about going by air.

Those particular lines of type were easy enough to believe. We knew how you had made three pictures in a row, without a rest, just so you could get away for a real holiday. We knew how you loved flying. Maybe we wished you wouldn't do so much of it—or take off for places where mountains and fogs and storms didn't seem to like strangers. But we sort of flew along with you, sharing your adventuring.

We were happy to hear about the hit you made up North. That was easy enough to believe, too—and "More power to you," we said. We understood how the Alaskans felt about you.

Then, one morning the headlines about you stopped being small and casual. They jumped to giant size; they started screaming. They said that you and Wiley had crashed on that bleak Alaskan tundra, that the torn, twisted wreckage of the plane had been found... and two broken bodies.

They said that the world had lost you.

We couldn't believe that. Not that last part. We had to believe the part about the plane slipping, smashing to earth... about the two bodies. They showed us pictures of a shattered plane, of two flower-covered coffins.

But we couldn't believe them when they said that you were gone. The Will Rogers we all knew couldn't perish in an airplane crash. Or in any other way.

• YOU may have stopped writing those pungent little Letters to the Editor. And maybe you don't stand up in front of a microphone any more, with an old alarm clock at your elbow, philosophizing to the folks until the alarm clatters. But you're still with us—in your books, in your pictures, in our hearts.

You showed us plenty of ways to live more fully, no matter who we were or what we were. You showed us how far a little philosophy, with a sprinkling of laughter, could take us. You showed us the fun of being a little more honest with ourselves, a little more tolerant of the neighbors—a little more warmly human all around.

And we still want to be shown. We're going to see those last two pictures of yours—Steamboat 'Round the Bend and In Old Kentucky. And we're going to ask to see pictures like State Fair and Judge Priest and David Harum and Doubting Thomas again.

Just to prove to ourselves, Will, what we know already: Those headlines were mistaken when they said you died in Alaska.

James E. Reid
“So Red the Rose!”

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory of a Woman’s Tears • • •


Movie Classic for November, 1935
Don't Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse. According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and $1.00. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better!"

GROVE’S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

They’re the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

The height of something or other was one of the last-beach-parties-of-summer, thrown by Merle Oberon in honor of a famous European style expert who was in Hollywood for a brief stay. Merle's guests included Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins and a dozen other smart dressers. But when they showed up at the beach, there was not a dress in the group.

Dietrich wore white silk slacks, Norma Shearer wore blue ones, and the rest wore either slacks or shorts. The hostess, Miss Oberon, wore a dog collar—at least, she called it that—and a brief beach outfit. The girls, dressed thusly, gave the boy from over there no ideas about what the fall fashions would be.

The film colony's new winter playground will be Ensenada, the Mexican resort which Jack Dempsey started a few years ago and which has never been a big-paying venture until now. With gambling barred at Caliente, the Ensenada place (a beautiful resort, by the way) will get the excitement-seeking crowd, for it has an iron-bound permit to allow gambling—and this permit cannot be voided for fourteen years more.

Add to things you never knew till now: Jack (Producer) Warner, Al Jolson and Mae West all carry on their personal payrolls from a dozen to a score of former successful actors and actresses now decidedly out of the money, with Jolson topping the list as a Good Samaritan to the needy. The late Will Rogers was one of the best friends the unfortunates ever had. His untold philanthropies ran into six figures.

Though his studio assumes an optimistic air and fully believes that W. C. Fields will return to the screen in less than six months, those closest to him, his neighbors at Toluca Lake, do not share in this optimism. Fields has moved from his Toluca Lake home to his ranch at Encinos, and, though past the danger point, he is still a very ill man. The basic source of his trouble is a bad ailment that necessitates his having to recline in a barber's chair, which seems to ease the pain, whereas a hospital bed of the adjustable type did not. Paramount has several pictures lined up for Bill and his irrepressible sense of humor.

Don't take your rumored Hollywood romances too seriously. All too often couples step out where the chattering congregate, and the chatters immediately publicize a hot romance when, in truth, the alleged romance lasts only until a full volume of publicity has been gleaned.

Recent romance rumors not to be taken too seriously include those pairing Marlene Dietrich and John Gilbert; Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor; Jack Oakie and Hazel Forbes, heiress to toothpaste millions. And there are a score of others.

A certain blonde star may be depended upon to give an honest opinion when asked for one. A few nights ago, some friends of hers, preparing to launch a stage play in the film city, invited her to sit in on the dress rehearsal and give an expression of opinion about it. This was what she told them afterward: "Either call the thing off or be honest and advertise it as Amateur Night."

[Continued on page 10]
A GOLDEN SYMPHONY OF THRILLING SONG, VIBRANT ROMANCE AND SOUL-STIRRING EMOTION!

Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M. Goetz presents on EDWARD SMALL production

"The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
GEORGE HOUSTON
HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Movie Classic for November, 1935
They're the Topics!

[Continued from page 8]

- SPEAKING of amateur night, the fall and winter movie season will see a picture from each major studio with a radio background. Included will be Broadway Melody of 1926 from M-G-M, which sank a fortune into the picture and will reap a fortune from it; Millions in the Air and Big Broadcast of 1926 from Paramount; Radio Jamboree from RKO; Stars Over Broadway from Warners-First National; and Thanks a Million from 20th Century-Fox. Walter Wanger beat the gun with his Every Night at Eight.

- ORRY-KELLY, fashion creator for Warners, has designed a hostess gown for Marion Davies that is expected to create a furor this fall and winter. The gown, with flowing lines and long train, has a wide band of hand-made point-de-Venice lace edging the white foundation, over which a black Lyons velvet house coat is worn. A wide flaring collar and deep cuffs of the lace distinguish the upper half of the design.

- WHEN Marlene Dietrich received a tempting offer to make a picture for an English company, she promptly made it known to the foreign producer that, before she would even consider the offer, she must first be assured that Travis Banton, fashion creator for Paramount, would fashion her wardrobe for the picture. And little wonder! Banton recently designed a very smart gown for La Dietrich. It is a dinner gown inspired by the chain mail costumes seen in The Crusades. The skirt, full and long, is of black satin, and the blouse of mail has a long sash that falls over the skirt in front.

- JOAN CRAWFORD, via Adrian, M-G-M costume designer, has introduced more smart dress accessories than any other movie star. In her new picture, I Live My Life, Joan carries an evening bag of metal cloth and gold, eighteen inches long and five inches deep. It is lined with white satin, with compartments for powder, rouge, lipstick, hairpins and even for a tiny flacon of perfume. Go to it, girls—Joan claims no copyright on the idea.

- AN elderly and shabbily-dressed woman makes the rounds of the leading studios regularly, visiting all the pay telephones in the outer recesses of the studios and in nearby stores. She is seeking nickels that may have been left in coin-return slots. Studio hangers-on have named her "Nickel Annie," and they claim that she ekes out a fair living in this way. What "Nickel Annie" does not know, however, is that many a nickel is slipped into a telephone slot when she is seen approaching.

- AT LAST Henry Fonda has had his wish fulfilled. He has a house! It's a Mexican farmhouse out Brentwood way, not far from the homes of Joan Crawford and the Clark Gables. And—such is the influence of pictures—after playing croquet in a scene for Way Down East, he went and had a croquet court laid out. It's Hollywood's newest gathering place!

How Thousands of Pale, Sicky, Tired Out, Nervous Folks Can Now Quickly Build Up
WEAK RUNDOWN SKINNY FOLKS!

Now, however, with the introduction of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious nutrient. 1,000 times richer in iodine than seaweed, Kelpamalt at last puts food to work for you. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which alone possess the power to digest fats and starches. Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 1 lb. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1 3/8 lbs. lettuce, etc., etc.

Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny," or if you have been weak and run-down for some time, you must add 5 lbs. to the first week, feel better, sleep better, have more strength than ever before or the trial is free.

8 cent Kelpamalt Tablets cost but a few cents a day for life. At all drug stores. If your dealer hasn't yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductionacy take bottle of 63 tablets to the address below:

Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Build Up Strength and Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard acceptance and proven results. Only remedy for weak digestion. Absolutely free. Address below:
Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 375-27-29 West 30th St., New York City.

James Cagney takes it easy, working up a sailor's complexion for his new picture, The Frisco Kid . . .

Gladys George, star of the biggest Broadway hit, Personality Appearance, is Hollywood-bound when it closes . . .

Movie Classic for November, 1935
THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven... imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players
JAMES CAGNEY  JOE E. BROWN  DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE  OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND  JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT  FRANK MCHUGH  ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE  IAN HUNTER  VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY  HOBART CAVANAUGH  GRANT MITCHELL

Augmented by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets
directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by
ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premiers of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.
Mickey Rooney hypnotizes Dick Powell in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

**Speaking of Movies...**

- **A Midsummer Night's Dream.** Two and a half unforgettable hours of Shakespearean fantasy, with mood-music by Mendelssohn, performances by an all-star cast, and direction by Max Reinhardt. Nothing like it has ever before been fashioned on the screen, which makes the success of this monumental effort all the more remarkable. Moviegoers will discover charms in Shakespeare that they may never have suspected were there. The story revolves around two pairs of lovers and a rough weaver, lost for a night in a magic and ancient wood inhabited by fairies, sprites and gnomes—a dream-world where the unreal seems real. Of the tremendous cast, including such names as James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Olivia de Havilland, Verree Teasdale, Ross Alexander, Anita Louise, Frank McHugh, Ian Hunter, Victor Jory, and Mickey Rooney, not all fit the pattern of Shakespearean players; but, without exception, all are believable—which is what matters. The greatest of them all is young Mickey Rooney, as Puck, the mischievous. Next best are Olivia de Havilland, vivid as Hermia; Joe E. Brown, as Flute, the slow-witted cart-driver, masquerading as a woman; Victor Jory, as Oberon, the sonorous king of the fairies; and Anita Louise, ephemerally, beautiful as Titania, his queen. (Warners)

- **Way Down East.** Long a classic of the stage, this famous drama as old as the Elizabethans now becomes a classic of the screen. Its story has been told so often, its characters and situations are so familiar, that you might think there is nothing new to add. But in the new version, it becomes stark drama, compelling and moving—something to talk about and remember. Rochelle Hudson, a last-minute substitution for Janet Gaynor in the role of the tortured young heroine, reveals unsuspected dramatic depth—and is on her way to stardom. Henry Fonda, as her country boy-lover, terrified by the consequences of their impetuosity, cements the stardom he won in *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* (Fox)

- **Top Hat.** Hats, top and otherwise, will be tossed high over this latest entertainment invention of Astaire, Rogers & Co. Fred, of the nimble feet and the nimble wit, and Ginger, his agile partner, not only have an amusing story to work with, but practically the same amusing supporting cast that they had in *The Gay Divorce.* Fred again is an American dancer appearing in London; Ginger is a pert young person who resists his attentions because she thinks (unknown to him) that he is a married man; Edward Everett Horton is an absent-minded producer with a knack for getting into difficult situations; Eric Blore is his bland, comical valet; Erik Rhodes is a dandified designer who creates the clothes (and what clothes!) that Ginger models; Helen Broderick is Horton's dumpy, witty wife, who thinks she has a flair for matchmaking. Light and airy, its lilting mood is contagious—just as every Irving Berlin melody in the picture is catching. One of the best numbers, *Top Hat,* Fred does with a male chorus. But he and Ginger are poems in poise, dancing *Cheek to Cheek* and *The Picnic.* As for the "best performance," why start an argument by trying to select one above all the others? (RKO-Radio)

- **The Crusades.** These last a long time in reality, and they last a long time as they unroll on the screen, under

[Continued on page 16]
IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS
TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY . .

THIS is Pamela ... pretty and charming ... adding to her good looks with a “permanent.” The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor’s heart . . . But Pamela will never be queen of anything . . . people with halitosis never are . . . it is the millstone about many a lovely neck . . . and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?
The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don’t forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don’t take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine quickly checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)
ROCHELLE HUDSON
Isn't Killing Romance!

The pretty twenty-year-old who stepped into Janet Gaynor’s shoes in “Way Down East” has great appeal for men. And it isn’t patented!

BY MARGARET DIXE

This is the fifth of Margaret Dixe’s sate, popular and widely-discussed series of articles on “Hollywood’s Heart Problems—and Yours.”—Editor.

American girls are killing romance!” I’ve heard that accusation a good many times lately. And it takes a girl like Rochelle Hudson to refute it.

The accusation does not come from foreigners, but from our own American men. Men as typically and romantically American as Fred MacMurray, who first laid hold of feminine fancy in The Gilded Lily, recently scored another hit with Katharine Hepburn in Alice Adams, and now is opposite Carole Lombard in Hands Across the Table.

“Most girls of today make marriage more of a gamble than their mothers did,” Fred said to me the other day. “They have more sophistication and far more personal freedom. And—well, we might as well be frank about this. No matter how liberal a man’s ideas may be in regard to women, they do not extend to his wife or to the woman he hopes to make his wife.

“Sweetness, innocence, loyalty, are still the prizes every man seeks when he thinks of marriage. Those attributes are not so common any more….”

Fred should meet Rochelle Hudson—the girl who replaced Janet Gaynor in Way Down East, opposite Henry Fonda, after Janet was injured in a fall. “She has the same sort of ‘feminine appeal,’” was the explanation and high praise of Twentieth Century-Fox executives.

“IT’S queer,” says the observant Rochelle, “but the very qualities that appeal to a man in a girl he likes to pal around with—tremendous pep, absolute frankness, that palsy-walsy stuff—are the qualities that keep him from thinking of love and Longing. If a girl wants to inspire sentiment, she has to show some. I don’t mean that she has to go vapid or do a ‘clinging vine’ act. But with just a little effort, she can make a man feel terribly important and strong and protective. And, after all, that’s part of a woman’s job.

“Ever since I was three I’ve been in constant training to take a definite place in the world. I have studied dancing, music, proper enunciation—everything that would help further a career. Mother always believed every girl should be equipped to earn her own living. But I’m not ambition-mad, if you know what I mean. When I marry, I expect to give up my career for good and all, and my husband will be my one important interest. Not that I’m going to give up all outside interests in life. Good grief, no! I think a girl holds much more glamor for a man when she has something to talk about besides household cares and her dieting!”

Rochelle is twenty now. Ever since starting in pictures five years ago, she has had an agreement with her mother that until she was twenty-one, at least, she would not allow any boy more than one date a week. This was the idea behind her promise: Rochelle is intensely loyal in her friendships and friendships last longer if they develop slowly.

“You lose too much of the thrill of it when you rush a romance too
fast," observed this very wise, slender, dark-haired little Hudson girl.

"I do believe that girls who do things, who have some genuine ambition, are more appealing to men than those who haven't," said Rochelle, the day we sat talking in her charming new Beverly Hills home. "When you have nothing else to occupy your time, the boys naturally suspect that you are after them. But when you are busy and obviously enjoy your work, then it's the other way around. They are after you! It rouses the male spirit of competition. At first, that is . . .

- "AFTERWARD it comes to a point where a girl has to decide if a man is a matrimonial prospect or if she just wants him as a friend, a dancing partner, a pal. Then her tactics vary.

"If she doesn't want to be taken seriously, all she has to do is wear that air of 'I-can-take-care-of-myself-thanks.' Independence is like an armor that makes her attractive, but remote, inaccessible. However, if she does want to be taken seriously, if he seems to be everything she hopes for in a husband—no matter how strong her footing is in the modern business world, she has to revert to old-fashioned methods to get and hold him!

"She leans upon his judgment—and lets him know it. Oh, every once

in a while a good, stirring argument clears the atmosphere. No man wants to be 'yessed' to death. But no man ever grew angry yet by being made to feel his masculine superiority!

"Another thing—men love a girl to be a romanticist. If she gets a thrill out of hearing the patter of rain on the roof or out of seeing sunset from a hilltop, they may tease her. But they love it!"

And right there I think Rochelle has touched on a terribly important thing. Why is it that girls are afraid of looking sweet?

American men, as a rule, are born sentimentals—and the sooner American girls find it out, the better. Not only for themselves, but for romance. Don't kill romance with the sophomore brand of sophistication!

EVERY GIRL faces the problem discussed in this frank article. And there are other heart problems that every girl faces. What is yours?

Write Margaret Dixie about it. She will hold your letter in strictest confidence, will suggest a solution in a personal letter.

The address: Margaret Dixie, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Movie Classic for November, 1935

Says Rochelle Hudson, seen above in a scene from Way Down East, "Men love a girl to be a romanticist. If she gets a thrill out of hearing rain on the roof or seeing sunset from a hilltop, they may tease her. But they love it!"

...and mind made up to stay that way!

Behind many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table is gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box. Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat that enemy to loveliness and health... constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn’t strain your system. It is thorough. You don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.
Speaking of Movies...

[Continued from page 12]

One of the events of the autumn should be the appearance of the one and only (and still silent) Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*—with Paulette Goddard

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**In the Vogue of 'The Crusades'**

—inspired by the hand-wrought armour of warrior Crusades—distinctively designed Mesh Bags and smart accessories in collars, belts, gauntlets, capes and shoes—

—adding to fall costumes gleaming highlights of modish individuality. Send for brochure illustrating many fall fashion novelties in Metal Mesh.

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the guiding genius of Cecil B. De Mille. But you forgive the picture its length, its elongated love scenes, its slow moments because, when it goes spectacular, it gives memory something new to feed on. One scene, showing the Crusaders storming the walled Saracen city of Acre, is tremendous—topped only by the collision of two hard-riding armies on the open field outside Jerusalem. Moreover, if you have a hazy idea of what King Richard the Lionhearted was like, you will discover that (as played by Henry Wilcoxon) he was tall, handsome, rough-mannered, a lover of battle; that he went on the Crusades to avoid marrying Alice of France (Katherine De Mille); that, when he married Berengaria, (Loretta Young), he did so by proxy—with his sword representing God; that, later, his love for her almost wrecked the Crusades. A great story, told in the grand manner, it very nearly makes Saladin, the Saracen king, the most fascinating man of the times. But Ian Keith's playing of the role has something to do with that. Loretta Young is beautiful and inspirational. Wilcoxon is convincing. (Paramount)

**• • • Broadway Melody of 1936.**

Here, literally, is a million dollars' worth of entertainment—the best musical extravaganza the movies have yet turned out. It has glorious insane comedy featuring Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, and Una Merkel; sentimental dancing by Eleanor Powell, who also plays a dual rôle, and steps to stardom in both of them; singing and dancing by Robert Taylor and June Knight; effective blues singing by Frances Langford; eccentric dancing by Vilma and Buddy Ebsen—all woven together by a logical, amusing story about a columnist and show business. Cleverly planned and cleverly presented, with clever lines, it introduces to you a whole new crop of clever people—topped by Eleanor Powell. Watch this girl with the magic feet. She is going places. (M-G-M)

**• • • The Dark Angel.** After English producers took the time and trouble to build up Merle Oberon as an exotic personality, Samuel Goldwyn decided she could be even more interesting as a person more sympathetic. And *The Dark Angel* proves he was right. She turns in a magnificent performance, equal to any you have seen this year—sensitive, with fine shadings. The story finds her growing up during the prewar years with two boys who are cousins. Both love her, though one's love is silent, since he knows she loves the other. Then comes the war with its havoc, its turmoil of emotions, catching the three of them in its eddies. An obbligato of pathos runs all through the picture, which is superbly done, considering that the story it tells is no longer new. She enlists your sympathy; so does Fredric March, as the lover who can never look upon her again; so does Herbert Marshall, of the twisted smile, as the unrequited lover. (United Artists)

And don't miss: **• • • Ann Karenina,** Tolstoi's tragedy of a woman who deserted husband and child for love, co-starring Greta Garbo and Fredric March; **• • • Diamond Jim,** a colorless amusing character sketch of the world's most lavish spender, starring Edward Arnold; **• • • Alice Adams,** a sensitive, poignant portrait of a small-town girl with great and very human ambitions, brilliantly played by Katharine Hepburn; **• • • Love Me Forever,** bringing you the glorious voice of Grace Moore, singing more opera; and **• • • Here's to Romance,** introducing you to a new and dramatic singer, Nina Martini.
GREYHOUND will fit into your plans for Fall travel as hand fits glove! If you enjoy the languor of Fall sunshine, the brightness of Fall foliage—then the broad highways offer the one way for you to travel.

Greyhound buses, following these highways, discover every bit of beauty, every breathtaking panorama that Autumn has to offer. Yet there is no sacrifice of speed or comfort. When time is limited, you will actually find hours saved through more frequent schedules, prompt to the minute. If dollars mean something to you, here's where you'll save them—several on every trip.

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Movie Classic for November, 1935
The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protegé of Pavlova.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.

Beautiful GENEVIEVE TOBIN, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

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GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ANITA LOUISE
MARIA GAMBARELLI
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green
These are not just symbolic portraits of Ruth Chatterton—who piloted Hollywood into the talkies with her first acting flights in films. She actually is an aviatrix, and a skillful one. Recently returning from abroad after months of inactivity, she winged her way to Hollywood in her own plane, to star — appropriately — in "Modern Lady."
Paul Muni is one star who is allowed to pick his pictures, himself. Few stars have that privilege. But few know drama, and few know acting, as he does. One of these years, the Motion Picture Academy may awaken and give him the award for superfine acting. Perhaps after seeing him as dramatic, loveable "Dr. Socrates"?

Clark

Clark Gable still does things to your emotions. You used to blame it all on his compelling personality. Now you realize that there is another reason for his power over you; he is always believable. Clark plays his most dramatic role as the daring leader of "Mutiny on the Bounty."
THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Miriam

Miriam Hopkins has a new world audience waiting for her after "Becky Sharp." People went to see natural-color, and stayed to applaud her vivid performance. She now has another colorful rôle—this time in black-and-white—as the heroine of "Barbary Coast," an early San Francisco beauty who thought she didn't want love.

Jeanette

Jeanette MacDonald, of the songs and smiles, was the screen's first star soprano. Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout all followed Jeanette—who has practically joined the immortals since "Naughty Marietta." She will soon be "Rose Marie" to Nelson Eddy, and she and Clark Gable are to make "San Francisco"
Eleanor Powell left Broadway for Hollywood to do a featured tap-dance or two in films. She remained to play a dual rôle and become a sensation — and a star — in "The Broadway Melody of 1936." Now it's breaking M-G-M's heart to spare her to Broadway for a brief appearance.

—they're New(s)—

Sybil Jason is six and British. No pretty-pretty child, she has great personality, great talent. Overnight, after "Little Big Shot," she is a big little Temple threat.

Errol Flynn grew up as a Briton and an athlete, attracted attention, was signed by Warners. He expected to play minor parts. But now, after just one, he lands the title rôle of "Captain Blood".

Tutta Rolf, famous in Scandinavia, arrived in Hollywood without fanfare. In her first film, "Dressed to Thrill," she played two rôles. Now Fox Films want to star her in two hundred...
Remember how Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor set the movie world on fire as the young lovers of "Seventh Heaven?" (As if you could forget!) Now, Hollywood predicts Farrell will scale the romantic heights again, this time with a new partner—Charlotte Henry. They will bear watching together in "Forbidden Heaven."

Quick! Name a more romantic story than "The Three Musketeers!" And, after seeing the picture, try to name a more convincing pair of lovers than Walter Abel and Margot Grahame!

The romance of Berengaria and Richard the Lion-Hearted made history. And Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon, reliving the famous story in the spectacle, "The Crusades," are making film history themselves.
She is young, slender, beautiful, an opera star, and one of the best-dressed women in America. She will be worth seeing and hearing in films!

By P. K. THOMAJAN

The golden voice of Gladys Swarthout, who has been adjudged the best-dressed star of the Metropolitan Opera and one of the ten best-dressed women in America, has at last come to the screen. Young, slender, poised, she makes her film début in the title rôle of Rose of the Rancho, with baritone John Boles as her co-star. It is one of the big film events of Autumn, 1935—to be followed by another impressive event. In the title rôle of Carmen, she will be the first to bring a complete opera to the screen!

The soothing mellowness of her rich mezzo-soprano voice, singing "Memory Lane," has charmed air addicts from Coast to Coast. It will soon thrill the moviegoers and music-lovers of the entire world. And no longer will anyone have to imagine the person behind that lovely tone; she will stand revealed—a brunette beauty.

Gladys Swarthout is the epitome of the ambitious American career girl. Born in Deep Water, Missouri, she is of Dutch descent, her name originally being pronounced "Swar-toot." She is the direct antithesis of the old-fashioned prima donna who ate huge meals and starchy pastries, followed by quantities of red wine. This lithe individual prefers to travel light. Golfing and riding, she keeps herself in a condition that dispenses with throat-coddling scarfs and mufflers.

Today, she works harder to continue as a success than she ever did to become one. And, decidedly human, she is ever on the alert to help others with talent get breaks. When Rose Bampton, another mezzo, made her début at the Metropolitan, Gladys called aside an important critic friend, and told him that after hearing such a glorious voice he couldn’t give anything but a rave review. In the world of opera, where jealousy is a byword, this action shows the sterling stuff of which this sparkling star is made.

* The tortuous road that leads to fame in opera has been strangely devoid of detours in the case of arrow-eyed Gladys Swarthout. When she was only a locally-known concert singer, friends urged her to make a try for opera, going so far as to arrange an audition for her in Chicago. There she went, sang a few arias, and a few days later was awarded a contract for the following season. And that’s pure triumph [Continued on page 66]

Meet —and Watch—

GLADYS SWARTHOUT!
I Learned About Love from JOHN BOLES

... Being the revelations of a girl who convinced the screen's most popular baritone-lover that she needed advice from an authority

By MARION BLACKFORD

I PUT on my best dress, my three-dollar stockings, a dash of that bottled-in-bond perfume I received last Christmas, a very pale make-up and a lovelorn look. Then I kept my luncheon date with John Boles.

I was going to lie to him. But what are lies when you're out to get something from a man—even if it's only a story?

I went into my act for him as soon as the tomato juice cocktails were served. I squeezed a bit of lemon into the glass, and rubbed the lemon-y fingers across my eyes. The lemon juice stung—and I turned a tear-dimmed pair of eyes on John.

"Why, honey!" he said (pay no attention to that, because he calls every girl "honey"), "you're cryin'. What's wrong?" He was patting my hand, but think nothing of that either—he always does it, except when he's patting your knee, instead. That's nicer.

"Mister Boles," I moaned, "I'm in love."

The poor man! He dropped my hand as though it were a piece of hot codfish. He backed away from the table perceptibly. I found out later that once an ingenious female had crashed an "interview" with him, under faked credentials, just to say she had fallen in love with him and that he must "fly" with her. That was the word she used, so you can tell just the type of fibert she was. He thought I was another one.

"Ah—er—in love?" he stalled.

I shot him a quick answer to unscare him: "Yes—with the handsomest young blond fellow I met the other night." Oh, Truth—poor, poor Truth—how I hate blondes! But I had to put John at his ease. You could almost see the sigh of relief when he found I wasn't another huntress in disguise. By this time the lemon had done its stuff, and my cheeks were wet. He was back at the hand-patting again.

**"But honey," he crooned in that low, just-you-and-me voice he uses with girl interviewers, "that's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"B-b-b-but Mister Boles," I butted, "you see, I don't know what to DO about it! I was raised in a convent and I never had a chance to learn anything about men, and I'm sort of—of—scared...!" (And if that one didn't make a piker out of Ananias, what with my marks in rumble-seat technique and catch-as-catch-can necking, in both junior and senior years in college, then my name's Carrie Nation!)

"Yes, child," soothed John, "but what can I do about it?"

I'm not sure yet whether the man was just sincere, or maybe hopeful. I was banking on sincerity, so I gave him the works: "Why, Mister Boles," I explained, "inasmuch as you're certainly The Tops when it comes to love on the screen nowadays, I thought [Continued on page 68]"
Why Women Can't Resist
William Powell

Find the woman who doesn't like him—whether she knows him in person or only in films! . . . A famous writer, who knows human nature and Bill Powell, explains his popularity!

By Jim Tully
Author of Beggars of Life, Circus Parade, Shanty Irish

It was said long ago that the real test of a man was what a few highly intelligent women thought of him . . women being more subtle, more analytical than men, so far as impressions of the opposite sex are concerned.

From all indications, William Powell is the most popular man in Hollywood—with women. Carole Lombard once said that William Powell was the most wonderful ex-husband a girl could have.

This, though it sounds facetious, has profound implications. The average couple, once separated, generally go their different ways forever. Once the fire is burned out, there is no warmth, no glow in continued companionship. Not so with Carole and Bill. She found in her ex-husband a great and understanding friend, in whose heart there was room enough for the hopes and joys of many such lovely women as herself.

Their romance began when she played his leading lady in two successive pictures, Ladies' Man and Man of the World. They married soon afterward, their marriage lasting approximately two years. They parted friends, and they still are friends.

Frequently, for months after their divorce, they attended Hollywood parties together. There was no idea of reconciliation. None was needed. The woman he considered worthy to be his wife had the same consideration as a friend.

"Bill," she said, "is one of the greatest souls I have ever known."

One who lives in Hollywood for a long enough period can get a true light on any citizen through a consensus of opinion—that is, if the citizen lives in the fierce light of Kleigs and publicity, as a prominent actor must.

Powell is popular not only with fellow-players of both sexes, with executives, with social leaders, with the intelligentsia. He is popular with script girl, electricians and property men on the set. He has not forgotten the days of his hunger—and is not ashamed of having struggled.

Myrna Loy, who played with Powell in Manhattan Melodrama, The Thin Man and Evelyn Prentice, as his screen wife, has an interesting sidelight on him. It is that the suave sophisticate's success in playing a screen husband lies in the fact that all women dramatize themselves subconsciously, and thereby accept him as the sort of husband they feel they could love and honor.

"One can call it what one wishes—personal magnetism, excellent manners, unique personality—but the result is the same, and it coincides with my own impression of him. Personally, he is a fine, genial gentleman, always considerate of his fellow-players—a man to be admired for his own good qualities as a person, aside from his appeal as an actor."

Any man who could inspire such a tribute from appealing, reticent Myrna Loy would have the legal right to feel that he must be one in a million. But Powell hasn't the capacity for egotism; he's too interested in others.
"The man who worships one woman will never be free." But William Powell worships them all, and they all adore him.

And Virginia Bruce, who appeared with him in *Escapade*, says of William Powell:

"He is one of the most attractive men I've ever known. I have never known anyone whose friends so adore him. He casts a charm over men and women alike—including me. He is just that grand to work with, too—and a perfect gentleman."

Ah, William, William—let those who wish draw up NRA codes and American neutrality resolutions. Let them write the laws of a nation—and even its songs. But to rule as a friend in the hearts of such ladies is surely a happier destiny.

Nor is this all. To be the companion of Jean Harlow, to wear an evening suit like *Sherlock Holmes* on a hot scent, to be nonchalant where lesser men would be flustered, to look upon the Grand Canyon not as a tourist, but as a fellow who has one of them in his back yard—there can be no happier lot. But more than all, William, and I repeat—to be a pal of Harlow's! She's from around your diggings in Kansas City—and surely you reflect now and then, in gazing upon her, that you have gone a far way from being a clerk with a K. C. telephone company.

Jean Harlow, the tempestuously lovely, implies—and bear up, William—that you are one of the most delightful companions that a man or woman could have, that you have humor, understanding, intelligence, tolerance. In other words, she seems to be fond of you.  

[Continued on page 74]
EMILIE, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie and Annette Dionne are merely quintuplets. Lily Pons, young, beautiful and incredibly accomplished new arrival in filmdom, goes them one better. There are really six Pons—and it isn't done with mirrors!

There is so much to tell about the lovely Lily that it is impossible to know where to begin. Yesterday's opera sensation, today's radio queen, tomorrow's outstanding screen star—such phrases tell only part of the story. Did you guess that she was a brilliant pianist? Do you know anything of the girl, Lily, whose personality is magnetic and whose friends are legion? Or the woman behind the enigma of contrasts that she seems? So few do.

Let me, then, tell you as interesting a story as has ever appeared between the covers of a book of fiction—but remember these are true facts about the most fabulous heroine who ever trilled a note, or, still in her twenties, was wildly acclaimed by blase Metropolitan opera-goers as the world's greatest coloratura soprano!

When Fate set in motion the destiny that would make an unknown little French girl, born in Cannes, a world-famous figure, Fate disguised its intentions so well that even the recipient of its favors did not suspect the ultimate goal. Her parents were well-to-do people, with a great love of music, and were only too happy to foster their daughter's musical talent, which was displayed at a very early age. In fact, she was studying the piano before her childish hands could span an octave. Never, in her wildest fancies, however, did she think of herself as a future singer.

- At sixteen she graduated with a first prize from the Paris Conservatoire, determined to make piano her career. Then she fell desperately ill and the family doctor advised leaving music alone for two years. At sixteen, two years out of one's life are not irretrievable.

But little Lily, an active, eager personality, could not be idle. So, as a form of "rest" she took up acting—which had been her favorite game as a child. It was not long before she obtained a position with the Theatre des Varieties in Paris, where, for the next two years, she played ingénues.

The magnetism which she exerts over people today became manifest then. She was an immediate success. Vitality alert, she made friends easily and then, as now, it was almost unknown for anyone not to bow to her charm at first meeting.

After this Paris interlude, she returned to Cannes to resume her piano studies, but instead she met August Mesritz and married him, [Continued on page 70]
Why Lederer Likes American Girls

Handsome Francis Lederer is no playboy. He is an idealist, embarked on a search for "the ideal girl." And she may be American . . .

By DENA REED

When Francis Lederer said he thought he had found his "ideal girl" twice, I knew he was speaking the simple truth. And when he said he had been honestly mistaken both times, I could not doubt him. No woman could. It is impossible not to sense that he wants love, and needs love—because he has missed much of it in life. And, despite his Continental background, American women are not mistaken in their increasing belief that he deserves their acquaintance.

"American girls think," said the handsome and earnest young Czech actor, who is currently starring in a romantic comedy, The Gay Deception. "And that is good, for a woman does not need beauty of face or form—but mind and soul." In definition, he touched his forehead and heart. "That is why American women interest me. Their charm is not only that of a lovely face or a 'feminine form divine.' Behind their eyes, one 'sees' something is happening; they are thinking clearly and frankly and honestly. One senses an ability to meet issues, a forthrightness. In them, there is no futile or pampered yearning to be petted and cajoled. They are men's equals, their 'betters,' if you will!"

To understand this unusual young man's attitude toward women, you must really know something of his background, for, remembering the tempestuous difficulties of his parents, the youngest of the Lederers has come to regard love as a very serious business. He can't be facetious about it.

In the quaint town of pre-war Prague, the cobbler, Lederer, had a home, a wife and three children. Then, the very young Francis noticed, a coolness developed between those whom he instinctively loved best—his parents—until, to the entire bewilderment of his childish mind, there was a divorce.

In the absurd equations of such family split-ups, the two elder children were given into the custody of the mother, and little Francis constituted the paternal spoils of matrimony. What a puzzling thing life was! One cried for one's mother and one's father answered, or perhaps an aunt or grandmother, who tried so hard to make up to Francis for the loss of his mother. And couldn't.

And then a second tragedy entered Francis' life.

Toward the close of the War, just as he and his eldest brother were becoming attached after long separation, that brother was killed in battle.

Francis Lederer has never recovered entirely from that blow. As the yearning for his mother sharpened his discernment toward women, just so this needless death of his brother has imbued him with  [Continued on page 60]

The earnest young Czech star turns to romantic comedy in "The Gay Deception"
"Harness your ambitions!" This is the valuable message to the feminine world from a handsome gray-haired woman who earlier in her own life met Adversity in his corner and knocked him out of the ring. Her name is Ethel Traphagen.

A talented artist and world-famous designer of feminine fashions in her own right, she manages a prominent New York designing school that bears her name. It is from this school that such master fashion designers as Bernard Newman, who profits to the extent of $100,000 a year for costuming such pictures as Roberta and Top Hat, and Gladys Parker, sophisticated dictator of youthful feminine fashions, have graduated.

Natalie Visart shows Katherine De Mille one of her designs for "The Crusades.

Above: Twin sisters, Diane and Denise Massa, shared first prize for a coat design.

-Photos by Old Masters Associates, Inc.
Harness those ambitions for a glamorous career—and give a thought to designing. For the average girl, it has far greater possibilities than acting!

When Miss Traphagen says, "Harness your ambitions," she is thinking of girls with a multitude of ambitions who never seem to find a successful release for their energies.

"Many women today could be financially independent and happy in a fascinating career," she says earnestly, "if they only awakened to what the fashion field has to offer them. After many years, manufacturers have come to recognize American designers. Frequently, when I first entered the field of fashion, designers were forced to allow Parisian names to be attached to their creations if they hoped to have them accepted. Now the market is wide open to Americans—and there aren't enough to supply the demand."

Hollywood, in the opinion of Miss Traphagen, has helped to open the door of opportunity to young American designers.

- "Film fashions—smart, original, practical—have helped to convince America that not all the dictates of fashion need to come from Paris," she declares. "Not only has the screen inspired women to wear their clothes better; it has given them a liking for clothes 'in the American mood.' And it has opened the eyes of many to countless opportunities in fashion designing today."

Her words, "countless opportunities," carry no exaggeration. The chance of achieving outstanding success in the field of fashion design is considerably greater than the chance of getting on the stage or screen—and often work in this profession leads straight to Hollywood. At any rate, it is an established fact that, although Marlene Dietrich may earn $5,000 a week and Garbo may endorse salary checks to the tune of $400,000 yearly, there are hundreds more men and women profitably employed today as fashion designers than there are players in Hollywood.

But what does it take to become a successful designer? Is special talent essential? What about age? Is vast experience necessary?

"I think 'talent' is a highly overrated word," Miss Traphagen begins, taking up the barrage of questions. "Let me cite an illustration: Only a few years ago I had a student who I seriously doubted would ever become a designer. Unattractive in person, she was slow and somewhat clumsy and seemed impossible to teach. Gradually, by gentle suggestion, I managed to improve her personal appearance. With her own acquisition of neatness, her drawings turned slowly from smudgy, uninspired efforts to well-turned-out designs. From a foreign girl who seemed doomed to a lifetime job of making buttonholes at ten dollars a week, she changed into an independent young lady who commanded a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. That, I think, is indication enough that 'talent' or 'genius' is not a prime necessity. Neither, for that matter, is neatness. But ambition and application count.

"As for age, one of my pupils, a young man just sixteen, happened to be in a museum looking for ideas on which he might base designs for feminine [Continued on page 62]
Dick Powell tells Six Ways to Be "A Good Date"

The hero of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has ideas about how any girl can interest a man. Good ideas!

Dick Powell, attired in a midshipman's uniform, perspired under the lights and sang into the microphone on the Shipmates Forever set. A score of Busby Berkeley's prettiest dancing girls formed an appreciative audience. After three "takes," the number was "okay for sound and camera" and Mr. Powell staggered, not walked, in my general direction. "Whew," he said in greeting as he sank into a camp chair and reached for a bottle of pop.

"Hot work, this being a tenor," I sympathized. He withered me with a glance. "A baritone to you, sir!" I changed the subject deftly. "Lots of pretty girls on the set today, Dick. I don't think I'd mind the heat if I rated smiles from beauties on all sides." He said nothing. Dick is as appreciative of feminine beauty as the average young man, but is becoming more than a little tired of being rated Hollywood's favorite bachelor. He finished drinking the pop and unbuttoned his tight-fitting jacket. "Sure, they're nice-looking," he agreed, "but I hope you don't think every 'good date' has to be good-looking. Let's take the case of the girl with a sense of humor, who's a good sport, is intelligent, has poise—"

"Wait a minute," I objected. "You mean you'll take a harem, not just one girl!"

- He grinned. "Don't be silly! If you come right down to it, almost every girl who's a preferred 'date' has those four qualities and a couple more for good measure! Stop and think about the girls you like to date. Aren't they alike in half a dozen ways? . . . Just because a fellow's in pictures certainly doesn't make him an expert on secrets of popularity, but he's entitled to his own little standards of what a good date ought to be. Like you, or any other guy."

"I don't agree with you so much about this sense-of-humor business," I objected. "These girls who are the life of the party get in—"

"Wait a minute!" Dick said. "I don't like that type either. What I'm talking about is the girl who has a quiet sense of humor, who gets a little chuckle out of life. When you're tired out and the old spirit is worn to a frazzle, it's mighty nice to know some. . . ."

By RICHARD ENGLISH

Olivia de Havilland interests Dick in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and off-screen, too}

DICK'S SIX:

1. Be entertaining.
2. Be a good mixer.
3. Be a good sport.
4. Be attractive.
5. Be intelligent.
6. Be charming.

[Continued on page 64]
A FEW weeks ago a towse-haircd wisp of a girl, driving an inexpensive open roadster, sought to cross the international boundary line from Mexico into the United States. Her broken English betrayed her foreign birth and immigration officers promptly demanded her passport and entry permit. She had none.

"But I am Luise Rainer. ... I am working in pictures," she explained.

The immigration men were skeptical, to put it mildly. That slip of a girl, clad in nondescript slacks, with uncombed hair and little make-up, unescorted and entirely lacking in "grandeur"—she couldn't be the new Continental star whom Hollywood was hailing as its great new discovery. She didn't fit the movie-star pattern—she didn't look or act the part. They had encountered too many stars not to know the type. So they thought.

And so they held Luise Rainer at the border until her predicament ceased to be an adventure in her estimation and she succeeded in finding a film magazine that contained a portrait of her. With its aid, she proved her identity.

But don't blame Uncle Sam's immigration officers for their mistake. Blame Luise Rainer for looking so entirely unlike a screen star. She doesn't fit the glamor-queen pattern, and never will. That's just one thing you will like about her. There are more.

• She is small, dark and elfin—an animated little person, as moody as a vagrant spring breeze. Her eyes sparkle with eagerness and vitality one moment—and brim over with dreams the next. One moment she is the quintessence of gaiety; the next, she is impressive in her intense seriousness of purpose. One moment she is confiding; the next, she retreats behind an unscaIable wall of reserve.

If ever Hollywood has known an unpredictable person, that person is Luise Rainer. Read Green Mansions and you will know her, for, like W. H. Hudson's heroine, she is a child of Nature—an appealing, puzzling, provocative mixture of natural simplicities and natural complexities. Sophistication and artificiality have not touched her at all.

Hollywood has always expected its celebrities to follow its prescribed rules of "celebrity-conduct." Rainer, apparently, is unaware that such conventions exist. Consider, for instance, the prelude to that amusing detention at the international boundary...

The filming of Escapade, in which she later made so sensational a début, was scheduled to start within a day or two. Instead of being a taut bundle of nerves—as even the best-established actresses usually are immediately before the start of a new picture—she was completely relaxed. The weather was glorious, the countryside beautiful, and she found herself driven by a gipsy impulse. With only fifteen dollars in her purse, with no luggage in her car and with no definite plan in her mind, she left her home one morning. And disappeared for five days!

The studio's executives were frantic. Her maid was phlegmatic. Rainer would be back. When? Today, maybe. Or perhaps tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the little Viennese minx with the wind-tossed hair was vagabonding, most un-starrishly, wherever her fancy took her. She drove to San Diego and saw the Fair. She ate hamburgers at roadside stands. She struck up acquaintance with picnickers and shared their lunches. She stayed overnight in inexpensive hotels and washed her one pair of stockings and her lingerie in washbowlhs. She drove on, across the Mexican line, to Caliente and reveled in the color of the border towns. And she returned to Hollywood, after her five-day tour, with more than a dollar left in her purse.

No wonder everyone on the Hollywood scene regards her with amazement—and liking! No wonder immigration officers refused to...
"It's a Woman's World"
Says MARY PICKFORD

Every day, in every way, women are fast becoming men's equals. Yes, and often superiors. And the First Lady of Filmland is all for the movement!

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

THE brain has no sex," said Mary Pickford. "A woman's intellect and inventiveness, as well as her ingenuity, are equal to a man's. Even greater, some psychologists insist. A man often depends on physical strength to get what he wants, while a woman has to be more subtle; so she uses her brain. And she is constantly getting more practice. That's why I say that it's becoming a woman's world, year by year, almost day by day."

We were sitting in the small library of Pickfair, just off the beautiful antique dining room. Mary, with a new coiffure, more severe than the one she wore formerly, looked younger than ever and more than ever the poised, efficient young business woman. Which, indeed, she is—having just become a combination producer, director and star (and, possibly, writer) for United Artists, with a production program of several pictures a year ahead of her.

In my lap lay a newspaper with headlines telling of fears of a new world war. Indicating the newspaper, and the tale it told, she said: "I believe that women are the hope of the world—the sex that will eventually bring about universal peace. They are no longer going to bear male children for cannon-fodder—cannon-fodder for countries reaching out for more land, for munitions-makers who want more business, for industrialists who want more wartime profits. Women do not make wars," she added. "Men make them—without consulting women, who shrink from its terror and tragedy. But one of these days, women will have their way and eliminate war forever."

"There is an old saying that, for every man who rules a nation, there is a woman who... [Continued on page 67]"
Irene Dunne's
Thanksgiving
Menu
Grape and orange cocktail
Turkey with mushroom dressing
Mashed potatoes
Mashed turnip
Brussels sprouts de luxe
Cranberry-clove jelly
Thanksgiving salad
Mince pie with meringue
Coffee Nuts

A Thanksgiving Dinner to Remember!

By Irene Dunne...

As told to Frances Kellem

IT'S SO easy now to make holiday dinners something lovely and "extra-special"—something for the family to remember! Or if you are bachelor-girling it and want a few friends in, it's easy, too, to get that cozy home atmosphere that everybody loves. Let me tell you about a Thanksgiving menu that is easy to-prepare and simple to serve without assistance...

The first thing on this menu is grape and orange cocktail which is made the first thing in the morning and set in the icebox to chill for several hours. Cut large wine-grapes in half, seed them, and add diced orange from which every particle of skin has been removed. Serve it ice-cold in cocktail glasses, with a sprig of mint on top. If you want to give it extra zest, pour a little of the juice of crushed mint and limes in each glass and serve the cocktail on a plate that has a large green leaf in the middle.

Turkey with mushroom dressing is the entrée—THE entrée, I should say. The "mushroom dressing" is super-tasty. Add a can of condensed cream-of-mushroom soup to the usual bread dressing, instead of moistening it with water or milk. Put the soup in a dish first and add one egg, beating the mixture well, then stir it into the other ingredients. And when you start the roasting process, don't forget that the secret of a juicy turkey lies in its being basted every twenty minutes.

Brussels sprouts de luxe are a delicious side-dish. Cook one quart of sprouts in one cup of hot water for fifteen minutes. Add one cup of green Malaga grapes, cut in halves and seeded. Cook until the sprouts are tender. Drain and season with butter, pepper and salt.

Cranberry-clove jelly would enhance any turkey dinner—and should be made a day or so beforehand to be its most delicious self on Thanksgiving Day. Cook one quart of cranberries with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of whole (Continued on page 54)
At last! A dramatic, penetrating novel about Hollywood — about the Hollywood that you, yourself, would discover if you were an unknown, desperately trying for a career!

by Nina Wilcox Putnam

In THE darkness of the theatre, I was watching the screen eagerly, waiting, as I had waited every day for a month, for the appearance of the announcement that might mean that my whole life would be changed. All across the continent, girls were looking at screens in Burnham Theatres and asking themselves the same burning question I was asking myself: "Am I to have the chance of a lifetime, or stay in a rut all the rest of my life?"

My photograph had been one among thousands submitted, of course. Perhaps it was absurd even to consider the possibility that it would win the first prize in the "Search for New Faces" contest—a trip to Hollywood and a screen test. But, having once summoned up enough courage to send in a photograph, who could help hoping? Someone had to win.

Meanwhile, the two other usherettes at Burnham's Palace, Helen West and Babe Hollis, had gone into a huddle at the back of the next aisle and were having a few laughs at my expense. I could see their round pillbox hats tossed convulsively in silent hysterics.

Of course, as head usher, I had to keep my post near the entrance door. But my back was toward it, and the elbows of my smart little military jacket were on the parapet. My electric-torch making a support for my chin as I kept my gaze riveted on Clifton Laurence on the screen. The picture was Love Me Only—you must remember it—the picture that made him a star. What did I care if the other girls laughed at me for it? They simply didn't understand.

Anyone could see that he was handsome, in a strong he-man fashion, and his smile was certainly something. But that wasn't all that he meant to me. What those two amused girls didn't appreciate was the fact that Laurence was a splendid actor—that the little things he did were what counted. It thrilled me to watch his subtle tricks of acting and, in watching, to learn. Helen and Babe didn't realize how I was trying to store away in the back of my head what I learned because some day I might want to use those tricks myself. They thought I was in love with him—a shadow on a screen.

I let them laugh. I never even told them, or anybody else for that matter, how crazy I was to be in pictures. Or how I studied Clifton Laurence because he was the best actor of them all. Of course, I was crazy about him, too, but as one is crazy about a Rolls-Royce, or a yacht or a corsage of ten orchids—without any chance of getting them. Clifton Laurence was so far out of my class that I could afford to sentimentalize over him. He was perfectly safe, and so was I!

But I wasn't making a fool of myself over him the way so many palpitating females did. Clifton Laurence, "the handsomest bachelor in Hollywood," was a sort of demigod to me—someone I could worship because he was so remote, actually, yet so close, figuratively,
I kept my gaze riveted on Clifton Laurence on the screen. What did I care if the other girls laughed at me for it? They simply didn’t understand... It thrilled me to watch his subtle tricks of acting and, in watching, to learn

prised when a familiar head was stuck through the door beside me and Buddy Kane hissed the usual “Phist! Lola!” at me. I finished guiding an old gentleman to a seat and stepped out into the foyer.

Buddy had a pencil stuck behind his ear. He did the theatre’s office-work for Mr. Karpen, our manager. Buddy towered over me like a good-natured giant, his homely, kind face smiling; his eyes adoring.

“Say, Beautiful,” he began, “I just slipped out for a sec. Had to make sure I’ll see you tonight.”

“I wanted to catch up on my sleep!” I protested, with a smile.

His eyes were terribly earnest. “Listen, this is important!” he insisted. “I’ll be waiting in the flivver after the last show—please!”

“All right,” I agreed reluctantly. “But no parking on the lake front tonight—even if there’s a full moon!”

Buddy nodded, his eyes still devouring me, with that sweet, doglike devotion of his. For the hundredth time I wished that he didn’t care like that... or else that he wasn’t so damned nice. It was his being such a swell person that made it hurt so to snub him. With a smile and a salute, he was gone and I went back to my job.

The teasers—announcements of coming pictures—were just ending and their place was taken, in a flash, by the Contest Announcement—a brief “short,” which told the audience all about the Burnham Brothers’ “Search for New Faces” Contest, open to every girl in America, who sent her photograph through one of the Burnham theatres. For weeks we all had been watching the daily flash as if it could tell us something beyond its bare wording. But local excitement over it had died down lately. We had become used to it, and somehow it didn’t seem quite real. But this afternoon, a “still” slide had been added. It carried news that made one heart skip a beat.

“Winner Will Be Announced in This Theatre Tomorrow Night!”

I looked at it with a sudden agonizing hope which

there in the theatre... a personification of an ideal.

Now, as I watched him go through a love scene with Joan Crawford, I knew those two girls in the darkness were whispering about my secret thoughts. In the outside lobby, posters announced that Clifton Laurence would make a personal appearance at the Palace on Saturday night, and no doubt they anticipated that I would faint at actual sight of the man. Well, I wouldn’t. In a way, I almost wished he wasn’t coming, for it would be just too terrible if I was disillusioned. But, then, it was hardly likely that I’d get to speak to him. In my heart of hearts I was excited, of course—because I so much wanted him to be as nice as he seemed... Well, this was Wednesday... In three more days, I’d know...

The picture came to an end with the usual clinch, and people here and there got up like dim ghosts and stumbled out. Others came in and our three spot-lights guided them to the vacated places, while the newsreel droned on. The best newsreel in the world drones after you’ve seen it four times a day for three days. I didn’t even glance at it, or at the “coming attractions.” The one o’clock show was just beginning, so I was not sur-

Illustration by

Harvé Stein
quickly subsided. How could anyone win without some special influence? And I had none. Why, I didn’t even know many people, because my maiden aunt and only living relative, with whom I lived, was poor and we kept to ourselves most of the time. Sometimes I used to envy Helen and Babe for the way they seemed able to make friends. I used to feel out of things sometimes—used to wonder if I was too serious, too self-sufficient... The announcement faded from the screen, and I thought to myself: “All that Saturday night is going to mean to me is more people to seat. If I had won, I’d have heard about it before now!”

• AFTER the last show, Buddy Kane did park the car on the lakeside, after all. It was a lovely night, with the moon making a path across the calm water, and I braced myself against any possible lovemaking. But Buddy turned half-around so as to look me squarely in the face, and shot the question that had apparently been seething in him all day.

“Lola Le Grange!” he demanded, earnestly. “How would you like to go to Hollywood?”

I laughed. “I’m not such a fool,” I answered lightly. “Why?”

Buddy swallowed hard before he could speak again. “You’re very beautiful,” he said at last. “You’ve got what it takes... at least, I thought you were wonderful in the high school play. Wouldn’t you like a chance in pictures?”

“Yes,” I answered slowly, “I would like just one chance. I want to be an actress—I want it more than anything. But I’ve read too much about what happens to unknowns in Hollywood. You say I’m beautiful, but Hollywood is full of girls who have been told the same thing by friends. Some of them are beauties—and they’re starving. I wonder if I’d like to risk being one of them, if I ever had the chance!”

“You have something most girls don’t have,” he said, his voice shaky. I looked at him more closely and saw that the big, kind thing was actually trembling.

“Listen!” I said firmly. “Let’s forget about my career! What was this important thing you had to talk about tonight?”

“This is it!” he exclaimed hoarsely, seriously. “Lola, I wanted to tell you first, myself. You are going to Hollywood.”

“Are you crazy?” I demanded, but my heart began to beat painfully just the same.

“I got an inside tip today,” he went on breathlessly. “Karpen told me, around noon. He got a wire straight from Burnham Studios. Lola—you’ve won the contest! You’re going to Hollywood—going to have the chance of a lifetime! And is Karpen puffed up! Burnham Brothers scoured America for new faces—and found the prize-winner right in Hopewell, right in one of their own theatres. Only Karpen says they don’t know that last part yet. He can hardly wait to tell them. I simply had to beat him to it, telling you the news. Oh Lola, my dearest, you’re going to be a star—a marvelous success. You can’t lose, Lola, I tell you, you can’t lose!”

“Buddy, I—I can’t believe it!” I cried, my brain whirling. “I couldn’t have won.”

“Do you think I would tell you anything like this—if it wasn’t true?” he asked quietly. “I—I love you too much, Lola.”

Convulsively, I pressed his hand. “Don’t!” said I. “The whole thing is impossible—it can’t be true! There may be some mistake!”

But there was no mistake. What Buddy had said was true, and when the announcement was made the next evening, these words danced before my eyes:

“Miss Lola Le Grange wins... a trip to Hollywood... a chance in pictures.”

Chapter II

The trunk was very new and so large that it almost filled my aunt’s tiny living room. On its side was painted in conspicuous golden letters a legend which proclaimed it as belonging to Lola Le Grange, winner of the Burn- ham Studio Beauty Contest. I had seen the trunk before in the shop window of its donors the Hopewell Mercantile Company. And now Aunt Neta was busy filling it with the lovely things the other merchants had sent me: hats, dresses, everything imaginable.

But suddenly I hated the sight of them all. The shabby little room looked very dear and homelike, and in the middle of folding a beautiful silk nightie, the like of which I had never hoped to own, I burst into tears.

“Now what?” exclaimed Aunt Neta. “First you’re laughing and running all over the place, and now you’re crying! Here, give me that gown before you ruin it!”

“But Hollywood’s so far away!” I wailed. “And suppose they don’t like me when they see me, out there? I just can’t face it.”

“Hysterical.” Aunt Neta commented. “It’s that French blood in you, ’way back! Imagine crying over a grand chance like this. Why, in your place, I’d, I’d...” Her face began to work, and in another minute we were crying on each other’s shoulders.

“There, there!” she comforted me. “You’ll make good.”

“I’ve got to,” I said, drying my eyes and trying to smile. “I’ll never dare show my face back here if I don’t.”

“And you can’t go back on Buddy,” Aunt Neta added.

I said nothing to that. Buddy Kane headed the throng that was pushing me into this. I felt as though a spotlight had been turned on me, and everybody in town was looking. They were cheering and laughing.

The Author:

Nina Wilcox Putnam is a living success story. She sold her first bit of fiction when she was 11, has been writing ever since, and has never had a manuscript rejected. She estimates that she has written approximately a thousand stories—a score of them novels. She insists that she cannot operate a typewriter; she composes her stories by longhand and by dictation. As an author, she is listed in "Who's Who in America," as well as every book store, and is a member of the Authors’ League of America. Movies she has authored include "The Fourth Horseman," "A Lady’s Profession" and "Golden Harvest." Born in New Haven, Conn., she now lives in New York City and Palm Beach, Florida. Immensely proud of her 18-year-old illustrator-son, John, she also says of "Screen Struck," her newest achievement, "I am proud of this story."
and egging me on. I belonged, not to myself now, but to Hopewell, Illinois. I was its boast, its citizens' creation. I was going to Hollywood and they were all going to see my pictures (so they thought) and tell each other about remembering me when I was only an usherette at Burnham's Palace—"this very theatre, my dear."

• IN ONLY two days—two short days—my life was completely changed. They seemed like years, even like centuries. This had been going on, I thought, forever; the long, slow days before had been a dream. This was reality. And through it all, there was Buddy Kane, triumphant, utterly thoughtless for himself, absorbed in what was happening to me. No, I couldn't go back on any of them. Nor on myself. After all, it was my great opportunity, although I hardly grasped the truth of it as yet.

It was Saturday morning, and Aunt Neta was helping me to pack—to set out for Hollywood and an unknown, unguessed future. My train was to leave at midnight, after the last show. And for two days there had been a new easel in the Palace foyer announcing that after his personal appearance, Clifton Laurence would present me to my fellow townspeople and personally hand me my ticket to the Film Capital.

It was hard to say whether I was elated or frightened by the prospect of this encounter. Suppose I lost my head and did some silly thing when I met him? Suppose I got stage-fright in front of him? Then, too, it was a terrible task, choosing a dress for this occasion. I had three evening gowns now, and there was much difference of opinion as to which I should wear. In the end I decided on the simplest of them all—a plain white chiffon without any trimming.

"All you need is the wings," Aunt Neta sniffed when I was ready. "Yes, a pair of wobbly wings. Rock of Ages, and the Church Festival would be complete!"

But she was wrong, I thought, gazing at my reflection in the mirror. My hair looked blonder, my eyes bluer, without any color to detract from them. I had done my hair very simply, too, and worn no ornaments. Perhaps, I thought, the audience would not like it, but for this once I was not dressing for the audience—I was dressing for Clifton Laurence.

• IT WAS dusty and draughty backstage as I stood waiting to step in front of the footlights. But the place could have been on fire and I would not have noticed, for watching him—every move of his head, his slightest gesture, the way his shoulders lifted as he sang. He was the handsomest man, in a fine way, that I had ever seen. The Laurence of the gray screen was as nothing beside Laurence in the flesh. His hair was a satin brown, his color bronze, with the red glow of health underneath. I wondered what color his eyes were. Listening to his golden, "laughing cavalier" voice singing Love Me Only, I had forgotten all about myself and my own part in the evening's program, when the manager of the theatre touched me on the arm, propelling me toward the stage.

I was out there, in the lights, and he was looking at me. His eyes were gray and laughing. He took my hand and led me to the front of the stage. It was very noisy out there in the audience. He held up his hand and, in the silence that followed, made a little speech. Then he turned and presented me with a long white envelope containing my ticket. The audience roared again as he shook hands with me. Under cover of the noise, he spoke in a clear, low voice—to me alone. No one else heard him. "Good girl!" said Clifton Laurence. "Keep your head, out there. Good luck!"

He meant it—oh, he meant it, that was plain. This was no bally-hoo, but a personal message to a girl who looked real to him. I was glad I had worn the plain white gown. I said, "Thank you, I will." Then I turned and tried to walk away, tripped on my train and all but fell. The audience laughed at my awkward exit. Just off-stage someone caught me and pulled me into the wings. Buddy Kane.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered. "No, of course not," I said, my whole body burning with humiliation. They were still laughing outside. Across the stage I could see Laurence hurrying away without a backward glance. "Well," I thought to myself satirically, "I'll probably never see you again, Mr. Clifton Laurence, but I did get to speak to you after all!" Then I turned to Buddy.

"Get me out of here!" I begged. "Oh, Buddy, do you think it's a bad omen—my making a fool of myself at the very start. like that?"

Chapter III

ON THE way to the train, riding in Buddy's flivver. I felt as though it could not be true that I was really leaving. There was something comforting and homey about Buddy, and even his old rattletrap coupé gave me a sense of security. "Surely," I thought, "we are just going to park at the lakeside and talk, as we've done so many times before!" But no, here I was in a smart new traveling outfit, headed for the railroad station and the midnight train, through the quiet streets of a nine o'clock town.

Buddy said very little during the drive. He just sat there driving steadily and carefully and looking at me out of the corner of one eye every now and then. But when he parked at the station platform, instead of opening the door for me immediately, he turned squarely to me and swallowed twice in that funny way of his. Finally the words came.

"Lola," he began, "I know there isn't much I can do for you . . . . now! But I want you to promise that if things go . . . well, all you've got to do is write me, see? Not that they will go wrong, of course, because you'll wow 'em! But if you [Continued on page 78]"
Ronald Colman, above, says he would have risked his head to play Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Now he has the rôle—and his head, too. Right, Donald Woods, as Charles Darnay, whose place he takes on the guillotine.

You have read Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Now read how Hollywood—and Ronald Colman—have filmed its drama!

SEVEN years ago, in 1928, Ronald Colman and I sat in his studio dressing-room, discussing his future in pictures. "Talkies" were, at that time, a remote possibility—a curiosity, not an accomplished fact. Like most of Hollywood's stars, Colman was frankly dubious of their boosters' claims. Interesting, he thought, but hardly practical.

"However," he said, clipping his words in true British fashion, "if talking pictures ever are perfected, a new treasure house of dramatic material will be opened. Then it will be possible to do justice to one of the greatest emotional dramas ever written—Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*. How I love that story—and what I'd give to play the rôle of Sidney Carton! I've dreamed of playing that rôle ever since I became an actor. *Carton* is a character one can believe in . . . ."

And yesterday, on one of the most spectacular sets ever built in any studio, I watched Ronald Colman step out of a "tumbril" and mount the scaffold of the guillotine. *Sidney Carton* was making his supreme sacrifice—and Ronnie's wish had been granted.

*WHEN* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first announced definite plans for the filming of *A Tale of Two Cities*, Ronnie was away from Hollywood on one of those periodic, vagabond journeys that are his chief delight. He lost no time in rushing home, for he was obsessed by the fear that some other actor would be awarded his long-desired rôle. When he finally signed a contract to play *Carton*, he was jubilant—as ecstatic as so phlegmatic an Englishman can be. He sent slightly insane telegrams to his inseparable pals, Richard Barthelmess and William Powell—and then proceeded to lose his own identity completely in that [Continued on page 80]
BING CROSBY
Wanted a Small House

BY MARIANNE MERCER

BING CROSBY started it. Said the biggest broadcaster of The Big Broadcast of 1936 to Dixie Lee Crosby: “Dixie, let’s get a house that’s a home. You know—simple. No fuss. We don’t want to raise our youngsters in a young hotel. We want them to feel close to their immediate forebears.”

Said Dixie: “I’ve been thinking the same thing. When do we move?”

It was Bing’s mother who really found the place—one of the oldest adobe houses at Rancho Santa Fé, seventy-five miles south of Hollywood. It was a little house built more than a century ago and tucked away beneath pepper trees and palm trees. “That,” announced Bing, “will be for our folks when they want to come down. Dixie and I will build our own home next door.” So they built an exact duplicate of the original adobe—and it has five rooms. Five rooms for five people! But they are so perfectly planned and decorated that there is ample room for everybody without any crowded feeling. And the place has created something of a back-to-the-small-home fever in Hollywood. Because, for sheer comfort and coziness, it beats any starry mansion that ever stood on a Hollywood hilltop.

• OF COURSE, there is a trick to making a little house seem spacious. Harold Grieve, the decorator who was called in by the Crosbys, revealed it. “If you keep your walls a light monochrome in color,” he said, “the rooms will appear larger. The rugs or carpets should be plain. Then, if you keep your furniture in proportion to the room and don’t try to use heavy pieces, you immediately get a sense of space and ease.”

The Crosbys have plain off-white plaster walls that are washable. And with three small children in the house, what a boon that is! Sticky finger marks can [Continued on page 56]
"WHAT will our heads be wearing this fall?" . . .

There's nothing like asking questions of the right person when you really have a problem, is there? So when I wanted to tell you about the latest and finest beauty hints for hair, I went to one of the foremost hairdressers of America—Emile, of Rockefeller Center, New York City. He "does" most of the "Hollywood heads" while they are in New York, and is considered a leading style authority in creating hair fashions in this country.

"What's the keynote for autumn heads?" I asked him.

"Naturalness, above all things," Emile answered. "Your clothes now are natural ones . . . they are purely feminine and very adaptable to our modern quick tempo of living. So the coiffures must be the same. The hair should have that beautiful cared-for look, as though it has a natural, soft, loose wave, and dressed so that it falls naturally into place as soon as it is waved."

Brush a wave! How many girls have a finger wave and never touch their hair for days at a time, fearing to interfere with its tight finish? Yet you should see Emile go after the wave as soon as the hair is dried. He grasps a good strong-bristled brush, and brushes energetically so that the hair is soon shining with natural oil, and falling into a natural-looking curl.

For evening, of course, the hair can be set in special, very formal coiffures, but during the day it should look like a soft beautiful frame for your face. Wear bangs if they suit you, but study your face carefully before you have any new hairdress.

NO HAIRDRESS on earth can look well if your hair is not in good condition. And since I feel that you are going to take good care of your hair, I'll give you some exercises:

1. From the hairline at the base of the neck, brush up to the crown, working backward and forward from ear to ear several times.

2. Brush with vibrating movements all along the face line. Work from the scalp to the ends of the hair to loosen powder, dust, etc.

3. Space the hair in small sections, and with the brush on its side, roll the full length of the bristles with a turn of the wrist, and brush to the ends of the hair.

4. After the entire head has been brushed, fluff the hair with fingers and light short strokes of the brush to let the air circulate through.

Weekly shampoos will keep your hair in good condition. With the exercises I have given you, there should be new lights and sheens to delight you. [Continued on page 52]
The long parade of shorter days begins—and in its wake comes a fashion parade of shorter skirts for daytime wear. . . . Bette Davis, always in the front rank of Hollywood style-setters, leads the way with this clever black wool outfit, with its flared skirt, slit pockets with stitched flaps, and chic bolero jacket with stand-up collar, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and novel fasteners. Bette is filming "Special Agent"
VIRGINIA BRUCE'S Bag of Fashion Tricks

Do you know why she is always charming? She has solved wardrobe problems that every girl faces!

By VIRGINIA LANE

ALL you co-eds and young business girls who are juggling a Wardrobe Problem (aren't we all?) rally 'round for the CLASSIC scoop of the month!

It comes from Virginia Bruce, famed for her fashions, her charm and her beauty—and named by artist Neysa McMein as one of Hollywood's "always charming" women. Of course, Virginia had no idea she was delivering a ready-made scoop to me. She thought she was merely serving jasmine tea in the patio of her Toluca Lake home. But she was talking clothes at the same time. And when Virginia talks clothes . . . the result is bound to be real news!

"Spur-of-the-moment buying can kill any wardrobe," she declared. "Every woman finds that out sooner or later, I think. You pick up something because it suddenly strikes your fancy, and afterward you have to scheme like everything to make it fit in with what you already have. It's not only hard on your pocketbook, but hard on your 'chic'!

"The best way to acquire a truly smart wardrobe is to have a definite plan of what you need before you ever start shopping. And this is a rule that will work for you whether you are a college girl, an office girl, or an actress. I found that out during my first year of 'careering.'

1. "I checked up and found I needed four daytime frocks, one ensemble—a long coat and matching dress, one afternoon outfit, one dinner dress that would

Wearing hostess pajamas, she is one to inspire other girls to do likewise
do for informal parties, two evening dresses, one heavy coat that could be made to serve for both street and dress occasions, one sports coat, and an evening wrap. Many another girl's needs, I suspect, are practically the same.

"I planned the daytime frocks around that sports coat. It was a soft gray wool, I remember, and I bought tie-pumps and gloves to match it. One of the dresses was a scarf-dress of chartreuse, gray and black. One was in hydrangea blue, of the shirtmaker variety. Another was a dark green, and the fourth was a scarlet and black jersey. But what I honestly got excited over were the hats. You won't believe me, but I bought four mad little white hats. Since it was early fall, I got them for a song. They were all felt, and I had them dyed the exact shade of my four dresses." (And that's a clothes trick worth remembering!)

"You can bring your budget down in a jiffy, buying out of season like that," Virginia went on to say, "For instance, white shoes are practically given away by stores in the early fall, and it's so easy to have those dyed, too. And there are probably thousands of charming summer dresses hanging on the racks this minute that would carry any girl well into winter. And they're marked at half-price and less! I mean something on the order of that navy print silk of mine. You know the one?"

I nodded. Did I know it! It is of lovely pussywillow silk in a navy blue and chartreuse print with a kick-pleat in front and cute peasant sleeves. It is the sort of dress that looks grand and feels even better on a warmish fall day, and later slips on so comfortably and smartly under a heavy coat. It was on this dress that Virginia performed one of her fascinating fashion tricks. There was an ordinary collar on it, so what did Miss Bruce do but insert a fold of chartreuse chiffon at the neckline. Then, knowing that chiffon hankies tucked in belt or bag for street wear

White is becoming to eight out of every ten girls. Consider Virginia Bruce in filmy white chiffon, with magenta flowers at her throat and velvet belt to match

and very, very voguish, she drew one over her navy blue patent-leather belt. And that is the way smart dresses are born!

* Naturally, in buying a last season's frock, you have to be sure that you are not buying a last season's fad. But nowadays good designs remain popular for much longer than they used to, and you can bring a frock right up-to-date if you keep well-posted on last-word accessories — such as that chiffon hanky, for instance.

"Do you know where I learned about this 'bargain buying?'" Virginia asked me. "In New York, when I was a Ziegfeld showgirl."

"It is part of a showgirl's job to look exceedingly well-dressed. And usually she does it on surprisingly little money. The Ziegfeld girls were wonderful about showing me how to do it. We would watch for off-season [Continued on page 72]
From Nine to Five

Four practical hints for achieving chic in daytime dresses

Mary Carlisle suggests a collarless shirtmaker frock, in amber-colored wool, with brass-studded wooden buttons.

"Dressy" wool things are stunning. Witness Sally Eilers' black dress with gold stripes, red buckle and red hat.

Fay Wray wears a beautifully tailored English dress of gray herringbone tweed, with taffeta trimming.

Going hiking—riding—golfing? June Knight suggests a smart heavy green sweater with white octagonal buttons, and a soft Ascot scarf.
Teatime dates will respond to this dress of Olivia de Haviland's—with its pert jacket.

Una Merkel, of the informal smile, models an intriguing formal gown of metallic cloth.

Dancing Eleanor Powell finds smartness in this gold lame dress with its new slit tunic.

And So On into the Night

Old-fashioned accordion pleats are the newest fashion for evening. Mary Carlisle has them in her wine-colored taffeta. Note the violets in her hair.

And so to bea. Shirley Temple—style-setter for the 7 o'clock girls—poses for you in the newest and swankiest of all-night attire. Sweet dreams, everybody!
UlUWM

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Suggestions for your Fall wardrobe... from two American fashion capitals!

A smart girl wears a smart suit—and checked topcoat. (Russells)

Chic gipsy seam and side-jewel on suede (L. Miller)

Sturdy alligator sandals with flat heels. (L. Miller)

A fashion forecast for cooler days... stunning fabric and a flattering fur collar, with a semi-halo hat. (Wanamakers)

For sports wear, soft brown tie oxfords. (L. Miller)

Or a Scotch plaid wool with a long pleat panel. (Peck & Peck)

Or a buttonless tweed suit, with softly furred topcoat. (Best & Co.)
Smart Styles—
for Clever Girls

Two members of Hollywood's chic younger set—Gloria Shea and Geneva Mitchell—give you two new autumn wardrobe ideas.

Gloria Shea, new Columbia player, models a sophisticated cocktail gown of interwoven metallic cloth in Hunter's green and gold, featuring a tunic and soft drapery in the sleeves. Pattern 810 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

Geneva Mitchell, attractive Columbia player, wears this neat two-piece afternoon dress of sheer navy blue wool, sprinkled with silver metal. The wool skirt is topped with a blouse of white ribbed silk, and a removable jacket with unusual sleeves. Pattern 811 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed please send me Gloria Shea Pattern No. 810—Geneva Mitchell Pattern No. 811 (circle style desired).

Size: ____________________________ Bust: ____________________________

Name: __________________________

Street: __________________________

City: ____________________________

Patterns, 25c each
soft and lovely, for it has been on the market for generations. Now the manufacturer has had two bright new ideas about improving his boon-to-woman-kind, with the result that the lotion now dries much more quickly and is non-sticky—and there's a new dispenser cap free with each 50c bottle. Which is something to remember this winter—to forestall rough, chapped hands.

****Are we premature—or are you really thinking about making Christmas gifts this year? After all, you have to start some time. And it's painless to start early when the gift-making is fun. Like creating things out of a special kind of crepe paper—bags, mats, baskets, chair seats, all sorts of things. They all are very good-looking and take little time and effort to make. And little money. You'd never guess how little, to see the finished products. 15c per package!

****Now, here's a new find to appeal to any feminine soul—young or old, pretty or homely. Namely, a perfumed powder to put in rinse water when you do a washing—a powder that imparts a delicate scent to lingerie, woollens and linens. It lasts until the next washing, and will not stain the most delicate garments. And when you wear any of these things next to you, the scent will respond to the heat of your body. It's equally as good in your bath and for rinsing your hair after a shampoo. Also inexpensive.

****Do you have a pair of invisible magic gloves? You can have—with a new cream we have discovered. You rub the cream on your hands and it disappears. Whereupon you can do any chore from gardening to tinkingering with the engine of your car, without fear of grimy aftermaths. For, when you wash your hands afterward—presto!—the soap and water take off the dirt along with the cream!

****Hang your hosiery and lingerie on a new hanger we've seen and you won't have to go near the window sill (or wherever you hang the nightly "washing"). It's a clever gadget with four hooks, is washable, has no metal to tarnish any of your silky things, and costs only 25c.

****Then there's an all-in-one business that would practically set you up in a dry-cleaning establishment. There are four bottles all fitting into a box, and each is the right kind of cleaner for every conceivable kind of spot—from grease to juice stains. No looking around, no wondering what to use, for it's all brought together here in one handy little home kit. $1 buys it.

****If you really want to add chic to your outfit, add a hand-made collar and cuff set. Besides, you aren't in the social swim these days if you can't crochet. (Yes, and knit, too.) We saw a set with a collar in the new, smart middy shape, with cuffs to match, which comes in red and white or blue and white. And it can be made for 50c.

****Knitting these days? Everyday is! But not everybody knows about the newest kind of needles. It's patented, and a time-saver—a circular steel needle with an eye at each end, through which a string may be pulled and the stitches transferred from the needle onto this string whenever you want to measure what you have accomplished. This process takes just a jiffy, without the chance of a stitch being lost, and you can try on a skirt, blouse or dress you're knitting at any time without trouble. The needle costs 65c.

****New fall dresses require new fall forms. And are you unfortunately just a bit flat where you should be just a bit curvacious? (Take a bow, Miss West!) Then you'll be delighted in a new brassiere with clever little build-up sections that will make you look like Venus di Milo herself. For $1.

****No more squirts from lemons into unsuspecting eyes! Not if you know about a delicious lemon extract that gives perfectly luscious lemony taste to pies, cakes, ices... and drinks of the long, cool variety. It costs only 25c a bottle.
Any Woman can be Up to Date (in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and bring herself up to date.

When Zonite is available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antisepsics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antisep-tic-germicide—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is not caustic, not poisonous. This marvelous new aseptic is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)
Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 50c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug ordepartment stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet “Facts for Women.”
This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don’t miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklet checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptic in the Home

NAME: ____________________________
ADDRESS: ____________________________
CITY: ___________ STATE: ___________

Head First into Autumn!
[Continued from page 12-

New Beauty Tips
The fragrance of new-mown hay combined with new beauty for your wave . . . that’s the recipe for a brand-new shampoo hair. It encourages a wave in hair that has even the slightest tendency to curl, and will help your permanent wave keep its beauty. It is a grand reconditioning treatment. 50c a cake . . . but it lasts a long time!
Dangerous for the appearance of the hair and its future health is poor and cheap “permanents.” If you are in any doubt about the quality of the preparations used, ask the operator to show you the little sachets they put on your hair, and see that they bear the name of an accepted maker of “permanent” preparations. And I’ll be glad to tell you the name of the best.

Hot oil treatments, which you can give yourself by heating oil, rubbing it into your scalp with a rotary movement of the fingers, wrapping your head in a towel, and leaving it on overnight are excellent ideas to precede a permanent.

A new hairbrush, designed for a firmer, more comfortable grasp, has wavelike bristles with wide spacing for shading the hair as it brushes. You can vibrate it so that it conforms with the undulations in a wave. Grand to use with the hair exercises I outlined. $1.50 up.

Do you like a soapless shampoo? Then you should discover a grand soapless olive oil shampoo that will make your hair gleam with life and lustre. You really get a scalp treatment and tonic as well, for this nourishes the hair and gives a lovely sheen. Only 25c.

There is a new rinse to brighten red hair . . . which, by the way, is the fashionable hair color of 1935, according to Emile. This is safe to use, and gives a lovely sheen. 35c a bottle.

Have you discovered a cream that gives new life to the skin? I have. And the claim that it does bring new, young life to the cells and tissues under-lying the skin, has been verified by foreign universities, by the greatest hospitals in the country . . . it erases lines on the face and about the eyes, closes the pores, and keeps the skin fresh and young-looking. In fact, it gives you a skin “as good as new!” $1 a small jar.

Write for Our Help!
Don’t you want to know the names of all these grand new beauty aids? . . . And haven’t you some beauty problem that bothers you?

Write to Alison Alden, Beauty Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, addressed return envelope. She will gladly help you!
It certainly is true that men just can't help falling in love with skin that's smooth and soft. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and keep it—is a foolish girl indeed!

There's really no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting unattractive Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly removed that tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Guard against these signs of Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap! Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's made to remove cosmetics thoroughly!

Use cosmetics all you wish! But to protect your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!
A Thanksgiving Dinner to Remember!

[Continued from page 35]
cloves and two cups of water until they are soft. Put through a sieve. Add one cup and a half of sugar to the juice and cook three minutes. While it’s hot, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine that has been softened in cold water. Then chill.

THANKSGIVING salad is something else that can be fixed the day before. This, too, is extremely easy to prepare. All you have to do is to stir chopped red cabbage into individual molds of line gelatine and then set it to cool. I like to serve it on lettuce.

And a cooked meat pie, topped with lemon meringue “tops” a Thanksgiving dinner with a dessert that will have everyone in raptures! For the meringue, beat two egg-whites until frothy, add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. Beat until the mixture is very stiff. Pile in peaks on the pie and bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes.

If you are without help, the whole idea is to make the dinner service as simple as possible. The fruit cocktail can be on the table before the guests sit down. And when the first course is over—that’s when the tea-wagon begins playing a big part! Remove the used dishes to the top of the tea-wagon and wheel them out to the kitchen. Then, on the lower tray of the wagon, put your hot dinner dishes, your hot batted rolls, a dish of crisp cold celery and ripe olives, and the individual dishes for the sauce or gravy. On top goes the “feast” dish—Mr. Turkey.

While the master of the house is carving the turkey, slip out to the kitchen again for the vegetables. Now, in order to facilitate matters, why not have your large wooden steak plank as hot as possible and place vegetables on it? A mound of mashed turnip could go in the middle with sprays of parsley on top. Around this you could have the mashed potatoes, decorated with melted butter and grated raw carrots. Around the outer edge, if you want an extra vegetable, roasted onions on slices of canned potatoes would make a very effective border. Then set the plank on a large platter atop the tea-wagon, with the gravy, cranberry-clove jelly, and sprouts flanking it.

After the salad is served, it’s nice to clear everything off the table with the exception of the nuts. Then the minute pie can really have concentrated attention it deserves . . . to be cut and served by whoever carved the turkey.

This, to my mind, is a good, old-fashioned dinner that would make any Thanksgiving a gala day to linger in the memory and, best of all, it’s easy to prepare—simple to serve!

Movie Classic for November, 1935

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the distress is slowly wearing your life away, don’t fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could hear of, without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., A-49 Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann’s Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!
WHY BE FAT?

Reduce with SAFETY this Proven Easy Way!

She Lost 48 POUNDS

At last! You can reduce SAFELY—no dangerous drugs! Now it is no longer necessary to be the slave of ugly fat. Here’s a quick and easy method to lose excessive weight, using a basic formula developed, thoroughly tested and proved by physicians at a nationally renowned research institution. So delightful to take, too—just like eating candy!

Why continue to endure hated fat, with all its embarrassment and humiliation? Others are finding it so easy to have slenderness, slender figures, so why not you? This amazing new method not only makes fat vanish, pound for pound, but you look years younger and feel better in every way! This has been the experience of women everywhere, with SLENDRETS (Wafers), the new SAFE way to slenderness.

Read What They Say About SLENDRETS


This fact is important to your. Safe SLENDRETS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, dinitrophenol. No thyroid, either. Non-laxative. You lose weight by a safe new principle which doctors approve. SLENDRETS redistribute the carbohydrates. No danger, no risk, and pleasant too. A scientific, proven formula. You can start with SLENDRETS with complete confidence, knowing that they will aid you to

LOSE FAT...OR NO COST!

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results, you get your money back in full. SLENDRETS will delight you or they cost you nothing. Don’t wait, fat is dangerous. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for the generous-supply package containing 84 wafers. Or better, send $5.00 for the SLENDRETS "Home Package," the extra-large economy size (Currency: money order, or C.O.D.) IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

SCIENTIFIC MEDICINAL PRODUCTS INC.
413 Howard Blvd., 209 Post St., Dept. F511
San Francisco, California.

[Box for sending money]

Bing Crosby Wanted a Small House

[Continued from page 41]

be erased, accidental stains cause nary a worry.

The entrance hall has an old-fashioned hatrack and gay prints on the wall that pick up the color in the hooked rug. That entrance gives you a friendly introduction to the rest of the house. It says, in no uncertain terms, "This is a cheery spot without any pretense. You'll like it." And you more than like it.

The living and dining rooms are combined in one long room—a perfect arrangement for the small house. Naturally, the furniture is placed with an eye to the fireplace. There is a Victorian sofa at one end of the hearth, upholstered in a dark brown rough-textured material; opposite it is one of those huge sink-into-me couches, also rough in texture, but a pinkish-tan.

The table is of pine and early American in design—like the secretary, the clock on the mantel, and the prints on either side of it. For color notes, there are yellow bowls and vases and cigarette holders.

The lamps and side lights throughout the house are all oil burners, electrically wired. And every window has

[Continued on page 58]

IRRESISTIBLE Charm and Warmth

Indica PRINCESS SLIPS

If it is no longer necessary to sacrifice charm and style for comfort. The new line of Figurine (Coldproof) Princess Slips have all these plus genuine comfort. The fibers are knitted by a special process, and the rubber band that forms the band of the sock is an entirely new kind of rubberized material. You can dance in them all day, without bunching in your shoes. Enjoy the use of our exclusive SLENDRETS strap, beautiful colors, easy to launder and ironing necessary.

Ask at your favorite store for Indica Princess Slips or if they fail to have them, Accept no substitutes. Accept no look-alikes. Watch for Indica trademark. Choose of 1000 wonderful styles, and colors. Size for women, misses and children. Write for FREE descriptive style catalog. Order No. 1011.

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Thousands of women and men suffer from poorly functioning kidneys and bladder have discovered a simple easy step to sleep fine and feel younger by combating Getting Up Night, Bladder, Fat, Bladder, Nervousness, Stitches, Stinting, Bladder, Smarting and Activity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's preparation called Cytest (in-liquid) works fast, safe and sure. In 48 hours it brings new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work or your money back or return of empty package. Cytest costs only 25c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

DIVORCE EYE CRUTCHES!

Get RID of the Spectacle Handicap. The NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM makes your Glasses Possible.

You are the Judge—you judge the jury—when the Natural EYESIGHT SYSTEM goes on trial in your house for four moments on our 100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

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1921 Pitcher Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby wanted a home where they could play. And they have one—complete even to a tennis court Movie Classic for November, 1935
MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to become more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in all little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachelle powder to enliven the skin and give it satint-smoothness, Blondene rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick—the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.
Bing Crosby Wanted a Small House
[Continued from page 56]
white silk curtains of crinkled organza lightly tumbled. From front to back and from side to side, it is a practical home that one can dream in...

The dining room chairs are Mexican. So is the long pine table. The kitchen is in green and red—Christmasy and cute. The walls are a lovely pale green and the curtains are red-checked. All of the Crosby china is a pale yellow with a red stripe.

Carrying harmonizing colors from one room to another is the secret of charm in a small house. And what goes better with sand, the predominating shade in the Crosby living room, than a rich, deep blue? So Bing and Dixie chose that for their bedroom. The rug is a dark-blue mixture; the curtains are a plaid glazed chinz that unites dark and light blue and is light-higthed with a small red flower. A red glass floor lamp and red glass wall brackets with flowers in them repeat that accent. But the most amusing—and delightful—part of all is the ruffle of the plaid chinzo around the bottom of the pine dressing table. It’s easy enough to put on. You can do it yourself—ever with invisible thumb tabs stuck on the inside or with plain adhesive tape.

THE built-in bookcases (in the bedroom?) are a happy thought—so many of the east-iron Victorian night-tables with their shining marble tops. There is also a white drop-leaf table in the wide window recess, which makes an ideal breakfast spot.

In the nursery, three little beds stand in a row. Yes, so much alike, cradles now, but they are made so that the sides can be taken off and the children can use them until they are eight or nine years old. It is distinctly a boy’s room; Bing saw to that. There is only one fabric used and that is a soft yellow plaid. Each bed has a yellow coverlet bound in red. And there is a spindle-back chair painted in old red. It is a room easy to copy—and easy to keep clean.

Immediately off it is the nursery’s room. If no nurse were present, this could readily be transformed into a sewing room, a studio or a sunroom.

A little home, tastefully arranged like the Crosbys’, saves an enormous amount of energy and simplifies living. And you can decorate it at surprisingly little cost. For instance, for an Early American living room, it is possible to buy a very smart sofa around $45. A galatea with mahogony finish runs about $19. A small upholstered armchair, $21.50. A wing chair, $38.00. A high-boy, $25.00. A desk, $40.00.

If you can save the time of the furniture you can cut the expense in half. It takes only a little attention and care to make any small house, like Bing Crosby’s, a real home.
All hers . . . all luxuries . . . yet she chooses this twenty-five cent tooth paste

"It is remarkable how quickly Listerine Tooth Paste cleans and what a brilliant lustre it gives," says Mrs. Kirk. "A real luxury!"

The moment you try this modern dentifrice, you will discover why it is the favorite of men and women who, if need be, could afford to pay $25 instead of 25¢ a tube for their tooth paste.

We ask you to see how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film and discolorations. Its results are rather remarkable.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

If you are interested in economy, you'll be delighted to find how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.


Gold Set. All the accouterments of Mrs. Kirk's dressing table, from the dainty file to hair brush, are of gold—a most unusual and luxurious set of heirlooms.

Listerine Tooth Paste

Movie Classic for November, 1935
"3 minutes of my time... and I forgot my troubles!"

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using gum racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and gripping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh, so efficient. It's good for the entire family—and children love it.

Why Lederer Likes American Women [Continued from page 29]

a most precise value of what Peace might mean to men—and women, too."

"Now," he said, continuing the story of his constant search for his ideal, "I have set a hard and fast rule. When I next believe I have found 'the one and only,' I shall set a time limit. I have determined that in two years of friendship, love must prove itself real!" And it hasn't proved itself real yet?"

I asked. "Not yet," he answered, "though I am hopeful!"

Moreover, he is prepared to find his ideal in America. For he told me: "The American woman has many traits that women of other countries do not possess. She is self-sufficient, so poised that one can meet her on one's own ground, discuss one's ideas and feel perfectly understood."

"But," he continued, and his eyes brightened in his intensity, "never believe that the intellect of the American woman lessens but is more than branny women of other nationalities are apt to be. She possesses that rare and most desired of human traits—the capacity for understanding."

"I realize," he admitted, with charming frankness, that men are mainly responsible for many womanly deficiencies, and that the American wife is far ahead of her sisters in this respect. But we should also appreciate the fact that American women have themselves struggled and fought for those very things that men have grown to value most!

"American women, for the most part, are less given to pettiness, also, than Continental women are. Of course, you can select individuals and say, 'That is not so!' But still it is generally true. Mainly, I believe, it is because American women are more independent in thought. As one broadens, there is less room for such nonsense as jealousy.

The women stars, themselves, are a group who prove this. There may be certain ones who would like to tear each other apart, but my own experience has been that they maintain a very pleasant and interested attitude toward each other's work."

This is partially due to the advantages of greater freedom that American women have enjoyed. They are able to develop their personalities without restraint. And because of this they make superior companions. If I were traveling the Gold desert or were stranded by a storm in the Thighs, I think an American girl would offer me the greatest understanding and comrade-ship.

"Americans have much that is peculiarly their own and they should cultivate their own understanding in- dividuality. Marry an American woman? Why not? Surely none is more fascinating!" he said—emphatically.

"I had to stretch every dollar!"

"Lent all mothers, I wanted every advantage for my children. But the only work to which John's eye ever turned was for Job."

"Then one day I read an advertisement which told how married women can earn $25 to $75 a month for nursing. I'd always been handy around a sick-room and this seemed a good chance to make one of these knacks of mine—and be paid for it! I sent the coupon to Chicago, sent the coupon to New York, and when the booklet arrived it read every word of it."

"After talking it over with John I decided to enroll. The lessons were so easy to understand! When I had finished the 4th lesson our dear sister suggested I take a case for him. Ever since I've been nursing it. I've been making $12 a week, making $12 a week.

LET CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING train you in the best schools. There have been thousands of men and women at home in their spare time for this dignified well-paid profession in this Virgin Country today. How you can become a C. S. F. trained professional nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 312
26 N. Ashland Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 52 sample
exam papers.

Name
City State

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense! You will appear many inches thinner at once. During these days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller, 3 inches of fat gone or no cost!" I reduced 6 inches!" writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs. without..." T. Anderson... Hundreds of similar letters.

REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
without wait can do nothing! You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage... supports abdominal walls... keeps digestive organs in correct position and greatly increases endurance. Specify name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 30 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. THE WEIL COMPANY, 6700 North Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BE A CARTOONIST
AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME
under supervision of NORMAN BRAMAN, first of the famous comic strip "DAN DUNN, SECRETS OFFERED," and in the famous newspaper Ten-year real money may be yours when you use the simple methods and secrets which make the MARSH CARICATURES so successful and sure for fame. Send 10c for catalogue and "First Study." MARSH CARTOON SCHOOL, Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. F.2, Chicago, Ill.

TYPewriter ½ Price
Easy Terms Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portable at same low rate. SEND NO MONEY All latest specifications completely illustrated, fully guaranteed. Free trial, fully guaranteed. Send free catalog across a fully guaran-
ed 10c. Trial model fully included.

International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1,112, Chicago

Learn Photography at HOME

Old Faces Made Young!
A famous French beauty specialist recently asso-
ciated New York society by demonstrating that wrinkles, (crows' feet), drooping eyelids, sunken cheeks, and other marks of age are easily banished by special methods. Then only 6 minutes a day in your own home by this unique method of facial rejuvenation that any one can do.

No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty parlor aids. The method is explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent post paid on receipt of 25c. By ERNEST KADEN, M.D., New York, N. Y.

Write before supply is exhausted.

Name
City.

Movie Classic for November, 1935
You would be more Popular too, with SUNNY Golden Hair!

Gain for yourself the glowing freshness and charming brightness of sunny golden hair. Secret of loveliness of fascinating blondes. Whether blonde or brunette, let your hair bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinse your hair with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. And have that fresh bright clean look your friends will admire.

**BLONDES**—Protect the natural golden hues of your hair with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Marchand’s imparts brilliant lustre to dull hair, even lightness to faded or streaked hair, successfully and secretly.

**BRUNETTES**—Make your hair the most fascinating part of your attractiveness. Used as a rinse, Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash gives fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your hair. Or lightens it any shade of blondeness desired. (Quickly—overnight if you wish. Or gradually, secretly, over a period of weeks or months.)

**BLONDES and BRUNETTES**—Utilize the softening effect of “superfluous” hair made invisible. And have your arms and legs as alluringly smooth as the rest of your body. Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash blends “superfluous” hair with your skin coloring. Makes it unnoticeable.

Get a bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. For fascinating hair—silky arms and legs start using Marchand’s. Today.

---

**TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!**
(use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand’s Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Marchand’s Castile Shampoo cleanses thoroughly, rinses completely.

**EXTRA GIFT FOR PROMPTNESS**
A valuable little booklet “Care and Treatment of the Hair” sent free also, to those who write immediately. Send for your bottle. Now!
frocks. An elderly man happened by, asked the youth what he was doing. He was a dress manufacturer with an offer for a job up his sleeve. That same young man, George Knox, is a prominent fashion designer today.

To answer the question of age by concrete illustration, Miss Traphagen opened a wide door, to reveal a dozen or more students busy at drawing boards. "You will notice that some of these girls are in their twenties; others are women of forty or more. This class was to end at four-thirty, and it is now six. You can see how the work fascinates them—and how there are no age limits in dress designing."

I did see. Several of the girls, both in appearance and attire, looked like debutantes in search of independent careers. One was a cripple, who would have faced an insurmountable handicap if almost any other profession; she was doing a beautiful sketch that was later to be sold for her to one of New York's most exclusive shops. Others were plain, frankly unattractive girls who could never hope for a theatrical career, but who are charmed in this other glamorous field—fashion creation.

But what are the rules of the game for the average girl—who may never have thought of designing as a possible career for herself before?

First, remember this: it is not necessary to be an artist to become a designer. If you have imagination and a sense of color, you have the potentialities. Further, the ability to work hard is of more value than any first indication of originality or talent. There are many women who have become designers merely by sending their home-made sketches to manufacturers.

But as the work of American designers becomes constantly more acceptable, competition becomes keener. The ones who become outstanding will be those best equipped with a fundamental knowledge of the work. For this reason, study is advisable. Many high schools, colleges, and training schools offer fine courses. In addition, there are private dress schools, which usually sell the student's work as she goes along and generally manage to secure employment for her after graduation.

Every change of seasons calls for new variations of feminine fashions—new creations, for designers are never idle. But few realize that, in addition to dress designing, this profession has many other channels to which the ambitions may adapt themselves on discovering their particular tendencies. Textile designing—the working out of patterns for alpaca or velvet cloth that passes through a loom—is one great branch of the profession. Millinery design enlists hundreds of women. young and old, each year. Bathing suit designs are constantly in demand, and there is no limit to the kinds of clothes that may be designed. The chief qualifications are a knowledge of color and an understanding of materials, as well as accuracy in drawing. The work is not so much bookwork as it is a study of the materials used. The knowledge of body and how it is fitted in the garments is necessary. A knowledge of how to work with figures is considered the most important thing in designing."

[Continued on page 77]
See Jean Muir in the Warner Bros. classic “Midsummer Night’s Dream”

A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Havilland
James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and 20 other stars

Picture yourself among the Hollywood stars when you choose your permanent wave. For in reality, you can share their luxury of the soft lustrous waves and ringlets everyone admires on the screen. Just follow their definite advice. Pass up no-name “bargain” waves and go to a hairdresser who uses the same genuine Duart Certified solution and Duart Sealed waving pads used in Hollywood. Then you know you’ll get the kind of a wave you have always hoped for. Copy a screen star’s hairstyle if you like. Use the coupon to send for the new Duart FREE BOOKLET of smart Hollywood coiffures—24 pages filled with pictures and directions. Ten cents brings the booklet and a package of Duart Hair Rinse. Use it after your shampoo to brighten the natural color of your hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of twelve delicate shades.

DUART permanent waves

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Send 10¢ for Duart Rinse and Free Booklet

Duart, 984 Folsom St.
San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Hollywood Coiffure Styles

Name
Address
City State

12 shades—mark your choice.

☐ Black
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Titan Reddish Brown
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titan Reddish Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde

Movie Classic for November, 1935

63
Dick Powell Tells—
[Continued from page 32]

...“fun again” with constipation cleared up

The end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature’s Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of inactive elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you feel much better you feel you’ll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25¢ at all drugstores.

THE A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

STRANGE CHEMICAL SPONGE

AGENTS! Goldmine!

Chemical sponge that removes dust-laden hair. 
N livens up your hair. Leaves it free from 
May be had at 5¢ each. Seedealer.

SAMPLE OFFER! Sweep up our stock at this price in each 

5000 per case. 

200077 KRISTLE RIG. CO., 2713 BARI, Detroit, Mich.

ARTIFICIAL LASHES

Brought to you for the first time at a reasonable price!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie staral Long, dark, Natra beauty that has charmed the world. 

New materials, constant improvement, make these 

long, dark, Natural! 

New materials, constant improvement, make these 

long, dark, Natural!

MIDDLE BEAUTY PRODUCTS, Dept. 1001-M, St. Louis, Mo.

BANISH WRINKLES and SAgging Face Muscles!

Regain the glory of youth! This new and better way!

Breathe the month, firm, fresh look of youth with the new COSMETIC ETTE. This remarkable beauty aid strengthens weak face muscles and gently smooths away wrinkles from forehead, mouth, corner and chin. It’s safe, pleasant. You can use it morning and night. Applied gently morning or evening, 5 drops $1.50.

SPECIAL PROPOSITION TO AGENTS

Who want to make $33 a week and more!

Write today... Territories are going fast.

Dept. F-2, COSMETIC ETTE COMPANY, 17 N. State St., Chicago, III.

Eieldism Burn?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eye-sight specialists endorse it for 25 years success. Get Lavoptik with free eye cup from your druggist.
shortcomings, but has delicacy enough to leave your faults for your own introspection.

"And here's another thing. I suppose that you could call it 'class.' It combines several qualities. Attractiveness, not beauty necessarily, but average attractiveness, is one. But equally important are two other things—intelligence and the ability to dress well. And dressing well means just that. What a fellow notices mostly about a girl's clothes is whether or not her gowns are attractive and neat.

"I don't think that dressing well requires much money. But it does demand good taste. You take pride in the way your 'date' looks and, if you're human, you want other males to look approvingly at her. Not too approvingly, though! One thing I can't stand is a girl who looks overdressed. Too much time and money and thought spent on clothes are just as bad as too little!

And what I've just said about clothes applies to good manners and good habits too. Men are every bit as fastidious as women. And, if you don't believe me, just ask one!"

Intelligence, according to Dick, doesn't imply someone who can step up and explain the Einstein theory. Dick says, "If your 'date' can talk your language, understand your problems, and is conversant with life in general, I think that you will consider her intelligent. And that sort of girl is more in demand than the flighty, battery ingénue.

Dick's leading lady in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Olivia de Havilland, is a girl who qualifies in the intelligence bracket. Dick has a very real enthusiasm and liking for this brunette newcomer, both as an actress and as an individual—in this case, the individual being a very attractive girl. When a girl is as intelligent as she is pretty she's bound to be popular—whether she lives in Hollywood or Tierra del Fuego.

"Anything else that goes to make for a first-rate date?" I asked Dick.

He smiled. "I guess that I forgot one of the most important things—charm. Funny thing about that charm angle."

Dick mused. "Have you ever noticed that the minute a girl learns she has charm, and turns it on full force, she seems to lose part of it? I guess it's an unconscious attraction that loses its power when a girl becomes too conscious that she has it! I couldn't even begin to define it. But, boy, you sure know when it's present! I think that charm, to most of us, simply is the qualities that we like and admire, combined, I suppose."

"Yes, a girl who has charm, class, is a good sport, has a sense of humor—and poise—won't spend many evenings waiting for the phone to ring!"

Director Frank Borzage beckoned to Dick and said, "I'll be seen 'you,' and wandered toward the camera. But I'm going back tomorrow and tell him that if he finds a girl like that to save one for me!

"I have . . ."

REduced my hips 9 inches with the PERFOlastic GIRdle . . . writes Miss Jean Healy

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder!"

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial!"

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR . . . it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

- The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing—take no drugs, eat any you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

- And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satined fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

"Test . . . the PERFOlastic GIRdle FOR 10 DAYS . . . at our expense!

Send for ten day free trial offer!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 711, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

City State

Use coupon or send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Movie Classic for November, 1935
EVERYTHING!

Meet—and Watch—
Gladys Swarthout!
[Continued from page 24]

JACK SPRATT
NOW EATS FAT
AND ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT;
NO STUFFING! CAN
KNOCK HIM FLAT...
FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS FLIGHT!

WHO ELSE WANTS TO
FORGET SOUR STOMACH?
The way to eat favorite foods and a void heart-
burn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms
of acid indigestion is no secret now. Millions
carry Tums. Nothing to mix up. No dripping
your stomach with harsh alkalies, which doctors
say may increase the tendency toward acid
indigestion. Just enough of the antacid in 3 Tums
is released to neutralize the stomach. The rest
passes on inert. Cannot over-alcalize the
acid or blood. You never know when, so carry
a roll always. 10c at all druggist's.

TUMS ARE ANTACID
ROTATOLAXATIVE

FREE:
REBATE TO THE TUMSY

TUMS ARE THE MIGHTY

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

TUMS 10c

RECEIVE IN A TUMS 10c REBATE COUPON

WEIGHT-REDUCED
GUARANTEED!

Amazing
NEW
HARMLESS
HOLLYWOOD
METHOD
Shake the
secret of the
color brightest
stars.
Reduce.

No recorded failures
Glady's, P.C., Ky., age 63. Tried all
other methods, was desperate. Tried
Reduce-Eazy, lost 17 lbs. in 10 short
weeks. Tells like a new person. J. P.
Hollywood, lost 24 lbs. feels and looks
beautifully. I. B. Pa., lost 5 lbs. 25 yrs.
ago. 139 lbs. 180 lbs.

Try Now—FREE 30-DAY MONEY BACK TRIAL
TRIAL PACKAGE AND PRICELESS BOOK SE.
Send for Reduce-Eazy book and tablets now!

HOLLYWOOD STAR PRODUCTS, LTD.
DEK 21-Rex 90-HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BACKACHES
due to MOTHERHOOD

Hail your daughter
needs a little extra
in the back.
Reduce.

As if
by magic
via

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Eazy
method; become irresistibly attrac-
Fat endangers your beauty and
health no matter how fat you are,
or what you have tried. YOUR
MONEY BACK ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.
UN-\nLESS FAT DISAPPEARS by following simple direc-
tions. No Dinitrophenol or Thyroid substance.

LADIES' PEEPS

GLADYS SWARTHOUT considers her
supreme career as being Mrs.
Frank Chapman, Jr. Theirs is one of the
great romances of the age. She
met young Chapman while traveling in Italy.
At the time he was the only American
member of the Italian National Opera
Company. Not long after their meeting
abroad, they sang together in a joint
recital in New York, that filled a
struck a common chord, and decided
to make the musical blend a permanent
one. Both had been married before, so to
a noted artist and he to the daughter
of one of America’s foremost humorists.
With young Chapman, it was a case of
songbird and bird man, for his father is
the famous anthropologist, Frank Chap-
man, of the American Museum of Nat-

[Continued on page 79]

Movie Classic for November, 1935

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT PEROXIDE

... to ANY shade you desire
SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes
Careful discarded women avoid the use of
PEROXIDE because it destroys the hair.
All-Ton's FINISH-CREME contains NO peroxide.
Does not as a paste. At any druggist.
Send 5c for 2 free color cards.

FREE: Lamps, Guards, Special All-Ton Easy-Start
Hair-Raising Gift Worth 
$1

BACKACHES
due to MOTHERHOOD

Having a baby puts a terrible strain on
a woman’s back muscles... frequently
causes years of suffering. All-Ton’s Per-
ous Plaster does wonders for such backaches.
Draws the blood to the painful spot... shoulders,
back, hips, arms, legs. Pain stops quickly. All-Ton’s
is the original powerful plaster... take nothing else.
Lenis long,comes off easy. Ask your druggist or write
"All-Ton, Chicago, Ill.

ERUPTIONS

POISORIASIS, ECZEMA, ITCH, ACNE, RINGWORM,
are quickly relieved from their discomfort with
POISORIASIS, a remarkable preparation used by
millions. No prescription needed. Write for sample
NOW at 25c. If not satisfied, return for full
money.

FREE INFORMATION ON SKIN DISORDERS. WRITE
ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 200 N. Wells, DTL, Chicago

SHARE HOLLYWOOD’S MOST GUARDED BEAUTY SECRET

In your neck and body booms youthful!!!
and Francois Allards Hollywood Contour
Blend, used and endorsed by famous stage and
screen beauties for decades.
1. Rubs in quickly, no greasy residue.
2. Leaves skin丝绸-like.
3. Build up resilient skin.

FREE—I-F YOU ORDER NOW
Introduction offer expires Saturday, Nov. 3rd. At one name.

INonsoY on houces of hU40sebackard-ukuola to a bille to
400 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 2249, Chicago, Ill.

Poems Set To Music
Published
Send Your Poems to
McNeil, Bachelor of Music
1582 W. 27th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SHARE HOLLYWOOD’S MOST GUARDED BEAUTY SECRET

In your neck and body booms youthful!!!
and Francois Allards Hollywood Contour
Blend, used and endorsed by famous stage and
screen beauties for decades.
1. Rubs in quickly, no greasy residue.
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screen beauties for decades.
1. Rubs in quickly, no greasy residue.
2. Leaves skin丝绸-like.
3. Build up resilient skin.

FREE—I-F YOU ORDER NOW
Introduction offer expires Saturday, Nov. 3rd. At one name.
rules him. That may or may not be true. But it certainly is true that women are opening constantly greater opportunities for themselves, in fields where only men once ruled," she continued emphatically.

I asked her if she felt that this great uprising of feminine legions really is world-wide, or peculiar to America.

"Well, you know what Will Rogers — and how we all are going to miss him! — used to say: 'All I know is what I read in the papers,'" Mary answered, with a smile. "And the newspapers convince me that the only country in which women are retrogressing today is Soviet Russia, where the state is all-important and there is little chance for individualism. Women there still are servants—not of feudal land-owners now, but of the state. They still are expected to perform manual labor and, through lack of education, are kept subjected.

"Remember the prissy old expression, 'It wouldn't be ladylike to do this or that'? It is outmoded today. Today any social customs of a gentleman are also the prerogatives of a lady. If she thinks she would like to smoke, she may smoke, with no fear of censure. If she thinks she would like to sip a cocktail, she may sip it in public with no fear of losing caste. If she likes the comfort of slacks and shorts, she may wear them without being called brazen. She is no longer considered a reprehensible tomboy if she plays a man's game better than he plays it, himself. Only a few years ago, it was the girl who stayed at home, playing the pretty coquette for any possible masculine caller, who was likeliest to go to the altar; the girl who 'went out to work' was practically sacrificing all hopes of romance. Today, the situations are just reversed. We women have progressed, and we are steadily progressing more. I told her that she had certainly done her share toward trying to make it a woman's world—or at least a half-and-half world.

"I suggested that we discuss Mary Pickford. "I'm excited about the possibilities of the future," she said. "United Artists will make a total of twenty-one pictures next year, as compared with only five last year. I shall star in two myself and shall produce and direct others."

Meanwhile, she is receiving royalties from two books—Why Not Try God? a slender volume of personal philosophy, and The Divi-Widow, a romantic novel with a European setting. She has written the libretto for an operetta which may be produced on Broadway this winter. She is considering radio offers for another series of performances on the air. She is studying television, preparing herself for the entertainment medium of the future.

P.S. I can't think of a man who has that many interests—or as many varied successes to his credit. Can you?

"No 8"....
She is easy to identify

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain may have caught you unaware and reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.
I learned about Love from John Boles

[Continued from page 25]

you might be able to help me with some confidential advice.

"Do I look like Beatrice Fairfax? Why not ask Mae West?"

"Oh," I said, "she'd just tell me to go boy-friend this-and-that, and I haven't the equipment she has. And anyway, I don't want to be anybody's adVICE— I want you, as a man, to tell me what I can do to snap a half-Nelson on the boy-friend."

It took his startled look to make me realize that I wasn't talking like Erma Trulee-from-the-Convent, or even like a writer with an aching heart, so I toned down.

"In—men—Mister Boles, that perhaps you, as a kind gentleman who really knows about Love, might tell me, a puzzled but heart-hungry little girl, some things to remember in trying to— get my man," as they say."

John looked worriedly over to a nearby table, where the girl from the studio publicity department, who usually sits in on his "love" interviews, was lunching. She did not see his frantic signals for first aid. So John, being the gentleman he really is, came through nobly. He could not let down a lady in distress. He could not fall down on the reputation they are building for him— as the Love Expert of the Screen. He told me:

"Well, honey, in the first place, and at the risk of being called an old fogey, I'll tell you right out that the Modern Girl doesn't know her stuff in love. She only knows half of it, and she dishes out a double portion of that half, and thereby thinks she's filling the order, when in reality she's making men sick with an overdose of that half menu.

"What I mean is that, speaking largely, there are two major sides to love—sensuality and spirituality. I mean by 'spirituality' the old-fashioned kind of romance that goes with sweetness, and moonlight, and soft music and mystery and maidenly reserve, and face-and-lavender and all those Victorian-sounding things. Today's girl thinks Sex covers the whole ground, and she acts and talks like a biologist-psychiatrist in skirts.

"Remember, honey," he went on, "that every man is essentially romantic. He may be a hard-boiled cynic; he may be as tough as a thirty-cent table d'hôte steak; he may be a thorough and student—but to matter what he is, he's a romantiction at heart. And Romance, laid on thick, will get him. But keep it light. Make it fun. Love's a game. It's a deadly serious game, and you're playing it for keeps, remember. But it's a game. And as in any game, one of your major campaign assets is a good bluff.

"Bluff him, in short. Into thinking you're Just The Girl he has always been looking for, but had given up hopes of
ever finding in this world. You see, honey, every man dreams that some day, somewhere, he’s going to find a dream-woman. A woman who does pretty things that no other woman does, and who doesn’t do petty things that other women do.

"Put on a good act—an act so good that it’s sincere. Learn enough about his business or profession so that you don’t ask silly questions about it, and know where to say ‘yes’ effectively. Find out what he likes to eat and drink, and see to it that you enthuse over the same, even if they’re like gall and wormwood to you. You can get even afterwards, when you’re running the kitchen, honey.

“When he wants to play, play; when he wants to be serious, be serious; when he wants to neck—neck—but remember your anatomy and don’t forget where the neck leaves off. Modern Girls—uh—well, sometimes they forget how fascinating a bit of mystery can be.

“Don’t babble. Don’t be a feminine talking machine. There isn’t a man in the world who won’t fall for the old line ‘Darling, just being together like this and not having to say a word to each other, but understanding each other perfectly even without words—doesn’t it prove we’re in love?’ I’ll bet Eve used that on Adam!

“Then there are so many ‘little things’ to watch out for—‘little things’ that become so big by repetition. Like always powdering your nose, or hitching up your hose, or putting and patting and patting your hair. Sure, honey, sure—I know you have to look your best for him, but don’t let him see you doing the mechanics of it.

‘The Modern Girl takes ‘love’ too much as a matter-of-course. She has found a boy-friend who takes her out pretty regularly. Modern openness of living gives them a false start, and she’s apt to say to herself: ‘I’m modern, I’m not afraid of sex, I know all there is to know.’ Maybe she does—that way, but she doesn’t know that too much whipped cream makes a man sick.

"Love, honey, is like music. Don’t play just one tune. There are so many—and the more you play, the more you appreciate. And that goes for your boy-friend, too. Maybe double.

"I had been scribbling furiously, taking notes on the pad in my lap. John suddenly noticed it.

"‘What you doin’, honey?’ he queried.

‘Making notes so you can get your man!’

‘No, Mister Boles,’ I told him, truthfully for a change, ‘I’m making notes so that I can get my check! You see, I’m really getting all this from you to write a story about your Advice to Girls in Love.’

The funniest expression came over the poor man’s face. He was partly inclined to be pleased, I think: partly hurt at my duplicity, partly amused.

"Why—why—why, you little . . .’

Just then a waitress dropped a tray. It made an awful crash. I didn’t hear what John called me. But I have an idea.

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If you suffer from any of the common troubles listed above, let Yeast Foam Tablets help you correct the condition now. These pleasant, pasteurized yeast tablets have done wonders for thousands of men and women.

Doctors all over the world recommend yeast for combating skin troubles and faulty elimination. In these easy-to-eat tablets you get this corrective food in the form science now knows is richest as a source of Vitamin B.

Tests reveal that from dry yeast the system absorbs almost twice as much of the precious element that gives tone to the digestive system, stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. No wonder users report such amazing results!

At a well known clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported marked improvement within two weeks. Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of these patients had used laxatives almost continuously.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this dry yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

Name
Address
City State

Movie Classic for November, 1935 69
Sing a Song of Six Pons!

[Continued from page 28]

completely shelving her career as a pianist; that is, until one day her husband—who had been a music critic—heard her sing a few songs. He, who had listened to many famous ones, realized that his young wife had great possibilities.

Lily agreed that it would be nice to have another "hobby," so they went to a celebrated music teacher who, upon hearing her sing, cried with horror, "Hobby! Impossible! It must be your life's vocation!"

... And so finished the prologue to the extraordinary life of the little Pons of Cannes, the pianist, and the wife. For, as such things pass, so did her marriage, all in the testimony of her own words, sacrificed on the altar of song. "To me," she says, "it is love of life, of family, and our husband, all wrapped up in this one packet. This I cannot help—it is the greatest life and no one shall change it!"

UNTIL the time Mlle. Pons arranged to study with Maestro Alberti de Gorostiaga, her first and only voice teacher (who is now in Hollywood with her), she believed that her voice was just a pleasing possession. However, with training it developed with amazing rapidity and within a few months her teacher was wildly enthusiastic, predicting that she had all the potentialities of greatness. In 1927, after three years of intensive study, she made her début in the coloratura role of Lalamé at Muelhausen in Alsace, and was immediately acclaimed. It was then that she first glimpsed the possibilities of becoming a grand opera star and, with engagements in France and Italy following, she settled down to real work.

One afternoon, following a lesson, Maestro Alberti asked Mademoiselle to remain at the studio and sing for some talent scouts from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. They received her audition with enthusiasm and several months later she was tendered an invitation to come to New York and sing for Metropolitan producers. She left promptly for the United States and on a day in February, 1930, she had her audition and Manager Gatti-Casazza immediately placed her under contract. Exactly eleven months later, on January 3, 1931, her American début in Lucía de Lammermoor became one of the most sensational events in recent New York operatic history. The audience literally gasped at her high E’s and F’s (she has a voice range of three (sev- tases) and she was summoned for one curtain call after another. A new opera, star, slender and beautiful, had arrived, and the second phase of a brilliant career had flared to a splendid crescendo.

No sooner has Lily Pons flashed across the grand opera horizon than she was besieged by radio producers with attractive offers. It was in the spring
of 1931 that she made her air début over the NBC network. She has been on the air for four years.

"I am on the brink of a new world and I am as excited as any explorer who has found an unknown continent," she says. "But my responsibility is so much greater than when I made my opera début, you know. Four years ago I was just setting my feet on the road to success and had not traveled far. If I failed, it was not very important. I had no reputation and therefore had nothing much to lose."

"Now," she continues quietly, "it is different. I have been fortunate enough to win favor with opera and radio audiences. I have had the good luck to win to the top of my chosen field. When one is at the top, it requires persistent work and care to hold the position. If I am not, as a screen star, all that my opera and radio following expect of me. I shall lose favor in their eyes.

"I realize that it means hard work and intensive study of still another new technique," she says. "My head swims with the mass of detail work involved. I am terribly concerned about how I will photograph and whether I will have the ability to project my personality from the screen as I have from the opera stage. I don't believe my head will clear until I actually see the finished picture and know if I have been favorably received. One can only hope," she added, wistfully, "that those who have been so kind to me will continue to be my friends when they see me on the screen."

She does not consider her screen work as something transient—something to bring in big checks and a million dollars' worth of publicity.

"I like to know that I can give both pleasure and help to many millions of people," she says gravely, "I thrill at every fan letter I get and every one of them is answered."

That then, is the woman who has achieved success and yet retains a love of life and the batty ostentation. She is a charming mixture of little girl and cosmopolitan woman, and her complete naturalness is her greatest charm.

She likes neither night spots, gay hotels nor large parties, preferring a dinner with a few intimate friends, a day in the out-of-doors, a swim in the pool of her home or an afternoon in the gardens.

Music takes up all the rest of her interest and most of her leisure. "There is no time for books or recreation," she says. "When I am not studying, I am relaxing." Nor is there time for love. When her engagement to Dr. Fritz Von der Becke, handsome young German physician, was broken, she said: "I am through with love. From now I only sing of love; I do not think of it."

Let us hope, then, that Love Song will be as lovely as the girl who sings it—and that it will be a prophecy which will, one day, come true, thus bringing to a climax the third phase of the melodious life of Lily Pons—destiny's daughter!

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN THE MOVIES?

HOLD-BOBS OFFER AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A FREE SCREEN TEST

The Search For Talent movie truck is on its way to you—ready to give you a free screen test and a chance to get into the movies!

HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring this nationwide Search For Talent and are bringing Hollywood right to your locality! Universal Pictures are looking for new talent. You may be the one they are looking for. Every one has a chance! There are no strings tied to this offer of screen fame!

To enter the Search For Talent, just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB card; attach your photograph and send to the Search For Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs, the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search For Talent movie truck, carrying a crew of cameramen and technicians, comes to your locality, those selected will be given actual movie tests which will be forwarded to Hollywood where Universal executives will select those whom they feel would be successful in the movies. They will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for final screen tests and an opportunity for a movie contract.

We cannot tell how many persons of talent will be found in this search, but there will be at least six who will be brought to Hollywood at no expense to them!

Here is an opportunity that may never come again! Go to your HOLD-BOB dealer now and get all the details.

Your hairdress will play an important part in your appearance before the camera. HOLD-BOBS are used by screen stars to keep their coiffures lovely and neat always. HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points and flexible, tapered legs, one side cramped. And they are available in just the right color to match your shade of hair.

Use HOLD-BOBS for a beautiful coiffure. They're identified by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards on sale everywhere. The Search For Talent ends January 1st, 1936. Don't delay—act now!

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Straight Style HOLD BOB

K SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

C Curved Shape Style

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Virginia Bruce’s Bag of Fashion Tricks

[Continued from page 45]

sales in those exclusive shops off Fifth Avenue, and more than once I was able to get a really beautiful gown, an original model, for one-fourth the price that I had first been asked for it. The best shops in every town and city have these sales, and they are certainly worth waiting for.”

And here is a tip for you girls who will soon be in the market for winter coats:

“During and after the Christmas holidays are the times to shop for winter coats,” says Virginia, speaking from experience.

“If a girl can get along with her old one until then, she can blossom out in January in something new and handsome—and something she has been very friendly toward her pocketbook. The clever thing to do is to choose materials that can stand constant wear without being hard or bulky. When they are bulky, they square off your figure so.

Another thing to avoid is a glossy surface that shows the slightest mark.”

A few paragraphs ago, Virginia told of once building part of her wardrobe around a sports coat. In a recent picture, she wore a swaggers coat that was ultra-smart and adaptable for wear with many a fall frock. (Her screen fashion sense is something to watch!) On Virginia, the coat looked extra-chic—the sort of thing that could be worn to business, as well as to football games. (In fact, she was playing an average business girl.)

The three-quarter-length coat was of broad tweed; with it, she wore a tan dress with brown sleeves and, of course, brown accessories.

If there ever comes a year when suits aren’t the smartest things imaginable, it will be a year unique in the annals of fashion. They slint down a girl, tone her up, make her trim and piquant and chic. Virginia wore a suit in a recent picture that was a honey. It was of light beige wool, with a complete dress, whose surfeit of self-pleasing at the neck was accentuated by a diamond clip.

The coat was of regulation suit length, very fitted, but made stunningly feminine with a fluffy fox fur around the face.

“You can’t go far wrong in selecting dresses if you stick to the lines and colors that suit you best,” says the modish Miss Bruce. “And watch out for elaborate trimmings! If there are light trimmings on a dark dress, be sure to have them removable, or you’ll have to wash the whole dress dry cleaned every time they get soiled. And don’t be afraid to have your frocks dyed if you want to give new life to your wardrobe!”

Virginia’s evening gown would be insurance for a “Large Evening anywhere.” The frock has that spanning new idea, draped belles, and there’s a halter neck and no back except the lovely one that Nature bestowed on Virginia.
It has a confined hipline, of course, but the most startling feature is a barbaric wide belt of gold metal and gloriously savage bracelets.

Her long white pajamas have a tunic top of ivory-colored brocaded silk of the softest texture, with black velvet trousers. The belt of the tunic ties in a big bow in front, there is a big, brilliant clasp at the neck, and the whole outfit has a Russian air that is dashingly exciting!

White is always becoming to at least eight out of every ten girls, and it is the accepted favorite of almost every movie star. There's a reason. White throws a special highlight on the skin that is utterly devastating at night. Also, it makes light hair seem fairer and dark hair more striking by contrast. And—

if you will be practical—it lends itself to a hundred ravishing color combinations.

If you want to slay the stag line at a dance completely, without making too great a dent in the bank roll, go in for white chiffon! Wear crushed magenta flowers at your throat and a velvet belt to match, à la Bruce. Or make them Parma violets, and carry a large, oh very large, violet hanky. Or again, have a spray of bright red geraniums trotting down your shoulder strap, slip on red and gold bracelets, and wear red satin sandals. There is almost no end to what you can do with white chiffon to keep looking “different.”

The shortest fashion seasons are really April-May and September-October, Virginia pointed out. So what a girl buys this fall she ought to plan on being able to use for “second-best” next spring.

A N D here is a remarkable tip for bright young things from this same little Miss Bruce, who is named by artist Neya McMein as one of Hollywood’s “always-charming women” and who is appearing, at the moment, opposite Lawrence Tibbett in Metropolitan:

For years every cowgirl has been going in for sharp, hard colors and boyish lines. You know—little mess jackets, lumberjack coats, severe sailor dresses. Now, advises Virginia, do a right-about-face! Let your colors be just a shade wistful . . . candy pink, twilight blue, misty green. If your dress flutters a bit, so much the better. Discard the old saucy hats and wear those that are becoming. In other words—go feminine!

“You have to know your figure,” she pointed out. “For instance, if you have a long waist and short legs, don’t hesitate to raise your waistline. When you are wearing a suit, hitch the skirt a little higher before you tuck in the blouse. Go Empire-ish for evening. One of the biggest points in being well-dressed is being able to dress your figure correctly. Incidentally, it’s a great training for business later on if you learn how to look your best at college every day, and to keep your clothes always in trim.”

Virginia Bruce has not exhausted her stock of fashion tricks by telling us all of these things. She has countless more up her well-fitted sleeves. And, inevitably, she will be revealing them in films!

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... to relieve irritation and reduce pores

**YOU can dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by Large Pores, Blackheads or Pimples, much of your charm is lost.**

Today, millions of women use a famous medicated cream as an aid to quick healing—to improve their complexion by eliminating blackheads and reducing enlarged pores. That cream is Noxzema Skin Cream.

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Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors to relieve itching and reduce pores.

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Why Women Can't Resist
William Powell

(Continued from page 27)

William, William, how long does it take to learn to be an actor? My comrade, Matt Moore, the shrewdest observer of people and things platonic in Hollywood, except, of course, Matt's comrade, Jim Tully, is of the opinion—and I am speaking directly to you, William—that you will always be a very successful comrade to Jean Harlow.

As the author of a line that S. J. Kaufman said should be immortal: "The man who wins one woman will never be free." I will tell you why. William, the women all adore you. That is because—you worship them all.

AND looking back over your career, William—it was a woman's faith that launched you on the perilous theatrical seas.

The debt was long since paid, William. So I can tell it here. I now lift the scenes.

It was a woman—William's aunt—who loaned him the money to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

His mother thought he would become a lawyer. He thought so, too—and had his eye on a law course at the University of Kansas—until he made a hit in a high-school play. Edwin Booth, he felt, was due to have a successor—if he could only get to New York.

He went to work as a telephone clerk at $50 a month. On the side, he ushered at the Grand Opera House. After months of saving, he had $300* and he still was hundreds of miles and hundreds of dollars distant from fulfillment of his dream.

He thought of his aunt. She had two things that often go together—money and a contempt for poor relations.

He knew it would not be a simple matter to induce an old lady into sending money to a young relative who wished to embark on so preposterous a career as acting. It never has been simple, and it never will be. But he wrote her a letter. It was twenty-three pages long. It was tactful, pleading, and proud.

A mouth passed. No answer came. Then one day, after weeds had grown high on the grave of his hope, his aunt wrote.

She had, she said, carefully considered his letter. She thought his ambition, though dubious, almost worthy. She had instructed her attorney to advance him $700.

One brought back to life could have been no more elated than was the young telephone clerk.

No youth ever entered a school with higher hopes. Being young, im-

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Movie Classic for November, 1935
patient for fame, he felt that his forte was serious dramatic rôles. Not until years later did experience make him realize that the master of one heavy rôle might easily be the master of many lighter rôles.

Once through school, he rented a cheap room, then walked the streets in destitution, looking for work.

Finally, Powell was given work in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" at forty dollars a week. He appeared in three different small rôles in this play. In spite of his high hopes and hard work, the play died early and he was soon destitute again.

Then the clouds of uncertainty parted. Powell was given a fairly important rôle in "Within the Law."

After the closing of another play, Powell was seated disconsolate at a table in the Lambs Club. A movie director, Albert Parker, sat down beside him.

He glanced casually at Powell's profile, and then said, "My wife liked you in "Within the Law." How would you like to work in a picture?"

Powell said, "When do we start?"

And thus, through being liked by a woman whom he was not to meet until later, was William Powell's career in films launched.

Today's master detective of the screen—currently the hero of "The Black Chamber"—made his bow to an indifferent world as a "heavy" opposite John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." That Powell was later to surpass Barrymore in the portrayal of such rôles was not yet written in the faraway cinema sky.

One of his early pictures was "The Bright Shawl" with Richard Barthelmess; another was "Beau Geste" with Ronald Colman. The trio today are inseparable.

Powell changed from "heavy" to "lover" in "Sea Horses." He appeared in Paramount's first talking picture, "Interference," and was starred in "Street of Chance." From Paramount, he went to Warner Brothers, and now is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for which he will soon make "The Great Ziegfeld."

When the rest of the movie colony recently was concerned about the possibility of the industry's moving East, he was moving into a new, palatial home—which Jean Harlow helped furnish. It is famous for its multiplicity of labor-saving gadgets.

Bill was thirty-three or fourteen years returning the money to his aunt.

He had a lovely sweetheart while he was a telephone clerk in Kansas City. They exchange Christmas cards even to this day.

She was a fond of William—that she married another man.

"She was a wonderful girl," William Powell says pleasantly. He does not say for whom.

I hope I have explained why women can't resist William Powell. Even his aunt liked him much more when the debt was paid.
Luise Rainer—Sensation!

[Continued from page 33]

believe her story! She is too natural and unspoiled to be an off-stage actress or a self-praise artist. She is too eagerly in love with life ever to adopt the attitude of being surfeited with living.

She came to America from Vienna and Paris, where she had already won fame and success on the stage. Characteristically, she came entirely alone. She had never before been in America and she spoke no English. Neither would she study English before her arrival in Hollywood.

"I learn very slowly from books, but very rapidly from people," she explains.

In only a few months, her command of our language was adequate. When Myrna Loy stepped out of the cast of Escapade, and her rôle was suddenly offered to Luise, Luise Rainer was ready.

When she saw the first day's "rushes," she was so disheartened that she wanted to break her contract and return to Germany and the stage. William Powell, nominally the star, judged her work differently. This personally that he strode into the "front office" as the picture neared completion and demanded that she be co-starred with him.

"It's her picture," he said. "She is a magnificent actress and her rôle dominates the story. She deserves co-stardom. She 'steals' the picture."

And that is the highest tribute one player can pay another.

She lives, with her two servants and her dog, in a seceded, Spanish-Colonial house in Santa Monica Canyon. The mosquito-covered hills rise from her backyard and the ocean surges only a few yards from her front door.

Love of Nature, dormant in most Twentieth Century city-dwellers, is a driving force in her life and a determining factor in her character. Hollywood's social whirl means less than nothing to her; California's natural beauty means everything. With the wind tossing her hair and her eyes alight with her love for Nature, she has a pagan charm that is strange and unexpected in Hollywood, the capital of sophistication.

She cannot understand—nor does she appreciate—the idolatry showered on screen players by the American public.

"In Europe," she says, "I was only an actress. Here people want to make of me more than an actress. It frightens me—this tendency to make idols of simple human beings. If I permit such attention, will I not lose touch with the simple things and lose my ability to react simply to simple emotions? Why should people want to interview me? Nothing I say is very important."

Apparently, Luise Rainer does not yet realize that one picture has made her an international figure, that Hollywood believes her the greatest discovery in many, many years, and that, try as she may, she cannot escape the interest of the public ... now waiting eagerly to see her as Anna Held in The Great Ziegfeld.
Design for Livelihood

(Continued from page 62)

suits, underwear and shoes—manufacturers are hungry for original ideas suited to these commodities. The demand for designs exceeds the supply.

DESIGNING pays well. The highest-paid designers, of course, are the stylists of Hollywood, who receive fabulous sums. Each, however, had to start from the bottom and work up, and by the same path some young man or woman who bends over a drawing board today, learning the rudiments of fashion design, may be the one who will next set styles for the world.

Considered from every angle, there is no profession today that offers more for young women. With this thought in mind, you are probably asking the all-important question that I asked:

What qualification, more than any other, is necessary for any girl contemplating fashion design as a career?

This is Ethel Traphagen's answer:

"To be a designer, one needs only good taste, or the ability to cultivate it, and a love for beautiful clothes. And what girl or woman doesn't possess these?"

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After reading this article, wouldn't you like further information about designing as a career?

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Screen Struck
[Continued from page 39]

change your mind about me—or—or anything, well, let me know, that's all. I'll be there if I have to walk!"

My heart melted “Buddy, you're tops!” I said very solemnly. “I'll never forget you—and what a pal you've been. I do promise." "There's one more thing, Lola," he said. "I didn't tell you before because I didn't want to speak until I was sure. But I've got me a new job, a real one," "Why, Buddy?" I cried. "Where?" "You know Nick Mancini—the fellow who owns the Golden Slipper Club?" he went on. "Well, he's opened up a bigger, better place—and I'm to be assistant manager, at decent money." "I'm glad!" I said. "Very glad.

"So am I," I said simply, "because I can save, now, and get to you if you need me!"

Impulsively I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Buddy, dear," said I, "I'll need you all my life!" But though he smiled gratefully, it was a sad little smile. He knew that I meant I would need him as a friend.

- THERE was a big crowd at the station in spite of the late hour. Mr. Brown, the Burnham publicity man, his duty done, bade me a hasty farewell and roared away in the big car that had been mine for three whole days. Helen and Babe gathered around me excitedly, a new note of awe in their voices.

At last the train pulled in—and a porter swung down, placing steps. I was rushed forward, for the flyer stopped only on signal, and as I climbed aboard a shower of cries followed... "Goodbye"... "Good luck"... "Write soon"... "Goodbye... 'bye!" The train gave a lurch and began to move slowly. I waved at the little group on the platform, misty and indistinct now because of my tears. The colored porter took a look at my ticket.

"This way, please, miss," he said, and he followed me down a swaying alley of green curtains to Number Ten. My berth was on the side nearest the station, and I leaned over and pulled up the shade for a last glimpse of Hopewell, which had vanished before the porter had finished stowing away my suitcase. The night blotted out the last of the familiar landscape and a whole epoch of my life.

- SUDDENLY, I began to enjoy myself. Even the experience of being in a sleeping car, my first, was an exciting adventure. I took off my hat, fluffed up my hair, and, selecting a few toilet articles, started rather timidly for the dressing-room. I had almost reached the edge of the car when I saw the dressing-room door, directly ahead of me, was flung open and a figure in a blue silk dressing-gown appeared. From en-
ormous heights, that world-famous smile flashed down at me. It was Clifton Laurence.

"Hello?" said he, "Have you seen the girl? My bell doesn't work.

"Mr. Laurence!" I gasped, incoherent with surprise. "I—er, yes, the porter is back at the other end. But, but you . . . are you appearing in St. Louis or somewhere tomorrow?"

"No, thank heaven!" he whispered. "My personal appearance tour ended tonight. I'm on my way back to Hollywood."

I could hardly grasp the full significance of that, at first. He would be there, on the same train with me, for two weeks and we'd be on the same train that was to mean to me? Would he ignore me in daylight—or would he become . . . a new and very real friend, perhaps my only friend in Hollywood?

Continued in December

MOVIE CLASSIC

Put yourself in the place of Lola Le Grange, typical American girl—pretty, intelligent, secretly ambitious, screen-struck. What would you be thinking and dreaming? What would you do and say if a handsome actor asked you to breakfast with him? Would you take him seriously—or lightly? What would you do if confronted by the adventures destined to befall Lola in Hollywood?

Follow the dramatic, completely real story of this girl . . . share her experiences . . . learn what any beginner might face in Hollywood. Told by one of America's greatest writers—Nina Wilcox Putnam—who knows Hollywood as few writers do!

Mct—and Watch—

Gladys Swarthout!

[Continued from page 66]

ural History. Father and son both considered Gladys a pretty fine specimen to bear the Chapman name.

To make sure that their romance will avoid the well-known rocks in the sea of matrimony, the singing Chapmans have devised what they call an antidivorce diet. It consists of never—or almost never—'eating the same things. They figure that the best way to keep two spirited temperaments from clashing is to feed them differently. Since observing this ritual, quarrels and misunderstandings have been conspicuous by their absence. Only when they have singing engagements do they both partake of lamb chops, baked potatoes, and pineapple at the same time.

If by chance, Mr. Chapman, Jr., should find himself a bit incoherent, due perhaps to some secret indulgence, he immediately sends her out to the moving machine on the balcony of their apartment. There she can work off her temper, rather than on him. Many couples all over the world can't afford to adopt some of the shrewd Chapman methods.

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FREE BOOK—Details the secrets of Dynamic Fitness can make you a NEW MAN.

Costuming presented a staggering problem, for several of the 1513 scenes required as many as five thousand extras. One entire building was set aside to house the costumes, nearly all of which had to be specially made.

The Place de la Concorde, which, during the "The Terror," became the Place de la Revolution, was duplicated with exact detail and in it was erected an authentic replica of the great guillotine that claimed the heads of nearly thirty thousand French noblemen and noblewomen. The Bastille, the hated prison that was departed the power of the old régime, was recreated on the studio lot in its exact dimensions from architects' drawings, borrowed from French archives. La Force prison, the scene of the brutal murder of four hun-
dread aristocrats, was rebuilt. London's Newgate prison and its courtroom, old Bailey, probably the most famous trial room in the world, were duplicated with almost microscopic precision. An equestrian statue of Louis XV, thirty-five feet high, was cast and erected in the Place de la Revolution, for the hate-charged mob to hurl down.

REMEMBER, when you see A Tale of Two Cities unfolding its dramatic plot on the screen, that such a picture is a tribute to others besides the director and the cast. Give those unsung heroes in the studio's research and technical departments a hand! Probably the most spectacular scene in the picture is the storming of the Bastille and its complete demolition at the hands of the mob. Five thousand "extras" took part. Twelve cameras filmed the attack.

Another ultra-spectacular scene is the trial of Darnay before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Thirteen hundred "extras" worked for the better part of a week in order to record that scene on film.

Besides Ronald Colman, the cast contains many outstanding names. Elizabeth Allan, as Lucie Manette, has the finest role of her career—one that should make her a major star. I watched her play the scene in which she accepts Carton's sacrifice and bids him farewell—and I have never seen an emotional scene played with greater understanding or tenderness. In this picture Blanche Yurka, one of the greatest living stage actresses, makes her screen debut as Madame Defarge, fend of the Revolution, as remorseless as fate. Henry B. Walthall, cast as Dr. Manette, has his greatest rôle since Vida Vila. Isabel Jewell plays the little seamstress who accompanies Sidney Carton to the scaffold—a small part as far as footage is concerned, but, nevertheless, one of the outstanding emotional roles in fiction. Basil Rathbone has an important part as the hated Marquis de Evranoude. Donald Woods has the role of Darnay. And Tully Marshall, grand old man of the screen, came out of retirement to accept the dominant character of a revolutionary. Taking the part, he announced that this would be his last appearance before the cameras. Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Walter Catlett, Fritz Lieber (the distinguished Shakespearean star), H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Claude Gillingwater, Billy Bevan, Lucile LaVerne and Lawrence Grant all have important roles. In all, there are a hundred and twenty speaking parts in A Tale of Two Cities.

But Sidney Carton will dominate the picture just as it has always dominated Ronnie Colman's ambitions. Carton, the impractical dreamer; Carton, the self-sacrificing lover; Carton, the drunken, scurrilizing genius whom love regenerated. "T lose my head in the picture," Ronnie told me. "And I think I'll willingly have given my head for the privilege of playing Sidney Carton."

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR by H. G. Wells

WHY MARY—YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S Chin WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE... But I'D A FIGHT WITH JIM—HE LEFT EARLY —SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN...

I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME! MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN—OUT USING A RAZOR—THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE.

WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS AND LEGS EITHER... JUST USE NEET — IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT DEAR.

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Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly growth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quiting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

N O W! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

MILK BATHS

The beautiful women of ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt knew the secret of a beautiful complexion—a smooth, clear skin free of blackheads, coarse and enlarged pores and similar outer skin blemishes. It was milk baths. Today you can use their successful way to beauty—milk—in MYL, the concentrated milk compound. It's so simple, so safe, so inexpensive. Just add two tablespoons of water to a package of MYL and apply to your face and neck. This forms a masque. Then remove this masque with lukewarm water—and see what magic has been performed. Your skin feels fresh, invigorated, youthful! It's clearer, whiter, softer, free from coarse pores and age-revealing lines. You have the complexion of YOUTH! A package of MYL costs but 25¢ at any drugstore who will refund your money if you aren't delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Or, send 25¢ coin or stamps to Hunt-Sermon Corp., 15 E. 26 St., New York, and receive MYL by return mail. The $1.50 package contains 7 full treatments.

Movie Classic for November, 1935
MOVIE CLASSIC’S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

§15 Prize Letter
Bring On Shakespeare!—It is with deep satisfaction that I—along with millions of others—read that both Norma Shearer and Marion Davies are contemplating roles from Shakespeare. Let the cynics scoff that Hollywood is trying to go highbrow. Hollywood’s business is to amuse and entertain millions of people, and that same demand for amusement and entertainment from Elizabethan England was Shakespeare’s reason for writing and producing his famous plays.

Personally, I think Shakespeare, with his ghosts and balconies and murders and shipwrecks, was meant for Hollywood. I, for one, am saying, “Hollywood, bring on your Shakespeare.”—Marion Simmermon, 10411—93rd St., Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

§10 Prize Letter
In Memoriam—Will Rogers dead! The first shock of those electric words failed to penetrate the numbness of my mind. It didn’t seem possible that Will, the Ambassador without portfolio to a world in need of homely truth, was dead.

As the screen loses one of its greatest actors, the world loses one of its greatest men. After his untimely death, the producers were uncertain about whether or not they should release his last two pictures. Will made known his views on the subject at the time of the death of Marie Dressler. He seriously believed that her last picture, not yet released, should be shown. Therefore, in accordance with his own desire, why not let his buoyant and lovable character live again, through the medium of the screen?—Thomas Quirk, 294 Mt. Auburn St., Watertown, Mass.

§5 Prize Letter
Thought for Today—So many people write to you, telling what they have learned from the movies—styles in clothes and hairdressing, how to walk like Crawford and talk like Harlow. But all I get from these beauteous gals is an inferiority complex and a headache.

Which is the greater boy-actor—Fred- die Bartholomew (above) or his pal, Mickey Rooney (right)? We expect plenty of letters on the subject after you see Freddie as Serge in Anna Karenina and Mickey as Buck in A Midsummer Night’s Dream

After my boy-friend has taken me to a Crawford movie, how do you think I feel when he looks me over afterward? All I can think of is that my eyelashes aren’t a foot long, that I am twelve pounds overweight, and that my dress cost only $3.50 in a sale, and that my skin isn’t very beautiful from working in a dusty factory.

I’d like to see these glamorous girls in a real situation once: Crawford waking up in the morning with her wave cap on one ear, Harlow coming in from a swim with her hair in limp, wet slabs. Then I’d know that movie stars are as human as I am and I could take the boy-friend to see someone besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery!—Helen Groveraski, Blasdell, Pa.

§1 Prize Letters
Wants Realism—The wonderful possibilities offered by the economic problems of the past five years have been neglected by the producers. People have been experiencing astounding changes and tragic questions arise almost daily in the lives of commonplace families. Unquestionably, the lives of plain people can furnish interesting plots for pictures.

Are we living in a world of make-believe? Are we interested only in pretty faces, fine clothes and glamorous scenes? Black Fury points the way out of make-believe into the world of reality.—Mac R. Hynes, 511 Park Ave., Eflingham, Ill.

Thus, one reader of MOVIE CLASSIC, however, there is not complete agreement in the ranks. Another reader says something else. What do you say?

Wants the Opposite—Ye gods forbid that I should ever see a portrayal of “real life” on the screen! If we are to take the word “real” in its literal sense, then we cannot escape the prosaic side of life—but why deliberately seek it? Many of us see motion pictures so that we may forget—temporarily, at least—these very realities. We drift away into the realms of dream-life, where dreams are seldom what they seem. What if, at the end of the show, we do hit the earth with a dull thud? Haven’t we had our illusionary hour with its pleasures and relaxations?—Evelyn S. Hill, 7704 LoGrange Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hurt by Headlines—My little boy, twelve, is a great admirer of a certain star and always has read everything printed about her. He was interested in her baby, her supposedly happy home, and had more than once held her up as a model to me. I felt so sorry for him yesterday when he read the headlines of her divorce proceedings. He was actually hurt, just as if one of his own friends had done him an injury.

Not that I consider divorce a disgrace, or that I lament over any human faults common to all. It is only when we read the purported statements of actresses or actors that they are supremely happy, can never change, etc., etc., and find ourselves wanting to believe it, that we get that duped feeling when things turn out the exact opposite.—M. M. Seals, 2738 Hatcher, Dallas, Texas.

Re: Seats expresses one viewpoint about star’s private lives. Another Texas reader feels differently: Live, and Let Live—I don’t think the public has any business criticizing the life of a star—any star—apart from the screen. We want art—real acting. When we get that, why should we still expect the stars to live according to our dictates? They have a right to more privacy from the prying eyes of the world. I don’t wonder some of them resent public curiosity so why should they, more than any other celebrities, live in glass houses? Humanity in general is pretty decent and so, I think, are the stars.—R. W. C., Ennis, Texas.

WHY DON’T YOU tell us your movie thoughts? They certainly are worth repeating—and they may be worth money to you. Each month we offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write today to MOVIE CLASSIC’S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
TATTOO YOUR LIPS
WITH THIS LUSCIOUS NEW RED
FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

Alive and alluring as flame . . . yet soft as the note from a thin silver chime. Dashing and gay as Hawaii's wild Hibiscus flower; vivid and daring as a grass skirt on Fifth Avenue . . . still as easy to wear as the most elusive perfume. It's the brighter red you have dreamed of and hoped for—in indelible lipstick, but has never been available because it would turn purplish on the lips. Now, Tattoo has found a way to give it to you without even a hint of purplish undertone. You'll find it the same luscious, appealing red on your lips as it is in the stick. See "Hawaiian." Tattoo your lips with it . . . if you dare!

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"
PUT IT ON • LET IT SET • WIPE IT OFF • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS!
"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW MY ENERGY"

Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER New York

Camels are Milder... made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.
Mrs. Temple Refuses Fortune for Shirley

FILM FASHIONS, BEAUTY and CHARMS
FACTORY TO YOU
LATEST MODEL REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

10¢ A DAY

- Brand new, latest model Remington for only 10¢ a day! Here is your opportunity to get a perfect writing machine at an amazingly low price direct from the factory. Every essential feature of large office typewriters—standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse. Act now, while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY
We send you the Remington Portable, Model 5, direct from the factory with 10 days' free trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. We pay shipping charges both ways.

FREE TYPING COURSE
With your new Remington we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

FREE CARRYING CASE
Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Model 5 a special carrying case sturdy built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in cars, on trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in standard machines
When you buy a typewriter, be sure you get one of the new, latest models, not a used or rebuilt machine. For you want a machine that has only the latest conveniences and devices. The Remington Model 5 you can get for 10¢ a day has every essential feature of big office machines.


MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in local, impressive form...helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or Graduation...one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Portable. We will send a Remington Model 5 to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a new Remington Portable. Write today.

SEND COUPON WHILE LOW PRICES HOLD
Remington Rand, Inc., Dept. 235-12
385 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City________ State ________
Strike that COLD at the source before it gets serious!

Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

After any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine for Colds and Sore Throat

Listerine Cough Drops
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.
SIXTEEN MEN

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world... in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!

CHARLES CLARK LAUGHTON - GABLE
In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

CHARLES CLARK LAUGHTON - GABLE

Herbert Mundin - Eddie Quillan - Dudley Digges - Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production

Albert Lewin, Associate Producer

Movie Classic for December, 1935
DECEMBER, 1935

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CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
"My Headache—
Tired Feeling—
BANISHED!"

THE WINNERS!

And a New Contest!

- IN the October issue, MOVIE CLASSIC invited you to "Ask Yourself Ten Questions—and Win a Prize!" We wanted to find out what you enjoy reading most. We wanted to discover what stars interest you most—and why. We wanted to learn a little about you, personally—so that we could feel as if we knew you.

And we appreciate your frank answers. Answers by the hundreds, then by the thousands, from every section of the country, from people of all ages—answers that will help us to give you—and you—and you the kind of magazine that you want to have.

The contest, you remember, hinged on the answers to the tenth question: "What would you suggest as a title for a story about your favorite star?" The judges name these as the readers who submitted the most interesting titles:

First Prize ($25)—Mrs. R.M. Riley, 899 S. 15th St., Quincy, Ill., for Why I Fell in Love with Jean Harlow... by William Powell. Second prize ($10)—Mrs. Furman Cole, Senator, S. Dak., for What the Stars Forecast for Shirley Temple. Third Prize ($5)—Edna Fay Peacock, P. O. Box 117, Walnut Cove, N. C., for What Motherhood Means to My Career... by Norma Shearer. Next ten prizes ($1 each): Jean Sandford, 2165 Adams Ave., Norwood, Ohio, for My Stepping Stones to Stardom—Claudette Colbert; Jessie Thompson, 5126 Seventh Court, South Birmingham, Ala., for What I Admire Most in a Woman... by Nelson Eddy: Catherine Spillane, 3914 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for How to Find Out If You Can Sing—Jeanette MacDonald; Jerrie Kyle, 900 College St., Kinston, N. C., for This Is the Way—Ginger Rogers; Mary Karmazin, 118 N. Morris St., St. Clair, Pa., for What Freddie Bartholomew Thinks of Greta Garbo; Mrs. R.W. Scellars, 159 S. Detroit, Los Angeles, Calif., for "Be Yourself—You'll Win!"; Jean Parker; Aileen Ditmer, 1280 Colwick Dr., Dayton, Ohio, for How Mary Pickford Stays Young; Julia McCaskill, Marianna, Fla., for Poise... by Irene Dunne; Lorena E. Brooke, 72 E. Fifty-Fourth St., New York City, for Why Be Ordinary?—Joan Crawford; Dorothy Hanley, 662 King Philip St., Fall River, Mass., for Miriam Hopkins: She Really Lived!

Now, because of the popularity of the first contest, MOVIE CLASSIC offers its readers another chance to play this simple, delightful little game of questions and answers. Again, the cash prizes will be (1st) $25: (2nd) $10: (3rd) $5: (4th to 13th) $1 each. (See the rules on page 8.)

Obey that impulse! Tell what you like—and try your hand at title-writing!

1. What is your name?.................................................................
2. Where do you live?.................................................................
3. What is your occupation?.........................................................
4. How many birthdays have you had?...........................................
5. Why did you buy this copy of CLASSIC?....................................
6. What three features do you like best in this issue?...........................
7. What three photographs?.........................................................
8. Are you reading Nina Wilcox Putnam’s new novel, "Screen-Struck"?...
9. What star would you like interviewed?........................................
10. What title would you suggest for the story?.................................

Clip and Mail to

Contest Editor • MOVIE CLASSIC • 1501 Broadway • New York City

MOVIE CLASSIC for December, 1935
Coming Soon
to special theatres in leading cities... following its
remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals...
the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important
production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
MAX REINHARDET'S
FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Music by FELIX MENDELSOHN

The Players

James Cagney  Joe E. Brown  Dick Powell
Anita Louise  Olivia de Havilland  Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert  Frank McHugh  Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale  Ian Hunter  Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney  Hobart Cavanaugh  Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length,
it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved.
To insure your early enjoyment of this picture
it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance

Movie Classic for December, 1935
ONE of the most unwelcome surprises of the month was the friendly, but final parting of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Married in 1933, they were generally considered one of Hollywood's model married couples. In 1934, putting her marriage ahead of her career, Frances left the screen to become the mother of Joel Dee McCrea. Returning to films only recently, in Becky Sharp, she had found new and greater success, climaxing by her latest performance—The Gay Deception. Joel, at the same time, had been rising to new heights, his latest role being the romantic lead opposite Miriam Hopkins in Barbary Coast. There is irony now in the fact that they will not share in each other's success. There was less surprise in the quiet Mexican divorce of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. For a number of years, they had occupied separate homes, explaining that the plan would assure a happy marriage, since—unlike most married couples—they would see each other only at their best. It was a good idea, theoretically.

Mary Pickford, autographing several hundred of her books at a Los Angeles department store, recognized a woman-purchaser as Myrta Sterling, who once worked with her in Biograph pictures, later was starred in a series of comedy shorts, and still later played "bits" in a few talkies. And Mary told her: "I'm going to make my own pictures again and I want you and others of the old days to remember that I am going to find a place in my productions for as many of you as I can." That's Mary Pickford! Rumors that she is about to marry Buddy Rogers can be temporarily overlooked. For one thing, her final decree of divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is not final until 1936.

By the time this appears, it is expected that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone will be bride and groom—or will have announced that, as long suspected, they have been secretly married for some time. Ramon Novarro has inaugurated a new preview stunt. At the preview of Against the Current, the Spanish picture he directed and produced, he was surrounded by well-wishers and autograph-seekers, mostly feminine. He gave no autographs, but every female who stepped up to shake his hand received a Novarro kiss. There have been no rumors yet that the innovation will spread. Another star gone charitable is George Arliss. He received a $30,000 overtime check for work on his new GB picture, Mister Hobo, and gave it back to the studio.

A belated movie discovery is Irving S. Cobb, the noted humorist, who appeared with his good friend, Will Rogers, in Steamboat Round the Bend. He is now to be featured in Everybody's Old Man. Still another is Fred Stone, another good friend of the late great Will Rogers. Fred was a bit in Katharine Hepburn's Alice Adams and now is the father in Agh Wilderness—a rôle that Will played on the stage.

Douglas Montgomery, sailing for England on the Normandie, was practically mobbed by autograph-seekers. Only the day before, he had told us that he wasn't a celebrity, but just an actor—even after his performance as [Continued on page 10]

Rules for Contest on Page 6
These are the only rules in our new contest: (1) All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and submitted on coupon printed on page 6, or a facsimilie. (2) They must be in our office not later than November 20, 1935. (3) All entries, to be eligible, must have answers to all ten questions. (4) The decision of the judges—the editors of this magazine—will be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. (5) Members of the MOVIE CLASSIC organization and their families are not eligible to compete. Winners will be announced in the February, 1936, MOVIE CLASSIC. P.S.: And, in addition, you can tell your movie thoughts to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor (see page 82)—and be eligible for other cash prizes. Not only this month, but every month.
"Not the least of my luxuries
Is Listerine Tooth Paste"
Says Miss Elisabeth Remsen

Miss Remsen shown on one of her thoroughbreds which she rides daily, rain or shine, in Central Park or the quiet paths of Long Island's famous south shore where she summers.

"I like it for its gentle action and its pleasant after-effect"

What a fine compliment to this exceptional dentifrice . . . that women and men of Miss Remsen's position—people able to afford any price for tooth paste—prefer it to all others. More than 3,000,000 people now use it regularly. They are simply delighted by its results.

If your teeth are dull, off-color, and look only half clean, start using Listerine Tooth Paste now. See how quickly it brings improvement.

Note how thoroughly but gently it cleans—and how quickly. Thousands are won by this speedy action.

See how it erases unsightly surface stains and discolorations. "Magically," say many. Note the brilliant flash and lustre it gives after brushing is over.

The really remarkable results that Listerine Tooth Paste gives are due to special, delicate, light-as-a-feather cleansers not found in ordinary dentifrices.

As they cleanse so gently, they also polish . . . softer than enamel, they cannot harm it and so can be used year in and year out without danger.

Start now to give your teeth better care. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and let it show you what it can do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Tooth Paste
Large Size 25¢...Double Size 40¢
They’re the Topics!

[Continued from page 8]

Marta Eggerth, Hungarian beauty, has come to America to sing Song of Joy. She couldn’t wait to see Jan Kiepura . . .

Stephen Foster in Harmony Lane. Chided about the statement, he said, with a laugh, “The farther I get from Hollywood, the better that gag seems to work.” Present, to see him depart, was a tall, good-looking, smartly-dressed and mysterious “Miss McLain,” who looked very Park Avenue, but declined to identify herself, claiming she “didn’t count.” Do you scent a new romance, Dr. Watson? . . . Also aboard were Frederic March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, heading for a vacation in England, during which Frederic hoped to finish reading Anthony Adverse, scheduled as his next picture . . . Also, Helen Hayes—who temporarily lost her little girl, Mary, in the vast corridors of the giant French liner. Her husband, Charles MacArthur, spotting a normal-sized ship at a nearby pier, inquired innocently, “What’s that—a tender?”

Hollywood has two new foreign stars—Marta Eggerth, blonde Hungarian beauty, who is to appear in Universal’s Song of Joy, and Jan Kiepura, handsome Polish tenor, who is to co-star with sensational Gladys Swarthout in Paramount’s Gwy Us This Night. Marta and Jan, reported romantically interested in each other, arrived in New York only a few days apart—Marta reaching America first. Scheduled to depart for Hollywood in a day or two, she resisted all efforts to persuade her to leave prior to his arrival, until convinced that she could not help but meet him almost immediately in Hollywood, since it is “a small town.” Each, at cocktail parties for the press in New York, sang for the writers, who aren’t used to such stellar generosity. Jan, by the way, sang an aria from the opera Martha—which is pronounced Marta.

It isn’t Loretta Young’s fault (unless she can be held to blame for being so gorgeous), but columnists are constantly remarking her “engaged” to men who later marry other girls. A recent rumor, for example, linked her name with that of Fred Perry, British tennis champion—who later eloped with Helen Vinson. Now they are calling Loretta “Cupid’s Stand-In” . . .

The Perry-Vinson wedding took place in Harrison, tiny New York suburb, late at night. Unable to find an inn open at that hour, they served the champagne to the small wedding party in a plebian lunch car—with hamburgers on rolls . . .

A new type of movie camera has been developed, (and patented!) by Twentieth Century-Fox. Rifle-shaped and compact, it does away with the huge cumbersome hood or “noise blanket” once used to eliminate the sound of the electric motor. The new device is silent. It is being used for the first time, on Fallaci Hudson’s new picture, Snatched . . . Shirley Temple is about to move to [Continued on page 75]
Your Dreams Of Romance Set To Music!

Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty...brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star...and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!

LILY PONS
in
"I DREAM TOO MUCH"

an RKO-Radio Picture with
HENRY FONDA
Osgood PERKINS • Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production

Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"
New Shopping Finds!

—Accent on Christmas

1. Christmas cards are a joy to send—and to receive—when they are clever, colorful, completely expressive of the joyous season. And here is a grand boxed collection of fifteen different cards for the low price of 90¢. The maker produces hundreds of designs, all outstanding and unusual—and place cards and tallies that also display the Christmas spirit.

2. Talk about million-dollar legs...well, whose wouldn't fit the description in these enticing new net evening hose? Lacy and lovely, they may not look like the old-fashioned Christmas stocking, but they are far more interesting! They are knee-length, with elastic tops (but also come in full-length styles). A glamorous gift for any girl, at $1.95.

3. Give the girl with lovely hands new pleasure in keeping them lovely—with a well-known hand lotion put up in a very special Christmas box. The lotion is fragrant, velvet-smooth and a guardian angel to tender skin. You could even afford to make this one of those gifts-for-yourself...at $1.

4. Three little bottles filled with famous perfumes, packaged in shimmering silver and blue, will carry your Christmas message for months to come. The scents are delicate, delightful—and inexpensive at $5 for the trio.

5. Smart-looking, and the sort of thing a girl adores, this cosmetic set includes a compact, lipstick, and box of powder. And the simple, stunning silver-and-black cases make them plain enough for day-time use...attractive enough for formal occasions. All for just 2.85!

6. What girl wouldn't be grateful for a manicure set in a sturdy pig-grained-leather case—a set so complete that it even has a finger-rest to hold her hand steady while she beautifies her nails? It contains polish, oily polish remover, cuticle remover, file, emery boards, orange-wood stick, finger-rest and nail-white pencil. An excellent gift for $2.

7. What to give the all-important male—and flatter his good taste at the same time? If you have a man on your Christmas list who makes it a habit to look well-groomed, and is mighty particular about what he uses, here is his gift. The shaving soap in a wooden bowl, after-shaving lotion, and hair tonic are among the most famous of all products for men—and all boxed in a thoroughly masculine manner. The price, too, is attractive—$2.95.

8. Cosmetics are always popular—and never more so than at Christmas. Packed in a gay Yuletide box come three famed beauty aids...an exquisite skin lotion, a fragrant face powder, and a skin perfume that anyone would adore. The modest cost? $1.25.

9. Straight from Hollywood, the beauty capital, comes this stunning box containing every make-up necessity—powder, rouge, lipstic, melting cleansing cream, skin freshener. [Continued on page 96]

Merry Christmas

...from the Shopping Scouts! Just to prove what very good Yuletide wishes we have for you, a small, sample bottle of enticing, new Vogue perfume will be sent to you—free—by special arrangement with a famous cosmetic house. Just fill in the spaces below and mail the coupon to Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Name

Street

City

State
Reduce your WAIST AND HIPS in TEN DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE or it won't cost you one cent!

We WANT YOU to try the Perfolicastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

- The massage-like action of these famous Perfolicastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

- The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolicastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Do not try this or any other girdle or brassiere until all of your skin pores have breathed normally. For, if they are not, you cannot be expected to be trim in any other girdle or brassiere. And we want to help you.

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

We have been racing from store to store, and shop to shop, scouting for clever Christmas gifts... and present a few of our finds here. (More next month!) We can't do any shopping for you, but we'll be happy to tell you the names of any—or all—of these finds. Address Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City... enclosing a stamped, addressed reply envelope.

Movie Classic for December, 1935
THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble-your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash! Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little shadeet—$1—blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!

Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lash tint compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural-looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department F-12, the Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

Make the Most

THE twenties are a magic age. They bring into fulfillment the promise of beauty made by the teens, enriching it and glorifying it. But only a very few women know how to make the most of the treasures of the twenties—or how to preserve them.

The girl in her twenties all too often betrays her own beauty by her mistakes in make-up. Such is the statement of Jack Dawn, make-up expert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—and beauty adviser to such glamorous women as Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce, Maureen O'Sullivan and Rosalind Russell—all in their twenties.

"The girl in her twenties," Jack Dawn insists, "must realize that it is well to retain that look of sweetness and innocence that she had in her teens. It can be her greatest feminine charm. And she can easily cultivate it if she studied her own face and recognizes the make-up mistakes she may be making. Every woman needs beauty aids—but few know how to use them.

"All lives add age to the face. As she grows older, every woman develops tiny wrinkles that drag the face down. The duty of make-up, then, is to give a lift to the face so that for as long as possible we have the childish roundness and the look of childish naiveté, that are so appealing.

- "IN making up, remember that the eyes and the mouth are the two features that transmit your personality. Remember that, if your make-up hardens your eyes and your mouth, it also defeats the very qualities you want to impress upon those whom you meet. A freakish mouth make-up, weird eyebrows or badly shadowed lids detract from natural charm. Emphasize your good features—but don't distort them. The color harmony of your skin is important. Many girls have difficulty in deciding on the proper tones of powder and rouge and lipstick and shadow. Here is a good rule to follow: Stand in a light that will shadow the wrinkles around your eyes and your mouth. You can then determine the type of pigmentation of your skin—whether it runs to the browns, the lavenders, the greens, or the creams.

"The next problem is to select good rouge and lipstick that will harmonize with your skin. Discover that by repeated experiment. Remember, however, that check and lip rouge must never match, but must always blend.

"Before you start to make-up, it is well to use one of the foundation creams that make your skin smooth and obliterate large pores. Powder your face carefully. Then study your features.

- "THE ideal face is symmetrical. Whether yours is or not, you can make it appear so. For example, if your lower jaw is heavy in relation to the rest of your face, use a darker powder around your jowls up to where the heaviness ceases. Then use a lighter powder for the upper portion.

By Lee Daniels

You'll never be more beautiful than when in the twenties—like the four glamorous girls above. And Jack Dawn, their beauty adviser, tells you how to enhance and preserve that once-in-a-lifetime charm!
of Your Beauty!

of your face, and you will reduce that heavy look. Blend carefully.

"If your mouth turns up at the corners, then make it up according to its natural line. If it does not turn up, bring your lip rouge up at the corners. Mouth make-up, of course, is important. Don't apply lip-rouge with your stick. Apply it with your little finger.

"Be sure to work your lip-rouge in well. To do that, stretch your lower lip over your teeth, and rub the rouge over it until every crevice is thoroughly covered. Rouge a little inside your mouth, and you will thus avoid that ugly darker line that you see so frequently. If your mouth is very large and you want to diminish its size, don't rouge to the corners. Open your mouth, stretch it wide until you make a large O, powder the corners, then bring your lip-rouge up until it makes a curve.

"Don't forget that every line on your face must go up, no matter what make-up you put on," Mr. Dawn continues, "Don't rouge down. Don't powder down. Don't make up your mouth to a droop.

"Red is a conspicuous color. Use it intelligently. In applying your rouge, study the position of your eyes and the shape of your face. If your cheekbones are high, keep your rouge low. If your cheeks are sunken, bring it a little higher. If your eyes are exceptionally good, then high rouge make-up emphasizes them and adds brilliance to them.

"The eyebrows are very important in setting the tone for the whole face. Many girls, in emulating exotic actresses, affect exotic eyebrows. It destroys their own character, unless it is in accordance with their particular type. A good rule to remember in make-up is: DON'T COPY. Every face has its own problems and its own requirements.

"In plucking your eyebrows, don't forget to give yourself ample width between the eyebrow line and your eye. Notice in a baby's face the vast space between the two. It is this eyebrow-line that gives a child that ingenious, innocent look. So pluck your eyebrows underneath, then use a pencil to extend the eyebrow line, if necessary, not forgetting to keep that upward sweep. If the bridge of your nose is narrow, the eyebrows should be far apart. If it is broad, bring them closer together.

"Again, remembering that all lines on the face should be kept going up, don't mascara the outward corner eyelashe. Instead, take a pencil and place a very narrow line directly over the eyelashe, on the lid. You thus bring the effect of an upward sweep without making it noticeable. In applying eyeshadow, it is well to use a very narrow brush, which will give you an exact line over the eye and help you to blending the shadow into the skin as far as the eyebrow.

○"IF YOU have a little puffiness under the eyes, don't mascara the lower lashes. It will only throw into relief that ugly swelling. To make it less apparent, fold your powder puff, dip it lightly into face-powder and work it gently into the little wrinkles under the eyes. If you have lines anywhere in the face, try 'erasing' them this way.

"Your nose and chin should be powdered last. Usually, they are the least attractive features of any face. Therefore, don't highlight them. If your nose is very prominent, a little darker powder on the sides will help. Don't rouge your chin.

"After all your make-up is on, take a powder brush and dust off your face. It will give that final touch of creaminess and naturalness to your skin, and help to blend all your make-up into your basic skin tones.

"If you are a woman who brags that it takes you only a minute or two to make up, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Make-up is an art. Your face is a promising canvas. If you are not beautiful— or rather, let's say, if you are not extremely attractive when you step away from the dressing-table—then it's your own fault!"

A Big Smile—and a little Chocolate Tablet

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action. There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

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

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Mail this coupon—today!

EX-LAX, Inc., 30 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

Mail Promptly

Ex-Lax—more than a laxative; a health tonic!

Mail this coupon—today!

EX-LAX, Inc., 30 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

Mail Promptly

Ex-Lax—more than a laxative; a health tonic!
Fresh from new triumphs in radio and opera... he thrills you as never before in his most dramatic picture... revealing the glamour and glory... the comedy and caprice... the rivalries and loves... the hidden, intimate drama pulsing behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

A BURST OF SONG... AND YOU ARE IN PARADISE AS THE GREAT TIBBETT SINGS:

PAGLIACCI
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
THE TOREADOR SONG FROM CARMEN
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE
FAUST
...THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

OPOLITAN

VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski

Movie Classic for December, 1935
“AFTER twenty years of picture-making, I realize that we make pictures for women. They make up sixty per cent of our audiences, in the first place. In the second place, they accompany two-thirds of the men who attend the theatre, and the women generally select the entertainment... With this in view, it is heart appeal and romance which count most in pictures. Some of the films that receive the finest critical acclaim are box-office failures because they fail to thrill women.”

Thus says Jack Warner, production head of Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, as quoted by Mollie Merrick, in her syndicated column. And there is not a producer who disagrees with him.

Hollywood has tried everything else—gangster thrillers, sexy comedies, divorce dramas, prison plays, G-men pictures, big business exposés. It has been trying to give you film fare as exciting and varied and up-to-the-minute as the headlines you read. Headlines arrest the eye, and may register temporarily on the mind, but they seldom reach the heart... which has a far longer memory.

Think in terms of headlines, and you are thinking of impersonal things, things which concern few of us intimately. Think in terms of romance, of romantic adventure, of courageous struggles to succeed, and you are thinking of things that interest all of us—intimately.

Hollywood has learned that now... and romance is returning to films. Hollywood is trading idealism for realism. Romeo and Juliet for Men Without Names, A Midsummer Night’s Dream for The Bride of Frankenstein. Hollywood is going to pull your heartstrings again, glorify human nature again, give your dreams something on which to feed again.

• ABOVE are three scenes from three new pictures, made by three different studios, all showing the new trend. The Three Musketeers, as a novel, is a classic of high-spirited adventure, romance, laughter, and tears. Captain Blood, though written by a modern, Rafael Sabatini, is in the same mood. And So Red the Rose, by Stark Young, is perhaps the greatest glorification of the romance of the Old South ever written. And these are only three of the romantic treats in store for you.

A Midsummer Night’s Dream, already released in world capitals, will soon be bringing romantic fantasy to your neighborhood theatre. A Tale of Two Cities, Dickens’ romantic masterpiece, unfolding against a background of the French Revolution, is coming. And Mutiny on the Bounty, the stirring tale of a small band of seamen that dared to seek a new life, and Peter Ibbetson, telling how two lovers, long parted, finally saw a dream of reunion come true.

Norma Shearer is filming Romeo and Juliet, most immortal of all love stories. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are making Rose Marie, offering romance with music, as Gladys Swarthout and John Boles are in Rose of the Rancho. Fredric March is about to relive the high adventures of Anthony Adverse. Charles Laughton is filming Cyrano de Bergerac. Gladys Swarthout will soon sing the passionate tragedy of Carmen.

We all ought to meet at the movies!
Give us a June Knight, a hillside, and snow—and we'll show you how to get zest out of living! Here is a twenty-two-year-old who enjoys life, whether she's dancing, singing, acting—or tobogganing. And she makes the thrill contagious. This is one vivid proof. You will find more in "Broadway Melody of 1936"
Chic, provocative, with a sparkle all her own. Paulette Goddard illuminates Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times." So much so that stardom is next!

Pert Jessie Matthews (right) is England's Star No. 1. She's due in Hollywood after "First a Girl!"

Young, intense, Katherine Hepburn is as dramatic as a million girls dream of being. And dorns boys' garb in "Sylvia Scarlett!"

Loveliness, talent, magnetic charm—Jean Harlow has them all. She glows with life. The newest proof: "Riff Raff!"

Girls You Remember
THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Brian Aherne is clean-cut, poised, Brit.

ish. Newest of the "gentle lovers," he is with

Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life."

Leslie Howard is a

merger of sophis

of this and dreamer

-a man of many emo-

tions. And most of them

will be seen in "The Petr

ified Forest."

Forceful and idealistic, Warner Baxter (left) is the epitome of The Fasci

nating Mo in "The Kid of Burlesq.

Quiet, romantic and one hundred per cent real - that's Gary Cooper, with Marlene Dietr

rich again in "Desire."

-and Men You Can't Forget
Al Jolson's "li'l Ruby"—Ruby Keeler—was the first to show the movie world that a dancer could become a star. And the first to prove that a dancer could have girlish sweetness. Every picture she has made has been a hit—like her latest with Dick Powell, "Shipmates Forever."

Frances

Serious in this newest portrait, and serious heretofore in films, Frances Dee stages a delightful surprise in "The Gay Deception" by being one of The Most Amusing People of the Year. Any year. Depicting a typical American girl, who suddenly has a fortune of her own to spend, she glorifies a very human being.
 Fortune for Shirley

"I've sacrificed a million for Shirley," reveals Mrs. Temple—who tells why in this story. It's a story that needed telling!

By HARRY LANG

Let's do some just-supposing... Let's suppose, to begin with, that you are just a typical, everyday American housewife... with two nice boys, a cute little daughter, and a husband who loves you, works hard, and brings home pay-check enough to provide the necessities of life and a few of the luxuries.

You live in a house that is cozy enough, and you do your own shopping and cooking and some of the washing and cleaning. You bargain around, and watch the pennies, and wonder if there will be enough to meet the instamments on the family car and the radio. You're happy enough, in a way, like hundreds of thousands of other American women...

But you can't help dreaming now and then, can you, of how wonderful it would be if somebody would hand you a thousand dollars—or if you could afford to move into that nice house in that nicer neighborhood over on the other side of town—or, in short, if you could suddenly be rich...

Well, then suppose that, out of a clear sky, Lady Fate should smile on your family and make your little girl suddenly famous. And then, as a result, in rapid succession all these things should happen:

A great theater chain offers you $5,000 a week if you will let your daughter appear on its stages about an hour a day—and that offer is good for enough weeks to bring you almost a quarter of a million dollars!

And a broadcasting system offers you up to $500 a minute for every minute your daughter talks or sings into its microphone—for enough minutes to total another quarter-million...!!

And real-estate corporations deluge you with offers of $25,000 houses, fully furnished, to be given you free, if you and your family will just please move in...!!!

And a foreign corporation begs you to bring your daughter to England for a series of stage appearances, and offers to pay all expenses on the best trains, boats, hotels, everything, and $50,000 besides, for about ten weeks...!!!

And scores of manufacturers of clothing, food, shoes, ice-cream, books, songs, toys, dolls and all manner of things offer you amounts ranging from hundreds to five-figure thousands merely to have your daughter "endorse" and be seen with their products... !!!!!!

Suppose, finally, that all these offers total a million dollars and more, within a couple of years... Would you—could you—say "No"?...

Well, Shirley Temple's mother DID SAY "NO!"

And, what's more, Mrs. Gertrude Temple still is saying "No!" to offers, every week of the year. She has already sacrificed, in cold cash, more than a million dollars. And the reason?

"Because I won't in any way hurt or spoil Shirley one tiny bit for all the money in the world!"

And she means it. I know. [Continued on page 60]
HE Gene Markey-Joan Bennett residence is the happiest home in Hollywood. Everyone will tell you so.
Most of the movie colony who visit the house ruefully admit it. There is an air about it—a distinct atmosphere of cheerful gaiety that one seldom finds in the private dwellings of celebrities.
It is far from being a pretentious place. The Markeys only rent it. They have not fallen for the lure of owning their own home—and neither one has any yearning for marble swimming pools, banquet halls, or terraced gardens taking up expensive acres. They are too thrifty. They own a little refuge on the beach which they have taken on one of those perpetual lease affairs, and even that possession is preying on their minds. Why?
"I'm superstitious about such things," Joan told me. "I feel that if we bought a house, or decided to build one, something would happen to make us move. Then, too, we both like California, but we know we are not going to spend the rest of our lives here. Gene eventually wants to go back East. He says there is a stimulation about New York that keeps every writer on his toes.

"Besides," this lovely girl continued, "while I like to make pictures, some day soon I hope to go back on the stage. I feel that the ideal combination would be for Gene to write plays, and for me to act in them. He writes most of his stories now with me as the heroine. Why shouldn't he write a really good play, and let me act in it? That's what I want to do more than anything else. Don't you think it would be perfectly grand?" she demanded with an eager smile.

- It is an amazing thing that this youngest of the Bennett girls has done. I remember her ten years ago—an adorable little schoolgirl, coming into her mother's drawing-room and making an old-fashioned curtsey to the guests. There she stood—her hair tied up in a babyish ribbon, her pretty little face under the yellow curls, her blue eyes gravely watching the antics of the grown-ups. There was a decided seriousness about her even then that made her a distinct contrast in character to her two older sisters.
The three Bennett sisters! Connie—the belle and the sophisticate to her fingertips, who

[Continued on page 78]
Miriam Hopkins begins a new life

She set out to win fame and success—and she won them. Now she wonders how much of life she missed on the way. Moreover, she intends to find out!

By DELL HOGARTH

Miriam Hopkins is at the crisis of her career. Having attained what she thought she wanted, she wants it no more! Her future in pictures will be different entirely, and soon (perhaps too soon) she will be working for fifty dollars a week as a reporter on the New York World-Telegram or impishly poking her freckled nose into the curiosities of faraway Pekin or Timbuktu.

This crisis all came about because Miriam started out on the wrong foot.

Her screen career actually began in Monte Carlo. Some years ago she was luxuriating at the famous resort with her husband. She was a successful actress on the New York stage; he, a successful playwright. But among that host of fashionable revelers they were just an ordinary American couple: a Mr. and Mrs. Austin Parker.

One day as Miriam lolled in the hotel lobby, gazing out through great bay windows at the shimmering blue of the Mediterranean, her mind dwelt lazily on what her future might hold. Her musings were suddenly interrupted. There was an excited buzz of conversation in the crowded lobby. People jumped to their feet and began to rush toward the door and windows. Miriam glanced up to see a chic French lady staring toward the door with a bright, expectant face.

"Why—what is it?" Miriam asked in French.

"It’s Constance Bennett—the famous American movie actress. She’s just now arriving. She’s...

The awed voice broke off as the crowd at the doorway parted to admit the famous entourage. Miriam glanced uneasily about. Everybody else was standing up as a tribute of respect. Not to be conspicuous, Miriam also arose to her feet. And as she watched Connie Bennett pass along like a queen to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause, she realized that there was the pinnacle she wanted to attain—the golden life—the adoration of the public.

From that moment on her mind was made up. She was famous.

And now that Miriam has attained her goal, she realizes the tragic truth of Emerson’s words: “Be careful what you set your heart upon, because you are sure to get it.”

Fame?” asks Miriam, with a touch of irony in her voice. “An actress is rarely famous. She’s glamorous—a passing curiosity—a being strangely set apart for a brief while. Take Eleanora Duse and [Continued on page 66]
The models of today will be the movie stars of tomorrow—if the future is anything like the present and the past. Models have what it takes to make good before the camera. And here is your opportunity to learn what it takes to make good as a model.

At first glance, the profession looks overcrowded. There are enough models in New York City alone to populate a small city. Only a clever few can possibly make screen stardom.

But just as surely as the sun rises in the east, these few will attain the highest perch on the ladder of fame that movie celebrities mount. *Because it has been done before!*

One of the most interesting common factors in the rise of many famous screen stars is the little-known fact that at one time or another they have been professional models. Making a living by posing for pictures. Artists' drawings. Commercial photographs. Billboards. Posters telling you the benefits of a nationally known pill, or advising you to use none other than a particular brand of gasoline, cigarette, automobile, cosmetic, corset, stocking, beef, cereal, soap, shirt, boat—in short, anything and everything that is a commodity on the market.

- If you want something amusing to do on a dull winter evening, take out a number of old magazines and go through their pages. You will come across many a face that is famous today. See that good-looking boy showing off a certain brand of collar, or a new kind of hat? Do you recognize him? Of course you do. Fredric March!

Fredric worked as a model in New York City three or four years, between stage engagements or while waiting for that golden opportunity—that chance to show what he could do with a real part! (He was head over heels in love with his art even in those days, and thought of nothing but the stage.) In between plays, however, he had to eat, and so he pounded the pavement, going the rounds of the photographic studios, posing for some advertising agency one day, posing on the next for a commercial photographer illustrating some magazine stories.

He worked through the John Powers Agency, which has supplied more models to the commercial world in the past ten years than come from all the other sources together.

"March was a great favorite," Mr. Powers—who is an ex-actor, himself—says with a smile of reminiscence. "All the advertising agencies and
magazine editors liked him. They called him ‘the most reposeful type' to be had. He got up in the top model class, making as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a week when business was good. He certainly was one of the best models I have ever had in my office,” he added somewhat wistfully.

- "Kay Francis is another movie star who used to work for me as a model,” he continued. "A few years ago she was playing a small part with Walter Huston on the stage. I had to have a girl to show fur coats for an important Fifth Avenue house. So I got her, and she turned out to be just as good as I expected. Kay worked around here for quite a while, modeling gowns, coats, furs. But it didn't take her very long to hit the movies, and once she started, she kept right on going. She is such a resourceful, intelligent person that I think she would make good at anything she wanted to do.

"I'll never forget the day Norma Shearer walked into my place," Mr. Powers said. "She was perfectly lovely, about eighteen years old, and had just come to New York from Canada to try to earn a living by posing. The moment I saw her, I knew she was a 'natural.' She is the only model I have ever seen who I could say was a born actress. In every pose that she did, I could feel she was putting everything she had into her job. It wasn't just a moment's registering of a certain expression. She acted the part—whether it was that of a young housewife showing off a new refrigerator, or a sweet girl graduate carrying a daisy chain for some magazine cover, or a young modern smiling up into some young chap's face as he lighted a cigarette for her, or a Park Avenue deb wearing a new-style gown. All of them were as different in essential delineation when Norma did them as though each pose had been made by some entirely different girl.

- "It isn't so easy to get into the modeling business," Mr. Powers says, seriously and earnestly. "I wish there was some way of stopping so many girls from wasting their time and energy, trying to buck an impossible game. Not one out of a thousand applicants that I have, ever makes the grade. Sometimes I feel that every girl in the United States is determined to become a model! They hear or they read about some of the best ones in the field—such as Janice Jarratt, who has, by the way, already appeared briefly in films and has had numerous screen offers—and they all want to get in. They [Continued on page 72]
How Fred Astaire Looks at Life

The world's shyest movie star breaks down and gives an interview—in which he reveals some of his most personal opinions

By CAROL CRAIG

After the hit that he made in Top Hat—which broke attendance records all over these United States—you might think that Fred Astaire is looking at life with that top-of-the-ladder feeling. He isn't. He's scared stiff about his next picture—worried that he won't be able to repeat. No one else is worrying. But that's Fred—the world's greatest worrier and the world's most modest movie star.

Notice that I didn't also say, "the world's greatest dancer." He hates the phrase (or praise, if you prefer). Every time he reads it, or hears it, he grits his teeth. To Fred, it's too much responsibility, trying to live up to any such title. He'd rather just dance—and enjoy it!

There's no doubt that he does enjoy it, now. That's obvious from his facile footwork on the screen. And he says, for the record: "Why shouldn't I like it? It's my work, my profession—I've given my life to it. Some writer recently wondered in print about dancing. That's ridiculous. Probably, until I drop in my tracks."

Getting Fred to say anything of an achievement. His modesty of the press. He dodges the ge who write. He has learned it seems, that most of them want to talk about Fred Astaire. So than "I Won't Dance") has been discussed, and is promised personal

Running up against this reservoir under the delusion that, in private, about the favors he granted, I lost.

The meeting occurred on a Saturday rehearsal for his radio broadcast, huge, modernistic, 3000-seat theater in New York—empty except for the large studio hangers-on. As the RKO vice-president introduced me to a seat down in front, still the difficulty of getting Fred to talk...
She is one of the youngest stars. And she found success by following these ten simple rules, which would apply to any other career as well as acting!

As told to
HELEN HARRISON

A CAREER is something you plan, work toward and sometimes achieve. It isn't, as you may think, thrown into your lap like so many ripe plums. Neither is it done with mirrors.

I am not talking only of a picture career—I mean any career. Being a successful model, debutante, stenographer, flyer, designer or housewife requires thought and effort, just as does that long, discouraging trek toward movie-stardom. I know. I've climbed, foot by foot of endless miles of film, and sometimes I've wondered how to go on, wondered if there were any short-cuts, any signs along the road Besides "detour."

As a result of my own experiences, I can tell you that there are no short-cuts. But you can save valuable time and many heartaches by doing some intelligent planning. Amelia Earhart didn't step into a plane and fly from Hawaii to California just on blind faith in Providence. Her success was the outcome of years of careful planning and tireless work. That goes for all successful women—and men, too. Secretary of Labor Perkins was not selected at random, nor did Grace Moore just happen to click in One Night of Love. Behind every career is work, sacrifice, intelligence, and a clearly defined plan of action.

But how to start planning? Are there pointers that would be effective for anyone and everyone? From my own experience, I'm firmly convinced that there are ten rules that would apply to any career—no matter what that career may be.

- First, I'd say: Take inventory! Whether you are ten or twenty or forty, when you make up your mind not to drift through life, but to have a real career, add up your assets and your debits. Work it out systematically. Draw up your own little mental balance sheet. On one side, take stock of what you "have." On the other, what you "haven't." For instance:

The four main assets in career-building are: 1. Looks; 2. Personality; 3. Brains; 4. Charm. Under "Looks" you may enumerate regular features, large eyes, even teeth and a clear complexion. Against those assets you may have to balance such handicaps as hips that are a little too large, lips that are too thin. Under "Brains" you might credit an enjoyment of good books, an ability to speak two or three languages, a good memory, a taste for painting. This will all help you to determine just what line of work would be the best field for your potential talents. Of course, one of the rules of the game is that you must be honest with yourself in your appraisal.

Second: Perfect your looks! The possible assets I mentioned—regular features, large eyes, even teeth and a clear complexion—are desirable in the model, the débutante, the successful business woman, the actress. But, let's see, we said the hips...
CAROLE LOMBARD owes her success today to no one but herself. She was the person who developed her personality, her ability—and even her beauty. Read the whole fascinating story!

By SONIA LEE

CAROLE LOMBARD today is Hollywood's outstanding self-made woman. From the tips of her toes to the crown of her head, from that beautiful figure to that clear-thinking mind, she is a monument to forethought, ambition and relentless self-control. She is a glamorous, inspiring example to women the world over.

In many instances, beauty may be God-given, even intelligence may be inherited, and honesty may come through childhood training—but Carole Lombard is personally responsible for the woman she is today, even to the remaking of herself physically.

She is a unique personality. Alternately, she has the consuming fire of a dynamo and the placidity of a lily pool. She is perhaps the most honest person in Hollywood—because she is essentially honest with herself. There is no phase of herself, either in relation to her work or to her fundamental self, which she allows to be obscured by any confused notions.

Today she is not only one of the best-dressed women on the screen, but one of the most beautiful, whose beauty is a curious blend of flesh and spirit, which can never be definitely labeled. In the past year, she has taken her place in the upper roster of competent Hollywood celebrities by effective work in a half-dozen productions. After seeing her performance as a temperamental Broadway queen in 20th Century, not only producers, but the country at large, became aware of this girl's talent, and instantly began to mine her potentialities. (Her newest picture is the colorful Hands Across the Table, with Fred MacMurray.)

Here was feminine beauty: here was an honest reaction to emotion; here was a lucid mind that easily comprehended the limitations of a character, as well as its possibilities. Hers was no surface interpretation, but, rather, a keen analysis of drama and emotional expression. People began to suspect a fact that has actually been true for years: Carole Lombard is a person who can subtract fluff from substance; who has almost second sight where people and their motives are concerned.

- She was by no means a remarkable child. She had delicate coloring, a certain grace, a habit of walking on her toes that convinced the family that she was destined to be a dancer, but she had all of a small boy's inclinations and curiosities. She had then—and still has—an insatiably inquiring mind. Nothing daunted her then—and it doesn't now. Even as a child no horse was too spirited for her, no wall too high to climb, no water too swift to swim.

To all intents and purposes the small Jane Peters, who later became the glamorous star, Carole Lombard, might have been a boy. Certainly she had little that would give even an indication that the small girl would eventually, through her own labors, become a famous beauty and a famous actress.

The first [Continued on page 62]
TULLIO CARMINATI’S

Immortal Love

Some day the poised Latin lover may marry—but meanwhile he cannot forget Eleanora Duse, “the most feminine woman I have ever seen”

By JANE CARROLL

In the life of every man who ever becomes an idol of many women, there is one unforgettable woman—one inspiring woman. The memory of her charm helps to explain his own. At least, this would seem to be true of Tullio Carminati, the blue-eyed, soft-spoken Latin actor—whose sensitiveness, combined with his good-natured suavity, becomes more irresistible each time he makes a picture. (I hope you didn’t miss seeing him in One Night of Love, Let’s Live Tonight and Paris in Spring.)

And the “unforgettable woman” in the life of Tullio Carminati, born Count di Brambilla, was a woman who, many insist, was the greatest actress of all time. In books of theatrical history now fast gathering the dust of the years in libraries, you may find some brief biographical sketch of her such as this:

ELEANORA DUSE—Italian actress. Born near Venice, Italy, October 3, 1859, the daughter of Alessandro and Angelica Duse, strolling players. Married Signor Cecchi. First stage appearance as child in Les Miserables in 1863; last American appearance at Metropolitan Opera House in November, 1923, drawing a $30,000 box office in Ibsen’s Lady of the Sea. Died in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 21, 1924.

It was of this woman, this superb actress, that Tullio talked to me a certain day not long ago, as we sat in the dim light of his apartment. Feddering the...
TIBBETT Returns— in Triumph

"Metropolitan" gives the sensational American opera star his great chance to become a screen sensation

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

METROPOLITAN is not "just another musical picture"—it is one of the great crossroads in the career of Lawrence Tibbett. On its success hangs his screen future.

Several years ago, he came to Hollywood to star in a series of film musicals. He was the first of the great opera stars to dare the new medium that had been provided by the invention of sound pictures. Like most pioneers, he encountered many obstacles and difficulties. The methods of recording then in use could not do justice to his voice. More important, even, was the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Public, to whom the voice of the screen was still a novelty, were not ready to accept operatic pictures.

Tibbett made four films, no one of which was a box-office hit, and left Hollywood as discouraged as so buoyant a personality can be. In the intervening years, he has climbed to even greater heights in the music world, but he makes no secret of the fact that his comparative failure in pictures has continued to rankle. Lawrence Tibbett is not the man to accept setbacks placidly.

As a consequence, when Twentieth Century-Fox offered him the opportunity to star in Metropolitan, he accepted with eagerness and determination. Also, perhaps, with just a bit of honest apprehension, for he knew that a failure—which might well result without any fault on his part—would blast forever his hope of a screen career. Tibbett wants a screen career—make no mistake on that point. And it looks as if he will have it now, in a big way.

He wants to succeed in pictures because he sincerely believes that the screen is the great new medium for music—that it is going to popularize opera and make it part and parcel of the cultural life of every man and woman and child in America. Being fired... [Continued on page 74]
James Cagney—

with a Difference

You feel as if you know him from his films. But do you? The answer is "No"—until you read this story. Like Jimmy, it packs a punch!

By Ida Zeitlin

Those who know James Cagney only on the screen take it for granted that he is twin brother to the roughnecks he plays—a dзе-дose-and-dems lad, with a chip on his shoulder and a hard fist swinging free—a product of the New York streets who found his sermons in the paving stones of Hell's Kitchen.

His friends know him as the son of a decorous household in Yorkville, a modest, but peaceable quarter of Manhattan—as a boy who used his fists when he had to, but found the use of his brain a more stimulating process—as a man whose blood is more easily stirred by social injustice than the latest heavyweight bout—who will talk far into the night on any subject at which his mind can tug, and close up like a grim-lipped oyster only on the subject of himself.

In one respect he does resemble his screen characterizations. He has a directness that shies like a nervous horse from any form of pretension. He hates high-sounding phrases that ring hollow with their own emptiness. He will have no part in any pose, intellectual or otherwise. His quiet, caustic tongue has been known to blast a press-agent inadvertently enough to refer to "Mr. Cagney's career."

"Why a career?" he inquired with deceptive mildness. "Why not a job like yours or the bootblack's or the elephant's in the circus? You'll be having me an ah-tist next."

• He can be pried open if you're lucky enough to discover the right instrument. Tell him you liked him in such and such a picture (if you're wise, you won't tell him, but all of us can't be wise) and behind his impassive front, you can sense his intention to run to cover, managing at best to stutter over his shoulder: "Yes, it turned out well, didn't it?" As many people expand under a compliment, he curls up and does a fade-out. That the compliment may be warmly and spontaneously offered makes little difference. Cagney can't take it.

Tell him that, as a popular actor, he is an object of public interest, and he'll swallow his own skepticism to inquire reasonably: "What can I say that hasn't been said before?" Give him the time-honored spiel about the value of crushing the prints on any terms—and he'll bring his palms down in a characteristic gesture of derision and, with his lower lip caught between his teeth, give vent to a long-drawn "Ph-h-h!") But remind him that writing is your job, as acting is his, and you'll have him on the spot. He may look about [Continued on page 38]
SCREEN-STRUCK

This is the dramatic story of an unknown's struggle for success in Hollywood—a story as real as the city of hope and heartbreak

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

THE STORY THUS FAR: Pretty, alert Lola Le Grange—whose mother and father are dead—works as an usherette in a theatre in a small midwest city. Screen-struck, she has one great secret ambition—to win the chance, some day, to be an actress. Her girl friends are amused by her absorption in pictures, particularly the pictures of Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol. Feeling that they would not believe her or understand, she does not bother to explain that she is more interested in his acting than in Laurence, himself, who is scheduled to make a personal appearance in the theatre.

A few days before this event, Buddy Kane—who works in the theatre office and is wistfully in love with Lola, though realizing that she cannot love him—brings her an inside tip on a great piece of news. A photograph that she had secretly entered, weeks before, in the nationwide Search-for-New-Faces Contest, conducted by Burnham Brothers' Studio in Hollywood, has won first prize ... a free trip to Hollywood and a chance in pictures.

She cannot believe it. But the news is true. And on the stage of the theatre where she has worked, Clifton Laurence—who is even more romantic in person than in films—presents her with her ticket to Hollywood. As she leaves the stage, buoyant with excitement, she trips, almost falls. The audience roars with laughter, adding to her torture. Buddy Kane rescues her and drives her to the station to catch a midnight train—to embark on her great adventure. As the train leaves Hopewell, she encounters Clifton Laurence in the Pullman corridor. He recognizes her, seems pleased to see her. She wonders what part this meeting will play in her future. The story continues:

Chapter IV

That Clifton Laurence should be on the same train with me, was, when I came to consider it later, not very surprising. But that he, too, was going all the way to Hollywood on the same train and in the very same car with me, was another matter. The realization of it kept me awake far into the night, because the last thing he said to me in the dim Pullman corridor, had been, "How about breakfast tomorrow—say at eight-thirty?" And I had only nodded, unable to speak because I was so surprised.

"Anyway," I decided dreamily, "he doesn't think me a clumsy clown, after all. And what I think of him is better kept under control—plenty! Because, after all, an invitation to breakfast isn't half as chummy as it might sound!"

But at the breakfast table, with cheerful sunlight flooding the snowy damask and sparkling service, my heart, if not my lips, would not be denied. In the full daylight, Clifton Laurence was an immaculately groomed, incredibly healthy specimen. And any man who looks thoroughly charming while eating breakfast-cereal is super-attractive! He was so natural and so much at his ease that presently I began to feel as if I had known him a lifetime—and in a way, from watching him on the screen, I had.

When I put out my hand for a second hot biscuit, he tapped my wrist smartly, making me drop it. At my look of amazement, he chuckled.

"Just an old Hollywood custom," he explained. "Your figure, you know. We earn our daily bread, but we are not allowed to eat it!"

"Thanks for reminding me," I said. "But I've always eaten what I wanted—and stayed thin."

"What you think is thin," he warned me, "and what the camera says about it, are usually two different stories. The camera wins. Look here," he went on, "you're completely new to all this, aren't you? The picture-game, I mean."

I nodded, and he went on: "Any stage experience at all?" he wanted to know; and when I shook my head, he said, "What makes you think you can act?"

This rather annoyed me. "I've watched dozens of actresses in dozens of pictures," I declared confidently. "And I know I can do just as well as some of them ever can. Of course, I know there are little tricks I'll have to pick up. But most of it is up to the director. I'm not afraid of Hollywood. The test is the only thing I'm worried about. If that's successful, I'll get by."

He gave me a long, quizzical look. "I hope you're right," was all he said.

- A TRANSCONTINENTAL train, I soon found, is a place where one makes intimate friends of complete strangers in no time at all. The train roared on and on across a glorious, never-ending America, day and night, night and day. The last night on the train, Cliff (he had asked to be called that by now) and I sat late on the observation platform, with a full moon sculpturing the mountains into dream-castles. Our chairs were the only ones occupied, and they need not have been so close together—but they were. Somehow, with this unreal world falling away behind us, we had got to talking—impersonally—about love.

"I think it's the most important thing in life," I was saying. "I'm old-fashioned that way, I guess. But
"That chin is going to catch the shadows badly," the cameraman warned. I began to wonder why in the world they even bothered about testing me. I might have been a wax figure, for all they considered my feelings.

I've always felt that rumble seats were made for riding, not petting. Cheap! That's what I hate! The way some of the boys in our town . . . oh well, you know.

"The boy who was with you at the theatre?" he asked.

"He has helped give me respect for honesty and sincerity," I retorted promptly.

"Engaged?" he asked.

"Not to Buddy," I said, quickly aware of my blunder. "And I never could be. But when it's the real thing, it breeds respect."
"The real thing!" Cliff interjected. "Is there any such animal? After you've made a dozen love scenes—and people suspect a dozen different times that you were actually 'living' those scenes—you'll wonder, too. If the make-believe article looks so much like the real thing—how are you going to recognize the real thing when you see it? And the way some women throw themselves at actors doesn't help any."

"I've read a few things about popular actors," I replied dryly. "I know they have to sweep the women off their doorsteps before they can go out in the morning!"

He laughed appreciatively. "Seriously, though," he went on, "Tom Burnham didn't really need to put that clause in my contract—that it would be broken automatically if I married. I have no intention of ruining my box-office value as a bachelor. But not because of that clause."

"What's your reason, then?" I wanted to know.

"Because I don't want to be hurt," he said at last. "Don't mistake me. I like women a lot. But I don't want to fall and get up bruised. People are silly to get married unless they can stay that way."

"Everyone," I said in a low tone, "secretly hopes for that. After all, marriage is all right. It's—it's the people who go into it who are wrong. And they're not always wrong."

"You're a funny kid!" he said with a short laugh. "But you're kind of sweet, at that!"

He stood up. It was late. We would be in Los Angeles in the morning. And there was a moon and a dangerous topic. In the shadow under the awning it was very dark. We might never see each other again.

"There will be a lot of ballyhoo for you at the station," he said in an odd voice, "I may not get a chance to see you, but you know where to find me if I can ever be of help. Keep your chin up!" Without knowing what I did, I put my chin up. His kiss was as electric as it was unprompted. I turned and ran—ran through the whole surging length of several cars to my berth, never looking behind me. For hours afterward, I lay in my berth with the shade raised, looking out at the starry night, asking myself what he had asked: "How are you going to recognize the real thing?" I told myself over and over, tremulously, "I love him—I have always loved him, even when he was just a shadow to me. And he may never know. . . . and, maybe, never care. . . ."

I DIDN'T see him again in the morning. He wasn't there to witness how right he had been in his prediction about ballyhoo for me. As I stepped off the train, a battery of cameras faced me. A publicity man greeted me—a child actress presented me with a huge bunch of flowers while cameras clicked—and reporters buzzed around me.

Then out I went into the California sunshine, beneath an incredibly blue sky, seeing waist-high hedges of crimson geraniums, low-lying white buildings, ingenious shops formed like giant kettles and windmills. The big studio car flashed on mile after mile, through streets with the biggest houses and trimmest lawns I had ever imagined, to the enormous cream-colored Spanish facade of the studio, buried in elaborate flower beds.

Everybody was so kind, so polite, so helpful. There was Mr. Thomas Burnham, the studio head—a big, quiet man with a Boston accent. He looked preoccupied, but he was cordial and . . . far, far different from the comic-strip type I had fully expected. He had, I found out, once edited a nationally famous newspaper.

At luncheon, in the executives' dining room, Mr. Burnham made a little speech, presenting me to the rest of the inner circle, while Burnham newsreel cameras recorded the scene.

"What this studio seeks most earnestly," he said in part, "is talent—real talent. Our gates are never closed to those who have it. On the contrary, it is our duty and our pleasure to serve our audiences with genuine entertainment, and to find new faces and new charm in order to have our entertainment standards on the highest possible level. This was, as you know, the reason behind our recent Search-for-New-Faces Contest, and we hope and believe that in Miss Lola Le Grange we have the making of a real actress and a popular star. Gentlemen, Miss Lola Le Grange!"

My heart was fairly bursting with gratitude as I rose and bowed. "I can't tell you how happy—and how lucky—I am to be here," I said. "This is the proudest moment of my life. And I only wish all my friends could be out here in this wonderful place, too, enjoying this marvelous California sunshine."

When I sat down, I was a little afraid I had rather mixed in some real-estate talk by accident, but nobody seemed to notice. Indeed, nobody noticed me any more the moment the newspaper crowd left. I waited about, at a loss, feeling forgotten. Then at last Mr. Burnham turned and caught sight of me. He summoned a younger man to his side, and they came toward me.

"This is Mr. Hilton, Miss Le Grange," said the older man. "He's going to have your test made right away."

Then he hailed another member of the group and was gone.

Mr. Hilton grinned. "Assistant producer is my job," he explained reassuringly. "Don't mind the big boss. He's not unkind, really—he's just busy. Come on, I'll get you fixed up for the sacrifice!"

I picked up my purse and gloves and followed, my heart in my mouth.

THE sound-stage where the test was made was dark, confused, and smelled musty. To my surprise, I found that several other people—a young man, and an old lady and a little girl—were also waiting to have tests made.

It [Continued on page 64]
So Nothing Ever Happens to Robert Taylor?

His life has been uneventful, he claims. But let's look at the facts about New Sensation No. 1!

By Virginia Lane

"NOTHING ever happens to me," said Robert Taylor, with a look of honest perplexity in those cobalt eyes of his. "I haven't any startling story to tell. I haven't any background of struggle or adventure. Just plain, everyday Bob—that's me."

"Plain, everyday Bob," it so happens, has Hollywood as twitttery as an old maid with a new beau. The moviemakers rate him as "the find of the year." Moviegoers started talking about him when he appeared in Society Doctor and the noise reached a tumult by the time he appeared as the romantic lead of Broadway Melody of 1936. Now he is heading straight for stardom as the hero of The Magnificent Obsession, opposite Irene Dunne.

"Your case history interests me strangely. I assured him, as one psychologist to another. (Originally, he intended to become a psychoanalyst.) "I'd like to do a little personal research."

This allegedly uneventful life of his began, it seems, in Nebraska, not far from the birthplace of Henry Fonda, another blue-eyed six-footer who is putting new life into films. "Dad was a doctor there," Bob explained. "Dr. S. A. Brough. Do you know anything about physicians practising in small western towns?"

I nodded. They're apt to be quiet, self-effacing men who consider fighting blizzards and tornadoes and violent heat all a part of the day's job in that greater fight against death. And their sons are apt to become men of the same fibre.

Bob was an only child. He could (and did) drive the family car at ten, but he liked better his piebald pony, which was big enough to pull a light sled over the road when the snowdrifts were so bad that an auto couldn't get through. It was fun to hitch up "Peanuts" (the pony) and drive his father out to make a call at some farm, with the hard snow crunching underfoot and sparks flying from the pony's hoofs. Once he went with his dad at night. It was twelve below zero and there was not a light on the road. The patient had acute appendicitis. His father had to operate immediately, with the kitchen table serving as the operating table. Bob helped his father. He brought hot water and sterilized instruments and kept a stiff upper lip—until dawn. They knew they had won then. The man was going to live. And Bob felt his legs suddenly sag with nerve reaction. He stumbled out to where "Peanuts" was stabled, buried his face against her and cried himself to sleep.

No, nothing has ever happened to Robert Taylor, who plays a young doctor in The Magnificent Obsession. Just life, that's all.

He attended the public school in Beatrice, Nebraska, and thought he was in love with a little blonde until she deserted him for a boy with more ice-cream money. So Bob was off women until he went to college at Doane. Until that time the Big Moment of his life had been the day he graduated into regular he-man clothes from the pongee shirts and Buster Brown collars his mother made him wear. Bob had suffered—but not in silence—over those shirts.

"I think they gave him a clothes complex," confided Butch, otherwise known as Don Milve, who is Bob's pal, no-man, and general adviser. "It takes him a couple of hours now even to pick out a tie. And he sees red every time I try to lend him a pongee handkerchief."

At Doane, Bob heard about Pomona College in Claremont, California. And what he heard he liked. He couldn't know that the fellow who told him about it was an agent of fate in disguise. "They've got a great philosophy course out there," Bob [Continued on page 63]
They Saw Stars!

All who went on MOVIE CLASSIC’S first annual Movieland Tour not only saw a studio from the inside, but met stars, and were guests at a "celebrity party" at the home of Raquel Torres

BY JACK SMALLEY

I
t isn’t everyone who can get inside a studio, and “behind the scenes,” on a trip to Hollywood. In fact, few ever manage it. Likewise, few visitors ever see any of the well-known players—much less meet them. And fewer still ever step inside a star’s home, as a guest invited to a party. But every member of the recent MOVIE CLASSIC Movieland Tour (and there were two hundred members) not only was admitted to the largest film studio in the world, but stepped onto “sets” where pictures were being filmed, met world-famous actors and actresses, lunched with them, and was entertained at the home of one of movieland’s most beautiful and popular hostesses, Raquel Torres, wife of Stephen Ames.

That party at the lovely Ames home in Beverly Hills was the memorable climax of a memorable two-week tour, which began and ended in Chicago and included, besides Hollywood, many of the beauty spots of the West.

One of the early thrills of the trip was an overnight stop in the famed lake country of Minnesota—at Breezy Point Lodge, “the Deauville of the North Woods,” where everyone was the guest of Captain W. H. Fawcett, publisher of MOVIE CLASSIC and other well-known magazines. Then on went the Movieland Special across the glorious Rockies to Seattle, the Pacific, San Francisco, and Hollywood! And hardly had the Special arrived in Los Angeles, when Universal City, home of Universal Pictures, was thrown wide open to the entire party. Only a few hours after their arrival in the movie capital, they were achieving the wish of every moviegoer—meet stars in the flesh, discovering how pictures were made. And most of them admitted that it was the thrill of a lifetime.

And then—luncheon with the stars, in the Universal commissary, where beautiful Valerie Hobson acted as hostess for the studio. At near-by tables sat Edward Arnold, star of Diamond Jim, Monroe Owsley, June Martel, John King, Charles Bickford, Charlotte Henry, and Andy Devine.

• THIS, in itself, was a grand party and an exciting one. It would take something pretty grand to top it. But Raquel Torres provided it, with her afternoon party. Other stars, friends of Raquel and Stephen, began to arrive to share in the fun. Handsome Ivan Lebedeff, accompanied by Wera Engels. Jack La Rue. Tom Brown with Paula Stone, actress-daughter of Fred Stone. Fritz Lieber, noted stage actor who has just entered films, and his wife . . . Blanche Yurka, another stage celebrity, who also makes her film début in A Tale of Two Cities . . . Binnie Barnes . . . Monte Blue . . . Buck Jones, who was stumped by guests with cameras . . . Alice White, who wanted to hear all about Breezy Point Lodge . . . Herbert Mundin . . . Vince Barnett, who engaged in a burlesque tennis match with Stephen Ames. And last, but not least, there was Renee Davies, beautiful sister of Marion Davies, “covering” the event as Hollywood society reporter for all the Hearst papers.

Everyone was enjoying the party so much that the dinner hour arrived all too soon . . . In parting with their hostess the guests left no doubt of how much they thought of her.

After dinner, the Tourists scattered to take in various other exciting places—the Brown Derby . . . the Biltmore Bowl . . . the Cocoanut Grove . . . the Trocadero.

The next day, some journeyed down to San Diego to the Fair . . . others continued their Hollywood exploration.

Too soon, it was time to board the Movieland Special for the homeward trip through Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs. And over and over again, those who went on the Tour said that when the second annual Tour is announced next year, they will be the first to make their reservations . . . for this trip had been the most memorable and thrilling event of their lives!
Did you ever serve a buffet supper on Christmas Eve? It’s fun. And Donald Woods and his wife give you ideas for one!

Christmas Eve Buffet Supper

Dixie Chowder
Christmas Aspic Ring
Hot buttered rolls
Mustard Pickles
Currant jelly
Celery
Radishes
Cranberry tarts
Coffee

Give a Hollywood Christmas Eve Party!

By Mary Harding

"’Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house . . . ."

We have to stop right there because they are going to upset the “not-a-creature-was-stirring” tradition at the Donald Woods’ house, this Christmas Eve. You see, Donald and his beautiful German wife, who was the Baroness Josephine von der Horck before she gave up her title to become Mrs. Woods, are going to have a party. And since it is to be a midnight party—one of those affairs to which their friends will drop in after caroling tours, other parties, or Christmas Eve church services—things are bound to be pretty festive.

They live in a house that has international aspects. Donald—who plays the Frenchman, Charles Durnay, in A Tale of Two Cities—and his son Conrad, playfully called "Splinter," are very much American: Josephine is German, and their home is an interesting two-story Spanish type. It is a grand place to have a Christmas Eve party, or any party for that matter. From the outside, it emanates good cheer. Inside, the Monterey furniture is so informal it is best described by one simple word—"homey." But about that party:

"To tell the truth," Donald confides, "no one is exactly invited, but our friends always do drop in on us on Christmas Eve, as well as on Christmas night, so we always try to have something good to eat, and a table all set as a sort of welcome."

Because of the informal “dropping in” custom, the supper is always of the buffet type and the big table is lovely with holiday decorations. This year the table will be centered with a miniature Christmas tree, bright with baubles, tinsel, and crystal snow while a tiny plaster Santa Claus bids the guests welcome to the feast. The silver, napkins, plates and goblets will be arranged on the table, along with such things to eat as pickles, nuts, and biscuits. Back of the table, on the buffet, the delectable hot foods will be served from steaming casseroles. Then, of course, there will be Mrs. Woods presiding over the tea-table pouring coffee and wishing Happy Yuletide to her guests.

"When we have a buffet supper," explains Mrs. Woods, "I feel that the hostess should play as important a part as she would if presiding at a dinner. For that reason, I set my tea-table with the coffee service and cups so that I may pour for the guests as they come around the large table. I find that this little effort on the part of the hostess gives the party a ‘chummier’ air."

Then she told me about the simple, but excellent menu she is planning. (You will find it boxed at the top of the page.)

"What is Dixie Chowder?" I asked Mrs. Woods.

"Well, for one thing," she said, "it isn’t fish or sea food at all. It is chicken, which is very popular below the Mason and Dixon line. I’ll give you the recipe."

I whipped out my notebook to take down the details of a dish you’ll love:

Dixie Chowder—In large casseroles, place three pounds of chicken, cut as for [Continued on page 69]
You, Too, Can Have Winning Hands

Beautiful hands—and beautifully cared-for hands—make any woman glamorous. Hollywood has proved that. Now you can prove it, too!

By Alison Alden

What do your hands reveal about you? In a hundred subtle little ways, they can tell the world what kind of person you really are. Whether you are charming and poised and have self-respect, or are self-conscious and untidy and careless, those quiet gossips—your hands—will tell all. And it's up to you to see that they say that you have a winning personality.

Any screen actress can give you that beauty lesson. She has already had to learn it, herself. She has learned that, without her ever knowing it, her hands can create impressions that others unconsciously absorb. She has learned how to make her hands graceful, as well as "lovely to look at, delightful to hold." And you can do likewise.

Consider the famous hands shown on this page. Do you suppose they always revealed what they do today? When Greta Garbo worked in a Stockholm department store, were her hands so gloriously dramatic? When Carole Lombard was a bathing beauty, were her hands so unmistakably a trademark of graceful sophistication? The answers are "No." And what Greta Garbo and Carole Lombard have done with their hands, and for their hands, you can do for yours.

The important thing is to make your hands expressive of personal charm. You can cure them of awkwardness by studying the way the stars use their hands—and by remembering always that if you move your hands simply, you will be moving them gracefully. And you can cure them of that "neglected" look—you can make them soft and white and feminine—by taking a few tips from Hollywood.

Almost every star, regardless of the fact that she has frequent professional manicures, gives her hands regular "home beauty treatments." And the methods favored by almost every star today may be summed up in seven brief hints:

1. Be sure to soak your nails in a dish of warm, soapy water for a few minutes before you begin a manicure.
2. Use a good, oily polish remover. It is better for your nails.
3. Don't file your nails deep down at the corners and risk ingrown nails. Use long strokes from side to center with an emery board for shaping.
4. Never cut your cuticle except when there are wee ragged edges. Push the cuticle back with a  [Continued on page 54]
Classic's
FASHION PARADE

If Cinderella were real . . . very real . . . and very much alive today . . . what would she wear to the ball? If she were very 1935, she would probably model herself after a movie star . . . one of the younger stars like Margaret Lindsay—who steps forth with a dramatic suggestion for a glamorous evening . . . a gown in the Grecian manner, created by Orry-Kelly, with white bagherra for the classic drapery of the skirt, fastened at the waist with a looped gold chain . . . and a loose upper-part with a suggestion of short sleeves . . . which she wears in "Personal Maid's Secret." The Greeks had a word for it, translated as "charm."
ALTHOUGH the Twentieth Century has produced a New Woman, she is inclined to be, for all her emancipation, a Copy-Cat—fashionably speaking. Such is the opinion of Bernard Newman, young, good-looking, internationally famous fashion designer for RKO-Radio Pictures. Moreover, he thinks it is a sad state of affairs.

I found him muttering about it the other day in his office, where he creates the screen wardrobes of Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Lily Pons and other RKO stars. He had attended a glamorous dinner party in Hollywood the night before, he said, at which he had made this startling discovery:

"And everyone was talking English! I wouldn't have known I was in the United States of America if everyone hadn't been talking English." "What exactly do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mean the women's clothes," he told me. "They weren't the kind of clothes that modern women should wear. Just picture the gathering at the table," he went on. "Forget the men and consider the women. They were all famous stars or the wives of famous stars—women whose clothes set the style pace for the world. And what do you think they wore? Clothes to adorn and enhance the personality of the woman of 1935? Clothes that typify this present and very individual age in America?"
Even the smartest women today don’t dress “in tune with the times,” says Bernard Newman, brilliant young designer, who has reasons for saying so. Read what he says—and think it over!

By MARIAN RHEA

Sketches by BERNARD NEWMAN
World-Famous Hollywood Stylist

He answered vehemently. “Sure, it is! Modern women are ‘selling out’ their own age! They’re not doing their best by it. As time goes on and we are all dead and gone, and people of future centuries study the history of costume, there will be a great big gap in the early Twentieth Century... People will shake their heads and say: ‘How strange! Those women seemed to think and act originally, but they didn’t dress that way. They copied their grandmothers’ clothes—or somebody else’s grandmothers’ clothes.’

“The American woman of today,” he continued earnestly, “is a remarkable being. She is different from women of any other land or time. She is intelligent. She is enlightened. She has a variety of abilities. She is emancipated, independent. She is standing on her own feet.

“But she stands all dressed up in La Pompadour’s or some Grecian lady’s clothes,” I murmured.

He took me up instantly. “Exactly! She isn’t dressing her part—at least not definitely enough—in spite of her brains and ability and independence. And it is detracting from her individuality. This is what I mean:

“Take some of our movie stars who represent the highest and most beautiful type of American girl. For example, take Ginger Rogers, whom I should name instantly if someone asked me to point out the most typical American girl I know. Ginger Rogers in a Pompadour gown with frills, bouffant skirt, puffs and ruffles would be lovely, perhaps. But Ginger Rogers in clothes that bespeak the grace, freedom and action of 1935 would be something better than lovely—she would be right.”

“Katharine Hepburn in a Grecian gown would be charming because she is charming, anyway. But straightforward, unaffected Katharine Hepburn in an outfit that enhances, rather than competes, with her personality—Katharine Hepburn in a real Twentieth Century gown—would be right.”

I interrupted him again. “Well, isn’t there any Twentieth Century mode at all? I thought...”

“‘There was one ultra-modern star (he mentioned her name) in a Grecian outfit—flowing draperies, low-heeled sandals. A little farther down the table was her sister in one of those Hindu effects, with a sari. Beyond her was (he mentioned another famous name) in an Empire gown. Still farther along was a chic beauty in a Renaissance costume. Nowhere was there a costume that was distinctly Twentieth Century!’

Bernard interrupted himself to light his pipe and I ventured a question. “Well, is this really so deplorable?”

“No! Every one of them wore clothes copied from some other nation or period—or both!

‘There was one ultra-modern star (he mentioned her name) in a Grecian outfit—flowing draperies, low-heeled sandals. A little farther down the table was her sister in one of those Hindu effects, with a sari. Beyond her was (he mentioned another famous name) in an Empire gown. Still farther along was a chic beauty in a Renaissance costume. Nowhere was there a costume that was distinctly Twentieth Century!’

‘There was only the beginning of a real Twentieth Century mode,’ he answered with a grimace of dissatisfaction.

‘Our sports clothes are Twentieth Century, all right,’ he went on to admit. ‘Women of other times had no use for such clothes, so they never wore them. But the present trouble is that, while a girl puts on a little shirtmaker dress and swagger coat to sally forth for the more casual occasions, she reverts to styles of some other period when she really wants to dress up. Which means that her most important clothes are not modern.’ [Continued on page 70]
Silk piqué trims the military jacket of Joan Bennett's navy wool in "Rich Girl's Folly" and she gains new height.

Simple, yet chic, is Patricia Ellis' black wool frock, with skirt fullness below the knee and a fur-banded double capelet.

A novel yoke effect, amusing waistcoat points, and a row of white clips like tiny piano keys adorn Fay Wray's navy wool dress.

Dress Rehearsal for Winter

Smartly practical is Mary Carlisle's bottle green wool frock, with flared skirt, pockets, large sleeves with wristlets.
The Long and Short of Winter Coats

Persian lamb will be ultra-smart. And so will Glenda Farrell's new-length coat, in boxed style, with slashed pockets.

Virginia Bruce models one of the most beautiful of formal wraps — ivory velvet, floor-length, with a cape collar of mink and small muff to match.

Cloth coats will have novel fur trimming — like Virginia Bruce's, with its vertical band, and a half-cape, of galyak fur.

And swagger coats will appear in inexpensive furs. Gail Patrick has one of gray kid fur, with a swagger collar.

— Scotty Welbourne

— C. S. Bull

— William Walling, Jr.
Young Ideas in Evening Gowns

Right, a gown with metallic splendor... novel shoulders... and a tunic silhouette. Gail Patrick wears it.

Left, a new and intriguing contrast... velvet trimmed with embroidered linen... modeled by June Knight.

Above, a white matelasse formal, transformed into a dinner gown by a trim jacket... worn by Madge Evans.

Right, black velvet and lace... with a "halter top" and puffed lace sleeves... worn by Mary Carlisle.
Knit One... and Purl, Too! *

Miss Charm...
If in this year of 1935 you know anything smarter for your wardrobe than a hand-knitted dress, we want to know about it. At a knitted fashion show, we saw this stunning two-piece suit knitted of cassimere sport yarn... and wanted you to see it, too. The lines are very figure-flattering, and the fashion details are the latest. The sweater can be worn separately. All for $7.20!

Miss Swank...
Here is a jiffy-knit dress that has all the newness of the season caught in its design. The youthful collar and cuffs, the slenderizing peplums, and the unusual side-pleating effect make this a dress worth knitting. And you can be sure that, for the $7.20 it will cost, you will find nothing smarter. With a jaunty contrasting scarf, you will look like Miss Winter, 1935, herself!

*For Christmas, maybe

Here's How!

Full directions for these smart and easily-knitted frocks—in the standard knitwear size (16)—are available to you for only 10c each. Just send your request for knitting instructions for either dress (or both) to Knitting Editor, Movie Classic, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.—enclosing money and a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Join the knitted parade!
Sew These and Reap Smartness

What's smarter this season than Scotch plaid? It is used as contrast with gray wool in this one-piece dress worn by Marian Marsh who plays in Columbia's "Crime and Punishment." The dress is trimmed with metal belt and metal buttons. Pattern 817 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

Cash in on small checks, too—as Frances Drake does, in her soft gray wool dress. Up-to-the-minute in fashion, the frock has a full skirt with side-pleats, a blouse gathered in at the waist, full sleeves with tight cuffs, patch pockets and novelty buttons. Pattern 816 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. 25c

MOVIE CLASSICS Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed, please send me Frances Drake Pattern No. 816—Marian Marsh Pattern No. 817 (circle style desired).

Size
Name
Street
City

Patterns, 25c each

Smart, inexpensive and easy-to-make are these winter dresses—worn by Marian Marsh and Frances Drake

These patterns may be obtained at any store selling Screen Star Patterns. Or you may order by coupon at the left.
**Speaking of Movies...**

**MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:**

- Exceptional
- Excellent
- Good
- Skip it

• • • • The Last Days of Pompeii is a picture that should have been filmed in color. It cries for color. Even in black and white, it is a spectacular vision, unfolded against a background of the ancient Roman Empire in all its glory, pomp, and barbarism...a spectacular vision with a very human and timeless story in the foreground. For centuries, people have wondered what life was like in the beautiful, famed, and fated city of Pompeii, doomed to destruction by a volcano. Here is a graphic, imaginative answer. The principal character is an ironic gladiator, a public hero, who sells his soul for gold—magnificently played by Preston Foster. As his adopted child who redeems him, David Holt tears hearts loose from their moorings. Only a little less memorable are John Wood, Dorothy Wilson, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale and Gloria Shea. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • I Live My Life gives Joan Crawford her first real chance to depart from emotional acting and become a comédienne...and you'll wonder, after seeing her, why she wasn't given the chance long ago. Vanished is the familiar Crawford formula of poor-girl-struggling-against-odds (and rich suitors) toward success. She is the rich one this time—a Park Avenue girl, used to getting what she wants, who falls in love with a hard-to-get (and poor) archaeologist, played to the hilt by handsome Brian Aherne. The romantic difficulties she has are amusingly real, hilariously real. Her clothes are strikingly practical and her supporting cast is flawless, including such names as Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore (droll as ever) and Fred Keating. (M-G-M)

• • • • Barbery Coast is a salty, dramatic tale of the early gold rush days. Miriam Hopkins, starred, gives what is probably the best performance of her career as a girl who loses her dreams, turns gold-greedy and becomes notorious as the companion of a gambling overlord, until—against her will—she falls in love with a young prospector who has condemned her. Miriam Hopkins is a vivid, intense composite of all women, both good and bad, in the role of Steva. Edward G. Robinson is no less superb as the cynical gambler. And Joel McCrea gives genuine vitality to a role that, in lesser hands, might have been flavorless. (United Artists)

• • • • The Gay Deception is romantic fantasy, par excellence. Not only does it do great things for Francis Lederer and Frances Dee, but it does things for the old and still popular story of Cinderella—dressing her in smart modern clothes and giving new, amusing twists to the tale. Frances is a stenographer who wins $5,000 in a sweepstake, decides to have a grand time for once in her life, goes off to New York, stops at the Waldorf-Astoria, encounters no rich suitors, and has to contend herself with an insistently romantic bellhop...who happens to be a prince in disguise, learning the hotel business, and can't prove his identity at the crucial moment. Light, gay, romantic, the story has sparkle and a lilting mood. Like the story, the acting is a constant delight. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • Shipmates Forever gives Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler another romantic reunion, with singing and dancing, and the U.S. Naval Academy in the background. Like a retired admiral, the plot has gray hair, but there still is life in it, thanks to some amusing situations, some dramatic...[Continued on next page]
Speaking of Movies...

[Continued from page 31]

ones, and a generous allotment of music. Dick and Ruby make the most of every singing, dancing opportunity. (Warners)

• • • Little America is the photographic story of Admiral Byrd's second expedition to the South Pole—and an absorbing story it is, crowded with drama, humor, human interest. When you get all the high thrilling, the tense excitement of exploration. It is spell-binding in its effect, with every man on the expedition—from the handsome Admiral to the mail-carrier—confined completely naturally. Maybe more exciting pictures should be made with unfamiliar faces in the leading roles—for reality's sake! (Paramount)

• • • Rich Girl's Folly gives both George Raft and Joan Bennett new things to do and gives any audience plenty of entertainment. Raft, departing from "simper menace" roles, is a reformed beer baron who is made trustee of the estate of a millionaire, and discovers that the millionaire's chief heirs are an extravagant wife (Billie Burke), a rattle-brained daughter (Joan Bennett) and a scapegrace son (James Blackle). They all rebel against him, with Joan finally managing to get herself kidnapped—not to mention a barrage of laughs, well-seasoned with excitement (Columbia).

• • • Two-Fisted, starring Lee Tracy, is one of the funniest, fastest farces of the year—with Lee as an amiable managing director of a multi-thinking prize fighter (Roosevelt Jars). (Paramount)

• • • O'Shaugnnessy's Boy is one of the best circus pictures ever filmed. The atmosphere is so real that you can practically smell it. And on top of that, the picture has a father-and-son story that comes close to being in the same powerful class as The Champ—with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper again two of a kind. (M-G-M)

• • • Red Salute is a romantic comedy-drama that has many of the elements of It Happened One Night... and will be enjoyed by the same class of people. Stanwyck and Robert Young to new heights, Barbara, expelled from college as a radical, goes to Mexico, there bumps into Robert, a soldier on leave. Together they have adventure and troubles, (United Artists)

• • • The Case of the Lucky Legs is a fast-paced detective comedy, with more emphasis on comedy than suspense... and with no one disappointed. Warren William is even more suave than usual in his familiar role of Perry Mason. (Warners)

• • • Freckles is the picture version of Gene Stratton-Porter's sentimental novel of the Limberlost timber guard who falls in love with the district schoolteacher. Tom Brown and Carol Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, have the chief roles in this unpretentious little romantic—true story honors are stolen by Virginia Weidler. (RKO-Radio)

• • • Navy Wife is poignant, affecting drama, in which Claire Trevor has her long-awaited opportunity to prove herself an emotional actress... as the love-frightened daughter of a famous beauty whose life has been tragic. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about Zonite will be welcome.

You do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War. Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is safe. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is not poisonous. Not caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite—Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women.

This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Cheshire Building, New York, N. Y.

[Box 512]

Please send me a free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below:
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptic in the home

NAME: ________________________________
ADDRESS: ____________________________
CITY: ____________ STATE: ____________

In Canada: Saint Thomas, P.O.

[Printed price name]

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Movie Classic for December, 1935
Girl who guards against cosmetic skin is very hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But be sure to remove them properly with the care 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have used for years—gentle Lux Toilet Soap!

This is the way to guard against the dangerous pore choking that results in tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive cosmetic skin!

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores—frees them completely of all hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

To protect your skin—keep it always lovely—follow this easy rule: Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap!

You want to have the kind of skin that makes men say, "I think you're wonderful!"
BEWARE

of wax like this in
Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots. Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets the dirt into compacted dead cells, and contains no wax to keep it from working in—clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you can't open. All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don't have all the facts on how cosmetics are made. So insist on LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA. Guaranteed wax-free!

Luxor

SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

FREE! 3-FACIAL PACKAGE
(paste coupon on postcard, or mail)
LUXOR, LTO. Dept. H-1
1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. I usually purchase cosmetics at ________.

Name________
Address________
City________State________

Rubberwood
Rubberwood
Rubberwood
Rubberwood
Rubberwood

You, Too, Can Have Winning Hands

(Continued from page 42)

cotton-tipped orangewood stick.
3. To keep your nails smooth, always buff them before applying the liquid polish.
6. Apply a cuticle cream or oil after polishing your nails.
7. Have your nail polish harmonize with your lipstick, if you would follow the new vogue.

UNLESS you can wear bright polish naturally, however, without being conscious of its brilliance continually, it is not for you. In other words, colorful polish is smart and in good taste, if you wear it in such a way that it becomes a part of you.

Nail brittleness is a problem that harasses every girl. Office work, house work, nerves—they all can wreak havoc, leaving the nails split, broken or bitten ... and ugly-looking. But there is a new rejuvenating oil that is a real aid in mending nails. You should have a bottle of hand lotion in the bathroom or near the kitchen sink if you are doing housework. And a good hand cream will bring new softness and whiteness to your hands overnight.

Briefly, here are a few rules about shaping nails, as practiced by glamorous movie stars:
1. For the short, broad hand with stubby fingers, shape the nails oval, with nails extending just to the tips of the fingers. 2. Broad hands should have the nails filed closely at the corners and tapered to slightly rounded points. 3. Long, slender, well-tapered hands can wear the exaggerated long nails. 4. The nails of the short, small, though well-tapered hand should be shaped between a point and an oval.

As you watch your favorite Hollywood star, notice how great a part her hands play in expressing her personality. You couldn't dream of those hands as anything but white, soft and well-kept, could you? In the same way, your hands can be a great asset to you in proving to the world your poise, your gracefulness, your good grooming. Let your hands reveal you are, indeed, a lovely lady!

Beauty Finds of the Month

There is an excellent new hand lotion that is delicate in texture and is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin. It is quick-drying because it requires only a moment to filter into the skin. This lotion is a complete beauty treatment for "tired" hands. 75c.

A "creamy" paste—to be buffed on the nails before and after applying liquid nail polish—acts as a tonic for them. And it helps that brittle condition, too (which is something to remember, with winter in the offing). 50c.

A new discovery is a cream lotion that serves two purposes—for it can be used not only as a hand-beautifier, but as a complexion softener and powder foundation. 10c.

Brittle nails, which split or break easily, and cuticle that develops ragged edges (perhaps with painful hangnails) can be remedied with a rejuvenating oil that brings back their smoothness. 75c.

One of the finest lines of cosmetics is known as "non-allergic" ... which means they are absolutely free from any harmful properties. Even the American Medical Association is among the endorsers! All are soothing, healthful and beautifying. You can secure face powder, creams, lotions, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, dusting powder, dental cream and hand lotions. Reasonably priced.

An excellent hand cream is produced by a well-known cosmetic house. It softens, heals and whitens the hands, and is amazingly quick as a beauty restorer. You'll like its fragrance, too. 55c.

Something new, too, is a "pick-me-up" facial kit that is a boon to civilization. It contains a cleansing cream that is quick-acting—and a mask that is most stimulating, since it revives and refreshes "tired" skin, erases lines of tiredness, and brings fresh color to the surface of your skin. $1.

A petite nail brush, which really does a grand job of cleansing and whitening the nails, has bristles that are firm and penetrating, yet are not harsh or irritating. You need a brush like this for successful home manicures, as well as for daily hand beauty treatments. 50c.

And have you heard about artificial nails? They are like the answer to a dream—when you have broken or torn nails on the eve of some important occasion. You can't grow new nails overnight, but you can acquire these life-like substitutes, which fit over your own nails, and come in all smart shades . . . already manicured! $1.

ASK YOUR BEAUTY ADVISER!

How can Alison Alden help you? Being helpful is her job—and she loves it. Write to her about your own personal beauty problems. She will give you a personal answer. Also, she will be glad, on request, to tell you the trade names of any of the products mentioned in this article.

Address: Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Movie Classic for December, 1935
But secretly she cried over her pimply skin

Poor child—those pimples have hurt her looks, and made her miss so many good times!

Why don't you have her take Fleishmann's Yeast? It cured my Ann's pimples!

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleishmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Inc.
Are your hands ROUGH as satin?

■ Do your hands feel coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?
Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the quickest-acting, most economical skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—$3.60 and $1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attachment easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending 10c Italian Balm carton (and 1c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY— with your name and address to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Are your hands ROUGH as satin?

New Shopping FInds!

[Continued from page 12]

eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil and eyelash make-up. What more could any pretty girl ask? And the price for all this is only $2.90.

10. Here's a grand buy... for it contains foundation, lipstick, talcum, and a loose-powder vanity, for only $2.35. A quality product, daintily scented, it is attractive against a white satin background. The compact is in lovely blue, white, and silver.

11. When you give gardenia perfume, you are sure to please the recipient—for it is one of the most irresistible of all. This good-sized bottle has a true flower scent that is subtly seductive. Good-looking bottle, too! $4.90.

Hi, there! Dirkshorn! You look just like a real little-yellow, and are as perky and sunny as anything could be. Yet you can be made for $1 out of crêpe paper. Here is a splendid suggestion for something you can make that will be both unusual and inexpensive. Also, in no time at all, you can make Scotties, and dolls, and Popeyes, the Sailor!

13. Isn't it good-looking? This non-tarnishing hostess set has a chromium tray, creamer, and sugar, with black wooden handles. A splendid gift for friends who entertain often and like to do so with nice things. The price of the set is only $3.

14. It may be called a miser's pouch, but some fair lady will be utterly delighted with it on Christmas, and for many days to come. Made of stunning silver (or gold) mesh, it has an unusual ring fastening. It is very new, and ultra-smart for dress-up occasions.

15. For someone who appreciates "the personal touch," here is a new inspiration—a pretty little monogram inserted in it. In the line there, are gold- and silver-plated monograms for pears, clip, bracelets, gloves... all novel and smart. $2 per monogram set.

16. Here's what we call a find! This accessory set of bracelet and necklace has all the glamour of a family heirloom that has been handed down from somebody's great-grandmother. Made of imitation antique gold and pearls, the bracelets resemble onyx, they have a very expensive look, but the items are only $1 apiece. There are also matching earrings and pin at the same low price. A stunning gift!

17. What's in that little black box? One of the surprises of the month—the tiniest razor you ever saw (not more than 1/2 inches long), with tiny little blades to fit. Excellent for scraping eyebrows, and a gift that will please the feminine fancy, as well as prove most useful, $1.

18. These twin bottles of two simply divine perfumes, encased in a simple gray box with a beautiful white satin lining, are a luxurious gift for someone who appreciates the glamorous things of life, $7.50.

19. This gaily-wrapped package of cosmetics includes an excellent powder powder, face powder, and a small bottle of perfume, all very useful and very welcome. What more could any customary chassis make up for the pretty Christmas! $1.10.

Movies Classic for December, 1935

WRITING Scenarios? Continuities? Stories?

Then you want a CORONA

You know Corona—the world's first successful portable, favorite for years of many famous authors. Now see CORONA STANDARD, with the effortless Floating Shift. There's nothing like it anywhere near the price.

You'll want one.

OWN A CORONA!

New Finance Plan Makes It Easy

...ONLY $100 PER WEEK!

Only latest model brand-new machines, every needed feature, fully guaranteed. Carrying case included (it makes a smart over-night bag)—also self homes in typing. Mail coupon below for interesting details; liberal terms—costs you nothing to investigate.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—

L C Emitt & Corona Typewriters, Inc. 12
161 Almond St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send Corona booklet, also tell me where I can arrange free trial.

Name.

City.

State.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of ray run a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little expense. Keep the box a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparto color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

TAP DANCING


PICKLE INDOOR ART TREASURES

PUREMENT ORIENTAL SCARF By Billie 1.00
(#5 DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
749 Main Ave. at First, San Francisco)

Set GOOD LUCK ELEPHANTS for 1.00

PURITY PONGEE PAJAMAS $2.80

Smart two piece pajamas. Jacket of all-over print Oriental floral design. Trouser natural pongee lined in same print. 100 linen. W. 50, Regular price, $1.95. Send money, large or small. 1c to cover packing and postage. New 131 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

55 Irving Park Bivd., Suite 128, Chicago, Ill.
My SUNNY GOLDEN Hair Is Admired By All My Friends

Become more attractive than you ever were before. Have sparkling vitality. Gain the fascinating charm all your friends will admire.

For that fresh, bright clean appearance of lustrous golden hair, so flattering to the face and head, rinse with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash.

Brunettes: Make your hair more alluring. Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse imparts a delicate sheen of glowing highlights to dark hair. Or, used full strength, Marchand’s lightens it to any shade of blondeness desired. (Quickly as overnight, if you prefer. Or gradually over a period of weeks or months.)

Blondes: Impart sunny radiance to dark, faded or streaked hair with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Successfully, and secretly, rinsing with Marchand’s evenly restores and protects natural golden hues and radiant brightness of real blonde hair.

Blondes and Brunettes: Have your arms and legs as smoothly alluring as the rest of your body. Use Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to blend with your skin coloring, and make unnoticeable “superfluous” hair on face, arms, or legs.

Give appealing freshness to your personality by utilizing the hidden beauty and charm you possess in your hair. Start using Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Today. Get a bottle of Marchand’s at any drugstore.
James Cagney—with a Difference

[Continued from page 35]

wildly for a loophole of escape, but he won't find any. His sense of fairness won't let him. And so, like a child who holds his nose while he tries to take his castor oil cheerfully, Cagney proceeds to the subject of Cagney.

"Only do me one favor, will you?" he asked, between scenes of his newest picture, The Fricco Kid. "Let me out of the books. I'm tired of having it broadcast that I once read a book. You can read a book and still be a thoroughlygoing heel. You can be an illiterate, and still give college professors points on how to behave like human beings. So let's drop the books overboard, and start from scratch. O.K.?" He flashed a grin that made his face ten years younger.

I DON'T know why I'm rated a hooligan, except that I played a gangster in Public Enemy, and I've been playing a more or less tough little hooligan ever since. The smell clings—not only with the public who have nothing except the pictures to go by, but right here on the lot. 'Still feeling 'em, hah?' they'll yell, every time they see me with my hair cut or my pants pressed. And don't think it's a gag with them. They're in sober earnest. They're convinced that I'm trying to bury my horrid past.

He spoke without heat, his quiet voice shrill or that brusque, sarcastic quality he gives it on the screen, lacking any suggestion of Tenth Avenue.

"Then, somehow," he went on, "the legend started that I was sworn brother to half the bandits in New York. And the one grain of wheat in all that chaff was this: I was playing professional baseball at one time from necessity—for the money in it—and one Sunday the ball club was invited to Sing Sing to play the prison welfare team. There was no sun that day, I remember—the sky was gray, the walls were gray, the uniforms, the faces all gray. It got me down—that grayness, the dour faces of the guards; the emptiness of the place made me physically sick.

"Suddenly, someone taps me on the shoulder. 'Hello, Red,' I turned, and there was a kid who went to school with me ten years before—at the seat next to him. I tried to be matter-of-fact. He was. 'Meet my buddy,' he said. 'He's up on the same rap.' And there stood another fellow who had been in my class. That night I went to a dinner at the settlement house for the dramatic club I belonged to. I couldn't eat. I sat there like a worlds doesn’t keep the eighth woman off the links—nor from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

The 8th WOMAN
HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer pain. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of each month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do not contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter.

ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

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CONSTIPATION LIVER AND GALL BLADDER TROUBLES

NEED PLUTO WATER with Amazing Double Action

1. Safely, Gently Relieves Constipation in One Hour or Less!
2. Stimulates Gall Bladder and Liver to Normal, "Free-Flowing" Action!

Constipation, liver and gall bladder troubles often come together. Millions suffer them daily—yet don't know why. Often, physicians say, it is not only because you're constipated but also because biliary drainage from liver and gall bladder is not normal. Hence, ordinary laxatives that act only on bowels to temporarily relieve constipation, still leave you feeling terrible. Pluto Water, however (with amazing double action), helps all these troubles at the same time. First, gives a sure, gentle flush in an hour or less. Second, stimulates gall bladder and liver to normal, "free-flowing" action. So relief is quick—and thorough! You feel amazingly better in an hour. Soon feel normal!

DO AS DOCTORS DO

That's why more than 50,000 doctors use and recommend Pluto, as Dr. J. W. MacC., of North Carolina, says—"Since I had a gall bladder infection, Pluto is my best." So do as doctors do the next time you feel discomfort from constipation, liver or gall bladder troubles.

Take Pluto Water in the tasteless, non-habit-forming dose—1/2 Pluto in 4/5 glass hot water. Cleanse your system of health-destroying poisons sure, quick way.

Two hundred million bottles of Pluto have been used—millions more each year. The safest, surest, cheapest relief you can buy. Comes in 2 sizes—25c and 50c—at all drug stores. A beneficial saline mineral water from famous French Lick Springs.

Old Faces Made Young!
Men as Well as Women Can Now Look Young!

A famous French beauty specialist recently announced New York society by demonstrating wrinkle, scar and wrinkle, "crow's feet", double chin and other marks of age are easily banished by spending only 5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that any one can do. No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty treatments.

The method is fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free on request in plain wrapper.

Pauline Palmer, 1939 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. Write before supply is exhausted.

Name. ________________________________ City. ________________________________ State. ________________________________
of others who attended a public school that wasn't in the silk-hat part of town. "Maybe," he continued, "I could have lived the whole thing down sooner with a dash—just a dash," he simpered, a coy finger flicking his cheek, "of social grace. But I have no talent for the formal!"]—he was talking straight again.

That the hooluhum "smell" should have clung is ironic enough, since all of Cagney's instincts reach in the opposite direction. He has worked prodigiously: his home ties have been strong. When their father died, he and his three brothers formed a protective circle around their mother and the little sister who was born posthumously. The bond is as close-knit now as in the days of their poverty, though this, too, is a thing Cagney won't talk about. Like the fact that he has been happily married to one woman for ten years. That's a thing to be taken for granted, you may think, not singled out for applause. Hollywood has its good reason not to think so.

One theme he needs no prodding—Max Reinhardt's production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, in which he plays Bottom, the buffoon, who is given an ass's head and is beloved of Titania, queen of the fairies—a part as far as the poles from anything he has done before.

"I had no idea I had any chance at the part, though I would have given my eyeteeth to do it. As far as I knew, someone else was set for it. Then I got a message that Mr. Reinhardt wanted to talk to me. He asked what I thought of Bottom. I thought he was the first and best ham actor ever written. It seemed a new idea to Reinhardt, but I think he liked it. Two days later I got the part, and the biggest kick of my movie experience.

"Working with him was a joy from start to finish—as it is with any man who is an expert at his craft. And I think we all felt a little lost when the picture was finished. We saw the preview not long ago—a hundred and fifty of us—the players and their wives and the technical crew—everyone who had had anything to do with making it. And here's an interesting thing: The fade-out came, and the lights went up—and we looked at each other—and didn't a word to say. Generally, they're all talking each other on the back. 'Boy—it's terrific! Boy, it'll slay them!' We couldn't talk. We were too full of what we had seen. There was nothing to say that wouldn't have spoiled the way we felt. So we just filed out quietly and took our own midsummer night's dream home with us."

I've been a Cagney fan since the day I watched him, as a fast-talking insurance salesman, steal a scene from George Arliss. "Tough little tike" or not, for me his own likability has sifted through every part he has played. How much more apparent that quality is in a face-to-face meeting, I don't dare say. I can see too clearly his palms brought down in a gesture of derision. I can hear too clearly, between teeth caught around his lower lip, a long-drawn "Ph-o-h-h!"
Mrs. Temple Refuses Fortune for Shirley

[Continued from page 25]

she does—because not only have I talked with her about it, but I have investigated and learned of the offers that have been turned down—and why.

True, Shirley IS making more than a thousand dollars a week. She is storing up a nice trust fund that will provide a moderate fortune for her. BUT —for every dollar she is getting, at least ten dollars have been turned down. Ten "easy dollars." And here they are—

—with the why's of the rejections.

FIRST, the stage and personal-appear-
ance and radio offers. To date, they
total well over a half-million; by anoth-
er year, they will be well over the mil-

lion mark. For a week of personal ap-
pearances, Shirley has been offered $5,-
000—on a forty-weeks' deal! For radio,
the bids have run from $2,500 to $5,000
for a ten-minute period before the mi-

crophone—on deals ranging from thi-

teen up to fifty-two weeks. Just add
that 40-week personal-appearance offer
and the 52-week radio offer, and there
is a cool half million already. Just one
offer—and that from a well-known
breakfast cereal company—has ever
been seriously considered. As this is
written, decision on the invitation is be-

ing held in abeyance.

Every month brings scores of offers
from conventions, department stores,
clubs and associations, and other sources
for single personal appearances by Shir-

ley. These bids range from fifty dol-

lars for a few minutes time to several

thousands of dollars for an hour. Be-

cause no record has been kept of them,
an accurate total is impossible to get.

But a little figuring indicates that the
net total is somewhere around the $150,000
mark.

Then there was the offer from the
British Isles. "Come to England for a

10-week personal-appearance tour," it
said, "and we'll pay all your expenses
and $5,000 besides."

But to each and every one of these
offers, the answer has been a flat NO!

The reason for this group of turn-
downs, totaling about three-quarters of a
million dollars, is this: Nothing must
interfere with Shirley's normal childhood
life and childhood routine.

She is in bed every night by seven or
seven-thirty. That alone precludes
stage appearances, radio broadcasts, and
other personal appearances. Those four
hours of normal childhood sleep every
night are worth infinitely more than
$75,000 to Shirley, her mother believes.

Of course, one other factor besides
the early bedtime item enters into this
personal-appearance turmoil. That is
that Mrs. Temple does not want Shirley
to become conscious of her stardom. In
the studio, in their home, among their
friends, Shirley is well protected against
adulation. But on tours, the attentions

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showered on her would be continuous, terrific. The child could not help but become conscious of it all, spoiled.

"And that I will not have," says her mother. "If at any time I find Shirley is becoming spoiled or precocious or 'smart' or 'fresh' because of her work, I will take her out of pictures immediately. Her future happiness means much more than any amount of money she might earn."

Now for the other offers—and rejections. Real estate firms have offered gorgeous, completely furnished houses to the Temple family if they would move in, thus attracting customers to see the new subdivision, to buy houses near Shirley's. But the Temples live in a modest, side-street house in an old, quiet residential section of Santa Monica, off the tourist track. They pay for it themselves; nothing's free. Even so, they are going to have to move again, soon—because the rubber-neck buses and the racketeers who sell movie stars' addresses and phone numbers have publicized the Temple address.

To all of this, Shirley's mother feels, the child should not be subjected. At home, she is just one of the family. Motion pictures are never discussed. Shirley is not allowed to be fresh or smart. She's not running the house. Sometimes Mama Temple even spanks her when she's disobedient. In short, at home Shirley is to be like any other six-year-old youngster.

And the few carefully selected endorsements that have been given by Shirley and her mother and advisers are authentic, I happen to know. (I looked into them.) Mrs. Temple has hired an expert, at high salary, to watch these matters and to protect Shirley always against false representation, harmful advertising, misleading endorsements or statements, and kindled evils. No "fake endorsement" racketeers can make use of Shirley, ever, no matter how much they bid.

In explanation of all the bids she has turned down, Shirley's mother says: "It is not physical harm that I fear for Shirley. I fear for her self. I don't want her little fun in pictures to take her from me, to cost her her self. I want her to be natural, ingenuous, sweet. If she ceases to be that, I shall have lost her and she will have lost her self. If I ever find that she is becoming spoiled by her picture work—if I find her becoming precocious, smart, fresh—I shall take her out of pictures instantly. This fortune I have refused? I know that I have saved her much more than the million or two of dollars she might otherwise have."

And so there you are. I have shown you, in black and white, how Shirley's mother has refused a million—and more—and why.

And Mrs. Temple, far from seeing anything unusual in her million-dollar sacrifice, says: "Why, any mother would do the same, wouldn't she?"

Instantly You Catch Cold
Do These 2 Things
For Fast Relief, Remember These Pictures

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ½ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

IN 3 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in those glasses happens in your stomach—Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, follow the pictured directions above:

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in ½ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

Your doctor will approve this treatment as perhaps the quickest, simplest way known to fight cold and sore throat.

The Bayer Aspirin taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly, and ease the usual pains that accompany one. The gargle will ease sore throat in a few minutes. For it acts like a local anesthetic in relieving pain and rawness.

When you buy, though, see that you get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets. For they dissolve almost instantly in the stomach and thus start working almost instantly. And they dissolve completely enough to use as a gargle. Watch out for this.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

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Portrait of a Self-Made Woman

[interrupted from page 32]

intimation of what she might become, in some seemingly impossible future, came during her high school days when her boisterous good humor and her ready comradelyship were an irresistible magnet to cohorts of her contemporaries. But her arresting personality required polishing, development and amplifying before she was even embryonically the Lombard of today. Moreover, she herself knew it. That is important.

She studied dancing until she became so adept that she was invited to join the Denishawn dancers on a tour. Her mother would not permit her to accept. Carole was still discouraged.

At sixteen she had her first break in pictures. It came about through a fleeting resemblance to Constance Bennett. Fox signed her as a stock player. She had nothing about make-up, about dramatic technique. She had difficulty with her hands—she never knew just what to do with them. She listened to what everybody told her, making her mind a sponge to absorb every idea.

If she was no actress—then she had to prepare herself. She had to remedy her shortcomings, of which she was so well aware. So she began the conscientious program, that well-planned routine, which eventually bore splendid fruit. She joined a Little Theatre group, with which she worked for nothing.

Carole learned her acting lessons in the most difficult school—the school of experience. At the end of a year she felt herself well prepared for better things than she had had. She proved that when the stars marked her a contract at the same seventy-five-dollars-a-week salary that she had been receiving before. She refused the contract.

She thought she could get a job easily. Perhaps she could have—but Fate intervened. Before she could even look for another opening, she was in a serious automobile accident that scarred her face and held her helpless on her back for a year. Possibly there is no greater testimony to her absorbing ambition than this fact—that even with the thought that war would never heal, even with the suspicion that another chance in pictures would be long in the coming, she never relaxed her determination to be an actress. Her dauntless of Fate maintained her indefatigable ambition. There were no marks on her face and no marks on her body when she was finally able to work again. She took one of Hollywood’s severest tests of pulchritude. She went to Mack Sennett, applied for a job as one of his famous Bathing Beauties—and got it.

Carole was now nineteen. In three years, which included that year of being an invalid, she had learned what

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So Nothing Ever Happens to Robert Taylor?
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told his father, "and a fine rating." So it was decided that he would finish his junior and senior years at Pomona.

He had never gone in heavily for athletics, but he decided that there were two other alternatives—the Glee Club or the Dramatic Group. He settled the matter simply. A spider and a cricket were on the wall. "If the spider crosses that line first, it's the Glee Club," Bob decided. "If the cricket wins, I'll go in for drama." And from that small event an entire career was destined to develop. The cricket won...

The Dramatic Group gave him "bit" parts. The boy was good. He earned bigger roles. When it came time to cast the special production of the year, Journey's End, he was handed the leading role—that of Capt. Stanhope. Now, perhaps a thousand or more amateur performances are given around Los Angeles during the year, but it was this one that Ben Piazza, casting director for M-O-M, chose to attend personally.

"That chap playing Stanhope has something," he said to himself. The next day he sent for Bob, who returned to Pomona with a contract in his pocket, which arranged for him to complete his college course before starting work. After that, reasoned Bob, it wouldn't hurt to have a fling at the movies before he went home.

But, abruptly, that home was broken. Three months prior to his graduation, his father died. And with him went the family's security and mainstay. Bob was jolted into a realization that if it weren't for that contract he wouldn't know where to turn. Suddenly, he had reason to bless the cricket, the casting director, and Hollywood in general.

Surprisingly, he had a job!

They changed his name from Brough to Taylor because it sounded better. They gave him a test—"which was so bad that I was almost sunk," Bob acknowledged. "But they gave me additional tests and things brightened up.

Now, after ten months in Hollywood, he is headed for the top—without benefit of a spectacular background or big-town achievements. Sometimes it's the small things that weave into a success pattern.

With every picture the Taylor-made fans are increasing—not by thousands, but by millions. It's an amazing fact. The boy doesn't act. He gets inside a character and brings it to life. That was what made John Stahl, the ace director, sing him out after Bob played a small part at Universal in Always Tomorrow. When Stahl was assigned the direction of The Magnificent Obsession, he would have no other leading man but this Robert Taylor. Stahl, the star-maker, the man whose approval means box-office fame, wanted to direct him.

But, of course, nothing ever happens to Bob. Oh, no. He's just the luckiest chap in Hollywood!
wasn’t, after all, the special, private affair I had expected. The man in charge, a middle-aged director, was a short-sleeved cynic called Mac. A small, painted backdrop had been set up with a table and some chairs. Around this careless set, the great lamps crowded. They looked merciless. In one corner a make-up man was turning out new faces for the applicants for fame, as indifferently as a baker shaking flour. Mr. Hilton introduced me. The man in the chair grunted and told me to turn around. Then he grunted again.

"Profile not so good, eh, Mac?" he said. Mac grunted, too.

"Eyes too far apart," said Mac, resuming his cigar.

"That chin is going to catch the shadows badly," the cameraman warned. I began to wonder why in the world they even bothered about testing me. I might have been a wax figure, for all they considered my features.

"Give her some eighteen-eleven," the man in the chair told the make-up man, "and lighten the cheekbones." Trembling with excitement, I submitted to the carrying out of these mysterious instructions. Then suddenly the great glaring lights went on. I was standing in the middle of the little set, telling a perfectly strange man that I loved him.

Chapter V

M R. HILTON said that they would not know how the test came out for a couple of days. "I’ll let you know what I think myself," he added, "just as soon as it comes through. Don’t be discouraged if you have to wait around—nothing will be done about you until a producer and a director or two have had a look at the tests for final decision. But stick around for news."

I stuck. I would wander around the lot aimlessly, trying to look as though I were going somewhere, peeking into the sound-stages, and the back-lot with its streets of all nations. Then back past the neat row of snowy buildings that were the projection-rooms, wondering if by chance my likeness were being shown in one of them, waiting to a young operator at No. 4, who had said, "Hello, there," the first day, and whose name was Dickey Wells. He was the only person who spoke to me at first.

Finally, it would be luncheon-time and I would be able to go to the commissary and find a table somewhere in that exciting throng of pretty girls and handsome men.

Then when I really could not find another excuse to stay at the studio, I explored Hollywood, where I had taken a tiny bungalow-court apartment. I strolled along the famous Boulevard with its ever-shifting, colorful crowds, its strange mixture of luxury and shoddiness, of great successes and utter failures.

The evenings were the worst. I couldn’t have even the faint hope of seeing Clifton Laurence. He had gone on a location trip twelve hours after reaching Hollywood. A hurried note had explained.

"They are running me off to Big Bear Lake," he wrote. "Logging picture. About three weeks. Watch your step. Sorry I’m not going to be able to keep my eye on it. C. L."

So the evenings were pretty blank. I couldn’t write letters all the time, even to Aunt Neta and Buddy. Dickey Wells, the boy in the projection-room, asked me to go out, but I thought that beneath my dignity—I was almost an actress... So I snubbed him and went to the pictures alone. Nobody else at the studio paid the slightest bit of attention to me. I sensed—and it wasn’t very pleasant—that they were holding off until after the test. It was a long and lonely wait.

Then, when I least expected it, my telephone rang. Thinking it would be another pest, the man trying to sell me a house, I picked up the receiver indifferently.

"Miss Le Grange," said a staccato voice, "this is Joe Hilton speaking. Can you be at Mr. Kramberg’s office at nine o’clock tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," I gasped, "but..."

"Okay! Thanks!" said he and hung up.

Not a word about my test!

The next morning I was up at six. Bathed and dressed slowly. If the news was bad, I was going to look my best. If it was good, I wanted to look the part. I was far too excited to eat, and reached the studio fifteen minutes early.

THERE was no one in Mr. Kramberg’s outer office when I arrived except an old scrubwoman in a ragged skirt and a faded shawl, whose gray hair fell uncombed around her wrinkled cheeks. As I closed the door behind me, she smiled at me.

"Good morning!" she said. Then a look of recognition dawned on her face. "Aren’t you the girl who won the Search-for-New-Faces Contest? She asked. I gloved with satisfaction. "Yes, I am," I admitted in a kindly, half-condescending tone.

The scrubwoman moved into the chair next to mine and laid a hand on my arm. "Turn around to the light," she said. "Let me see you."

Amused, I obeyed. She looked me over critically and pursed her lips.

"You are very pretty!" she said at last. "But I think you could learn a little more about lipstick, my dear." I could feel my cheeks flaming, but

I held my temper as best I could. "Thanks!" I said, coldly.

"Tut, tut, child," was her answer.

"I only spoke for your own good. I’ve been so many with them come and go—mostly good, and I take an interest in them all!"

"I suppose you do!" said I. "Perhaps you’ll go on to warn me about some more of my private affairs?"

"One’s affairs are private in Hollywood," said the scrubwoman, "and good, disinterested advice is scarce, anywhere. Come and see me some time, child. Maybe I can help you."

"Thanks," I said stiffly, but I’m afraid I shall be too busy."

Then I opened a paper to show her that the conversation was at an end. Besides, I hated to look at the puzzled and hurt expression that came over her face. Several moments of uncomfortable silence followed. Then the door of the private office opened, and a young woman came out. I stood up.

"Mr. Kramberg will see you now. Miss Dare," said the secretary. The scrubwoman walked through the open door. "Hello, darling!" she said to someone invisible to me. "I hate to worry you, but part of this last scene really must be rewritten for me..."

The door closed behind her and I stared at the secretary in horror.

"Was that...?" I stammered.

The girl nodded. "Yes," she said, "that was Miss Nancy Dare. Isn’t she sweet? We all love her as much as the public does. So kind and unspoiled, yet the biggest box-office attraction in pictures today! I think her comeback, in her old age, is the finest thing I know."

I couldn’t say anything. The girl looked at me curiously.

"You are Miss Le Grange, aren’t you?" she asked. "Mr. Kramberg will see you in a few minutes, just as soon as the door is cleaned.

But to me it seemed an agonizing age before I found myself seated opposite the quiet, bald little man, who was saying such nice things.

"I’m taking a chance on you," he told me, "and I know it’s a chance. You may not work out, but be frank, we are giving it to you because the girl we counted on had to drop out. From now on, it’s up to you. Don’t let me down, because this picture is an important one, to me.

"I know I never let you down! I’ll be even better than my test!"

I promised breathlessly.

"You’d better be!" said Mr. Kramberg with a little crooked smile.

Chapter VI

O NCE Hollywood opens its doors to a newcomer, the sky is the limit so far as hospitality is concerned. I was playing only the third most important feminine rôle in Heart’s Desire, but suddenly all kinds of people showed an interest in me. A very important agent invited me to a cocktail party at his magnificent home in Beverly Hills. I met at least
a hundred people there, and I was told I would be lucky if this agent added me to his list of clients.

There were no more lonely evenings after that. Mr. Hilton often took me to dine. A girl who played a character-bit in my picture took me along with her to a swimming-party.

There were parties in small, cheaply pretty apartments—at beach cottages, on a small scale. Everybody was Al, or Kit, or Babe. I hardly ever knew their last names, or exactly what they did.

During the luncheon-hour at the studio commissary there was always somebody to beckon to me as I came in, and invite me to sit at his table. And getting all this overwhelming attention, I began to develop a special manner. Friendly, but not too much so. Just the right degree of condescension. After all, an up-and-coming actress had to act the part!

On the set, the director roared at me. He was a quick-tempered man, the famous Jan Schilck, and nothing I did pleased him. I had to rehearse my lines over and over. It was harder than I had thought. I found myself trying to copy Helen Hayes, and then switching to a Colbert manner. Then to Kay Francis. Schilck howled, "Forget for five minutes that you are acting! Relax!" he would shout, stamping back and forth.

Whenever I could, I saw the "rushes"—the pieces of film that had been shot the day before—and it was incredible, wonderful, to see and hear myself on the screen, living a dream. At last the picture was finished. While it was being cut, I hung about the studio as usual, in case I was needed for retakes. And it was then that Clifton Laurence came back from location. I heard of it casually.

"**Alaska Bound** is practically in the can." I heard a publicity man tell someone. "Clifton Laurence blew into the studio this morning for some interiors."

My heart almost stopped beating. Then, a moment later, I was piqued by this thought: Why hadn't he let me know? Had he forgotten... so easily?

"He'll have to respect me now," I told myself, in self-defense. "Not just kiss and forget." I shook, inwardly, at the thought of his nearness, and all over again I realized how terribly I loved him. I could not lose him—I must play my hand carefully, so that he would appreciate my changed status, so that he would have to exert himself to interest me.

I had my first glimpse of him as he was chatting with Mr. Burnham and two of our biggest stars (whom I had never met)—a little group standing in the sunlight, talking with familiar intimacy. When he saw me, he excused himself and broke away. I felt a bit hurt that he had not asked me to join them in-tead, yet when he slipped his hand through my arm and drew me away, I thrilled so that it took all my will power to try to appear casual.

"How is everything?" he asked.

"Started a picture yet?"

"I've finished one," I said calmly, with a smile.

"That's swell!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid they'd put you away on a shelf and forget about you—like some other beginners I've heard about."

"On the contrary," I said, airily, "I seem rather in demand. I've had a very gay time, too."

He looked at me, puzzled. "Say!" he exclaimed. "What's come over you, anyway? Why didn't you even drop me a post-card?"

I hadn't written because I wasn't sure how to address him and had been shy about asking anyone. But this gave me my chance to impress him.

"Really," I said, "I've been frightfully busy on the picture—and so many social engagements. You must know how it is."

"Oh!" said he, withdrawing his hand from my arm. "So that's how it is! Yes, I guess I know. One picture, and you'd hardly speak to Greta Garbo! It must be great to be famous! Sorry I've got to run along. Perhaps if I can work up a bit, you'll include me on your invitation list. So long, Miss Le Grange!"

I wanted to cry out, to call him back.

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Miriam Hopkins begins a new life

[Continued from page 27]

Bernhardt, for instance. Mention their names and how many can identify them? And of all the actors and actresses in Hollywood today, how many will be remembered? Only Charlie Chaplin, Garbo, and Mary Pickford stand any chance of that, unless a few of the rest of us are merely people who flit across the screen and then, often while we are still young, merge into living shadows.

Is it worth while as long as it lasts? If Miriam thought so, she wouldn't be rearranging her future.

To achieve success, it is necessary to have a single purpose. And when Miriam started to crown her blonde head with glory, she realized there were too many things that she wanted to do. Her interests were too varied. So she ruthlessly banished everything from her plan of living that did not bear directly on the accomplishment of her ambition.

And now, looking back, Miriam regrets that she has had to discipline herself so severely. There are so many things that she has missed. So much of life has flowed irretrievably past while she has crossed over the narrow bridge of ambition—to something that now she finds she does not want.

No, the pride of achievement—the temporary adoration of the public does not compensate, with Miriam, for the life she hasn't lived.

But if she is sincere about not liking fame, why does she remain in pictures? This is the answer: When Miriam realized that fame was no longer important to her, she was ready to go out. She had no further incentive to remain on the screen. All of her desire for accomplishment was gone. So, being just as honest in self-appraisal as she is in judging everyone else, she sat down to take an inventory of herself. What did she find?

WELL, she had to admit that she was born an actress. Acting was in her blood. If she had not gone into the theatrical profession, she would still be an actress, whether she was a secretary, a saleslady, or a writer.

Next Miriam asked herself; if she should continue working just for the money she made? No. She cannot stand anyone who works just for money. She believes the person who is working at what he wants to do, he denies his own integrity of character.

As Miriam probed into her inner heart to find some justification for continuing in the profession for which she really was best qualified, she found at last, that had been the case all the time, and she had merely overlooked it. This reason was not to be found in the applause of the public, or in the good opinion of friends. The only thing that mattered at all was what she thought of herself...

Movie Classic for December, 1935
And she wanted to think of herself as not "just another actress," but an artist in her work. She wanted to make worthwhile pictures. She wanted to express herself, to portray characters that others were afraid to touch. She fought for the chance to pioneer in color pictures, to play such an unsympathetic role as that of Becky Sharp. She signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn because he was interested in artistic productions. He agreed to let her pass upon her stories. She immediately jumped at the opportunity to portray that hard-hearted girl in *Barbary Coast* whose only thought was for self-advancement.

"She is so much like all women," Miriam said. "She came to San Francisco, the nice Miss Rutledge. Her character was changed by lust for gold. She became known as 'Svan,' the dancing girl in one of the cabarets. Hard. Selfish. Ambitious. But when she fell in love, her real character emerged. There was the genuine woman—caught, held and happy in the unbreakable web of human emotions."

Miriam, like Svan, has found herself. She will henceforth make pictures for her sole gratification, because she realizes that to be honest with the public, one must be honest with one's self. And when this present contract is terminated, she says she will meander around the world. And she will visit, first of all, Pekin and Timbuktu!

**Portrait of a Self-Made Woman**

(Continued from page 62)

to do with daring and embarrassing hands, how to adjust the movements of her body to the film camera. During all of this time she was learning to be an actress, and now she began to make herself over physically.

From the Sennett Studio, she went to Pathé. An over-plump Carole, a girl who did not know how to highlight every physical advantage. With the help of expert trainers, masseurs and dietitians, she made her figure so exquisite that it might well fulfill a Pagan's dream. She became newly clothes-conscious—realizing how the right clothes could enhance beauty and personality and intelligence. She set out to find what was right for her. She studied make-up and hair-dressing.

With the coming of talkies, she continued her self-education. She studied voice, dictation and placement. She determined that the microphone would not find her wanting—and it did not.

She won new opportunities, and acquired vision and balance—acquired them because she worked for them, because she knew she had to have them if her ambitions were to be realized. She knew that there were no short-cuts.

Because of this concentrated effort and this unsparing effort, she is what she is today, what she will be in that greater future certain to be hers—a Self-Made Woman!

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**Movie Classic for December, 1935**

67
Tullio Carminati's Immortal Love

(Continued from page 33)

fires of conversation with stray fragments of thought.

I had spoken of her as an actress it had been my misfortune never to see.

"Eleanor Duse!" Tullio's quiet echo of her name had a reverent tone. "She was the greatest actress of them all! I have seen and appeared with a great many talented artistes, but my personal conviction is that none of them can ever compare with Duse.

Don't you think it is possible for time and memory to magnify the importance of an actress? My question was an ill-disguised thrust to inspire him to overcome his reticence.

"I do not!" Tullio's answer was emphatic. "And I am not speaking alone others share my opinion that Duse was the greatest of them all. One who never saw her can hardly understand, perhaps. The greatest tribute I might pay is to say that at sixty-one she was the most feminine woman I have ever seen!"

With this remarkable statement, Tullio warmed to his argument.

"I loved her!" he confessed, simply.

"Oh, not as you might think or write of love. It was something quite different. It was the admiration any actor can have for another because of the beautiful things he represents. I loved Duse deeply for her genius and for what she meant to me in a purely spiritual sense.

"I recall how, while standing completely still, with her back to the audience, without moving, without the slightest gesture of her hands, Duse could convey to her audience the power of a surging emotion. There has never been another who could, with so few artifacts, convey such tremendous force of the dramatic."

Fifteen years ago Tullio Carminati, beginning his stage career, was appearing with John and Lionel Barrymore in a play called The Jest. This marked his return to the legitimate theatre following the World War, in which he served with distinction. At the same time, Eleonora Duse decided to forsake a retirement of fourteen years and return by public demand to the stage on which she had ruled as a sovereign.

Duse called for Carminati and asked him to become her leading man, manager, and director. Greatly honored, Tullio accepted. The next few short years were the happiest of his career.

"I will never forget the night of her last American appearance in Lady of the Sea," he told me, "I took a leading role in this play without rehearsal. The script called for me to step over a low wall as I made my entrance. Duse, with her back to the audience, was facing me, and I was paralyzed instantly by the power of her oddly fascinating eyes, living the emotions of the character she (Continued on page 81)
Give a Hollywood Christmas Eve Party!

[Continued from page 41]

frying: one pound fresh beef, cut in pieces with fat removed; one can of corn niblets; two sliced tomatoes; one pint green beans; three cubed potatoes; one chopped onion; one pint or more of soup stock; salt; pepper and paprika. Cover and cook very slowly in the oven until all ingredients are tender—about three hours... In serving, a piece of chicken with a bit of beef, garnished with the vegetables, is a proper helping.

Mrs. Woods also gave me her recipe for Christmas Aspic Ring, which I am passing on to you:

CHRISTMAS ASPIC RING—Boil 2 cups of tomato juice and pour over 1 package of prepared aspic. Stir until dissolved. Boil 3 medium-sized potatoes with skins on until tender, peel and dice. Add potatoes to aspic and pour into ring mold. Add 1 cup of diced celery. When cooled, unmold on a large platter. Fill the center with 2 cups of cabbage, shaw and fashion decorative holly from chopped green pepper and pimiento.

Mrs. Woods' cranberry tarts are made this way:

CRANBERRY TARTS—Boil 1 pound cranberries, 2 cups powdered sugar and 2 cups water over a slow fire until near-tender, adding sugar a few minutes before removing from fire. Pour into twelve round tarts made from ordinary pie crust and allow to cool.

As a special Christmas feature, Mrs. Woods plans to make tiny caps of red crépe paper, dunce-cap effect, and fit them over the edges of the tarts, achieving a Santa Claus face with raisins for eyes, and a fine roll of whipped cream close to the edge of the crust will form a beard. The decorative possibilities for these tarts are really unlimited, she points out. And they are simple to make.

Last, but not least, she has a perfectly grand recipe for mustard pickles which always look very decorative at Christmas time, being a bright, lovely green. Besides, they are simply delicious.

MUSTARD PICKLES—The ingredients are 1 quart of green cucumbers, cut small; 1 quart of tiny cucumbers; 1 quart of sliced or very little onions; 1 large cauliflower, cut in pieces; 4 green peppers, sliced. Soak all these for twenty-four hours in salt water, using 1 cup of salt to 1 gallon of water. Then scald in the same brine and drain. Make a paste of 6 scant tablespoons of ground mustard, 1 tablespoon tamarind, a scant 1/2 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 quarts vinegar. Mix dry ingredients with a little vinegar, then add remainder of vinegar. Scald, stirring until well mixed and smooth. Pour over the vegetables while hot and seal in jars.

P.S. In passing on all this good information, the Woods' wish you a very happy Yuletide!
Are Modern Women Copy-Cats?
[Continued from page 45]

"But there could be a typically modern type of dress for all occasions, couldn't there?" I inquired.

"Why not? The life of the woman of today could do more to influence fashion than ever before in history."

I asked him then, to describe his conception of what modern clothes could be—and should be—like.

"Well, let's begin. "In the first place, they should suggest the modern woman's outstanding characteristics—practicality, frankness, courage. They should be stripped of the frills and gew-gaws and 'excess baggage' that women used to wear. They should be practical, healthful, plain, and gracefully adapted to the modern tempo."

He paused, contemplatively. "And now," he continued, "I'll tell you the reason why the Twentieth Century motif hasn't progressed farther. You see, women have had their fingers burned by those old-fashioned clothes they wore along in 1920 to 1926 or 1927. Those 'flapper' clothes.

"You see, although new and different, those clothes broke all rules of costume fitness. They were ugly, incongruous, ungracious. Women, suddenly realizing how like scarecrows they looked with waistslines around their hips and skirts above their knees, swung back in a panic to modes already tried and found attractive and becoming in days gone by."

"And so," he concluded, "as I said, there has been a reason for the apparent backwardness. Even in Hollywood, which sets styles for the world, it explains why one star takes refuge in Queen Elizabeth's ideas of sartorial beauty when she really wants to dress up; another chooses to copy some French period; another harks back to ancient Rome or Greece, They are simply burned children, fearing fire."

Now, that was all very well. I saw his point. But, nevertheless, there was one particular question I wanted to ask.

"But women, even in Hollywood, seldom design their own clothes," I remarked. "What do you mean... their fingers have been burned? What about your costume designers? Why haven't they clothed beautifully and attractively to the age to think about?"

He thought a moment, then grinned engagingly. "You've got me there," he admitted. "Yes, in the last analysis, I guess it is we who have been 'copy-cats' after all."

What do you think of Bernard Newman's notion that modern clothes should express the modern woman? Write your reaction to MOVIE CLASSICS'S Letter Editor (see page 82 for address). Your letter may win you a cash prize!
Sylvia Sidney's 10 Pointers for a Career

[Continued from page 31]

may be a bit too large. Well, that handicap can be overcome by proper exercise and diet; and too-thin lips may be corrected by suitable make-up. You can do away with self-consciousness about your appearance. As far as looks are concerned, there is really nothing to deter you from the career you wish.

THIRD: Bring out your personality! Everyone has personality. It may not be the most desirable kind on earth, but it is that God-given spark that makes you individual. Don't try to copy someone else—or you will lose something very valuable to you.

Fourth: Develop your brain! It is possible, I assure you, to enhance your natural intelligence in varying degrees. Reading can give you a knowledge of people and places, manners and customs that can't help but make you a more tolerant, intelligent individual and, for that very reason, a better saleswoman, actress, or executive.

Fifth: Cultivate your charm! Charm is a mixture of glamor and graciousness. Beauty and personality contribute toward it. Charm is not only born in one: it may be acquired—developed. I have often seen this happen. But please don't mistake charm for some affectation, such as talking with a broad "a." You have heard people say: "Simplicity is her greatest charm." And that is true. Charm is disarming and entirely devoid of pretense. You can have it, too.

Sixth: Decide upon your goal! Now that you have looked at yourself calmly and dispassionately, and know just about what sort of person you really are, know what you want to do! There is no more pitiful situation than a girl or boy who has no purpose or aim in life.

Seventh: Make your own opportunities! You will have to do so if you are to succeed where others fail.

Eighth: Never admit discouragement! Making your opportunities is only half the battle, of which the other half is overcoming your obstacles. You simply cannot let difficulties get the better of you. Because some of your rivals won't.

Ninth: Stay on the job! By that, I mean be modest in victory—for victory is usually short-lived. If you have one success, don't feel that your services are indispensable hereafter.

Tenth: Set a higher goal after each success! When you reach one milestone, don't be satisfied. Keep going ahead. No matter how high you aim, there is always a further goal—and to do anything really well, it is necessary to feel that your present objective is only the means to an end, not the end itself.

Those, then, are my ten pointers for a career—any career. They are not academic. Countless others besides myself have followed them—and found that they have worked.
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Send us her name, with the subscription price of $1.00, and we'll see that she receives a handsome gift from you at Christmastime, together with the first of her twelve gifts from you!
A YOUNG and extremely frightened girl came into the Powers' office a few years ago. Mr. Powers looked over her. She had a perfect figure. Her name was Ruby Stevens. She was singing in some night club at the time, and wanted to pick up some extra money. She shot into the popular class, and often worked every day in the week, posing all day, then dancing at night.

Later on, she went to work for stage-producer David Belasco, and changed her name to Barbara Stanwyck. Despite the ever thought of the days when she almost burst with pride and happiness at receiving twenty-five dollars a pose? That, in itself, is a record achieved by only about a hundred models in the whole profession, even today.

Another movie favorite who clicked before the commercial studio camera is Madge Evans. She started as a baby and for about seventeen years worked as a model, and is still remembered around the studios as one of the prettiest and most talented models.

Mary Astor, Constance Cummings, Jean Muir (known as Jean Fullarton before she went into the movies), Helen Vinson, Betty Compton, Paulette Goddard, Judith Allen, William Haines and Neil Hamilton are among those who worked for several years as models. Joan Blondell is another celebrity who pulled herself up from obscurity via the model route. She attained a unique reputation among the various sources employing models. She was not only pretty, but patient—a very hard worker. She took on all the jobs she possibly could get, and no amount of trouble seemed to bother her. All the artists clamored for her services. Anita Louise and Tom Brown both were child models in New York. Anita's name was then Anita Frenault.

BETTY FURNESS has just been announced as M-G-M as one of six likely stars for the near future. Betty served her apprenticeship as a model for some time in New York. She is one of the most recent recruits from the model field, but there is a constant quest for more in the profession.

Another girl who appeared with Grace Moore in Love Me Forever—is an example of how the producers are combing the model field to get more fodder for that insatiable screen machine. Less than a year and a half ago he was listed on the male sheet at Mary and Theodore Bueh—a Dartmouth College boy who had worked his way through school and, every summer, posed whenever he could get a job around the commercial studios.

Little Charlotte Henry, of Alice in Wonderland fame; Jean Arthur, who is fast rising to star prominence; Philip Reed are a few more to add to the list of screen players who are ex-models. I could name a hundred others.

There is no worse bugaboo in the mind of a movie producer than the question "Where do I find new faces?"

And one good answer still is: "Well, every professional model is a potential star!"

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Movie Classic for December, 1933
with a tremendous love of fine music, he wants to play an important part in bringing it to the average American.

One day, between scenes on the Metropolitan set, he said: "The screen has become the singer's greatest opportunity. That's why I'm so anxious to succeed."

With so much at stake, Lawrence Tibbett would have been excusable had he displayed the traditional operatic temperament. Instead, he has been the pal of everyone on the set. I've never heard any great star so unanimously and so enthusiastically praised by his fellow workers.

The story of Metropolitan, strangely enough, closely parallels the real-life story of its star. It deals with the struggle for recognition of a talented young singer whose cardinal sin was his failure to study abroad and who, consequently, was denied an opportunity at the Metropolitan Opera House by the tradition-bound directors. Tibbett fought exactly that same battle. Born on a California cattle ranch, obliged to support a family before he was old enough to vote, he had neither the time nor the money for study in Europe. He climbed to success by drudgery, singing in church choirs, in theatre prologues and finally in unimportant concerts.

In addition to Tibbett, the principal players in the brilliant cast of Metropolitan are Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, George Marion, Sr., and Luis Alberni. Virginia Bruce, cast in the rôle of a wealthy society girl who is trying, incognito, to win success in opera, has a chance to sing several operatic arias. Tibbett contends that she has one of the finest natural voices he has ever heard. Alice Brady, who gave up a musical career of her own because of her success in drama, plays a would-be prima donna, a near-comedy character, who adopts Tibbett as a protégé.

Most of the scenes in the picture center around the opera house, yet music never transcends the dramatic plot in importance. Rather, it augments and plays a definite part in developing the plot. Tibbett believes that every song must have a definite place in the story if opera is to be popular on the screen.

In Metropolitan, you will hear him sing arias from The Barber of Seville, Carmen, and Pagliacci. He also sings a number of the songs which have been most popular with his concert audiences —On the Road to Mandalay, Vesta La Giubba, and Glory Road.

On the set, one day I heard him sing the Toreador song from Carmen. His voice filled the huge sound stage and for several minutes after he had finished, the five hundred "extras" in the "opera house" sat spellbound. Then, completely disregarding the director's order, "Cut," they broke into a storm of applause that lasted fully ten minutes.

Listen for that song!
They're the Topics
[Continued from page 10]

Hidden Valley. Her parents have bought a ranch home there. The valley is approximately 40 miles from Hollywood, and "Hidden" is a good name for it—since neither hard-surfaced roads nor telephone lines lead thither...

Mary Rogers, Will's daughter, who was appearing with a summer stock company in Showhegan, Maine, when she received word of his tragic death, has had a screen offer from her father's friend, Samuel Goldwyn—and, though grateful, has refused it. Her father counseled her to get "some real training" on the stage before attempting the screen...

Hollywood now holds a new kind of record—the speed record of the world. Howard Hughes, producer of Hell's Angels and aviation enthusiasts, recently flew 435 miles an hour in a specially-built plane—and has received international recognition of his feat, which nearly ended in tragedy when his motor choked and died from lack of gasoline... Another near-tragedy almost occurred when Charles Bickford, making a scene with a 400-lb. lion for the jungle picture, East of Java, was bitten in the neck by the suddenly enraged animal. One tooth missed Bickford's jugular vein by an inch. Only lightning-quick work saved his life; his injury may be permanent.

Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck, just returned from another jungle jaunt with a new picture, Fang and Chew, says that you never can be sure you have tuned any wild animal. Remember the cute little bear that was such a camp pet in Bring 'Em Back Alive? The little bear turned on Frank one day, clawing him in the face. As a momento, he has a slight limp today.

Marlene Dietrich will have to move over and make room for Katharine Hepburn, For Sylvia Scarlett, Katharine had to have her hair clipped, boy-fashion. She got into the spirit of the thing so much that she is wearing boys' clothes off the screen.

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Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, it is easy to help functional kidney troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or get nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Bastrell, famous Doctor, surgeon, and pathologist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my personal practice. Also, I will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. C. Bendle, another highly regarded physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the doctors collect in those organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they poison the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 21 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Pharmacopeia and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladders is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 24 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty packages. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 1p a dose at drugstores, and as the druggist protects you fully, you cannot take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced "Kys-Tex") today.

How Fred Astaire Looks at Life

(Continued from page 30)

about himself, our quarry was occupying the center of the stage, surrounded by the rest of the cast.

For one solid hour, we sat and waited—Fred at work. Finally, a long recess was called. And, instantly, a distinct uneasiness came over Fred—who had been so completely at ease for an hour, doing his act. With strained casualness, he stepped down from the stage, approached us, shook hands with an embarrassed smile, and sat down. I asked him if he liked life to be in quick tempo, like The Pickwick, or in slow tempo like Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

"It all depends on the mood," he said, "and I'm changeable. But, in general, quick tempo—at least, when I'm working. It's more exciting, invigorating."

"Does that mean you like the city better than the country?" I asked. "I've heard that one of your secret ambitions is to retire to a farm.

"I was born in a city—Omaha, grew up in cities, and have always lived in cities. Maybe that's why I like the country ... away from all the clatter and bang and rush. It's easier to be alive there, I want to own a farm. And I don't think it will wait until I retire, because I'm not retiring yet awhile. I like my work too well. And I'm not going to retire until I reach my peak and can step out in a blaze of glory. I'm not there yet—at least, I hope I'm not."

I told him that, on the screen, he gave the impression of being a well-groomed city slicker—shy, but smooth, nevertheless. He laughed. "It must be the clothes I wear. 'Clothes make the man,' you know."

His amazing screen success isn't half so amazing to anyone else as it is to Fred Astaire.

"When I went out to Hollywood the first time, to dance in Dancing Lady and Flying Down to Rio," he said, "I never thought that I'd be staying. When I finished Flying Down to Rio, I packed my bag and went over to London, to appear in The Gay Divorce on the stage. I nearly fell over when I got a cable, telling me that I had clicked. 'That cable was the Eighth Wonder of the World!'"

I volunteered that movie audiences had never seen anyone like him before. His answer, illuminated by that twisted, ironic smile of his, was: "You're probably right. They had never seen a face like mine before!"

But there, we went into success secrets, though we didn't call them that. "All of my friends tell me I worry too much," he said. "Maybe I do. But I don't think I'd be anywhere today if I hadn't worried myself there. As a youngster, I had a habit to keep up with my sister, Adele—who was always a better dancer than I was. And now, every time something turns out better

Snyder Products Co., 1434 N. Wells St., Dept. 3505, Chicago

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Many women report the loss of as much as 3 LBS. IN ONE WEEK, safely without tea, dangerous drugs, dips, or chemicals, without strenuous exercising or starvation dieting. With Snyder's Anti-Fat Tablets, a safe, harmless, effective compound, Mrs. L. H., Iowa, LOSE 23 LBS.; Mrs. M. H., Wash., 2 lbs. LOST 21 LBS.; Mrs. C. J., So. Cal., LOST 15 LBS.; Mrs. L. B., Maine, writes, "Lost 15 Lbs. in one month, feel fine!" Mr. P. D., N. H., 3 yrs., LOST 4 LBS. from Trial Supply.

TRIAL SIZE, ONLY 25¢

One month's supply only 25¢. If you have tried other methods and are skeptical, we will send you a trial supply. 25¢ each must be sent with order. Send for catalog today for a monthly supply.

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Movie Classic for December, 1935

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than I thought it would. I worry about the next thing. Will it be as good? I ask myself—and start working. Every time I make a picture, I lose several pounds. And I can't lose any more.

AUDIENCES, first attracted to him by his dancing, are now applauding him, as well, for being one of the finest comedians on the screen. And here is a revelation: it was his dancing that made him an actor.

He told me: "The way you dance isn't so important—though it counts plenty. The most important thing is what you do while you're dancing, the business you tack on to it. You've seen dancers—and so have I—who are smooth in their footwork and can do a lot of clever, trick stuff; yet, somehow, they don't stand out. They look as if they're concentrating on their footwork. Every dancer works plenty hard, but the trick is to let audiences forget that—to let them watch you enjoying yourself."

"Personality is the greatest asset anybody on the stage can have," said Fred, "whether he's a dancer, an actor, or just a spear-carrier. And another prime asset is a capacity for hard work. You can't dream yourself or wish yourself or bluff yourself into stage success. You have to work to make it—to get there."

Imagination and originality are two more prime essentials. As everybody should know by this time, Fred himself was the inventor of The Carioca, The Continental and The Piccolina. How does he contrive so many new steps?

"Many great people ask me that question," he says. "Whenever I go traveling, I ask me if I got ideas for a new dance from watching a Spanish fandango or a Russian folk-dance. I don't. I enjoy watching native dances, but I don't get hot flashes about ways to vary them. I'm supposed to be thinking of new dances for my next picture with Ginger Rogers, Follow the Fleet—in which, by the way, I'll play a sailor, not a 'city slicker.' And I haven't a single idea about what those steps will be. When I do think, when I get back to Hollywood, is to lock myself in a room and just start shuffling. The ideas will come. You know how it is, sometimes, when you sit down to write a letter, and you don't know just what you'll write about? You put down a few words, and suddenly you begin to get ideas, until finally you've written about ten pages. Well, that's the way I do new dances."

Why does he dodge interviewers?

"They want to tell the world what I'm like in private life," he said, with blushing candor, "and I don't think that's important. People aren't going to go to the theatre to see Fred Astaire as a private citizen. They're going there to see Fred Astaire, public entertainer. And I want to make good on the strength of my performances, not on anything else.

And there you have Fred Astaire, five feet nine, six inches tall, brown of eye, genius of entertainment, and victim of self-consciousness, who admits, "I don't think I could be happy very long without music in the air."
JOAN BENNETT—Doubly Successful!

(Continued from page 26)

Joan has attained the most of the three. Perhaps not in material things, but insofar as the fundamental values of life and art are concerned, the baby has forged ahead of the others. She is the only one of the three who has combined a happy marriage with a happy career successfully. And her double happiness makes her—along with Norma Shearer—the envy of every woman in Hollywood.

How has Joan done it? By using her head! That is the whole answer to the whole question.

Not only is she happy herself. In her home-life, she creates a happy atmosphere, and we go out often. We know hordes of people, but so far we've managed to keep from getting into any one particular clique. I think the only way to keep out of trouble is to manage your friendships so that no one set can tie you up. You don't have to take sides when any quarrel gets started.

"Nothing very terrible can happen to you if you can see a funny side to it," she declares. "And after living with Gene for over three years, I've learned how not to take anything too seriously!"

She adds, "He has given me a new set of values that make me feel I wouldn't change places with anyone in the world. I don't envy the most famous star. I would rather have what I have—my husband, my children, and my home—all the fame in the world."

Joan's physical appearance makes the words sound fantastic. She is so little, so young, so utterly feminine!

Her practical outlook on life has made her successful in everything she has undertaken. This shows in her work, as well as in her home. She likes to act for the screen, but her real ambition is to go on the stage. And she wants to act in roles that will prove her ability. She knows better than anyone else what she can, or cannot do, and has an uncanny instinct for the right thing.

It is this seasoning that has permitted her to combine work and domesticity. She has been able to keep a perfect balance between the two. The matter is a difficult one, as every woman knows.

Joan's house is furnished throughout in the English fashion. The laughter of her children, "Ditty" (who answers to Diana on state occasions) and the

[Continued on page 81]
VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE
DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them irritable with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (10c). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no poisonous or mineral derivatives. Only 25¢—all druggists.

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OLD MONEY WANTED $2000.00 FOR 1.

A few of the world's finest works for old coins, centered postcard stamp and paper money. Larger Coppers: Cent up to $200.00 each, Half Cents $75.00, more. Eagles $25,000, Gold Certificates $30, 1099 Coin $15.00, Half Dimes $3.00, 25c coins $500, Silver Dollars before 1878 $250.00, Gold Dollars $1000.00, Trade Dollars $250.00, $10 5.00, Half Dollars $100.00, Silver $50.00, 50c pieces $50.00, Old Paper Money $25.00. Beautiful sets of U.S. coins. $100.00, Silver $100.00. For further information, send stamped, self-addressed envelopes. No cash until title removed. Wait for CONTOUR-ETTE today. Try 1.

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Before he grows out of sight without disastrous operations or costly massage. Wear safe, comfortable, CONTOUR-ETTE, remarkably beautiful and which strengthens face muscles and smooths away wrinkles. Look younger? Send for CONTOUR-ETTE today. Try 1. If not 100% satisfied money refunded. Special price $17.50 at C. O. D. 28 15. Fully protected by patents. Note-chart, Agents wanted to earn up to $35 per week write for proposition. Shipping postpaid by post office.

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WHEN a great writer does a pen-portrait of a great actor—there are thrills in store for readers! Don't Miss

"Warner Baxter—and Women" by Jim Tully in January MOVIE CLASSIC

Handy Hints from Hollywood

ONE of the most ingenious home conveniences that has made an appearance in Hollywood is the Howe Hostess Ironing Table. Its simplicity of operation and its compactness have made it invaluable in studio dressing-rooms . . . and small apartments. It can be tucked away in the smallest closet when not in use and can be brought into action instantly.

Glenda Farrell not only has a new house, but a new interest in house-hold problems. Wash day problems, for example. She has discovered, like many another woman, that clothes will last longer if laundered with soap that does not require a water softener. Glenda has found one—Rinso.

Arlene Judge knows how to keep her bridge tables safe. She provides her guests with Card Partners, which are combination ash-trays and glass-holders that will clamp on any card-table legs—well below the edge of the table.

Raquel Torres, who has just gone over to England for a visit, left her house spic and span ... with particular emphasis on rugs and upholstery, which are favorite banquets-places of moths. She supervised the cleaning personally and saw that it was done with Vapoo. To use this wonder-worker, just dissolve the powder in water and then brush furniture or rugs with the solution. With each whisk of the brush, off come dirt and stains.

Ann Sothern is noted for her Hollywood after-theatre parties ... and her cooking specialty, hot-cakes. There is only one way to cook them, says Ann, and that is never to use grease—"which ruins them." So she uses a Club Aluminum griddle.

Venetian blinds are in vogue in Hollywood these days! They're inexpensive. And they can't crack, fray or pinch. The Clopay brand costs only fifteen cents per blind; the Fairway washable blind, only forty-nine cents.

Movie Classic for December, 1935

TAKE IT OUT...

Quickly— Safely— Scientifically TO AVOID DANGEROUS INFECTION

The sharp tack-like point of a corn—under shoe pressure is forced deep into sensitive flesh and nerves that carry piercing pains through the body. That's why a corn seems "to hurt all over."

To stop torture instantly—center the dainty soft felt Blue-Jay Pad over the sore area. Shoe pressure is lifted and pain ceases. Pad is securely held with exclusive Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish—won't cling to stocking).

Remove corn completely, safely, quickly—In only three days the mild scientific Blue-Jay medication softens and looses the dead skin tissue that forms the corn. Simply lift it out and enjoy new feet comfort.

GET BLUE-JAY TODAY! 25¢ at All Drug Stores The Kendall Co.

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Merculoted Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb bleaches and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Merculoted Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Merculoted Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Merculoted Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Phelactine removes hair growths—takes them out easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilation that fastidious women prefer.

—Powdered Saxolite—is a refreshing stimulating astrigent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines course-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

FREE: Beatrice S. Colyer—1054-1936 Calendar. These come with the purchase of a 25c box of N.R. Get a Record of Your Fitted Foundation. As you acquire.
NEW CREAM MASCARA

needs no water to apply—
really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising Tattoo, the new cream mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid dyes; far easier to apply than cake mascaras! Simply squeeze Tattoo out of the tube onto the brush, whizz it over your lashes and there they are...dark, lustrous and lovely—appearing to be twice their actual length! Can’t smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim all you like; Tattoo won’t run or smear. Tattoo your lashes once and you’ll never go back to old fashioned mascara, badgering, fussing and fading. vanity, with brush, 50c everywhere.

SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. M50 Chicago 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo Cream Mascara with brush. [Black] Brown [Black color desired]
Name...
Street...
City...
State...

.Screen-Struck

[Continued from page 65]

and tell him I had been a fool, but the words stuck in my throat. Then my mood changed. So he thought I had been bragging about my success, did he? Wait until he saw my picture—wait until he saw me with a new contract. He was surprised, and how, he would acknowledge he had been wrong. Then I would say I was sorry, too, for "putting on an act." It would be all right; it had to come right! My confidence came back. My head went up.

O my way out of the studio, the doorkeeper called to me. "Mr. Burnham would like to see you."

My heart leaped. At last I was going to do another picture. But for more money—would they recognize that? Perhaps he would offer me a long-term contract...surely, I had been good enough to warrant it. I pulled my needles together.

In his vast paneled office, Mr. Burnham was alone. He offered me a seat, very politely.

"Miss Le Grange," he began, "I hope you have enjoyed your visit to Hollywood. It has been a pleasure to have you with us, and I hope you will take back pleasant memories."

A cold wave swept over me and I started at him incredulously. "Mr. Burnham," I said, with white lips.

"What do you mean? Do you—oh, you can’t mean I—screwed?"

He smiled a little sadly, and patted my hand. "I hate to put it that way, my dear," he said, "but I’m afraid we just can’t use you. Don’t take it too hard. At least, you’ve had a chance in pictures, which is more than most girls get. It’s better for you to know the truth now."

"But it can’t be!" I cried, feeling as if a knife had been thrust through my heart. "The picture—surely I looked well, surely..."

"It’s true that you photographed well," he interrupted, "but you have a great deal to learn about acting. Your voice, your accent, your very way of speaking—they’re all wrong. Now, why not be a sensible little girl and go home? We’ll pay your expenses, of course."

"No!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Never! I couldn’t. Besides it’s not fair, what you’ve done to me..."

"A lot of things that happen in the industry don’t seem fair," he admitted with a sigh. "Somehow, it happens so... in any event the cashier will have a check for you. Whether you use it to your heart’s content or you go off and have an affair in any event, good luck to you—and goodbye!"

He held out his hand. Automatically, I took it. Then I turned slowly and went out into the cruelly bright California sunlight.
Have You Movie Talent?

SCREEN PLAY offers you a marvelous opportunity for a FREE SCREEN TEST and in addition will give free trips to Hollywood to those who win the tests. All the details of this great opportunity will be found in the December issue of SCREEN PLAY.

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

SCREEN PLAY is ENTIRELY written and edited in Hollywood by writers and editors who are in constant contact with the studios and with the stars. Only by regularly reading SCREEN PLAY can you be sure that you have the full story of what is happening in the cinema capital.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Tullio Carminati’s Immortal Love

[Continued from page 68]

was playing. It was the first time I had come face to face with her in the midst of a play, I was unable to do anything but stare, completely forgetting the audience. Not until the prompter rapped sharply with his hand did I remember who I was, where I was, and what I was to do.

When Duse died suddenly, following an attack of influenza, Tullio despaired the stage for many months. Later, continuing his career, he rose to such a position of eminence that Joseph Schenck signed him for films in 1926.

Oddly, his first picture appearances met with little success. Few can remember the fact that he appeared in several important pictures (such as *The Bat, The Duchess of Buffalo, The Patriot and Three Sinners*) with Constance Talmadge, Alla Nazimova, Pola Negri, and other actresses of the silent era.

As everyone knows, his success in Hollywood dates from his appearance with Constance Bennett in *Montun Rouge* and with Ann Harding in *Gallant Lady*, and particularly from his hit performance opposite Grace Moore in *Our Night of Love*.

Since then, although in demand in Hollywood, he has refused to sign long-term studio contracts, preferring to appear when he chooses to become. Editors offer great potentialities of film stars.

That he still cherishes a love that is beyond ordinary understanding explains the hidden power of his appeal, for no man who has encountered such a supreme emotional experience as Carminati did with the immortal Duse can emerge without it vital emotional spark in his own heart.

Joan Bennett—Doubly Successful!

[Continued from page 78]

baby Melinda, whom Gene considers the eighth wonder of the world, sounds through the house at all times.

Says her mother, Adrienne Morrison, “I think it’s perfectly marvelous to see what Joan has done with her life. There are very few youngsters who can recover from a disastrous marriage at sixteen and motherhood at seventeen, and then remake their lives as successfully and happily as Joan has.”

The Povers—that be thought well enough of her efforts in *Private Worlds* and *Mississippi* to sign her up for the next two years at a price that would bring tears of envy to your eyes. Since signing the contract, she has made *Two for Tonight* with Bing Crosby at Paramount and *Rich Girl’s Folly*, co-starring with George Raft, at Columbia. And only recently she finished *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* for Twentieth Century-Fox, playing opposite Ronald Colman. You’d better keep your eye on Joan—for that girl is going places!

Movie Classic for December, 1935
Now that our own studies are finding other plots besides continual "drawing-room dramas," filmgoers will benefit by the rivalry between the American and British companies — Reg. Fouggin, 11 Weld Road, Withington, Manchester, England.

§5 Prize Letter

Unappreciated—Don't you think the screen director seldom gets the credit due him from the public? His name is infrequently heard in the conversations of movie-goers, yet he is an important, if not the most important, person in every production.

He is responsible for the interpretations of all the performers we have been deluged with during the past year. He knows human nature to the core. He must know good acting. He has to manage the entire cast, the property men, and the photographic sound crews. He sees that everything runs smoothly, allay's jitters, secures maximum cooperation. And with it all he must avoid nervous prostration. All hall to the director — Milton Latham, 609 West 45th St., New York City.

§1 Prize Letters

Several months ago, a MOVIE CLASSIC reader suggested that Shirley Temple should play the title role of Peter Pan. Other readers jumped at the suggestion, both pro and con. Several thought that Freddie Bartholomew should play Peter, with Shirley's Wendy. Now comes still another suggestion:

Virginia as Wendy — Shirley Temple is the type to play Peter Pan. In the first place, she is much too small for the part, besides having a personality altogether different from that of the impish, boastful Peter, I think that Freddie Bartholomew, with his boyish charm, his wonderful acting ability, and his perfect diction, would be an ideal Peter Pan. Also, I suggest Virginia Weidler, the charming, sincere Little Sister of Laddie, as a "natural" for the part of Wendy. Each of these children alone captivated the movie-going public. Together, what would they be? Perfection — Jacqueline Moffatt, 2222 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

In October MOVIE CLASSIC, Reader T. M. Feemans started something by intimating that movie stars are too clothes-conscious. We responded with letters of protest, of which this is typical:

New Styles Important — Reader Feemans must be off the male of the species. It is true that a famous actress does not have to depend on the latest creations to be heralded for her performance, but I dare say she has a favorite with this model gown in a 1932 picture, the thought would be, "That actress is losing her appeal." Good clothes and fashionable clothes are necessary for the happiness and success of a woman, whether she is Mary Brown of Peoria or Sylvia Sidney of Hollywood — Beatrice Sparoff, 1226 M. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Bergner Passed the Test — I saw Eliza- beth Bergner's Escape Me Never six weeks ago and I still am enjoying it. It stands out on the movie horizon clear cut, symbolic and dignified. Of the eight or ten pictures I have seen since, I have only a scene here and a line there — but Bergner, the tragic little imp, pops into my mind often, and I like to hear it again.

My own test of a good movie is the same as my test of merchandise: Has it quality? Will it serve its purpose? And — do I really want it? Escape Me Never is my best movie buy so far this year — Mrs. J. G. Riley, Sillman Hotel, Spokane, Wash.

Here is an interesting topic for discussion — the test of a good picture. What is your own personal test?

Nominated for Award — I wonder if many MOVIE CLASSIC readers will approve of the list of ten screen performances I would consider worthy of the Academy Award of 1935? The list follows:

(1) Freddie Bartholomew in David Copperfield; (2) Victor McLaglen in The Informer; (3) Noel Coward in The Scoundrel; (4) Paul Muni in Black Fury; (5) Pat O'Brien in Oil for the Lamps of China; (6) Katherine Hepburn in Alice Adams; (7) Charles Laughton in Ruggles of Red Gap; (8) Julie Haydon in The Scoundrel; (9) Bette Davis in Bordertown; (10) Gary Cooper in Lives of a Bengal Lancer. — Albert Manski, 69 Pine Street, Boston, Mass.

Reader Manski is rushing the award season by several months, perhaps on the theory that it's better to be early than late. And so it is. Would your own ten nominations include more actors than actresses, as his does? Why not take a piece of paper and pencil and jot them down? And send us your list?

WHAT is your favorite movie topic — your reaction to new pictures, new performances — your newest idea for the betterment of films? Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. And be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter so received. Write to Today Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Women Everywhere Gasp
In Astonishment at Newest
MARVEL in CLOPAY 15¢
WINDOW SHADES

No longer any need to envy the luxurious smartness of Venetian Blinds. For now you can have that expensive Venetian Blind effect in the amazing new CLOPAY “Venice” at the incredibly low cost of 15¢ a window! The illustration on the right, made from an untouched photo, gives an inkling of how faithfully this remarkable shade reproduces the beauty of Venetian Blinds. See the CLOPAY “Venice” at your nearest “5 & 10” or neighborhood store and you, too, will gasp in astonishment and delight like thousands of others.

Twenty Smart Patterns
And don’t fail to see the entire range of new CLOPAY patterns. Highly praised by leading interior decorating authorities for their smart styling and decorative value. Available in 5 rich solid colors and 15 delightful, up-to-the-minute designs that will bring new brightness and charm into any room of any home.

Can’t Crack, Fray or Pinhole!
Best of all, these thrilling new shades are made from famous CLOPAY fibre. Patented texture makes them roll smoothly, hang straight and resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no pinholing. Outwear shades costing 2 or 3 times as much. CLOPAY shades are now giving satisfaction in over 6,000,000 American homes. See CLOPAYS at your nearest store. Send 3¢ stamp for color sample to CLOPAY CORP., 1510 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WATCH STORE WINDOWS!
This month, windows of leading “5 & 10” stores and many others will feature the CLOPAY “Venice” and other striking new CLOPAY patterns. Watch for these displays—see how to beautify your home at negligible cost.

CLOPAY America’s Fastest Selling WINDOW SHADES
AT ALL “5 & 10” AND MOST NEIGHBORHOOD STORES

SEE NEW FABRAY
WASHABLE SHADES, TOO
Another sensational value is the same amazing “Venetian” effect in FABRAY Washable Window Shades. A remarkable new product—tough, pliable, thoroughly washable. Scrub them with soap and water. Look, feel, wear like finest cloth—cost much less. FABRAY shades are now being featured by leading department stores, chains, and neighborhood stores—in wide range of patterns, colors, sizes and lengths. Plain colors 45¢; Venice pattern 50¢ (36”x60”). The world’s most remarkable quality shade value. Send 3¢ stamp for color samples.
THANKS—
I’d rather have a LUCKY
They’re easy on my throat

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies and Luckies’ exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation—against cough.
FILM FASHIONS BEAUTY and CHARM

Ginger Rogers

Warner Baxter and Women by Jim Tully
"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to choke the pores that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made their beauty care for years.

Carole Lombard, star of Paramount's "Hands Across the Table"

I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY COSMETIC SKIN BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT keeps SKIN LOVELY!
A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says... “You're a charming woman.”

And a woman's eyes may answer... “You're a likeable person.”

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS “PINK TOOTH BRUSH” SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, “pink tooth brush” warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite “pink tooth brush.” You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.

“I PINK TOOTH BRUSH” makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

MOVIE CLASSIC FOR JANUARY, 1936
THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"
Starring the
MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

Movie Classic for January, 1936
On this month's cover is one dancing star—Ginger Rogers—in a ski outfit. Here is another—Ruby Keeler. And how about you? Are you winter-sports-minded?

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W. H. FAWCETT
President

S. F. NELSON
Treasurer

W. M. MESSENGER
Secretary

ROScoe FAWCETT
Vice President

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

Harold Lloyd, now starring in The Milky Way, treasures his first pair of hornrimmed specs. He's holding them here—but usually they're under lock and key.

Before Rochelle Hudson came along, Hollywood had a superstition that no other girl could play a rôle originally intended for Janet Gaynor and find success. But Rochelle succeeded where several predecessors had failed, simply because she did not try to be a second Gaynor when the chance was thrown her way. She gave an individual performance as the heroine of Way Down East, when she was handed the rôle opposite Henry Fonda after an injury took Janet out of the cast. In her latest picture, Show Them No Mercy, she plays the part of a young wife and mother—and her performance is so outstanding that she will be starred in the title rôle of Ramona. Keep your eye on Rochelle. The girl with the "plastic" face (so-called because she can register any given emotion at any given moment) is going far!

The favorite protégée of the late Will Rogers, Rochelle is in her very early twenties, has one of Hollywood's most beautiful figures, has a flair for smart fashions—and was six years on route to her present eminence. When she started in films, she was too young to play anything but sub-deb rôles; also, she had no acting experience. If she had been less conscientious, less willing to learn what there was to learn about film-acting, she would never have lasted long enough to "become of age" in Hollywood. She never kidded herself into thinking that she could get by on looks alone. And, for a girl with Rochelle's "looks," that was an unusual attitude...

Edward Everett Horton (a real comedian), if anyone should ask you holds a record no other player has ever equaled.

He has been a free-lance actor for fourteen years, never has been tied up with any company on one of those long-term contracts, will not play any rôle he does not like—and, if he does like it, asks (and gets) $5,000 a week, with no reduction for cash.

It looks as if Mae West is the trailblazer to the new winter playground of the stars. She has taken a fancy to Ensenada, the new resort below the Mexico border, and is going to build there. Having no liking for airplanes or steamships, she cannot get away for "quick vacations" to New York or Hawaii in three hours. Now, other stars are asking questions about land prices there.

It is a little early to suggest Academy Award winners, but you can lay a bet that Victor McLaglen (for his performance in The Informer) and Edward Arnold (for his performance in Diamond Jim) will be in the running. And there is likely to be another special award for Shirley Temple . . . who has become the top favorite internationally in her second year of stardom.

Warren William's health regimen requires him to drink fifteen glasses of water a day—and he hasn't founfeed yet . . . George Brent, A-1 aviator, was afraid of riding on merry-go-rounds as a youngster! Incidentally, the dancing beauties at Warners, in a poll, voted for George as "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor" . . . Maureen O'Sullivan has one of those trick memories that enables her to memorize a full movie script by reading it only twice . . . William S. Hart, of two-gun film fame, has authored another book on the Old West, titled, The Law on Horseback, and Other Stunt-act stories. The former is a "triumphant" retort of Mrs. Pat Campbell's to the young and beautiful actress who bawled her out for forgetting a line: "My dear," said Pat, sweetly, "how thin you are! You must have worms!"
Girls, be glad that you are not living back in the mid-1800's, because it took 128 yards of material and 348 yards of lace, not to mention horsehair braid, ribbon, etc., to make only four of the costumes of the period that Miriam Hopkins wore in Barbary Coast. Strange as it seems, there is a man working on Warners' Captain Blood set whose name really is Captain John Blood. He is six feet four and flew for the British in the war. James Cagney says that he trained so earnestly for his last two pictures that he gained a half-inch in height. Are you listening, Mr. Ripley?

Charles Boyer, scheduled to play opposite Marlene Dietrich in her next picture, may soon play Hunch on All Raschid in The Arabian Nights. In color, that should be a thrill. Marian Marsh believes that "tight" coiffures are due for an eclipse. In Columbia's Crime and Punishment, she is wearing her hair loose and wavy—and the novelty, think we, may start a fad. The newest legend about Cecil B. De Mille (who, by the way, is about to produce Buffalo Bill—probably with Gary Cooper as the star) is that he has a trick spotlight under his desk, which he can suddenly focus on any actor or actress who enters to be interviewed. "And is it startling?" exclaims one who claims to know...

Because there are about 12,500 "extra" players registered at the Central Casting Bureau, and because it is a BIG day when as many as five hundred of them receive calls, the Bureau heads have adopted new tactics to bring down the total. They are sending out Successions of form letters to all registered "extras," advising them how tough the game is (just as though most of them didn't know it already!), in the hope that many of the 12,500 will throw up the sponge and go back home, wherever that is. "Save in a very few exceptional instances," one typical letter points out, "it is an impossibility for any individual to make an actual living from motion picture 'extra' work."

In Hollywood, population figures show, there are about 3,000 more women than men. And that includes screen beauties. And that means that a girl in Hollywood, even though she may have been a Garbo in her own home-town, has a slim chance.

[Continued on page 13]
New Hero

HAVE you seen—and heard—Nino Martini? If you haven't, you will soon be conscious that you have missed a sensation. If you have seen him, you know that here—at last—is something new in heroes.

He has just made his bow in a picture called Here's to Romance. It is a pleasant little picture, not at all sensational in story or characters. But it packs one terrific surprise—Nino Martini.

In the first place, few men have the right to be as handsome as he is. But few men have the inner radiance that he has—a radiance that lights up his whole face. And he sings as few men can.

- UNTIL now, on the screen, you have had to content yourself with singing heroes who looked like college boys, night-club entertainers or robust products of the great open spaces. But here is a singing hero who might wear the mantle of Romeo—young, sensitive Romeo.

Until now, on the screen, you have heard few men sing of love without surges of sentimentality. But here is a man who can put depth into a love song, even such a pale love song as the one that gives his first feature picture its title. He has a voice that is capable of powerful emotion. And if you don't think he is capable of doing things to your emotions, hear him sing Ridi, Pagliacci in Here's to Romance.

It isn't a love song; and you may not understand the words (which are in Italian), but when Pagliacci's ironic hymn of heartbreak pours forth from Martini, your emotions play tricks on you; tricks they never have played before. You lose yourself in his sweep of emotion.

He will change a great many ideas of what a singing hero should be.

- OR an operatic hero, for that matter. For if opera is to come to the screen, Nino Martini looks like the most logical man to bring it. Not only does he have a great voice; he is handsome, youthful, slender.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, audiences used to sit with closed eyes when great voices sang romantic arias. The difficulty was that the singers were well past the romantic age—and great girls usually accompanied the great voices. Now Martini is there, and audiences keep their eyes open. They literally "wake up and dream." ... And movie audiences will do likewise.

In Here's to Romance, he may not have the acting finesse of a Leslie Howard, but he is far more relaxed, far more natural, in the final sequences than in the first. He even has possibilities as an actor.

What, I ask you, is to stop him from becoming a top film favorite—except weak, incredible stories? And may the fates spare him those!

James E. Reid
Come Adventuring with "Captain Blood"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers. After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill. What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome Errol Flynn, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely Olivia de Havilland who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!
Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh and Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian in Mutiny on the Bounty

Speaking of Movies...

**Mutiny on the Bounty** is one picture that you will never forget. It is one of the greatest things that Hollywood ever has done—or ever will do. It is an epic of mankind, haunting in its horror and its beauty. And its great story is greatly acted by a cast headed by Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

Here is no imaginative fiction. Here is a chapter torn from life's own ledger... a chapter that reveals life's every emotion, with the surging sea for a background... a true chapter that epitomizes man's inhumanity to man, man's endless rebellion against injustice and man's longing for a paradise beyond the reach of brutality and battle.

The good sailing ship, *Bounty*, leaves England for the South Seas to gather breadfruit plants and take them to the West Indies for transplanting. The voyage is to take two years. But before the vessel ever reaches Tahiti, rebellion is smoldering aboard, kindled by the sadistic "discipline" of Captain Bligh (Laughton), whose iron hand beats down even the remonstrances of mate Fletcher Christian (Gable), who manages to keep the crew in hand. In Tahiti, the men discover an earthly paradise. (These scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.) Once at sea again, they mutiny, led by Christian, setting Bligh and his men adrift in an open boat. Christian forces Byam, a midshipman (Tone), to remain with him, as the men sail back to Tahiti. Bligh, after torturous difficulties, reaches England, sets out on a voyage of vengeance—with all but a few (Byam, among them) escaping to an inaccessible island, where they find unending peace. And Byam, in one of the great scenes of the picture, fights a lone battle for justice.

Program notes: The picture cost $1,800,000, was two years in the making and was filmed in Tahiti and near Catalina Island, California. It is based on the book by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, directed by Frank Lloyd, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**Peter Ibbetson** is an unusual picture—poignantly and deeply emotional, with no break in its mood. It is a picture for the sensitive, the dreamers of dreams—and any and all admirers of Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, who give the most memorable performances of their respective careers. They live their roles of two lovers, fated never to share earthly happiness, who find release in a dream-world, escaping cruel, harsh realities. Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, as their younger selves, perform a touching childhood scene—and John Halliday, as Ann's unloved determined husband, also gives a performance not soon to be forgotten. (Paramount)

**Transatlantic Tunnel** is powerful, dramatic entertainment in any filmgoer's language—and, though made in England, abounds in players familiar to Americans. Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson and Leslie Banks head the strong cast, with even George Arliss and Walter Huston appearing in brief interludes as the British Premier and the President of the United States, respectively. The story races forward to the distant future and revolves around the construction of a gigantic tunnel from London to New York by an engineer whose devotion to duty costs him the sight of his wife and the loss of his son. Fascinating are the futuristic gadgets, including televisions, that are accepted as commonplace by the characters. Emotionally stirring are the superhuman underwater struggle and the warmly human problems of a man and wife who are parted by his work. It is Dix's picture, but Madge Evans displays emotional depth that few pictures have given her a chance to reveal. (G-B)

**Thanks a Million** is one of the cleverest comedies of the year—entertainment of the calibre of *Top Hat* and *Broadway Melody* of 1936. It is magnificent, merciless fun—with humor both broad and subtle—at the expense of politicians. Fred Allen, of "Town Hall" radio fame, looks like a permanent film fixture after his
display of personality and comedy talent in this one. He is a stranded band-leader who becomes a campaign manager, with Dick Powell as his candidate for governor, and tours the state in the vaudeville manner—finally forcing the opposition to hire Paul Whiteman as competition. Patsy Kelly scores another hit as the comedy foil for Allen; Ann Dvorak is Dick Powell's gay heart interest; and a collection of smart entertainers, ranging from Rubinoff, the violinist, to the harmonizing, provocative Yacht Club Boys, all add to the robust merriment. You will be humming one of three songs when you leave the theatre—Thanks a Million, String High on a Hilltop or I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine. Oh, yes, and Dick Powell has the most fun he has had in a year. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

A Night at the Opera is insane, uproarious farce and probably the funniest thing that the Marx Brothers—now three in number—have ever done. It offers everything from hilarious slapstick through snappy patter to operatic arias (which, by the way, are not burlesqued, but are beautifully sung by Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones). It kids grand opera, yes, but lets you continue to like it, too. Groucho is a would-be operatic manager with troubles, and Chico and Harpo are two steamship stowaways who add to his comic woes. It is a picture that any man—and any woman with a mischievous sense of humor—would like. (M-G-M)

The Three Musketeers, talkie version, is romantic, exciting, enjoyable every inch of the way. As Alexander Dumas wrote it, it was a great story—and, with few changes in its new screen translation, it still is a great story. The three inseparable soldiers of France—Athos, Aramis and Porthos—re-live all of their high adventures with the daring d'Aramis. In the role of d'Aramis, Walter Abel is as believable and likable as another Hollywood stranger, Robert Donat, was in another Dumas story, The Count of Monte Cristo. Always at his ele-

[Continued on page 15]
New Shopping Finds!

The Shopping Scouts have scouted far and wide this month for last-minute “Christmas suggestions.” Here are seventeen that appealed to us. We’ll be glad to send you the name of any article pictured here, if you write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Merry Christmas!

1. A luscious-looking jar of bath salts with clear pink crystal appearance. Jar will have a hundred uses when empty. $2.50.
3. A perfume with a warm, rich bouquet odour which has a definite overtone of carnation and blending of rose and jasmine. In a stunning case! $4.50.
4. Simple, dignified silver case carrying a famous make of lipstick and rouge is ultra-smart, with space for monogram, $1.50.
5. For an intimate gift, this famous cream would be most acceptable. Excellent quality, and a lovely-looking jar. 50c.
6. A perfume as new as the tunes you will dance to tonight! It inspires poise and charm, and provokes romance. We gave samples to many of our readers last month, and how they loved it! $3.75.
7. In a jar of smart simplicity, this fine facial cream joins the Yuletide gift parade. Grand to use! $1.
8. An evening bag of gold mesh, with brilliant top and clasp, will make any girl go into raptures! It carries a sense of richness and beauty. $10.
9. For the man on your gift list, we take delight in telling of this newspaper holder with its suggestion of early morning. If he must read at breakfast, here’s the pleasant solution! $1.50.
10. Every little girl will adore this set of two Shirley Temple statuettes molded from purest castile soap, standing in a miniature theatre. One figure has blue trimmings, one has red. 60c.
11. Exquisite package of pink and silver with foundation cream that is a perfect complement to the gossamer powder, $3.75.
12. A drop of this perfume suffices! It is as undisputed, concentrated essence form that is rare and beautiful. All held in one unique book-like case. Each vial named after a famous woman of French history, or a beloved flower. Gift de luxe at $15, or one little bottle, $2.50.
14. Flexible white case packed with cream, lotions, powder and other make-up is an excellent gift choice. All packed with gay red ribbon and holly. Compact and complete, $3.
15. This skin perfume with its useful atomizer, gaily packed, would grace any Christmas tree. Delicate lily scent! $1.85.
16. This perfume ensemble has three lovely scents to suit various moods of the recipient. Gold and orchid case. $3.75.
17. A dark blue powder box with silver butterflies, and a bottle of perfume. Low cost, plus fine quality. $1.50.
They're the Topics

[Continued from page 7]

of being dated every night in movieland. It's a nice break for the boys, but
Harry Carey, after twenty-five years on the screen, says that stars are not as beau-
tiful today as they were in the old days—even though they "achieve a great resem-
bance to beauty." Gun licenses, girls, cost $2 up... Harry, however, is doing some-
thing that no other man in Hollywood has yet thought of doing. He has a young
daughter and is looking forward to her be-
coming an actress some day. With this in
mind, he has it written in every contract
that, wherever he goes in making a picture,
she can go, too—and absorb the technique.

Have you become accustomed yet to
saying "Joan Tone"? It isn't obligatory—
for she will continue to be Joan Crawford
on the screen. Incidentally, she was just
becoming accustomed to that name, herself,
ten years ago today. M-G-M had run a con-
test to find a name for their new "find,"
Lucille Le Sueur—and the winning name,
it had been decided, was "Joan Arden." A
real Joan Arden had turned up with ob-
jections, however, so a second name was
chosen. The name was "Joan Crawford,"
submitted by a little old lady in New York.
The little old lady received $500.

Speaking of back when you may not
have heard this story: Not too many years
ago, Mae West was featured in the big-
time vaudeville in New York City and
was panicking the customers with her dance.
"Texas Tommy." On the same bill at the
opening matinee was a youthful dancing
team—a boy and girl. The youngsters' act
was cancelled after the matinee, the man-
ger deciding that they were not good
even for the big-time. The team was
Fred and Adele Astaire.

The latest social stunt of the movie
 colony is to stage B.Y.O. (meaning Bring
Your Own) parties. It was introduced by
Joseph Breen (he passes judgment on
[Continued on page 17]
An 8" x 10" Enlargement of Your Favorite Photograph for only 25¢

Here is the biggest bargain that ever came your way—a first-class, professional 8" x 10" enlargement of your favorite photograph for only 25¢ and coupons from Ranch Romances Magazine. Such an enlargement would cost you $1, probably more, in any regular camera store. Read the rest of this advertisement and mail the coupon for free sample copy in which you will find all particulars.

$500. CASH AND A ROUND TRIP TO BERMUDA for Best Pictures!

Not only can you get a beautiful enlargement for only 25¢, but you may win a very valuable prize. Fifty-six cash prizes and a grand prize of a round trip to Bermuda on United Airline Bermuda liner, will be awarded to the pictures which a board of artists and photographers consider have the greatest interest and pictorial value, received during the period named in Ranch Romances.

You have a photograph which you are specially fond of. Take advantage of this opportunity to get a fine enlargement of it for next to nothing, and perhaps win a prize as well.

RANCH ROMANCES contain the finest romantic "western" stories published anywhere today. You will get hours of keen enjoyment out of every issue—more enjoyment we believe than you have ever gotten from any other fiction magazine. (On sale at all good newsstands—like We want you to become acquainted with it as our expense—

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THE wooden heads of Hollywood! There are hundreds of them. To be exact, five hundred of them—all in a row.

No thought ever troubles the dumb placidity of their existence; no stimulating idea—no ideal for them matters—turbs their cerebral vacuity; they don't even bother to "yes" anybody.

Yet, intriguingly enough, these wooden heads are a very important factor in the making of motion pictures.

They inhabit the House of Westmore, the most famous wig establishment in the world, and they are the wooden facsimiles of persons for whom they are hand-casted, by the Westmores. The greatest interest and pictorial value, received during the period named in Ranch Romances.

One of the odd things about this Westmore collection is that some of these heads may be used for a number of different stars whose bumps, phrenologically speaking, are similar.

Wigs for Elizabeth Allan and Dolores del Rio are made on the same wooden block; Bing Crosby shares his with Sid Silvers, the comedian; Winfield Shepperd and "heavy" Stanley Fields have heads the same shape and size; Julie Haydon of the famed Matts Jutziya and herself in the cranium company of Harpo Marx; the heads of Olivia de Havilland and Marion Davies are alike.

Nobody else in Hollywood can use Clive Brooks' highly individual model. O. P. Heggie has the most nearly perfect head; Mae West has the smallest; and Clark Gable, Constanca Bennett, and Blanche Yurka have the largest heads in Hollywood.

Shirley Temple's head is a runner-up.

In the Westmore wig department are twenty-five wigs and a woman's head, imported from Europe. (It's a case of hair today, gone tomorrow, with the peasants of Europe!) Most of the black hair comes from Russia. Blonde hair and red hair come from the buxom German ladies, and an assortment of colors comes from Italy.

The Westmores pay about seventy-five dollars a pound for ordinary hair. White hair, or natural platinum, brings twenty-five dollars an ounce up.

When the hair is admitted to the United States, after going through quarantine, exactly like any immigrant, it is sent immediately to the Westmores in Los Angeles, where it is washed in soap and water, put through various softening processes, then dried and combed. After all kinks and short combings are settled with, the strands are "drawn." This means that some long-suffering soul in the workroom actually plucks the roots of the hair together, which is some job.

In the making of a wig, each single, individual strands of hair is sewn by hand on the wig foundation—which is made of imported ribbon, gauze, net and hair-lace, and fitted exactly to the wooden replica of a star's head. The girl who puts the hair in the wig is known as a "venditor." She works with a needle similar to that of a crochet hook, tying a knot in each hair.

The Westmore brother who goes by the name of Perc is the hair and wig expert of this famous family. When he is not busy as director of the Warner Brothers-First National make-up department, he is in the Westmore store, personally creating wigs for screen use and new hair styles for off-sceen wear by the stars. He recently completed a monumental task—the creation of all the wigs for Captain Blood. A woman who is slim, breasty, and who moves with an air of easy speed, should have a streamlined hairdress. "Spit curls are the essence of bad taste. Nothing worse could be seen on any head. The new hair high in back also has the added advantage of being able to effect an immediate change of coiffure, just by adding a few bits of false hair. And simply by covering up the sports curls worn in the daytime, she can achieve the stunning Grecian type of hairdress for the evening."

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Wooden Heads of Hollywood

BY WINIFRED AYDELOTT E

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Movie Classic for January, 1936
Speaking of Movies... [Continued from page 11]

bow, lending him staunch support, are Paul Lukas as Ather, Onslow Stevens as Arantis, and Moroni Olsen as Perethus. Rosamund Finchott as Ann of Austria and Heather Angel, as Constance, also are outstanding, but it is Margot Grahame, as the infamous Madly de Winter, who captures the femme fatale honors, with a performance as flawless in every detail as that of Abel—who is headed for stardom. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • • Frisco Kid gives James Cagney one of the most colorful roles he has ever had and he makes every ounce of drama in it count. The setting, like that of Barbary Coast, is San Francisco in the early gold rush days, when it was "every man for himself." Cagney is a fighting sailor who outwits gangsters and political bosses and makes him the uncrowned king of all he surveys. Pared down to its essentials, the picture is a tale of good versus evil, of vigilantes versus vice—a vigorous, virile, exciting tale, which has adventure, romance, comedy, pathos. George E. Stone, as a Jewish clothes dealer who befriends Cagney, gives a magnificent portrayal, trimmed with both pathos and comedy. Margaret Lindsay, as Cagney's beloved, is appealingly natural. Ricardo Cortez is excellent as a suave gambler. Donald Woods as Joseph King, Barton MacLane, and Fred Kohler make their roles stand out. And the whole cast makes the picture a standout. (Warner)

• • • • • ½ Annie Oakley is an absorbing film novelty—a colorful, many-sided screen biography of a backwoods beauty from Ohio who became Show-woman No. 1 of the world. The last ace sharpshooter of the old Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, Barbara Stanwyck, escaping trivial dramas, gives everything she has to the role—making Annie warmly, human, completely real. Preston Foster is no less excellent as her blustering, but big-hearted masculine rival who comes, a-wooing. Moroni Olsen is Buffalo Bill to the life, and Melvyn Douglas gives sensitive shading to the role of the circus manager whose love for Annie is unrequited. This is a picture that proves that a picture gold mine is in true stories of the colorful "good old days." (RKO-Radio)

• • • • • ½ Hands Across the Table is an amusing, appealing, fast-moving comedy, with situations as real as life. Carole Lombard is a manipulative who is determined to marry for money; Fred MacMurray is a society lad fallen on hard times. It has the same determination—and they discover that they love each other. Both stars are grand. (Paramount)

• • • • • The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo reveals smooth Ronald Colman in a light romantic mood, as an exiled Russian prince who wins millions at the gaming tables when he stops gambling; only to fall in love with an entertainer (Joan Bennett) who is being paid to try to part him from his money—and can't play the game because it is all in love with him. But Colin Clive (the villain!) gets his man back to Monte Carlo, makes a pauper of him. Colman becomes a taxi-driver in Paris, where he decides to have one final ironic fling in the cafe where Joan is singing. Fade-out: happy ending. A light, unimportant story, it is deftly handled and is constantly entertaining. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • • Rendezvous is a noble attempt to make another picture of the caliber of The Big Noise. This film is not only inches short, because Rosalind Russell, poised and intelligent, is miscast as the not-so-brilliant fiancée of William Powell, secret government agent. The plot is warming; the story, alternately exciting and hilarious; the acting, excellent. (M-G-M)

• • • • • Show Them No Mercy is tense drama, with a gang theme. Rochelle Hudson and Edward Norris, with their young baby, traveling across the country, stop for the night in what looks like a deserted house. It happens to be the hideout of a kidnap gang, headed by Cesar Romero and Bruce Cabot, who hold them prisoner. The two gang chiefs carry most of the acting burden, but Rochelle as the terrified young wife and mother, gives an emotional, highly believable performance. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • • I Found Stella Parish is Kay Francis' first picture in months. It reveals her in several new costumes and several stunning new gowns—and a young-mother's mellow role. For the sake of her child (Sybil Jason), she gives up London stage fame and disappears, going to America, where she is found by an English reporter (Ian Hunter), who discovers why she vanished, tells all, and then discovers he loves her. The younger steals the picture, because she is the most real. (Warner)

• • • • • In Person is just what Ginger Rogers' vast audience ordered—a clever, fast-moving comedy that gives her talent a chance to shine by itself. She dances, she sings, she gives a deft performance as a sly, suave, feminine film actor who is "tamed" by suave, smiling George Brent. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • • $1,000 a Minute is improbable, but laughable—a pulse-stirring satire on Breveater's Millions. Tom Pryor, who has just lost his job and his girl, is given an assignment by two wagger-crazy millionaires to try and spend $1,000 a minute for twelve hours. Keeping just one jump ahead of the police, who think he must have committed a big bank holdup, Pryor dives into his assignment. (Republic)

And don't miss: • • • • • A Midsummer Night's Dream, Warner Brothers' magnificent screen version of Shakespeare's great masterpiece, with a cast full of stars. • • • • • The Crusades, Cecil B. De Mille's vivid, if overlong spectacle of life and love and war in the Middle Ages, featuring Loretta Young and Ian Keith. • • • • • Metropolitan, which brings Lawrence Tibbett and his glorious voice back to the screen in a light, but story of backstage life at the Opera. • • • • • Barbary Coast, the rousing, robust drama of life and love in early San Francisco, revolving around young ladies, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea. • • • • • Way Down East, sensitive and poignant drama of young love in old New England, beautifully acted by Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson.

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Notary Public

"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything." 

"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."

Important to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets. Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate? Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on makeup. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

NORTHEASTERN WESTERN CO. 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

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1. Name.

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State
BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

Beware of a cold—even a slight cold—and any cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn. What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don’t be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That’s common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove’s Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies’ cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Six to See

Interesting people do interesting things . . . and here are a half-dozen new examples!

James Cagney—America’s favorite hard-surfaced, soft-hearted hero—at last has chances to prove the variety of his talents. In A Midsummer Night’s Dream, he plays the buffoonish Bottom, who has to wear a donkey’s head. In Frico Kid, he is an adventurous early Californian. Soon he will be Robin Hood, beloved bandit.

Marian Marsh won her first film fame, playing Trilby to John Barrymore’s Svengali. Ever since then, she has found herself typed as the sweet, weak heroine. But now she has the chance to prove her dramatic depth as Sonya in the picturization of Dostoevski’s powerful story, Crime and Punishment—directed by movie-magician Josef von Sternberg.

Katharine Hepburn, for all her personal eccentricities (such as wearing overalls to work, sitting on curbstones to read her mail, etc.), has always been ultra-feminine on the screen. But now, in Sylvia Scarlett, she portrays a girl who masquerades in boys’ clothing. She has unexpected adventures with Brian Aherne and Cary Grant.

Irene Dunne, model of charm to millions, has not been seen on the screen since she sang Smoke Gets in Your Eyes in Roberta. But she is likely to make up for lost time as heroine of Lloyd C. Douglas’ Magnificent Obsession. Then, after a month’s vacation in New York, she will sing Jerome Kern songs again—in Show Boat.

Ronald Colman, who sacrificed his mustache to play Clive of India, has sacrificed it again to play Sidney Carton in Dickens’ dramatic masterpiece, A Tale of Two Cities. Again he lives a great love and meets tragedy—in a historic setting. Then, for contrast, he is in a light mood for The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Jean Parker, only nineteen, has a wistful charm that few can resist. It has made her one of the top ten favorites today, according to Classic’s recent popularity poll. But in her newest picture, she is a bit more adult—and not a bit less charming. In fact, she is Robert Donat’s first American leading lady—in The Ghost Goes West.
They're the Topics

[Continued from page 13]

the purity of Hollywood's pictures. Each guest was instructed to bring something to eat—and each did. So much that the Banquet Looked like a Desert. They had enough left over to keep the grocer and butcher from the door for a week. It's an idea for you, if it begins to look like a hard winter.

For the first time in her career, Jean Harlow has dyed her famous platinum hair. For "Riff Rag," in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy, she has changed the color of her hair to light brown. Once before, Jean played a dark-haired role. That was in "Red-Headed Woman." But that time she wore a wig over her own hair. If you like the change, she may stay changed. Fashion note, heaven help us!!—Adriat of M-G-M warns us that women's bracelets, this coming season, will weigh up to two pounds! Maybe armor plate is going to succeed metalic cloth?!?... Every major studio in Hollywood has opened its own dancing and singing school, hoping to un-earth another Eleanor Powell. (Eleanor has spent the last five years dancing herself!!)... Speaking of dancers, luscious Buddy Ebsen—who scored the second biggest hit in Broadway Melody—is being loaned by M-G-M to Twentieth Century-Fox for Shirley Temple's next picture, Captain January.

The chorus girls that M-G-M wanted for the Great Ziegfield have to be statuesque, no less than 5 feet 6 inches in height and possessed of long hair. And the hard time finding twenty-four out of the four hundred chorines in Hollywood! This is the picture that will co-star William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer. Bill, who will have to sacrifice his mustache temporarily, will play the late great glorifier; Myrna will play the role of Billie Burke, herself!; and Luise will play young Anna Held, one of the greatest of Ziegfield proteges.

There's a story within a story in the production of Coronado by Paramount. Making the picture was an idea of Ernest Lubitsch, acclaimed director and now production head of the studio; but he is not taking credit for it on the screen. The background is the Hotel Del Coronado, a picturesque California resort close to the Mexican border. For years, members of the film colony have passed the place on their way to Agua Caliente, but it remained for Lubitsch to visualize it as a perfect setting for a picture—a picture combining romance, adventure, mystery, and colorful music. So he assigned writers to evolve a story and, with the picture an assured success, every writer in Hollywood is asking himself: "Why didn't I think of that?"

If Adrian, the famous M-G-M costume designer is correct (and he usually is!), then the wearing of slacks and sweaters in public is passé. Adrian says that the women may have had its inception because the girls wanted to be comfortable, but so many wore them—women should not have that the vogue is through, washed up, out.

Two big, brusky bodyguards are now trailing little Shirley Temple. They have been doing so ever since a slightly balmy chap created a disturbance at the Temple home by parties. Adriat says that the vogue was inspired by Shirley's romance with a boy whoperhaps is a handsome, kind, but not so rich as the boy from Hollywood. She's his. He's where she won't bother anyone for a while, but the studio assigned an additional guard besides the one hired by the Temples.

Mary Brian, appearing in London in Charlot's Rehearsal, is reported to be squired about by scions of nobility—a different one each night. In Hollywood, Dick Powell is not pining away for companionship. Is the romance over?... Did you ever see a straw-stack walking? Well, we did—and very pertly, very smartly, too. With coat, hat, purse, and gloves all of straw, Dolores Del Rio strolled into a Hollywood restaurant the other noon—and was the cynosure of all eyes... Mary Carlyle has inaugurated another new vogue: miniature editions of tropical fruits as smart lapel decorations... While Eleanor Powell has an outfit with buttons made of looking glass.

Joan Crawford, answering the frequent criticism that screen clothes aren't "practical" for everyday wear, has had copies made of all her twelve changes of costume in Life My Life—simply because Adrian's creations are "the same general type that I would choose for my own use." And she adds, "In the future, whenever the type of character will permit, I'm going to do the same thing." The two outstanding things in her new wardrobe are an evening coat of metallic cloth, modeled after a polo coat, and a strictly tailored coat of black galsky for with a six-inch belt that is detachable and may be worn on a dress instead!!

Henry B. Walthall, that grand character actor, was proudly calling attention to his dressing gown between scenes of A Tale of Two Cities. Walthall claims that he bought the dressing gown (it was a bathtub in those days) twenty years ago and that it was bought during the filming of Birth of a Nation, which also revealed that it was twenty years ago that Birth of a Nation went into production. Walthall, the memorable Little Colonel of that epic, has worn the same robe all these years.

Patsy Kelly, who has made such a hit in two-reel comedies with Thelma Todd and in feature pictures by herself, is to be starred by Hal Roach in a feature-length comedy—Kelly the Second... Charlie Chaplin, who has been in the habit of making pictures every three years, will produce six in the next two seasons—two starring himself and four starring Paulette Goddard, his leading lady in Modern Times. One of his own will revolve around Napoleon; the other will be modern. The first to star Paulette will be a farce; the next will be a drama, written by himself. He will direct all six....

Edward Arnold, who scored such a hit in his first starring picture, Diamond Jim, had to gain twenty-eight pounds for the role. In case you're out for weight-gaining hints, this is how he did it (so he says): He lunched daily on boiled beet with horseradish sauce, wiener Schnitzel and copious draughts of beer. Now, he wishes someone would tell him how to take off those pounds... Did you know that Japan made 600 pictures (including both feature-length and shorts) last year—and that the total Hollywood output for the same period was less than 500 pictures?...

Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen, who had already adopted one baby and has just adopted another, spikes the report that "The Cradle," famous Evanston, Illinois, foundling home, is the only institution that will permit actors to adopt children. The report started, it seems, because several states have laws forbidding foster-parents to take adopted children beyond state lines—and the actors do considerable traveling. But Gracie and George have settled in Hollywood permanently, which makes them eligible.... Jessie Matthews, the English star, who is co-starring with her husband, Sonnie Hale, in First a Girl, and is about to travel to Hollywood for a picture with Clifton Webb, recently lost her first baby. In her grief, she has adopted a child from a famous English foundling institution, and wants to adopt five more. She, herself, was the youngest of a large and very poor family....

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door... or at your office... the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her... until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt... her loved ones threatened... her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes... for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know... THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

SHOW THEM NO MERCY!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS
For months before Joan became Mrs. Franchot Tone in a quiet ceremony in the East, reporters and columnists insisted on rumorong a secret marriage... much to her irritation. And maybe she was justified. Anyone can be married or remain single. But could any other dramatic actress suddenly display comedy talents—as she has in "I Live My Life"?

One of the best actors on the American scene, he would have become famous even if he and Joan Crawford had never seen each other. Popularity is based on ability these days. And Franchot will find even greater favor after "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Youngest of the stars, Shirley Temple is also the only one who is as popular in Timbuktu as in Main Street, U.S.A. First she was just "our" little girl; now the whole world has adopted her. But she remains completely American (in old Southern costumes) in "The Littlest Rebel."
Young, beautiful, vivacious, with one of the most glorious voices of Metropolitan Opera, Gladys Swarthout is an instant screen sensation—a star—in "Rose of the Rancho."

Lily Pons, the little French girl who became an American opera star, now becomes a screen star—and a dream girl—in "I Dream Too Much."

Tall, dark, handsome and talented, Robert Taylor has gone far in one brief year. Now he goes on to stardom—hero of "The Magnificent Obsession."

Henry Fonda had made just two pictures before "I Dream Too Much." Now stardom is his—by public demand.

Four New Favorites
GABLE Changed...

Some say he is—and others say he isn't. Here's what his first interviewer says!

By S. R. MOOK

IT IS always hard for me to temper my enthusiasm in writing of Clark Gable. I happened to do the first interview with him and I may as well be frank and admit that it was done under protest. I had the average man's prejudice against another man over whom women were raving. And I came away from that interview thoroughly sold on Clark. Women might go for him, but he was typically a man's man.

Several things about this ruggedly handsome, smooth-shaven chap named Gable impressed me. For one thing, there was nothing about him that made me want to write, "He reminds me of a small boy." Clark seemed matured mentally as well as physically.

Another thing that attracted me to him was the total lack of that quality frequently found in actors and which, for want of a better name, Richard Arlen calls "whimsy." There was nothing "cute" about Clark. He was human.

He had asserted that Hollywood would never "get" him because he had been broke and friendless there and he knew how narrow a gulf separated success from failure in the movie town. He showed a willingness to face life as it is when he said that if he should start slipping tomorrow the back-slapping would stop as suddenly as it started. There was no bombast, no egotism about him.

Then, shortly after his great vogue started, when he was working on The Finger Points, he said to Regis Toomey and me, "This won't last. I'll find myself back in some two-bit stock company again." This new idol of the masses had no illusions about his own importance—or the permanence of public favor.

During that first interview, he candidly confessed that he liked reporters, explaining: "On the stage, actors are rarely interviewed—and I'm from the stage. People don't know me yet except on the screen. Interviews can help us get acquainted—and stay acquainted. I'll talk as long as there is anyone to listen."

And, lastly, when Clark had been in pictures about a year—a big hit in pictures—he said to me, "By the time this contract is up, I'll have saved a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's all the money I'll ever need. I'll never sign another contract. I'm going to be free after that and do the things I've always wanted to do."

He said it so simply and so sincerely that I had the inescapable feeling that he really meant it. Those are things you don't forget in a man.  [Continued on page 58]
SITTING beside me, as I write, are Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Nelson is dozing; Jeanette is . . . well, just looking! Her gaze is fixed on the far horizon and her eyes are filled with dreams.

About what, I wonder? In Hollywood—if there is such a place—with the hurdy-gurdy of the studio about us, I would ask her. Here, in these sky-reaching hills, I do not dare.

We are on a granite escarpment, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains above Lake Tahoe. The clean, aromatic odor of the pines is in our nostrils. The warm sun is beating down through the thin, dry air to rob the eternal wind of its sting. On our right is a chasm—narrow, tortuous, deep. It is filled to the brim with shadow and hush. On our left, the cliffs drop away in a series of rock terraces and swift-plunging slopes to the pine-clad shore of Lake Tahoe, deep blue in the afternoon light. Above us, in regal majesty, tower the snow-capped pinnacles of the mother range.

What an inspirational background for *Rose Marie*, the first great outdoor operetta of the modern screen! No picture has ever brought to the screen more awesome grandeur, more breath-taking loveliness.

The company has been on this particular escarpment since dawn, filming “trail scenes.” Long before daylight, we were routed from our blankets by the summons of Director W. S. Van Dyke. (He directed *Naughty Marietta*, you remember.) We filed, shivering, into the hotel dining room, ate ravenously, and then drove over a treacherous, winding mountain road to the foot of this knife-like ridge. And there, in the pine forest, cameras, reflectors, sound equipment, make-up boxes and all of the other incidentals to picture-making were already being loaded on pack mules and sent ahead, up the thread-like, zigzag trail. Saddled horses—nearly a hundred of them—waited to carry the cast and crew to the location.

From the foot of the trail, we rode about five miles, and most of the way along narrow ledges where a misstep would have plunged us to the bottom of a rocky gorge. But these mountain horses don’t make missteps . . . The equipment will remain here overnight under guard. The company will go back down the rocky trail before sunset.

With the exception of Van Dyke, [Continued on page 63]
WARNER

and

He's a man's man, yet women cannot resist him. And a famous writer, looking into the matter, tells you why!

By Jim Tully

Vivid novelist, personality and Hollywood resident

Above, you see Warner Baxter with the woman all Baxter admirers should thank—Winifred Bryson Baxter. Because she played a hunch, he is on the screen today, a favorite of millions.

W
HILE having lunch with Rowland V. Lee, the brilliant director of George Arliss in Cardinal Richelieu, I asked him which actor, since the advent of the talkies, had been the most consistently popular with feminine moviegoers.

The immediate answer was, "Warner Baxter."

I asked another man, a popular actor, the same question. "Present company always excepted," he said, smiling, "I'd choose Warner Baxter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he is a composite of an American and an Englishman, if there can be such a thing. He is human and warm-blooded, well-dressed, and has charming manners. He's the kind of fellow who would stop to pat a stray mongrel on the street. I've seen him. Also, I've played with him, off and on, for fifteen years, and I've never heard an unkind word against him," he concluded, lighting his pipe and looking at me quizzically, "Not even by you, Jim!"

"I believe," added the actor, "that if a man can act and if other things are equal, what he is in his heart eventually registers on the screen."

This actor's words made me more interested in his handsome contemporary, who was born in Colum-

bus, Ohio, the son of an auditor, with an American ancestry that dates back two hundred years.

Investigation proved that Warner Baxter's popularity with the ladies is simply astounding. To them, he is the ideal American, the blase, good-looking, and, of course, successful young business man. He is the chap with the sleek hair and trim mustache who sits in a large office with the word, "Manager," printed on his door. He is the Lothario drawn in the Sunday supplements by Howard Chandler Gibson Flagg, with a lovely lady looking up at him as though he were the sun on a foggy morning. He is the beau ideal, a Valention without a horse and the costume of a sheik. He is the chap the lonely woman on the prairie sees when she looks at the men's ready-to-wear pages in the latest mail-order catalogue.

The actor who said that Warner is the composite American and Englishman was not far wrong. He is quiet, unassuming, and knows when and how to laugh. Yet he can romp through a part like The Cisco Kid and cause women to dream of the wide open spaces where rainbows color the horns of the cattle in the fields, and where cowboy Carusos sing in the night:

"Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,

Where the deer and the antelope play—

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,

And the skies are not cloudy all day."

Baxter has appeared in nearly fifty pictures for Fox Films. Not one of them has ever been a box-office failure. Most of them have been outstanding successes. He is one of the most valuable, dependable assets any studio could have. His personality is the kind that "grows on" audiences; his popularity is the kind that goes never backward, always forward. And the reason? He is a man's man who has never failed to interest the women in the audience.

- He is dark, with black hair and hazel eyes, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and never weighs more than a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

- He drives a high-powered car, and often rides far into the night—alone.

That Warner has a keen sense of humor is well known in Hollywood. And the ladies like humor—if the joke is not on them.

He early learned the need and importance of a sense of humor. His father had died when Warner was less than a year old. His mother, to support Warner and herself, took in sewing. She saw him through high school, wanted him to go to college. But he felt that he should become the bread-winner as soon as possible—and became a salesman.
The boy Warner had shown a marked leaning toward the stage. He had good looks, an excellent voice, poise beyond his years. He played the leading role in a high school play in Columbus, called The Prince of Insomnia. When the curtain went down on the last act, he was (so he claims) the only person awake in the house.

After seeing this play, Warner's mother became so convinced that he would become a great actor that she helped him secure a position as a traveling salesman for a farm implement firm. He actually became the sales manager, thus proving that one may not like his work and yet succeed!

Then, one night, Warner wandered into a theatre to see a play, although mighty problems of percentage and business revolved in his mind. Soon afterward he learned that the leading man of the company had been injured. The fever of the stage still was with Warner. He scribbled a note to Dorothy Shoemaker, star of the play. She saw the handsome young sales manager, and gave him a job. He went to Louisville with the show, and toured with Miss Shoemaker's company for some months thereafter.

"He is the composite of an American and Englishman, if there can be such a thing"

However, Warner's mother was still skeptical about her son's stage career. He returned to Columbus and took a course in an insurance agency school, from which he was graduated with high honors. He soon became popular with housewives who insisted that Warner—and not his agents—sell them insurance.

In time, he became so successful that he was able to open a garage in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The garage business was so slow that once more he had a new excuse to join a stock company—one headed for Dallas, Texas.

Pandemonium reigned in Columbus. We realize that "pandemonium" is a large word, but Warner's mother had large hopes for him. And what was more terrible for his mother in Ohio to bear was the fact that the stock com-
GINGER ROGERS has often been tagged "The Typical American Girl." And this is not just another slogan originated by some phrase-making press-agent. It is a national sentiment. The little sprouts love her, the high-schoolers think she's tops, the college boys think she's great, the older folks like her natural, youthful charm and spirit. (And a recent CLASSIC reader poll revealed that she is today's most popular screen star—by a wide margin.—Ed.)

For all her beautiful Newman-designed clothes and her all-around glamorous screen personality, Ginger Rogers might be the girl next door. And this is even truer off the screen than on. She, herself, has never told the public about her private life—but it is time that someone did. Ginger is too real a person to rate silence about what she is actually like.

She combines femininity with independence, and the art of playing with the ability to do a number of things well—all of which epitomizes the alert young modern. Ginger could not have those qualities only on the screen and put them over as she does. They show up in her private life as well.

Frankly ambitious, she is one of the hardest, most conscientious workers in Hollywood. But when she walks off the set at the end of a day's work, she leaves the worries of the day and everything connected with her work behind her. In other words, she knows the secret—and the value—of relaxation. She steps out of shimmering gowns or furred suits and steps into simple sweaters and skirts or slacks, as a rule, and drives her coupe to her small hacienda-type ranch-house in Beverly Hills. She has never had a big car and doubts that she ever will. The same thing applies to houses. She is free from any show-off complex.
When she is working on a picture, the amount of dancing she is generally called upon to do so taxes her energy that she naturally is forced to curtail many of the things she might like to do "after hours." During the making of a picture, Ginger generally obeys a nine or ten o'clock curfew, and an evening's entertainment for her often consists of a good book. She is one of the most voracious readers in the cinema town and is up on all the latest best-sellers.

Any evening entertaining that she does while working generally takes the form of having a few close friends in for dinner. Her circle of companions is small. As a general thing, they are not among the movie great. In fact, they might be your friends or mine. Some of them are entirely outside the ranks of the industry.

More often than not, invitations are considered unnecessary among Ginger and her friends. They visit each other when they feel like doing so—not under the compulsion of invitations. They drop in on her, and she drops in on them, with the greatest of [Continued on page 66]
CHARLES BOYER—
Master of Charm

"Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves . . ."

By DENA REED

CHARLES BOYER is the impossible come true. He is—or easily might become—every woman's ideal, yet he is completely honest, sincere, unegotistical. Popularity has not changed him.

His performances in Private Worlds, Break of Hearts and Shanghai have made ten million women Boyer-conscious. Pure luck, you say? He would be the first to agree with you. Laughing genially, he would even call to your attention the fact that this is the third time he has come up to bat. Twice he struck out. But no alibis, you understand.

The first time he saw Hollywood he was scheduled to make French versions of M-G-M films. Boyer (pronounced Bwah-yay) could not then speak English. And no sooner had he arrived in America than French versions took a slump, and he found himself with a contract for six months, a salary and no work.

Now, Boyer was no parboiled French actor who was down on his francs and leapt at the sound of Hollywood.

As a matter of exact fact, this same incredible charmer had been a delight for years in Paris, where his fame was as great as Chevalier's. He did, however, have that inexcusable talent—a conscience. Resolved to give work for pay, he played small, inconsequential parts that did not require him to speak. One of them was the rôle of the chauffeur in Red-Headed Woman, starring Jean Harlow. No one ever noticed him, but he was there, however fleetingly, working for his pay.

M-G-M did kindly agree to delete the chauffeur from the picture, if and when it was shown in France, where a crisis undoubtedly would have been precipitated if fifty million Frenchwomen had seen their favorite playing so small a rôle.

It isn't every day that a star jeopardizes his fame just to save his conscience. But it isn't every day that you will meet a man like Charles Boyer.

The second time he accepted a Hollywood offer, he found himself scheduled to play the romantic gypsy hero of Caravan, which was intended to be something new in musical comedies. After trying to persuade the Powers-That-Be that he was not a musical comedy hero, but a dramatic actor, he shrugged his broad shoulders, pocketed his professional pride, made the picture—and then bought up his contract, charging the item to experience.

• Boyer might be called eccentric, temperamental and arty. But no one ever has used those adjectives in describing him—and I doubt if anyone ever will. Meet him and speak with him for only a short space of time and he is your friend. Know him longer and he holds an enduring place in your regard.

Why? For one thing, with all his charm, he is extremely modest. He refuses to discuss the possible reasons for his sudden and extravagant popularity with the fair sex.

At a recent press reception, for example, someone asked him: "Do great movie love scenes result from real, if temporary, love between the actor and actress involved?" That may be a fair question to ask a star, but I found myself wanting to flee for air—until I heard his calm, sane, smiling answer:

"The man who can love [Continued on page 62]"
she can feel happiness and joy to a greater degree than more stolid persons, she can also be more deeply hurt because of that same responsiveness. Like all truly great artists, she is super-sensitive in her emotional reactions; unlike most, she is possessed of too much intelligence and too much vitality to "break" under severe strains, to go "temperamental" under difficult circumstances. Her vitality, both mental and physical, is amazing.

Yet, when she went abroad last May, that magnificent vitality had been nearly exhausted. For months, she had been before Hollywood cameras, filming *Love Me Forever.* The production had not gone any too smoothly, Story difficulties had been encountered; a new and untried recording system had been employed. And she knew that the real test of her screen success was that second picture for Columbia. Hollywood had been frankly skeptical regarding her ability to repeat her first sensational screen triumph. Characteristically, she had answered the challenge by throwing her entire energy into her work.

Meanwhile, she had agreed to sing *La Bohème* at Covent Garden in London. It was to be a "command" performance, with the royal family in their box. No other American prima donna had ever been honored with such an invitation.

*Love Me Forever,* encountering one delay after another, kept her in Hollywood so long that she barely had time to reach London on the scheduled date. En route, she hoped to rest, but the hope was doomed. She had under-estimated her own popularity. In New York, banquet after banquet had been arranged in her honor. Old friendships made demand upon her time. Autograph-hunters mobbed her wherever she appeared. In Paris, where she spent two days, it was the same story. In London, a special detachment of "hobbies" had to be assigned to guard her from the enthusiasm of the throngs who had seen her in *One Night of Love.*

To her surprise, she discovered that London knew her only as an American movie star with a glorious voice. The fact that she had come to the screen with a Metropolitan Opera background had been entirely forgotten. Fashionable Mayfair was profoundly interested in her as a personality, but frankly dubious of her talent. There were insinuations that Hollywood magic had woven a spell that she probably could not repeat in person.

If such insinuations stimulated interest in her, they also had their effect on the over-wrought nerves of an exhausted girl who already was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I knew that I was on a spot," she says, "but, fortunately, the knowledge aroused my fighting [Continued on page 60]
The Dramatic School That JEAN Started

JEAN MUIR had a great idea—a Hollywood school for promising amateurs. Result: The Theatre Workshop, Inc. You have to like work to be admitted!

By JANE CARROLL

SO YOU want to become an actress! Why? To earn a thousand dollars a week? To possess a palatial home... servants... a swimming pool... the adulation of men? That may seem reason enough to most of us, but not to Jean Muir, and certainly not to the men who guide the destinies of our greatest motion picture companies.

"Too many people are turning to acting as a profession merely because they have a desire for fame and wealth," says Jean Muir, the Helena of A Midsummer Night's Dream. "They want to take from the theatre—or from motion pictures—and they have nothing to give. Every actor and actress who have achieved a certain success with nothing more than mercenary ambitions as an inspiration have robbed the theatre and the screen of something to which they have no right."

Strong words, these, from a twenty-four-year-old girl, but who can refute them? It is an indisputable fact that more people think of acting than of any other profession for the selfish reason that it looks like a life of ease—a simple way to gold and glory. Only a very few—too few—choose acting because they seek to interpret great drama. Jean Muir and other alert young actresses have established themselves firmly in Hollywood, despite their youth, because of their sincerity of purpose. And out of this same sincerity has developed the one great interest of Jean's life.

- Today, in a remodeled night club on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, the strange rustling sound of shifting scenery and the intonations of earnest young voices can be heard far into the night, indicating that The Theatre Workshop, Inc., comes honestly by its name. Jean Muir originated, founded and helped to finance The Workshop. It is her pride and joy—an achievement of which any actress, young or old, might well be proud. "The purpose of The Theatre Workshop," Jean explains, "is to train young people in the traditions and atmosphere of the theatre, to show them the best that the theatre has developed down through the passing centuries. We want to study both the old and the new, and to go forward, not merely for personal gain, but for the satisfaction of trying to contribute our small bit toward preserving and building the best in entertainment. And who knows? We may succeed!"

Jean Muir does not want to create the impression that she is being "arty." One has only to talk to her for a few moments to realize that she is extremely practical and level-headed.

"I know that hundreds of untrained young girls will come to Hollywood in the next few years," she says, "hoping against hope that they will have a lucky break and land at the top of the heap. They will have no idea of the qualifications they must have to become actresses. They will not be coming because they love the theatre and the profes-
"The theatre and the screen need a new generation of players who are workers," says Jean Muir. "To develop them is the purpose of The Theatre Workshop."

In organizing her remarkable project, Jean had the help of Anthony Landi, Elissa Landi's brother. He helped to organize, incorporate, sell stock and get The Workshop under way. There were others, too—amateurs who hope some day to occupy important positions in the world of the screen and theatre.

Officially, The Workshop opened on October first, after the gaudy night-club had been converted into a theatre and a school by the industrious Workshop group in person. "The decorations were terrific," says Jean. "Huge figures danced on the wall, black oilcloth with splashes of gold hung from the proscenium arch to all corners of the auditorium—and there was dirt everywhere. We moved in with scrub brush, soap, lime, and everything necessary to make the place sanitary. And we really are proud of the transformation we wrought. Compo board forms the ceiling, the walls are done in ivory, and the large stage has been re-equipped.

"Actually, the theatre is small, but it is sufficient to hold about two hundred people—an intimate audience for our plays. At first there were only a few of us interested, but as time passed, the group grew. Now there are about twenty-five. [Continued on page 56]"
Up from the Bottom to Stardom

Rosalind Russell has reached for success the sure way—by working for it. And in her rise is inspiration for every girl in America today!

By MARY ANDERSON

ROSALIND RUSSELL is one of the most interesting—and one of the least spectacular—personalities in Hollywood. On-screen and off-screen, she typifies the new trend in pictures—refinement, intelligence, independence, gallantry.

To use slang—which is usually more descriptive than prosaic English—she has CLASS!

She came to Hollywood from the stage, and to the stage from a background of culture. Her journey to stardom—and she has nearly arrived, after her performance opposite William Powell in Rendezvous—has been featured by a calm poise that dominates her every word and action. It has been attended by very little publicity, yet Hollywood, most certainly, and every movie-goer, most probably, have been fully conscious of the fact that Rosalind Russell is destined for greatness.

She has excited international curiosity and it is high time that this curiosity should be satisfied.

She is one of seven children, the daughter of a well-to-do and socially prominent New England family. Most of the stories written about her have exaggerated the wealth of her parents and, in doing so, have created the impression that Rosalind has no need to work, that she is rich beyond the need of earning, and that she is merely playing at her profession. As a matter of fact, her father, a well-known and highly respected attorney, left his children little more than enough money to complete their educations and finance their starts in life. The balance of his fortune had been lost through unfortunate investment.

Rosalind was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, and lived there for the first sixteen years of her life. She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, Rosemont School and Barnard College. She was given every advantage. More important still, she was given some very excellent advice by her father, who insisted that his children must never be idlers.

"It doesn't make a great deal of difference what work you do," he told them. "The important thing is to [Continued on page 61]
Meet Errol Flynn—Born Adventurer!

Young, handsome, Irish, the screen’s newest he-man hero has had a life just as exciting as Captain Blood’s!

BY SHIRLEY KING

COMPARED to Errol Flynn, Captain Blood, of the Spanish Main Bloods, was a bleeding cream puff. Not that the daring captain lacked any of the manly qualities or shirked his duties as a pirate. The parallel is drawn because young Mr. Flynn, who is portraying the Sabatini hero in the talkie version of the famous novel, has been involved in so many more hazardous undertakings and exploits.

The South Seas, the East Indies, the Far East, India, Ethiopia and most of the intermediate points are as familiar to him, relatively speaking, as your own backyard is to you. As British magistrate, gold miner, sea captain, pearl fisher, rice buyer, explorer, soldier, he knows them all. There is scarcely a place, no matter how small it may be on the map, that he has not visited and cannot recall by some vivid adventure that befell him there.

Flynn, a tall, good-looking young Irishman with the slender build of an athlete and the eager eyes of a roamer, arrived in Hollywood some six months ago to pursue a film career. He had been in pictures on the English screen, and so impressed Irving Asher, British head of Warner Brothers, with his work that Asher sent one of his films over here. The Warners saw enormous possibilities in this clean-cut actor’s personality and ability, and immediately cabled for him to hie himself to Hollywood.

His first American picture, in which he appeared only briefly, indicated that Warners had starring material in this latest addition to their fold. On the off-chance that he might be an embryonic overnight sensation, they tested him, along with scores of well-known he-man actors, for the title role of Captain Blood. And out of all the tests, one alone stood out—Errol Flynn’s. He got the job.

IN scanning his short, but eventful career (he is only about twenty-six today), you discover the reason why Flynn seems so perfectly cast in the rôle and why he is turning in so splendid a performance as the English doctor turned pirate through force of circumstance. He is walking his own quarter-deck again, reliving tropical days of his past when Life offered a constant challenge and Death kept but a pace behind. Flynn has actually been as lusty an adventurer as Captain Blood ever thought of being in the Sabatini story.

His adventures began at the age of sixteen, when he accompanied his scientist-father on an exploring expedition to Western Tasmania, off the coast of Australia, and as wild a spot as remains [Continued on page 72].

"In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this—and a personality that immediately wins you"
I walked slowly away as soon as my leaden feet would obey my dazed brain... and found myself mournfully making the familiar round of the studio that I had made in my first days there—to the sound-stages, the miniature department, the back-lot, the projection-rooms. At Number Four, Dickey Wells, the operator, stood idling in the doorway.

"Hello!" he said, cheerfully. "What's eating you? You look as though the villain had foreclosed on the Old Homestead."

I looked up at him, wondering if I would be able to speak coherently or not. And at sight of his homely, impudent face, an idea came to me. "Dickey," I asked, "could you do me a favor?"

"How much?" he said. "Five bucks?"

Tense as I was, I almost laughed. "No," I replied. "What I want is to see my picture again. Alone, all by myself. And see it over and over, several times."

"You're the only one," he said, with mock solicitude about my sanity, "who does want to see it twice. The Chief thinks it smells."

"So I gathered," I admitted, dryly. "But I want to know why. This means a great deal to me, Dickey. I've got to find out what was wrong. Could you manage it for me? Alone?"

"I'll tell you what," he replied after a long moment of thinking over the idea. "I'll fake some extra work tonight and you come back about nine-thirty and I'll run it off for you."

"Thanks, Dickey!" I said, gratefully. It was the first time I had spoken naturally in weeks.

That I most certainly had not spoken naturally while acting in the picture, I admitted to myself before the evening was over. During the long hours that intervened before the showing, however, I had had plenty of time to think over what Mr. Burnham had said. The shock of my failure to make good had affected me like a sudden plunge into icy water. I had emerged shaking, frozen, confused. But the after-effect was a strange new vigor. I saw that my attitude back home in Hopewell, when I had cried, frightened at the thought of being lifted to unearned fame, was right. But the ambition that had always been in my heart was still there. It would take more than one failure to extinguish it. I felt very humble now. I had to learn. In this frame of mind, I went and sat alone in the dark little projection-room, my eyes glued to the screen and to the awkward amateur who was Lola Le Grange...
"Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed.

will be easy." Well, I knew now that it wouldn’t be easy, but it might still be done... with hard work and patience and sticking at it no matter what they said to discourage me. I would learn to speak dramatically, to act realistically, to move gracefully—to be relaxed and natural—to be the character, instead of *acting* it. I would never use that carfare money to get back to Hopewell. Never!... I walked out of the projection-room late that night—a new person—free of my silly hallucinations about acting, and with a fierce new determination to succeed burning in my heart.

• The next morning, after sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, I took stock of my assets. One hundred dollars in savings, plus the studio’s expense money of a hundred and twenty-five, a fairly decent wardrobe, a "photographic face" and a fistful of courage. They would have to carry me through.

My first move, of course, was to give up the small bungalow I had been renting. I took the cheapest furnished room I could find, within walking distance of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. That meant I could reach three major studios without spending carfare. Then I went to see Mr. Otto Rikenbach, the important agent who had invited me to a party at his house soon after my arrival in Hollywood.  

[Please turn to next page]
“What salary do you get?” was his first question.
I told him I had been getting a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.
He grunted. “How long does your contract run?” he asked.
“It has run,” I admitted ruefully.
The faint interest that he had shown died a visible death. “I am afraid we wouldn’t be much help to you,” he said. “We already have more people than we can really handle.”
It was a dismissal—a tactful one. I was already learning that Hollywood hates to be cruel—yet often has to be.
As a result, a polite, roundabout formula has developed. Subs are wrapped in cellophane—blows in velvet gloves! I tried other agents, but the answer was the same everywhere: I must have more experience before they could afford to handle me.
“But how am I to get experience?” I cried desperately, “unless you get me work?”
I gritted my teeth and joined the long lines at the casting office windows. Once I worked for fifteen hours, sitting in a French sidewalk café, and earned seven dollars and fifty cents. No director came up and picked me for the lead, either! A girl who had once taken me to a swimming party was in that picture, and she pretended not to see me. Several people had done that, though, and I was getting used to it. Even Mr. Hilton ducked when he saw me now, although I could see that he felt sorry for me. When I buttonholed him, he would murmur something vague about keeping me in mind if anything suitable showed up.
As for Clifton Laurence, he had in all probability read the only recent notice about me that any publication had bothered to print—a brief trade-paper comment that I had gone home. If he believed that, I thought ironically, it was just as well; I was not likely to run into him anywhere!

MY GOOD luck had left me as suddenly as it had come in the first place. Meeting discouragement at every turn, I did not find it easy to work at training myself. But when I wasn’t haunting the studios, I was spending my time reading aloud to myself, rehearsing before the mirror in my dingy little room, spending a few dollars on elocution lessons to improve my delivery and on dancing lessons to improve my carriage and... getting really thin. This last was no effort—on the meals I ate! About the only thing that kept me going was the letters Buddy Kane wrote so faithfully from Hopewell. He believed in me so implicitly!

“We can hardly wait to see your first picture,” he wrote. “And the next and the next. You’ve got it in you, Lola, but you must believe that yourself; first of all. Then they can’t discourage you, ever!” It was always like that... “faith... win... you’re good...” It helped—a little. Perhaps more than a little.
There was one other bright moment. It came when I found a chance to apologize to Miss Nancy Dare, “the grand old lady of the screen,” for refusing her advice because I had not recognized her. Very lovely in black silk and soft furs, she allowed me to waylay her as she was stepping into her limousine outside a Boulevard shop.
“I’ve been sick at heart over what I said to you,” I told her earnestly. “Not only because I admire you so, really, but because I was such an ignorant young fool.” She smiled at me, her eyes twinkling, her manner brisk.
“Stuff and nonsense!” She chipped her words. “Greatest compliment to my acting I ever had! Don’t moon over it! Glad to see you’ve left off the rouge!” She patted my shoulder, stepped into the big car, and was gone.
But I felt a great load off my mind. There was something about her crisp kindliness that made the world momentarily a better place.
I walked “home,” feeling more gay and courageous than I had in weeks... And I needed all the gaiety and courage at my command because, when I reached the door of my room, the lock was plugged.
At first I could not understand. I went back downstairs—to complain, of all things! Then I saw the landlady’s face and understood.
“I’m sorry, Miss Le Grange,” she said, through thin lips, “but you owe three weeks’ rent and I have to pay up or go.”
I thought of the dollar and sixteen cents remaining in my purse. I looked at the woman’s determined face. And without a word, I walked out into the glorious sunset... headed nowhere.
I was a girl without a room, without a nearby friend, without resources or prospects. Where could I go?

Chapter VIII

I HAD never been locked out before. Up to now I had thought of such an experience as something that happened only in fiction. Now it had actually happened to me. “Believe it or not,” I thought ironically.
I had the clothes I stood in, the small sum in my purse, and nothing else. Everything else was locked in my room. Not that I had much—just a few clothes that probably would not sell for the price of one good meal.
Hollywood Boulevard was crowded with gay, hurrying people. The cafés were packed full, the closed shops brilliantly lighted. A long line was already forming outside Grauman’s Chinese Theatre as I passed along—still headed nowhere. Miss Nancy Dare’s latest picture was showing there. That gave me an added pang... she had not repeated her invitation to call on her... Where was I going, anyhow? I walked over to Sunset Boulevard and sat down on one of the wooden benches at a bus-stop. It was close to the curb, and sleek, expensive cars skimmed by me, so close that I could feel the breeze they made in passing: cars full of happy, prosperous people, who knew where they were going! The brief carnival that marks Hollywood’s early evening was beginning. It swept past me, unseening. [Continued on page 52]
Famous, But Human:

Those words describe straight shooting Annie Oakley, the heroine of the 1880's—and Barbara Stanwyck, who brings her back to life and is amazingly like her.

BY HELEN HARRISON

BARBARA STANWYCK is an unusual phenomenon—a charming, normal touch of the spectacular.

If you have never seen Barbara "in the flesh," not—without color photography—imagine her beauty. Her skin is smooth and soft and lovely as a hirsute titan, and her eyes a flashing diamond. The secret of her success is not her loveliness, for she is more than skin-deep.

She has the courage of her ambitions—determination to succeed, not as a coquette but as a straight shooter." Everyone knows about her sense of fair play, her capacity for hard work, her understanding of the complete Barbara.

But movie-goers will be given that privilege of seeing her in the title role of Annie Oakley—true screen biography of a pretty woman who made her own man's world. If you know your Buffalo Bill and know your Annie Oakley, the backwoods girl of the 1880's, made an international name for herself as America's straightest shooter. And Barbara Stanwyck is so amazingly like this woman she sincerely portrays—who also was a lovely, married a Frank, and also had a soft spot for children who might struggle, if she did not do something about them, not only famous—but human.

- OF ANNIE OAKLEY, Barbara says with her usual candor: "Modern women could learn much from her. She was a woman of the ages, a woman of the world, in spite of all her shooting ability—which she had to support her family. She wasn't born with a silver spoon, you know. She was raised in the Ohio. She earned her own early living as she sent her widowed mother and sisters by sending them to the Chicago markets. She had no way for her later success. It couldn't have been fun, but it was the only thing she could do to make it better than anyone else, a female.

"I have a sketchy idea of how she grew up in a city—Brooklyn, [Conti}
One Powell

and here's why!

as a Grade A problem. I wanted to run
people looked at me. I remember I was crazy
little girl and ached to play with her; but
she would come up to me and want to be
would get numb all over and would run home—
my eyes out because I hadn't known what to
Mother didn't know what to do to cure me.
any of the relatives or the neighbors—though
lot of ideas. Finally, someone suggested that
ed was a little forced mingling with other
I would soon lose my self-consciousness,
sold Mother, if I could feel that I was one
and could do everything that the group did.
dancing school for me. Mother was so
at she was willing to try anything. And that's
arted."
was nine years old when her Mother inaug-
great Experiment—which was to succeed so
leanor would become world-famous. In that
Saturday dancing school in Springfield, Massa-
arning such social accomplishments as the
two-step and the fox-trot, the little girl who-
other-people-to-look-at-her forgot her painful
she had lost herself in the discovery of a
world of rhythm and motion. The most
upil in the class when she began, she became
Saturday afternoons—the star pupil. Her
that the child had such talent that she de-
structed instruction.
seeing that Eleanor received that instruction.
—Mrs. Blanche Powell—cannot be given
it. Mrs. Powell had separated from her
 Eleanor was a baby. Ever since then,
ed to support her little girl and herself. The
en none too easy; few dollars could be
uries. But when she saw what dancing
had done for Eleanor, and saw the child's lightfootedness and love for dancing, she decided that "advance instruction" was one luxury that she could—and would—afford. Ten-year-old Eleanor Powell entered the Springfield dancing academy of Ralph MacKernan—the first of three men who were to guide her footsteps to fame.

"HE gave me a thorough grounding in everything a dancer should have," she explains today. "Kicking exercises. Acrobatic work. And then ballet work—the foundation of all good dancing. Ballet can give a dancer poise and grace that nothing else can. *If I am anything today, the secret is that I had five years of ballet training."

"The first year, I had one lesson a week. It lasted for two hours. The second year, I had two lessons a week. The third and fourth years, I had four and five lessons a week. And the last year, I spent most of my time at the studio—not only taking further instruction, but being assistant to Mr. MacKernan. I had charge of the 'baby' class. I loved it. I still love it," she adds, parenthetically. "If anyone at a party says, 'Eleanor, show me how to do that tap you did the other night,' I'm off. I can't resist the temptation to teach. We go off in some corner and practice—and the party is a success for me. Most of them don't know that I've had only ten actual lessons in tap in my life."

Believe it or not—it is true. But in mentioning those ten lessons, Eleanor is 'way ahead of her story. She has not told us how—or why—she happened to leave Springfield.

"When I was thirteen," she resumes, "I went to Atlantic City to spend the summer with my grandparents. I practically lived on the beach and I was as brown as a berry. One day I was turning cartwheels and doing some other acrobatic stunts we had had to do in dancing school, when a middle-aged man walked up to me and asked me if I could dance. I said, 'A little.' He said, 'I'll give you seven dollars tonight if you'll do an acrobatic dance at the Ritz-Carlton Roof.' The man was Gus Edwards—you know, the famous producer of kid revues for vaudeville, who discovered Eddie Cantor and Lila Lee and a flock of other stars, when they were youngsters.

"I raced home and told Mother, who was down from Springfield, that I had a job. She didn't believe it. Who would offer a thirteen-year-old girl a job as a dancer? When I finally convinced her that it was true, she wasn't sure she would let me go. She [Continued on page 54]
In the British picture, "Transatlantic Tunnel," dealing imaginatively with life fifty years from now, Madge Evans wears this ultra-smart suit—which is also highly chic today. A fur-edged cape-jacket, which has been stressed in recent Paris showings, tops a stunning long-sleeved dress of the same silver-flecked blue material.

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**Highlights**

- Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching.
- Millinery is military; dresses have military touches, coats have capes.
- Styles have gone pre-War and Renaissance.
- Colors War and Renaissance.
- Suede gloves are the rage, with shoes having a masculine motif, with hats and bags to match.
- Hand-knitted things still are the most figure-flattering.

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**By Gwen Dew**

The New Year and I sat down to have a good old-fashioned gossip about the fashion news that was drifting across my desk. Bulletins from Hollywood, news-letters from smart New York shops, cables from Paris. From all three came startling reports... fashion echoes of newspaper headlines. The world is going military-minded, and so are fashion designers!

Millinery is military, dresses have taken on martial touches, coats are styled in the West Point manner—with capes. And, reminiscent of the World War years, skirts are shorter! Daytime dresses are to be fourteen inches from the ground, while evening gowns will just touch the floor in front and will be slightly longer in back. Afternoon dresses have taken a decided leap upward and are the same length as street dresses.

And clothes-colors are as brilliant as a military pageant. Italian red is one of the favorites... as is another burning red called "Gaulois." The favorite blues are deep blue, royal and light porcelain. And there is a fashion riot of in-between colors—the brightest in years—to challenge the daytime popularity of black and brown and deep blue, those "always-right" colors.

Once I had an inkling of all this, I decided that there was nothing to do but go out and start a 1936 wardrobe. So with my little budget in hand, I sailed forth into the shopping sector—as eager-eyed as an army scout.

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...AND what exciting things I saw! Stylists seem to be torn between a revival of the quaint, adorable fashions of 1913 (the year before the Great War) and a revival of the serenely glorious styles of the Italian Renaissance.

First of all, I shopped for a suit—always the working girl's first answer to her clothes problems. A suit is good for all day... and if you're going on to a date immediately after office hours, you can just add a "dress-up" satin blouse, and there you are! I picked out a twed one, very tailored, with a matching topcoat that can also be worn with everything else I own, which solved my coat problem at the same time, praise be! The whole outfit has a military swagger to it, aided by such touches as good old soutache "frogs" for trimming. There are grand sales on such suits now. Incidentally blouses seem to be buttoning up around the neck... and some of them, copying men's shirts, are in deep, solid colors. Black satin blouses for business girls are superb!

Several scarves, of course, to be worn Ascot-fashion, had to be selected. There are little new cat-bow ones of soft kid, with matching belts and purses... besides the conventional large cloth squares. Scarves all are brilliant in tone... designed to offer vivid contrasts to the main colors of suits.

Next I went searching for a [Continued on page 70]
WHITE satin is sophisticated. So is the blondest of blondes, Jean Harlow. Together, they are a glamorous picture. Ultra-new, her gown has Grecian drapery, a "straight-across-the-shoulders" neckline, and gathered front-fulness.

BLACK transparent velvet has soft feminine charm. So has Jean Harlow. Together, they are an alluring picture. Her gown, graceful in its simplicity, features a wide yoke of mousseline-de-soie, and puffed off-the-shoulder sleeves.
What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

Anne Shirley, of the pert personality, has a wardrobe—and ideas about clothes—that will appeal to every young modern

By MARIAN RHEA

LIFE is one grand thrill for anyone fair, feminine and still in her teens... particularly when winter arrives. Winter is party time, dress-up time, the time for being excitingly lovely. Or it can be, if she is glamor-conscious and style-smart.

Clothes that are chic and clothes that are practical are almost as important to the alert, active young modern as her meals. Sometimes even more so... What should she wear to winter luncheons and afternoon bridge parties and dinner dances and such? What will be appropriate? What will be in good taste? What will be ultra-smart without taxing a girl's allowance (or pay-check) too awfully much?

I have found all of the answers for you in Hollywood, the capital of glamor, which is giving the whole world new (and practical) fashion ideas. A certain little red-headed girl, scarcely past her middle teens but already famous in motion pictures, had the answers. I mean Anne Shirley—who may be starring as an old-fashioned girl in Long Ago Ladies, but is, in private life, one of Hollywood's most modern maidens.

Young, pretty, smart-looking and possessed of excellent taste, Anne is a vivid source of information concerning what the smart, early 1936, girl

MOVIE CLASSIC presents, on these two pages, the highlights of Ann Shirley's personal wardrobe. Note their simple smartness—and note particularly her stunning three-in-one evening ensemble on the opposite page. Each garment is described in detail in this clever article.
will be wearing . . . especially if she adheres to two easy-to-follow rules:
1. **Dress simply.** A girl’s youth is a priceless possession and should never be spoiled by over-dressing.
2. **Select good clothes.** Buy durable fabrics if you would consistently look well, because youth is active and hard on clothes.

- As the best means of illustrating her ideas of a suitable winter wardrobe for a girl in her teens, Anne showed me her own.

We first considered *everyday things*, which a girl might wear around the house, although we agreed that she probably wouldn’t be there much. Nevertheless, there are those times when boy and girl friends drop in unexpectedly for a chit-chat or a game of ping-pong or bridge—and even then she wants to look chic.

Anne’s “home wardrobe” includes a sweater and skirt and a silver-gray angora frock with black leather trimming. The skirt for the first outfit (See illustration 4) is dark green—you simply couldn’t have a real wardrobe this season without a good deal of green—and the sweater is a lighter green, coat variety, to be worn with or without a green suède belt, but always with a scarf of some kind.

The angora dress (See Illustration 1) is perfectly plain except for the flare at the bottom of the skirt, leather lacings in front with a bow at the throat, and leather trimming on the belt. A very effective dress, this, on a miss with flaming red curls.

- “If a girl must economize on her clothes budget,” says Anne, “I think it is a good idea to select dresses for lunching, afternoon parties and informal dining that will all go with the same coat. For instance, if her coat is black, she will have a wide choice in dresses—black, gray, green, dubonnet, any color except brown and the darker shades of blue. But if her coat is in any bright color, she will have to be a little more careful to choose things that will harmonize with it.”

Her own favorite dress of this type is a black silk in novelty weave with a short flare to the skirt (these flares are awfully tricky-looking when a girl is dancing), a sash belt tipped with long fringe, and collarless yoke fastened in front with silver marble-shaped buttons. The sleeves are long and snug around the wrist. (See Illustration 2.)

Anne has another black dress—black velvet with demure collar and cuffs of Irish lace. (See Illustration 3.) It has the new full back and the bodice is fastened down the front with crystal buttons. With this dress, she wears black patent-leather shoes and a Tyrolean velvet hat trimmed with an iridescent quill and a short mesh veil with lace edge.

“If you want to capture a fraternity pin, just wear black velvet with white lace collar,” says Anne, with all the wisdom of her years, “The combination is practically infallible!”

Anne’s third frock of the “stepping-out” type is dark green wool crêpe, a two-piece affair trimmed with black broadtail and highlighted with a crystal pin at the high neckline. (See Illustration 5.)

“I don’t believe in spending all of my millinery money for just one hat. The older woman may get by with one knock-out of a hat, instead of several less” [Continued on page 70]
Jean Muir "goes Grecian" (right) in chiffon over red crêpe. Her dramatic mantle (above), is made of red and gold metal cloth.

Helen Vinson wears a gown of silver lamé, with accordion-pleated skirt and chic jacket.

Marian Marsh sponsors "the formal suit"—an emerald green and gold metal mesh with a blouse of pale green net.

Virginia Bruce favors simplicity in a black crêpe gown. It has off-shoulder sleeves and a high, square neckline.

Helen Wood, young newcomer, is individual in her blue crêpe dinner dress. It has "halter" bands in back.

Evening Stars
Utterly simple, utterly smart is Dolores Del Rio's formal gown with its loose bodice, trim collar and molded hipline.

A very modern version of the robe de style is Gladys Swarthout's eloquently simple gown of stiff, brocaded lamé (below)

There is a quaint allure about Ann Loring's blue moire frock with its gold-metal print. Its serepante are interesting.
Marjorie Weaver, Warner Bros. beauty contest winner, models a new version of "a feather in her hat"

Hats for Hollywood—and You

Up on one side, down on the other, a feather on top

All photos taken exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC by Ralph Daigh

Into this smart shop on East 28th St., New York, walks many a famous film star to have hats especially designed by Madame Nicole. Those shown herewith are samples—all "made for Hollywood"

Off-the-face, with a dramatic veil pendant at one side

A Robin Hood felt, with a dramatic feather dramatically placed—in front

A bit military—trench-cap style—with a pom-pom up on top

Also military, with a "forward march" motif—and a double pom-pom on the front line
CLASSIC Stresses Practical Dresses —That Are Easy to Make

Two practical-minded stars—Glenda Farrell and Claire Trevor—model two dresses that you can easily add to your wardrobe!

Triumph in tweeds—in the Claire Trevor manner! Whether you wear bright shades or pale shades, tweeds can give you tailored smartness both in town and in the country. Claire's trim ensemble (below)—which she wears in "Navy Wife"—is in a gray and white check. The bib vest, adding a chic touch, is of white linen. And you can copy the whole ensemble in every detail—with Pattern 831, designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

Take a fashion tip from Glenda Farrell: Have at least one dress in your wardrobe that is simple enough for all-day wear, yet can ease gracefully into the cocktail hour! Glenda—now appearing in "Miss Pacific Fleet"—models just such a dress, above. It is of raspberry-red silk crépe, but it can be made just as effectively in other colors and fabrics—with Pattern 830. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Patterns are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use (with complete, clear instructions)—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling "Screen Star Patterns." Or you may order by coupon below.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed............................cents, please send me Glenda Farrell Pattern No. 830—Claire Trevor Pattern No. 831 (circle style desired).

Size............................................Bust............................................

Name...........................................................................................................

Street........................................................................................................

City...........................................................................................................

Patterns, 25c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.
Does Your Make-up Match Your Wardrobe?

It can—if you take tips about color harmony from the beauties of the screen!

By Alison Alden

Do YOU take beauty hints from the most beautiful women in the world... the actresses of Hollywood? Then you are living in a new world of color, a glamorous, lovely world, in which clothes and complexions harmonize.

The beautiful women of Hollywood place implicit faith in what cosmetic colors can do for their beauty; also, they wear clothes whose colors enhance their charm. And you should—and can—do the same.

It has become very much the vogue to be the sweet, ultra-feminine sort of girl—the kind whom men adore. And we can thank Hollywood for the trend. Several recent pictures have glorified the quiet, compelling charm of unaffected beauty—and given women everywhere the longing to be softly, daintily feminine.

Witness the high success of the four stars pictured on this page—Rochelle Hudson, Joan Bennett, Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan, all so truly feminine that you know they are made of "sugar and spice and everything nice." They represent, respectively, the four color types into which all of us fall: brunette, blonde, titian and "brownette" (which is neither dark nor light, but medium brown).

If you should watch any one of these four stars applying her make-up, you would see that she takes into consideration not only the color of the costume she will be wearing, but its type as well. She would not dream of using the same shades of make-up with a sports outfit as she would with an evening gown, or the same tones with a red dress as with a blue one.

Too many girls overlook the importance of having their make-up match their wardrobes. They wear the same shades of powder, rouge and lipstick from early morning until late evening. If you are the least bit interested in looking just as pretty as possible (and who isn't?), you must put such a habit into the discard. You must learn to choose shades of cosmetics that will harmonize with the colors of clothes you are wearing, and will be appropriate for the type of things that they are and the time of day or night that you will be wearing them.

- There are two distinct theories about make-up today. Let me explain both of them to you. Then take your choice!

One theory is that every girl, because of her hair, her eyes and her skin-tones, falls into a definite color class (such as blonde or brunette) and that she should always wear make-up colors that harmonize with her skin, her eyes and her hair.

The second theory is that any girl can wear a variety of cosmetic colors... just as she wears dresses of varied colors. According to this theory, she can forget that she is blonde, brunette or titian. She [Continued on page 68]
You already know Robert Donat. Now meet three other very charming Donats—Mrs. Donat and Tommy (above) and Joanna (right)!

My Success Story Is a Love Story, says Robert Donat

The young English actor, who fascinates a world of women, owes fame to a fascinating woman!

By Ruth Biery

It has long been said that behind every great man is a great woman. But it is not often that you find a man who admits it. Although Robert Donat would never say he is great—he is too sincerely modest—he will tell you in his first sentence and in his last that, if it were not for his wife, he would not be a motion picture actor today. And he will give you a hundred examples to prove it.

She might have stepped directly from a painting by Rossetti. Her hair is a violent titian, rioting around her head like a blaze. Her personality is like her hair—continually on fire. Even her delicate hands have the quick motions of young flames. If you have once been the husband of such a woman, to lose her would be to become a Napoleon without his Josephine.

All stories of great success fascinate us. But the story of a man who had five shillings in 1931, and who had been told that he would never make a success in pictures by every producer in England except one (Alexander Korda), and who is deluged today by offers from all over the world—there is a story more unusual, more fascinating than the average.

"If it had not been for her, it could not have happened." His eyes turned from blue to deep purple, so emotional was he when he said this. We were in his dressing-room at the studios of London Films, where he has been making The Ghost Goes West with our little American Jean Parker and our American funny-man, Eugene Pallette. Like his recent Gaumont-British picture, The 39 Steps, it will be shown in America—and should be popular here.

"Her name was Ella Voysey," he continued. "She has some of John Wesley's blood in her and some of Wellington's." He paused as though to let me understand the import of such a heritage. Wesley was the sturdy, stern idealist who gave us many of the "don'ts" of the Protestant religion; Wellington's courage and imagination turned Napoleon from Waterloo. [Continued on page 73]
What should I do? Take a portion of my small store and wire Buddy for help? No, I couldn't do that. Not yet. I had lied in my letters to him about out of pride. I couldn't tell him now, except as a last resort. To call on him for help would be to abuse a devotion that I was unable to return. Besides, what excuse could I manufacture? And even if I weakened and did write him, I could not possibly get an answer before morning. Meanwhile, where was I going to sleep tonight? I had just reached this poignant question when a brightly painted flivver drew up at the curb and a voice hailed me.

"I'm heading out Beverly way."

Dickey Wells called. "Want a ride?"

Did I want to go to Beverly Hills? Well, why not? It was as good a place as another and Dickey's voice was warm and friendly.

"How's tricks?" Dickey asked.

"Oh, fine, thanks, I lied, going through the established formula. "Expecting a call any day now."

"That's swell!" said Dickey. "Any time you need your test, just let me know, and I'll fix it up for you."

"That's nice," I said, "I'll appreciate it. Do you live out in Beverly, Dickey?"

"Me?" His look accused me of trying to be facetious. "Only plutocrats like you and the Barrymores live there. I'm on my way to the beach. By the way, where do you take me?"

"Just drop me at the corner of Alpine Drive," I said, thinking fast.

"Well," he grinned, "I don't blame you for being ashamed to drive up to your mansion in this crock! Here we are!"

He drew up to the curb at the foot of the lovely, quiet, residential street. I stepped out. "Thanks a million," I said. "I have only a step to go!"

He looked at the nearest house—a large one—and said "Good-night" in an awe-struck tone. So I was a plutocrat, a resident of exclusive Beverly Hills!

I TURNED and strolled on up the street, past beautiful homes. There was a scent of honeysuckle in the air. It made me homesick and terribly lonely. I walked another block or two, and stopped on a corner. "This won't do," I said to myself. "I can't go on walking forever." Then I noticed the name on the curb: North Crescent Drive. This was the street on which Clifton Laurence lived.

A great wave of longing just to see him swept over me. Suddenly, my unspoken love for him seemed to constitute some sort of claim upon him, just as Buddy's quiet love made me feel obligated to him in an intangible way.

"After all," I thought eagerly, "it was I who was cold—I didn't give Cliff a chance. I made an idiot of myself and drove him away. And he made me promise to call on him if I needed help. Well, I do need help, desperately. One word from him would open almost any studio door—I'd get a chance if he asked it!"

But even more than the chance, more than the money with which to buy a night's lodging, I needed to see the man himself—to hear his voice, to touch his hand. It was a ravenous hunger that would not be denied. And if he would listen, I would tell him everything about how I had acted in that ridiculous manner from pride, how I had learned my lesson from my work—how hard I had been trying to improve, starving myself in order to buy lessons in dancing and diction, and how I had come to the end of my rope tonight. He would understand.

I WAS a magnificent house, set far back in an elaborate garden. With my pulse still wild, my feet lagging, I went slowly up the path toward it. The windows on the lower floor were all lighted. He was at home! This seemed a good omen. I rang the bell and waited breathlessly. After an interval, the door was opened by a perpetually-smiling Japanese manservant.

"Is Mr. Laurence at home?" I finally managed to ask.

"I think extremely not!" said the Japanese. "I make inquiry, please. What name?"

I told him and he nodded and went away, leaving the door ajar. From the room beyond the hallway came the sound of his voice—low, polite. I could not catch what he said, but Clifton Laurence's voice was distinguishable enough. "No!" he shouted, impatiently. I have what happened to me as I walked away from his house, hurt to the very depths of my being.

For what seemed like a century, I walked blindly, fighting off the desperate thoughts that forced themselves into my tired brain—thoughts of the ocean, the cool waters, and sleep. I heard the story of the girl who had jumped from the great letter "H" on the big electric sign on the hills above Hollywood Boulevard—desperate, wicked thoughts they were. It was bad enough, I felt, to have failed in pictures, but without Cliff, what was left? But crushed as I was with pain, something in my heart stubbornly battled my despair. "Wait—wait a while, Lola, and maybe the pain will stop! Pain stops... almost always!"

So far the world had defeated me. But if I committed that last desperate act, I would defeat myself, which was far worse. I stopped in the shadow of an old pepper-tree and looked up through its shower of lacy foliage at the moon. The moon had been up there so long, and must have looked down calmly on so many unhappy girls like me!

"Dear God," I whispered, "I can stand it, if You help me! Help me to bear it, please!"

Somehow, I felt better then. A degree of calm came to my rescue and my thoughts began to clear. I told myself: "I must be practical and refuse to be panicked again. I'll be honest. I'll send that wire to Buddy Kane, tell him the truth and ask to go home—and find something that I can do and try to forget my dreams of a great career... and Clifton Laurence..."

With a lighter step, I turned south toward Sunset Boulevard, to catch a bus back to Hollywood. The Boulevard, the great main artery of traffic between Santa Monica Beach and Hollywood, was ablaze with light, its broad span alive with darting cars, careless of speed limits. My bus would stop on the south side. Eager to reach the telegraph office and mentally framing the wire I would send, I stepped off the curb. A monster, gray and chromium, roared close. There was a terrific scream. A blinding pain. And a whirl of darkness that wiped out the world for me... 

I MOVED my hand and felt a cool sheet beneath it. I moved my head. It hurt, horribly.

"She is regaining consciousness, Doctor," said a calm feminine voice. I opened my eyes. A man with a grave face was bending over me. His hands were very gentle, but the world went blank again. Eons later I felt a cool hand on my forehead.

"Better now," someone asked. "Do you feel strong enough to tell us your name?"

I made a mighty effort to speak. "How badly am I hurt?" I whispered.

From the look in her eyes, I knew the nurse was lying, kindly. "Not much," she said. But there was my head. One arm wouldn't move. Perhaps other things.

"My name doesn't matter," I murmured. "Nobody is interested."

Another long, blank interval of pain. Then men in blue uniform around my bed. The police... Why couldn't they let me die in peace?

"The name is important," persisted the officer who seemed to be in charge. "It was a hit-and-run case, Miss. Too much of that sort of thing has been going on. Won't you help us?"

I shook my head painfully and would not speak. They talked and talked, but it did no good. I held grimly to my silence.

Chapter IX

CLIFTON LAURENCE'S rebuff was the last straw. I didn't care what happened to me as I walked away from his house, hurt to the very depths of my being.

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[Continued on page 57]

Screen-Struck

[Continued from page 38]
New York—I had to earn my own living as a young girl. I did it by working for the telephone company and cutting dress patterns. And that made me just one of the many young girls and women who battle life just as valiantly as Annie ever did. Perhaps she was rougher in her day, but the competition couldn't have been so keen. Today, whether a girl wants to be an artist, a private secretary, a writer or an actress, she must be more alert, more capable than those around her to achieve even her smallest ambition."

Although she did not say a word about it, I was thinking of those early years when I had known Barbara Stanwyck. Her name was then Ruby Stevens and she was an alert young dancer in the chorus of a "girl" revue on the Strand Roof in New York. No one had ever heard of her, but that did not discourage her. She determined that someday people would hear of her. She kept right on dancing, practising never and better steps, although she really wanted to be a dramatic star. It was typical of her that she did the work at hand just as well as she knew how, in the belief that some day she would get her break.

It came when the stage play, The Noose, went into production, and several cabaret girls were given small parts. Barbara Stanwyck was one of them. It was not, I believed then, pure chance—and I am more certain than ever of it now. The following season, she was given the rôle of Bonnie in the play, Burlesque. In this, as in all her endeavours, she was highly successful and immediately established herself as one of Broadway's leading actresses. It was during the run of that very play that she took her first screen test and promptly received a motion picture contract.

"WHEN Frank (Frank Fay) and I came to Hollywood," she told me, "and settled down to work and live here, I decided that, after a long uphill struggle, I wanted a home. I discovered that I was essentially a home-loving person." Annie Oakley made that same discovery. Every woman—no matter how ambitious or how successful she may be—eventually discovers a longing to have a little home of her own if she is human. Annie Oakley was human.

"For all her spectacular career, she got her keenest pleasure from her home-life and the eighteen orphans she raised and educated. Raising children is a grand and worthy career for any woman, whether they are her own or someone else's."

Barbara loves children, too. You can see it when she plays with little Dion, Anthony Fay, her own adopted three-and-a-half-year-old. She is devoted to this youngster and I shouldn't be at all surprised if a sister and brother were adopted as companions for him.

"Will Rogers," she told me softly, "was one of Annie Oakley's greatest admirers and friends. Being another homespun human being, he realized the worthwhileness about this woman who was simply great—and, in her greatness, simple. She was a show-woman of the highest type and did much to raise the status of all professional women."

Barbara is just such a woman, too. She is known throughout the picture colony as the friend of everyone. And the little things, those always important little things, that she manages to do have endeared her to all who know her.

"TAKE as an instance her consideration of Katherine Doyle, her stand-in. Numerous times late in a long, busy day, when everyone was tired, Barbara would stand under the hot lights until the camera was focused, instead of calling Miss Doyle. That is really studio procedure in reverse English."

Watching Barbara from the sidelines would give anyone illuminating side-lights on her character, her willingness—and eagerness—to help others. For instance, while Walter Thiele, who has a small part as Crown Prince Wilhelm, was going through a particularly difficult routine, she noticed that he was getting tired and asked George Stevens, the director, to halt work and give Thiele a chance to rest. How many stars know what minor players are doing, or if they do, put themselves out to give them a chance to do their best?

Barbara once told me that she never asks people to do anything that she would not willingly do herself. That, she says, is her test of fairness. It is small wonder then that those about her are always glowing in their praise of her. Co-workers felt the same way about Annie Oakley, according to all the records. Annie, let me remind you, was human.

And she was also human in her pride in her work. As Barbara says, "A woman should experience honest pleasure in her ability," she believes. "When a person works hard and diligently, pride is natural and justifiable. Don't you think I revel in the letters I receive from those who enjoy my pictures?"

That is really the way she sees her career—as a useful, gainful occupation that has a certain importance beyond the immediate rewards of money and fame. As a commentary on the real Barbara Stanwyck—a normal girl with a slight touch of the spectacular—I quote what she so earnestly said to me about the character she has just played: 

"Annie Oakley became internationally famous, but it didn't turn her head. I have been successful within a smaller scope, but I don't think I'm 'high-hat' because of it. I still like the property men, the 'grips,' the cameramen, the electricians and all of the others who do so much to make the work of picture players easier—and I humbly hope they like me!"

... And you know the answer to that!
There's Only One Eleanor Powell — and Here's Why!

[Continued from page 41]

had never had the idea that I might go on the stage—not at that age, certainly—and she wasn't prepared to face the problem. If I hadn't teased and teased, she wouldn't have let me go. And she went with me.

"I didn't do an acrobatic dance. I did a ballet number—a classical number, called 'A Japanese Sunset'—that I had originated, myself. Picture the scene: A kid thirteen years old, almost as tall as I am now, and as brown as a berry—out there in the middle of the floor doing a ballet number—and getting away with it. For I was hired to dance three nights a week."

ONLY a few weeks later, she was at the near-by Folies Bergere Club—earning $75 a week. There she stayed until school began again in Springfield. The following summer, she was back at the Folies Bergere. (Today she says, with smiling self-mockery, "I wore a buxom minx's feathers and thought I was just as good as the New York acts!") In September she once more returned to Springfield. That was the year she accomplished the rare feat of doing three uninterrupted pirouettes. Today she can do twenty-two. And she is "prouder of those turns than anything else."

The next summer, she was back in Atlantic City—this time at Martin's, at $150 a week. "The money didn't mean a thing to me," she says. "Mother took care of all the worldly things, all the business details, all the worries. I was free to concentrate on my dancing. And it's still that way. I think this marvelous freedom from petty distractions has been one of the biggest helps I have had, ever since the summer, to become known as "Atlantic City Sweetheart." Theatrical people, vacationing at the resort, began to tell her, "You ought to go to New York."

"The old theatrical flattery," Eleanor describes it today. "But I fell for it. I told Mother I didn't want to go back to Springfield and school; I wanted to go to New York and go on the stage. She tried to dissuade me, but I wouldn't be dissuaded. She gave in, and we came to New York. I was fifteen and a half, and gawky, and I had an engagement at Ben Bernie's new Club Intime. The club died in two months—and for eight months I was out of a job. You see, I had a very stubborn manager."

The name of that "very stubborn manager" was Billy Grady, and he was the second man to guide her footsteps in the direction they are taking today. As Eleanor tells it, "He said to me, 'Why won't I let you take any of these stage offers? I'll tell you. They're all offers for specialty numbers. If you take them, you'll get typed right at the beginning as a specialty dancer—and you'll never get a chance to be anything else. When you step on a stage, I want you to open your mouth—have a few lines to say—be a personality, not just a Specialty dancer.' A very clever man, Billy Grady. And I knew it."

I KEPT right on practising my dancing, and I had one audition after another. They liked what I did—but they couldn't get excited about it. People wouldn't spend good money to watch ballet dancing, they told me. Could I tap-dance? they asked me. All I knew about tap-dancing was the heel-beat and the off-beat and I had to say 'No.' Finally, I decided that I had better find out what this tap-dancing business was all about. I asked somebody to tell me who could teach me tap-dancing. This person said, 'Johnny Boyle.' I went up to his school and paid for ten lessons—in advance.

I found that Johnny Boyle was one of those quick, impatient men. He said, 'Well, maybe we can do something with you.' He didn't seem to have much hope for me. He told me that I was 'too much the première danseuse' and every time I tried to get a tap, my feet behaved like Chas. I didn't know what it was all about, and it didn't look as if I would ever find out. I didn't break down there—but I did when I got home. I was going to give it all up. The things I had worked five years to accomplish weren't appreciated. I was going to forget the idea of a career.

"Then I got mad at myself. I had let a little thing like one tap-dance lesson get me down. I made up my mind to go back there and take my ten lessons if it killed me. The second time, Johnny wasn't so impatient with me, and I picked up plenty, . . . Over in a window sat a man watching us girls dance. When the lesson was over, he came up to me and said, 'I'd like to see you in Johnny's office in about five minutes.' I didn't know who he was, but the other girls were awe-struck. 'Why, that's Jack Donahue—the dancing star of Smiles. He's Johnny Boyle's silent partner.'"

And Jack Donahue—the Broadway favorite of the day—was destined to be the third man to guide Eleanor Powell's footsteps toward fame. He had called her into Johnny Boyle's office to tell her that she had unusual promise, a phenomenal sense of rhythm, and that he would personally supervise her future lessons. She was just sixteen.

"I HAVE followed every bit of advice that he gave me," she says, humbly. "For instance, he told me. 'When you dance, make believe that something very heavy is on your hips—holding your feet on the floor. Don't bounce. Glide.' [Continued on page 59]
Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood
The Dramatic School That Jean Started

[Continued from page 33]

studies, including night classes. We have been rehearsing scenes from famous plays, studying the history of the theater and becoming acquainted with countless interesting phases of costuming and scenic effects.

Although Jean Muir and her co-workers are financially interested in the Theatre Workshop, they are not concerned about its being a money-making venture. The number of students accepted is limited, and the tuition is only $30 a month. Later, if there is a surplus, those who act in plays presented there may earn small sums to defray the cost of their study.

"From the start, we decided to interview all those who wished to join us, but take only those who sincerely wanted to work." The necessity for work seems to be a fetish with Jean. "I recall one girl who came to me after we had begun. 'But Miss Muir,' she protested, 'this is work.' And that is just what we want it to be.

In other words, Jean Muir believes that above all else an actress must learn how to work and be willing to spend every last ounce of energy in mastering the task at hand.

STUDENTS at The Workshop will have the advantage of superior instruction. Rouben Mamoulian, the famous director of Becky Sharp, is one of many celebrities scheduled to deliver lectures, as is Constance Collier, the veteran stage star. There will be classes in fencing for the women, dancing for both men and women, make-up and diction, in addition to the study of theatrical history.

Nothing has been overlooked in making The Workshop a modern, up-to-the-minute training school for the young actor and actress. Entering the two-story building, with its neat red-tile roof, the visitor finds himself in the tiny theater. At the moment the auditorium is empty, but from upstairs in a large room that has been swept clean of its night-club trappings, comes the clash of steel on steel.

Climbing the stairs, he sees about a dozen agile young women engaged in spirited fencing matches under the watchful eye of an expert instructor. Fencing is a requisite at The Workshop, for nothing more does it develop grace, poise and quick thinking.

In another room, light and cheerful because of the nearly white French windows, a group of girls, busy with brush, cardboard and glue, constructing tiny miniature theater sets. Some of them are developing their own original ideas; others are copying the sets of famous plays of yesteryear. "This particular phase of the work," Jean Muir points out, "is particularly helpful to the beginner. Ordinarily, one might think the study of stage settings superfluous. It is necessary, however, because it makes the student aware of the mechanics of play production. Too, it inspires interest in theatrical history."

In a small rehearsal hall on the second floor is a raised platform. With a group at work, the visitor is fortunate to catch a glimpse of The Workshop students actually performing. If Jean Muir isn’t at Warner Brothers’ Studio, where she is under contract, she may be doing the directing herself. Around the platform, students who are not in rehearsal sit in as the audience. But, unlike the usual theatre-goers, they are there to observe, criticize, and discuss the actors and the action during the play.

Then there is a miniature theatre, built to scale, where all scenic effects and lighting effects can be tested before a play is ever presented. There may be more elaborate dramatic schools, but certainly there is none better-equipped to give beginners a chance to work in the genuine atmosphere of the theatre.

"The ambitious young girl," Jean insists, "must start at the very bottom and work up. If she isn’t familiar with every phase of the theatre, if she hasn’t trained in the fundamentals, she is liable to be lost in the crowd—the crowd of wishers, not workers." No better advice could be given to embryo actresses than these words from a girl who is building her own career on a solid foundation...Do you have acting ambitions? Are you willing to work to achieve them? Do you love the screen and theatre as a student does a great teacher? Then be an actress. Let nothing stop you!

ARE YOU sincerely interested in acting, and intent on a dramatic career? Would you like to have a leaflet describing in detail each course that The Workshop offers? You may obtain one by writing to Miss Jean Muir, c/o our Western Office at 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Or, if you wish, you may use the coupon below.

Miss Jean Muir

Please send me—without any obligation on my part—detailed information about the courses offered by The Theatre Workshop, Inc.

Name

Street

City

Miss Jean Muir

c/o MOVIE CLASSIC,

7046 Hollywood Blvd.,

Hollywood, Calif.

Send stamp for additional information about classes offered by The Theatre Workshop, Inc.

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Movie Classic for January, 1936
AND THEN one day a visitor was expected. There were murmurs about it among the nurses. "She" was coming, they said. Everything must be in extra-good order when "she" arrived.

Newly scrubbed and combed, I lay on my immaculate bed. Whoever was coming—I did not care.

At last the door at the far, far end of the ward opened and a quietly-dressed old lady walked in, accompanied by the Chief of Staff, with two orderlies bearing flowers. It was Miss Nancy Dare.

Her progress down the ward was slow. She stopped a long while at each bed, leaving gifts and flowers behind.

My heart began to flutter wildly. What should I do? Pretend she was mistaken? If only I had strength enough to get up and run away! Presently she was at the foot of my cot. I closed my eyes and pretended to be sleeping.

"This is a painful case," said the nurse in the tone of impersonal kindness that becomes second nature to the women-in-white. "She has been here almost a month, and we do not know her name."

"Did she do this herself?" said the compassionate voice of the older woman.

"No," the nurse replied, "it was a hit-and-run accident. And she would get well if only she would try! She just doesn't seem to have the will to live."

A little pause ensued, followed by a sharp gasp. "Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed. "But I'm only going to do it confidentially for your own records. I guess she has suffered enough already without adding unpleasant publicity."

In another instant Miss Dare was bending over me, taking my hands in hers, kissing me on the forehead, impulsively. I opened tear-filled eyes.

"So you haven't got the will to live!" she cried crossly. "Stupid and nonsense! I have never heard of anything so ridiculous in all my life!"

"Oh, Miss Dare!" I said, clinging to her, "I—why should you ... ?"

"Why didn't you come to see me first?" she snapped. "I told you to, didn't I? Well, why wait until you get into this mess?" Still holding my hand, she turned to the attendants.

"How long will it take to get me a private ambulance?" she asked, in her quick, brusque way. "I'm taking this girl home with me, and I'll soon show you doctors how little you know about your business!"

_Continued in February

**MOVIE CLASSIC**
Gable Changed . . .?

[Continued from page 24]

TODAY, four years later, I look at Clark and feel like giving him a pat on the back. I listen to people who say that today he is a vastly different person from the man he was then. I listen to writers who interviewed him in the old days and who tell me that they can't touch him now with a ten-foot pole. And it all rolls off me like water off a duck's back. I've waited almost a month for this interview, but what does that matter? I know that Clark, today, is fundamentally the same as he was when I first met him. There may be more character-lines in his face, but fundamentally, he will never change.

The interview, if you can call it that, took place on the deck of the ship used in Mutiny on the Bounty in which he plays the leader of the mutineers.

Clark came from below decks. "Hi, pal," he said. And suddenly all the things I had been hearing about him did matter—mattered tremendously. I happen to like Clark; and when you like a person, you can't hear him put on the pan and then casually dismiss it. You want to set him straight with everyone—so far as is possible.

"Clark," I began earnestly, "has Hollywood got under your skin?"

He looked at me and grinned. "What do you think?"

I nodded glumly. "I think it has in a way."

The smile faded. "What do you mean? How?"

"Oh, I don't mean that you're taking the back-slapping seriously—that you're taking your success for granted. I don't mean that. But do you remember, when you first came out here, telling me that you liked interviews? You were—were grateful to people. I think you've changed in that way."

"Oh, NO," said Clark positively. "I'm still grateful—and don't ever think I'm not. I still get a kick out of seeing my name in print and feeling that, perhaps, people are interested enough in me to want to read about me. I still try to be considerate of people. But conditions have changed—and I've had to change with them."

"Look: For more than one year, I haven't had a rest—not one rest—between pictures. There has never been a time during this period when I have taken three or four days off at a time and could go away on a little trip. If I have a day off, there are wardrobe fittings; the publicity department is after me for interviews or portrait sittings or publicity stunts; I can't do all the things that young people do."

In the beginning I didn't work in so many pictures and I had only small parts. I had plenty of time to myself. It was easy to accommodate everybody. Now—don't think I'm trying to make myself out a big shot because I'm not—

the demands made on me are so many that it's humanly impossible to accede to them all. There aren't enough hours in the day. Do you see what I mean? That's why people say I'm 'difficult' now."

I nodded. "Do you remember telling me that when this contract was up you would never sign another?"

It was Clark's turn to nod.
Then he said, 'Fortunately, you have a face you can mugg with. Capitalize on it. Don't dance with a “dead pan”—change your facial expressions—and you'll find that people are more interested in your face than in your feet. They'll think of you as a personality, not just a dancer.'

"And he told me, 'Don't do too many difficult steps. Don't do anything that will look like effort to an audience. Let them enjoy themselves—not work with you.' Today, I do only about nine steps that are difficult. One is the tap-on-turn, which is a feat. Another is that tap I do with my feet hardly moving. It took me three years to perfect that.

Another dancing lesson that Jack Donahue gave me was: 'Be subtle. Be more graceful than acrobatic. Go in for pantomime—tell a little story with your expressions and your gestures. They will remember you longer.'

Free from false modesty, she admits that she had something to do with her present success. In fact, she had the most of it to do, if you want to get statistical.

MORE of her secrets: "I am a maniac about rehearsals. I never let myself get out of condition or out of practice. And I don't allow myself to stay static. I keep trying to do something new, something different, something better. Ever since I was nine or ten years old, I have lived in my own little world of trying to improve.

"I originate all the steps I do. I have a pad and pencil on my night-table, because I dream steps. Often, I wake in the middle of the night with some idea for a new step and write it down. "People have come to think of me primarily as a tap-dancer. That's why I enjoyed that 'Lucky Star' ballet so much in Broadway Melody. I don't want to be 'typed.' And every day of my life, I do both tap work and ballet work. Tap work produces long, 'stretched' muscles; ballet work counteracts that, producing short, tight muscles. If I do a half-hour of one, I do a half-hour of the other."

She went to Hollywood originally to do a dance number for George White's Scandals, only because she was heartbroken about being turned down, at the last minute, for the ingenue role in a Broadway musical comedy—on the grounds that audiences might not pay to see Eleanor Powell do something besides dancing. M-G-M offered her the chance to become a dancing comedienne in Broadway Melody of 1936—and at last she had her chance to do everything she had wanted to do for years.

She is now appearing on Broadway in the musical comedy hit, At Home Abroad. When and if it closes, she will be back in Hollywood, where a great future is waiting for her.
Grace Moore's Secret Triumph  
[Continued from page 31]

“FELT myself sinking,” Grace  
Moore told me afterward. “All of  
those faces out across the  
footlights blunted into a  
blurry mass. My heart was  
like lead and I could hardly  
stand. I had failed—abjectly. I  
lived a year in that one  
moment of blank silence. Tears  
filled my eyes and blinded me.  

“A few moments later, when the  
curtain dropped, I ran from the  
stage. On my way to the  
dressing-room, I passed  

a glass door and through it saw  
the thousands who still stood in  
the street. I waved to them with  
the last bit of courage I had, and  
rushed into my dressing-room and  
closed the door.  

“I was crushed, stunned, paralyzed  
by the sudden sensation of failure.  
And I was hurt as I never had believed  
I could be hurt. Years of work, years of  
climbing, step by step—for this!  

“Suddenly, I became aware of voices,  
shouting my name. ‘The crowd in the  
street,’ I told myself, bitterly. ‘They  
couldn’t hear me sing!’  

“And then my husband, Valentin  
Parera, and the manager of Covent  
Garden forced their way into my  
dressing-room. They were greatly  
excited. ‘Don’t you know that it is  
customary for a prima donna to take a  
bow?’ they demanded—and my temper  
flamed!  

“I’ll take my bows to the crowd in  
the street,” I stormed. ‘I won’t  
go on that stage again. I’ve never  
sung to stuffed shirts and I won’t  
now!’  

“They looked at me with amazement.  
‘But it’s the voices in the  
theatre you hear,’ my husband said.  
And they half-dragged me,  
protesting every foot of  
the way, to the wings of the stage.  
I still couldn’t believe them. When I  
stepped out on the stage, my knees  
were weak. I knew that I had  
not prepared myself by  
holding on to the curtain.  

“Everyone in Covent Garden was  
standing! They were clapping and  
shouting! They were stamping on  
the floor and shouting my name!  

“Suddenly, I realized what it all  
meant, and later reflection was so  
sweet and so overwhelming that I  
thought I would surely  

faint.”  
Grace Moore took thirteen curtain  
calls after that first act before the  
audience would let her retire to her  
dressing-room again!”

NEXT MORNING, the London  
newspapers forgot their customary  
reticence in broadcasting the story of  
her triumph. The critic of The Daily  
Mail wrote: “Never since Melba sang  
at her farewell performance has there  
beneath such a reception accorded a  
Mini at Covent Garden as there was  
last night.  

“From the time she walked on the  
stage in the first act until the fall of  
the final curtain, she had her hearers at  
her feet . . . after the last act, the  
applause was sensational!”

The Daily Mirror told the world how  
the Prince of Wales attended a  
 fashionable supper party given for  
him at Claridge’s after the opera . . .  
and how he sat beside her and enthusiastically  
complimented her.

But no one told the world about the  
lifetime of agony that she spent in those  
few short moments in her dressing-room  
before she knew of her triumph.  
No one told because no one knew but Grace  
Moore—and she has kept it a secret until  
now.

Movie Classic for January, 1936
do it thoroughly and well. If you seek
years, make your work absorb-
ing interest. Build substantially."

And that is exactly what Rosalind
Russell and her sisters and brothers
have done. One of her sisters is the
fashion editor of a national magazine,
another teaches economics, the third
is an honor student in college; two of
her brothers are rising attorneys, the
other will graduate from law school
next year.

ROSA玲D's father died during her
final year in college. She completed
her course and, upon graduating, calm-
ly considered the various kinds of work
that she might do. After due reflection,
she determined upon acting, and prompt-
ly enrolled in a dramatic school. Friends
told her that no one could succeed on
the stage without God-given talent and
influential friends. Apparently, she paid
no attention to their pessimism. She be-
lieved in herself then, and she believes
in herself now.

"This business of being a 'born artist'
is the bunk," she says. "All of us have
to learn by experience. The things we
work for never fail us. It's the things
we don't work for that give us the slip.
"Too many people seem to think that
success on the stage or screen depends
entirely on luck and influence. Luck
helps and influence does no harm, but
alone they can't carry anyone to the
top of the ladder. Ambition and hard
work are what count the most in the long
run.

"Acting is a highly competitive pro-
fection, but it also offers many ways of
winning success. So many girls tell me
that they 'are just dying to be actresses' and
in the same breath complain that
they can't get 'breaks.' The trouble with
most of them is that they are not willing
to start at the bottom and WORK."

That expression, "start at the bottom
and work", has been a theme-song in
Rosalind Russell's climb to success.

When she graduated from dramatic
school, she appeared in the annual class
play and her work was so excellent that
then and there a theatrical scout offered
her one hundred dollars a week to ap-
pear in a Broadway production.

"NATURALLY, I was tempted," she
admits, "but sober judgment told
me that I was not ready for such an
offer. I reasoned that if I accepted and
failed, I would be immeasurably dam-
gaged. I vowed that night that I would
climb slowly and never take a step until
I was sure of where I was going; I
vowed that I would never try to run be-
fore I had learned to walk. And I
never have."

Her first professional role was with
a tent show, one of those small com-
[Continued on page 69]
and act at the same time should be placed in a museum.

He has a habit of walking miles on the set, oblivious of everyone, between the scenes of a picture—a habit that was considered "a little unusual" until Hollywood learned that only in that way was he studying his parts. While he paces to and fro, he practices gestures and expressions, talking to himself. Other actors have been known to live certain roles, but Boyer lives all of his.

According to Parisians, he became a familiar figure on the boulevards doing the same sort of thing. Yet no one there doubted his sincerity; everyone accepted his theory that good performances are possible only through complete subjugation of self. Now Hollywood is taking Boyer as he is—and liking him.

He shuns most Hollywood parties—not because he is high-hat or anti-social, but because he detests cliques, which are to be found at most of the movie parties, discussing nothing but their own particular screen achievements. That is all right for them, he supposes, but as for himself, he refuses to talk shop. He believes that keeping in touch with the rest of the world prevents stereotyped performances. And besides, he prides himself on being kin, socially, to the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, any one of whom he would like to portray. And could portray, realistically. Realism is a fetish with him.

"Always living in the same place and always doing the same things," he told me very seriously, "are detrimental to acting. I find my new contracts, which provide for six months in Hollywood and six months in Paris, ideal. Each time I return to one or the other, I bring fresh prospectives and fresh ideas. Thus I am not permitted to grow stale."

THERE are two widely divergent stories about him that reveal the true man and the artist, too.

The first concerns the visit of Princess Katherine of Greece to the sound stage where he was working.

Living his roles, Boyer understandably resents mood-shattering intrusions which stop the work. And long before the royal visit, this particular day had developed into a trying one, with continual interruptions during a tender love scene.

Boyer, who is extremely sensitive, could feel the Princess' eyes focused on him. He urged the script several times, and realized that his work was suffering by the experience. Analyzing the situation clearly in the light that this was his business and that it must not be interfered with, he politely, but firmly, had her leave the set. It made absolutely no difference to him that she had been fêted, wined, and dined by every other major studio and studio official in Hollywood. It was not the Princess to whom he objected, but her steady gaze, which rendered his most conscientious efforts inartful.

The second concerns an interview that he had agreed to give to a newspaper woman. She did not arrive. Boyer waited for a reasonable time after work was finished. Then he gave up and went home. The next afternoon he did not have to report for work, and he was delighted at the prospect of a brief rest.

The following morning he read that the newspaper woman had been injured in an automobile accident. Boyer called up to find out the extent of her injuries and gave up his few hours of rest to call upon her.

ASK Boyer to whom he credits his American success and his immediate answer is: "Walter Wanger, the producer. He is the man who understands the miracle of casting, probably the one greatest stumbling block to any promising Hollywood career."

I have noticed each time I have talked with him the seriousness with which he has weighed each question, the earnestness with which he has framed his replies. Have you ever studied Boyer's face and the large vein that traces itself from hairline to brow? It is one of his most fascinating features and gives to his clear brown eyes, his straight nose and his full mouth a most compelling and restrained charm. Queer how a trick of physiognomy can lend importance and conviction to strong features and furnish women with an added clue to smoldering cross-currents which they suspect, underlie his charm.

A well-known character-analyst recently told me, "Whereas many so-called Continentals find it necessary to advertise their knightly tendencies, Boyer, without effort or ostentation, causes women to know that within him is every desired romantic virtue. He is courteously in a quiet way."

Born at Figeac, in the center of France, in August, 1899, the son of a respected business man, who, in turn, had been the son of a respected business man, and so on for centuries, he suggests a throw-back to some unsuspected ancestry. As a critic in a French magazine said: "Women succumb to his great charm, to his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished."

Just between us, I don't credit that. I simply don't believe they want to help themselves.
Rose Marie—You'll Love It!

[Continued from page 25]

who commutes by speed boat from the Nevada side of the lake, the entire cast and crew are living at Chambers Lodge, on the west shore of Lake Tahoe. The accommodations consist of a fair-sized central lodge and some forty individual cabins. Jeanette, her two dogs, and Lucille, her French maid, are established in one of the larger cabins near the lodge. Nelson lives in a small one-room cabin far back in the pines.

Every member of this company, without exception, is in love with Jeanette. Work here has been done under difficult conditions; physical hardship has been the order of almost every day. And never once has she been considereate not once has she lost her ability to "take it" with a laugh. Surprisingly, in view of the fact that she has been a star for several years, this is her first location trip. It is also Nelson Eddy's first trip on location. He calls it his vacation.

He is a strange combination of friendliness and reserve. At dinner, every evening, he is the life of the party: after dinner he plays pool with all comers for an hour or so and frequently shakes the rafters with some extemporeaneous song. And then, by nine o'clock, he retires to his cabin, to study the next day's lines. During the day, he frequenntly disappears—wanderers away between scenes and sits by himself, thinking, until he is called before the cameras again. When lunch is called, however, he never fails to join the production crew.

The story has been changed to some extent. Briefly, here is the plot:

Jeanette is first seen as an opera singer in the opera house at Quebec. On the night following her triumph, she receives word that her scapagrace brother is a fugitive in the north country. Accompanied by an Indian guide, she sets out to find him.

Far north, lost in a wilderness of mountains and streams, she is deserted by her guide, only to be rescued by the sergeant of Canadian Northwest Mounted who has been commissioned to arrest her brother. The policeman, of course, is Nelson Eddy.

Aware of her identity, he nevertheless finds himself falling in love; aware of his purpose, she still cannot avoid returning his love. They push farther and farther into the wilderness, stopping for a few days with the gathered tribes who are celebrating their annual corn festival, and there discovering the whereabouts of the fugitive murderer. Securing a new guide, she eludes her companion, only to meet him again tragically, just as he arrests her brother.

An old theme, perhaps, but still a strong theme, is the clash between love and duty. And it offers a perfect setting for the songs of the Rudolph Friml operetta.

[Continued on page 63]
Warner Baxter—and Women

[Continued from page 27]

pan paid Warner a good salary—every week.

He remained two years with the company. He received a few increases in salary as he grew more popular as a leading man with the discriminating Texas ladies. A girl in Dallas suggested to him that he "should try the movies, which were then in their well-known infancy."

Warner went to Hollywood. And almost went on the breadline. Still jobless after some months, and nearly broke, he finally landed with the Burbank Stock Company on Main Street in Los Angeles. There were many less handsome and buoyant men courting before film cameras, ten miles away, but Warner, though he had the elocation of an insurance agent, could not convince the producers that they needed him.

He remained seven long, heart-breaking years with this stock company. He became a popular leading man on the Los Angeles stage. At the end of the seven years, Warner was urged by Oliver Morosco to go to New York to play a role in Lombardi, Ltd. He accepted, welcoming the change of scenery, the chance for fame. And he made the opening day doubly memorable by marrying Winifred Bryson, his leading lady, that was in 1918. They are still happily married.

Behind the success of every famous man, there is a woman. The woman behind Warner Baxter was Winifred Bryson. She gives her full credit for his being a movie star today.

His success in New York was nominal. At the end of the play's run, the newlyweds returned to Hollywood and he made new efforts to crash the films. He did not return to the local stage. Instead, he went from one casting office to another without the least encouragement. That he was not selected to play at least a minor role is one of the supreme mysteries of the films. A handsome and magnetic fellow, as all the ladies know, he had had ten years of rigid and diversified stage training. Men with fewer qualifications were famous as stars, and received enormous salaries. As one discouraging week stretched into another, he began to thank his mother for his early business training, and to turn his eyes sadly away from the profession he loved until and may write it here—so magnificently adorned. He was on the verge of accepting a job as an automotive salesman.

Perhaps with feminine intuition, perhaps merely with hope that the incredible would occur, Winifred persuaded Warner to come one week before giving up the Hollywood struggle. They had enough money to last seven more days. And in those seven days, something might happen.

On the Saturday of that week, something did happen. The telephone rang and he was casually told to appear for a test on Monday for the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Clayton in Her Own Money. Warner thought for a moment. If the test failed, he would lose the job as salesman for not reporting. He made his decision, took the test, and waited for word until the next Thursday. Then word came. He was given the rôle.

BAXTER was not a spectacular success in his early films. Young leading men, playing opposite famous women stars, seldom get the chance to be spectacular. But Warner worked continuously in films from then on. He worked continuously until the talks came—when his luck seemed to change. Just why is another Hollywood mystery. He was given no chance in talks, despite all his experience.

Many months passed. Warner had saved enough to buy a ranch, and it looked as though one of the most handsome men in films would retire to the country to be a "humble rancher."

He was all ready to make the move when a rush call came from the Fox Studios. He was to be given a test for the leading rôle in that popular stage success, In Old Arizona. Raoul Walsh, schedule to play the rôle, had been injured in an automobile accident, and, with the picture ready to start, a substitute hero had to be found immediately. A number of actors were tested. Warner won the assignment.

His delineation of The Cisco Kid in this picture was chosen by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the best performance of 1928.

THE rest is brilliant film history. He has played a vivid variety of rôles. He has portrayed suave men-of-the-world, rough-and-ready caballeros, detectives, masters of finance (not to mention romance), carefree victims of the depression. He and Janet Gaynor have been a frequent—and popular—co-starring combination.

He was recently borrowed by M-G-M to play the title rôle of Robin Hood of El Dorado. He is now making King of Burlesque for Twentieth Century-Fox. Directly ahead of him are Earthbound and Hawk of the Desert.

Considered by many the best-tailored man in films, he wears his clothes as gracefully as a tiger does its skin.

And—I don't know how popular these items will be with the ladies—he dislikes being waited upon, and, though he has a personal secretary, his wife helps him take care of his "fan mail."

A ruler in the realms of romance, he does not ignore letters from those who admire him—among whom there is none more sincere than Jim Tully. I mean Warner Baxter—not Jim Tully.
Rose Marie—You’ll Love It!

(Continued from page 63)

THE scenes of the Indian corn festival, which were filmed during the past few days, will thrill you when you see them on the screen. For these scenes, eight hundred Indians were gathered from all of the reservations in the western United States and Canada. A Indian village was built on a pine-clad point of land jutting into Lake Tahoe.

On the point adjoining the Indian village, the totem poles of all the tribes were erected, enclosing a great circular space. In the center was a great fire pit and beside it stood the totem pole of the Thunder-Bird God. There the great dance was filmed—by eight cameras.

Around the fire pit squatted a circle of ancient women... outside the forest of totem poles, a double line of feathered horsemen, wore their ponies in and out in a weird, rhythmic serpentine dance... Between the circle of totem poles and the fire pit, at least a hundred painted braves, kept dancing, dancing, to the pulsing, hypnotic beat of tom-toms.

From the darkness of the forest came a chorus of bloody-curling yells... and into the circle of totems, pushed by a score of medicine men, is rolled a huge drum, thirty feet in diameter... down from the Thunder-Bird totem pole danced the corn maiden and the Manito... they leaped on the drum, which had been placed over the fire pit... faster and faster they danced and each step sent the voice of the drum booming out over the lake... it seemed to fill the whole world...

I looked at Jeanette and Nelson, standing beside me, and I saw that they were swaying to the beat... Van Dyke was rocking back and forth as though he were hypnotized... and so was every member of the crew... and so was I. Jeanette has been riding constantly this last year and is a superb horsewoman. On this picture she has needed to be. There have been a number of sequences that called for her to ride a horse across swift-tumbling mountain streams. Had she lost her head, or her saddle, the results would have been perilous.

You will hear the famous Indian Love Call sung by Jeanette while she rides with Nelson Eddy in a canoe. Always a magnificent song, it is doubly so as recorded in this picture. Nelson explains the Indian tradition as they paddle up the stream, and assures Jeanette that if her love is true, her song will find an echo. Verse by verse, he extemporizes and, after she listens, her voice suddenly rises to ring clear and true in the song. Back from the mountains comes the echo of her call.

Never has she had a grander opportunity. And I’ll let you in on a profound secret. Not only does she play an opera singer. In the opening sequence, she is an opera singer. For the first time on the screen, rendering an aria from the operatic version of Romeo et Juliet.
Beautiful Eyes

with Maybelline
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Ginger Rogers’ Advice to Girls

Read what the glamorous Ginger Rogers has to say about solving life’s big problems!

"Why I Like to Be in the Movies," by Shirley Temple is the title of one of the many fascinating stories in January MOTION PICTURE. Read about Bill Powell, Alice Faye, Gene Raymond, Helen Vinson, Eleanor Powell, Nino Martini, Cary Grant, Henry Wilcoxon, Miriam Hopkins and Ann Harding in the big January number of MOTION PICTURE. Remember this about MOTION PICTURE—It Has Everything!

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The Story Ginger Rogers Never Told

[Continued from page 29]

When Ginger was a high-school lass back in Texas, she was up with anyone in her "gang" when it came to sports. She was the all-round girl of the neighborhood who could almost—if not quite—beat the boys in tennis in the morning, swim countless times across the pool without stopping in the afternoon, and then fairly float around a dance floor at night, all without turning so much as one red-gold hair.

She still has this boundless energy, even though her picture work does step in to halt a great part of such a schedule. However, as one of the most efficient equestriennes in Hollywood, she does find time, picture or no picture, for a frequent canter. And when she was on location in the mountains for scenes in her first solo-starring picture for RKO-Radio, In Person, she was also able to do considerable swimming between shots—cold though the mountain lake was. This trip was practically a vacation for Ginger, who is almost a stranger to holidays.

She likes to throw some necessary clothes in a bag, get in her car, and drive with no particular destination in mind until she finds a place that strikes her fancy. Then she will "hide out" there until a broadcast-summons brings her back. She is looking forward to having three successive days in some such place sometime. And, in admitting this suppressed desire, she also confesses to being an incurable optimist. Ginger's love of sports has been mistakenly called her hobby by some. But her hobbies are far different things, and they fluctuate with amazing rapidity. Just as your pet eccentricity may be hating to dry your hands on a glazed guest towel, or a penchant for saving paper bags and string, or turning out unneeded electric lights, so little Miss Rogers' eccentricity is this wild leaping from one avocation to another.

Right now, her pet hobby is home movies. And this particular one, inspired by her actor-director husband, Lew Ayres, has lasted for a strangely
long time. Wherever Ginger goes, her home-movie camera goes, too. She has even two or three | pro-
| ductions starring and featuring her friends.

The first was Red Riding Hood, starring her cousin, Phyllis Fraser (who is generally credited with having named her "Ginger," since she could not pronounce her real name, "Fraser"), and child actress, in the "super-colossal" production was her mother, Lela Rogers, who conducts a charm school at RKO-Radio Studios, teaching beginners what she has taught Ginger; Ben Alexander, Ginger herself, and one, two, three, or everything from directing to titling, cutting and editing the pictures—even lending a hand with the acting when she is needed.

Other Rogers hobbies have ranged all the way from gardening to watercolor-painting. The last had fruitful results, even if not in Ginger's case. She became so enthusiastic about this painting business that she infected her friend, Janet Gaynor, with the bug until Janet was sure that life was not worth living unless she could paint watercolours every free afternoon.

As a result, Janet still is painting and doing very creditable work. Ginger is so spontaneous in her enthusiasms that everyone who knows her soon shares them. In fact, all America is now dance-conscious, thanks to her graceful gliding with Fred Astaire.

Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio designer, prophesies that Ginger is heading straight for the title of "the best-dressed woman on the screen." Anything she wears, whether simple or elaborate, is charming every time. And fully aware of the universal interest of women in smart attire, she is completely cooperative with the style-crafter. She never gets temperament about long hours of dress-fitting, never demands drastic changes in designs. Just as he would not attempt to tell her how to dance, so does he refuse to tell him how he should design a dress. She trusts his judgment as an expert stylist. And the chances are that, working together, they will become world-famous as a fashion team.

However, Ginger is far from being super-clothes-conscious. Her personal wardrobe is small—and consists largely of sport clothes. She has been known to buy an evening gown to which she has taken a fancy, bring it home, hang it neatly in a closet and forget about it until the gown either is out of style or the moths have chosen it as the site of their attack. Meanwhile, she has gone merrily along in a favored old sweater and skirt. Like any other normal girl, however, she does have an innate liking for pretty clothes. And when she goes to the theatre, or dinning;

She becomes more like the Ginger of the screen—elaborate, likely to have all eyes upon her because of her smart appearance.

Three conflicting studio biographies catalogue her eyes as brown, green and blue. In reality, they are blue-green. She stands five feet, five inches high. She weighs 121 pounds, except after a strenuous rehearsal period for an Astaire-Rogers musical, during which she loses anywhere from four to six pounds.

There are rumors that she does not share Fred Astaire's enthusiasm for dance rehearsals. That is not true. Fred, as the originator of the routines they present, necessarily devotes more time to the art of dancing than Ginger does. But when he has them completely mapped out and rehearsals are ready to begin, so is Ginger—who learns amazingly fast, as proved by her easy grace and smoothness in their dancing duets.

They are the most popular co-stars in tabloid headlines. Oddly enough, both are super-modest about their achievements. Both are hard workers and party-dodgers, both are unwilling to talk about themselves, and both have enough humor to look upon displays of temperament as ridiculous. Ginger's only reason for their scheduled separation after the picture on which they are now working, Follow the Fleet, is that the studio does not want to overplay them as a team, with a possible loss of popularity. Ginger remains convinced that there will be public curiosity to see what they will do when apart and starred separately. But you may demand them together.

All the talk about her dancing feet has made Ginger self-conscious about them. She curls them under her at every opportunity. Another little-known fact about her is that she plays the piano—very well. And unlike most graduates of the stage, she is not superstitious; it seems that once she broke a mirror—and later the same day signed a big contract. She likes Ping-Pong, the baby sister of tennis, and is practically unbeatable at it. She plays a middling fair game of golf. She likes New York for excitement, Hollywood for working. Her favorite card game is not bridge, but poker—despite the fact that she does not have "a poker face." She likes peach-colored lingerie, Pomeranians, and John Held, Jr., drawings (which, by the way, she suspects she resembles). She believes that beauty can benefit and be more beautiful with two washings each day, a face can likewise gain added beauty with three washings each day. Her greatest ambition is to play the role of Queen Elizabeth, who also was a redhead and, now that she is starting as a solo star, she is one step nearer her goal.

She does not like dieting (she doesn't have to do any, thanks to her dancing and her athletics), spinach, green beets. Carrying to remember telephone numbers, balancing her check-book or being tickled.

All in all, there is not much to differentiate her scheme of living from that of any other popular, well-liked girl the country over. She is just a grand young person of simple tastes, a topping sense of humor, and a mind that clicks on every cylinder behind that very lovely face. There is none of this affecting elaborate cars, freak clothes, or any of the rest of the headline antics for Ginger. She is not the type. And that, undoubtedly, is why she occupies that singular niche that she does occupy.
can wear any color she wishes because, with a handy make-up chart, she can apply cosmetics that will give her skin-tones to harmonize with her clothes.

One famous cosmetic house, now developing this idea, would say that Rachelle Hudson (a brunette) or Myrna Loy (who is titian) could wear blue as well as blonde Joan Bennett, by applying the following make-ups: American Beauty rouge, violet lipstick, a shade of powder called Lysetta, dusted over a mat face powder, blue eyeshadows with flecks of silver, and black mascara tipped with blue. For each shade of clothes that a girl might wear, there is another combination of cosmetic colors. (If you wish a color chart, covering different shades, I shall be glad to send you one on written request.)

Then there is another cosmetic firm that has found a way to transform your skin-coloring to any shade that may strike your fancy—from the golden brown of a South Sea charmer to the glowing pale orchid of a moon-maiden! Using this liquid powder, you can wear any color of clothes that you like. For when you apply this particular make-up according to a carefully developed color formula, you acquire a skin-tone that blends with the shades of your dresses, hats and coats—whatever those shades may be. (I also have a color chart for this cosmetic. Want it?)

You may believe the first theory: that you should choose your make-up according to your own personal coloring—for every occasion. Or you may like the second theory: that you should change your personal coloring to blend with the clothes you are wearing.

Both theories have their merits—and I am eager, out of a passion for cosmetic research, to learn which one you, personally, prefer. Won't you tell me? To the writer of the best letter about each theory, I shall send a complete set of make-up, illustrating the one that she favors.

When you buy your cosmetics, buy enough different shades of each so that you can always look your best. You won't use any more powder than you do now, but you will wear different shades with different gowns, thus gaining beauty. And remember that without the help of modern cosmetics, most of the stars, as well as the rest of us, would not look half so lovely!

Beauty Aids

"Look natural—and you will look attractive" is what men often tell women. And one cosmetic company has helped women to heed the hint by developing a "neutral" lipstick that enhances the natural color of your lips. It is an effect while remaining all but invisible. Now, the same company introduces an "invisable" powder—enhancing your natural skin tones, freshening your whole appearance, doing away with "that powdered look." $1.

Do you long to have your eyes look more lustrous in the evening? Eyes should be made up artfully, not carelessly. And a particularly fine answer has just been produced by a famous cosmetician, an iridescent eyeshadow in soft pastel shades of blue, green, violet, and gray. Wear it with your glamorous new evening gown and you will feel doubly glamorous! $1.

Do your lashes have that intriguing upward curl that Nature intended them to have? If they have, you are lucky. And if they haven't, you can do something about them—with an eyelash curler that is simple to use and unfailing in its results. $1.

Foreign visitors constantly comment on the glowing beauty of American women. Half the secret of that glowing beauty lies in the excellent skin soaps that American women buy—and use frequently. Most of them are inexpensive, too, like the soap that remains the favorite, year after year, of Hollywood stars. Information about this soap is yours for the asking.

You can't have a beautiful face unless your feet are in beautiful condition. Nothing short of a clown's mask can make you look happy if you are enduring foot discomfort. Don't ignore calouses, corns or bunions. Remove them quickly and effectively—with a product that really qualifies as a "beauty aid." Inexpensive, too.

You want your hands to retain their soft whiteness through the cold blustering days of winter, don't you? I know of a faithful guardian of lovely hands that does the trick! This lotion is water-thin, non-sticky, and carries the delicate scent of orange blossoms. 50c.

A cream mascara for lashes and brows comes in an attractive silver tube with a brush. Both are tucked in a smart satin bag, and the whole thing will fit easily into the corner of your purse. You simply squeeze a bit of the mascara on the brush, and transfer it to your lashes, with no moistening required! It is water-lavender and will not smart your eyes! 50c.

ALISON ALDEN OFFERS you—free—two new cosmetic charts that will tell you what shades of make-up to wear with all the popular winter colors. At your request, she will gladly give you the trade names of any of the beauty aids she has described...and will gladly help you to solve your personal beauty problems.

Address Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 501 Broadway, New York City. In writing, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.
panies that present a new play each week. Any seasoned actor will assure you that work of that kind is the finest of all theatrical training. From the tent show she journeyed on to small roles in stock companies and from stock she climbed to the Broadway stage—playing unimportant parts at first and, later, as she felt more confident of her own ability, featured leads.

When she received her contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was offered several important roles—and refused them. She insisted on beginning in small parts, the fact that she came to Hollywood with a Broadway reputation. Such modesty is practically without precedent. But really, it wasn't modesty, it was merely Rosalind's common-sense at work again.

"I knew nothing about screen work," she explains. "To me, it called for an entirely new technique and I wanted to learn it thoroughly. I saw no reason to be ashamed of playing incidental roles."

The point is that she made those small parts so outstanding that she has steadily earned advancements, one by one. Even in her first picture, in little more than a "bit," she attracted nearly as much attention as the stars.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, she dislikes ostentation and pretense. She mingles little with "the Hollywood crowd" and resents any attempt to vest her with typical Hollywood glamour.

"Glamour?" she asks, dark eyes widening. "I haven't time for it. I have a job to do. If I can do it well, I shall be satisfied without being glamorous, too."

She lives alone, in a tiny New England-style house, high in the Hollywood hills. It is probably one of the smallest houses ever occupied by a screen personality, but, since it is beautiful and since her entertainment is limited to a few small dinner parties, it completely satisfies her needs.

She drives a small, inexpensive roadster—and in it manages to cover the entire west. Between pictures, she shuns the fashionable spots and goes away, by herself, on gypsy tours of the mountains and the desert. Her favorite vacation resort is a private ranch, high in the mountains, where she can dress in slacks and a ten-gallon hat and be treated as a human being.

Temperament and affection are entirely out of her line. She is invariably simple and frank.

"You know, people take life and especially themselves much too seriously," she says. "It's so much more fun to live simply. The actress who stages temperamental pyrotechnics is outdated. She forgets that actors, today, are so well paid that they should be willing to give everything they have in return."

Up from the Bottom to Stardom
[Continued from page 61]
What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

[Continued from page 45]

grand ones, but I think any young girl needs a variety of hats," she confides.
"How else can she maintain that desired 'new-outfit-a-month' appearance? A
girl nowadays can pick up really little chapeaur for a few dollars, wear
them for a brief time, and get new ones without upsetting her budget too much.

Anne really has a grand assortment
of hats—most of them black be-
cause so many of her dresses are black.
There is a little round affair shaped
like a mandarin’s hat and trimmed with
a tassel; a similar shape with smart veil
and quill; a satin contraption about the
size of a hat-box band, only consid-
ervably smarter, as you might guess;
one of those halo hats that are simply
ravishing as a frame for a very young
face blessed with a good complexion;
and a smart felt beret—all to be worn
with the two black dresses and the green.
Slippers and bag to wear with these
dresses were black, too. Anne said
she thought any girl could make one bag
and one pair of slippers for all three.

Anne’s favorite coat is dark green
with very dark beaver collar. Although
lovely to wear with the black costumes,
since the fur is so dark, it is also ideal
for brown outfits. (See Illustration 6)
But we must not talk too long about
daytime clothes. There are formal oc-
casions to dress for, also. Anne deserts
black and turns to a beautiful shade of
taupe for a dinner dress. (See Illustra-
tion 7.) A more sophisticated type of
dress it is, too, with a slit in the skirt,
but plain so that it is lovely for the very
young girl. It is made with a high neck
and a simple collar that might have been
on a suit blouse; big gold buttons
down the front; long, loose-at-the-wrist
sleeves, a belt buckled with two larger
editions of the bodice buttons, and abso-
lutely plain skirt.

Indicating another bit of economy,
Anne pointed out that at least two of
the hats she wears with her afternoon
dresses are also fine with this.
For strictly formal evening occasions,
Anne again turns to black and, honestly,
I never saw a lovelier, simpler frock
than the one that is her favorite! It has
a perfectly plain skirt, simple girdle,
secure neckline, and nothing else to it
except—and this is an exception—a sort
of scarf sprinkled with brilliants that can
be transformed the scarf from one to
another of its magic roles. Any clever
home dressmaker could have just such
a scarf of her own.

The evening dress was the “grand
finale of Anne’s fashion revue” and it
was time for me to go. But as I was
leaving, I stopped to ask:
“Anne, have you any ‘don’ts’ to offer
the teen-age girl about clothes-buying?”
She thought a moment. “Just one,”
she said. “Don’t spend all your money
on dresses. Save enough out of your
allowance for nice shoes, bags, and
gloves. Because shabby accessories ruin
any costume!”

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What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

Fashion Foreword

[Continued from page 42]

Evening things can wait until next
month, but I’ll have my eyes open for
a lovely velour or lamé gown.
Returning from the fashion front
and the shopping wars, I took inven-
tory of my captives. Everything I
had bought was a friend to my budget,
and yet it was new...smart, or
lasting. I had a satisfying foundation
for a 1936 wardrobe—some slick new
things, and some chic, fixed-up old
ones. . . And what about you?

Write your own fashion
questions to MOVIE
CLASSIC’S Fashion Editor,
1501 Broadway, New York City.
She will gladly give you a
personal answer. Just enclose a
stamped, self-addressed envelope
for her reply.
Handy Hints from Hollywood

How to keep bathroom fixtures clean? It's probably a disagreeable problem unless you have discovered "Dutch Maid," used in many Hollywood homes in their studios. "Dutch Maid" will remove all stains from enamel and keep them removed for at least two weeks.

**Little**

Cora Sue Collins' mother believed in starting Cora Sue's housekeeping training early. The other day, we found her giving Cora Sue a lesson in quick-and-easy cleansing and polishing of kitchen utensils...with Brillo.

Nancy Carroll has discovered a new use for Zonite. After she has been peeling onions, she applies it as a hand deodorant. Another use for Zonite is for removal of ink stains—if the stained cloth is dyed with a fast color.

Mrs. Ralph Bellamy says that the easiest way to "dress up" a bridge luncheon table is with paper doilies and napkins. The Dennison Paper Company has made it possible for any housekeeper to purchase a complete bridge luncheon set at any "notions" counter.

Women will be glad to learn that Pyrex glass pie pans have more uses than the average old-fashioned tin variety. For example: When making a pie crust, you can take two pans of the same size, line one with the dough, and set the empty one inside as you put it in the oven. The crust will be kept in place while baking and will come out as smooth as velvet.

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, finds Taylor Houseboat Thermometers invaluable in cooking. With a Taylor Thermometer, guaranteed accurate, she never has anything "burn to a crisp." And a Taylor Thermometer in a laundry tub is a safeguard against too-hot water...which may ruin dainty silks or stockings.

Any number of the motion picture people who have moved out to Malibu Lake or Triunfo have installed Nesco De Luxe holographic heaters. These districts are not supplied with gas for home consumption and, according to many of these, these heaters are really more satisfactory than the natural gas heaters because it seems that they get twenty-five hours continuous service out of one gallon of kerosene. Sir Guy Standing, who has recently moved out to Malibu Lake, finds great comfort in a heater in the early mornings. He says that often the temperature is below the freezing point because of the altitude. Not only that, but one of these heaters is a very attractive addition to anyone's home—it is a piece of furniture you will take great pride in showing your friends.

Evllyn Knapp (above) has discovered something new in coffee pots. It consists of a little electric heat unit, topped by a tall container. With it, coffee can be made at any strength desired, in much the same manner that tea is made. The metal basket in Miss Knapp's left hand contains the coffee and is plunged up and down in the boiling water until the coffee becomes the desired color. The Chicago Flexible Shaft Company takes credit for placing this one on the market.

Onslow Stevens thinks that one of the handiest gadgets to have in the house is Holdems...for repairing loose chair rungs. "They really do the trick," says Onslow. "You simply remove the rung in question and force it back into the socket with a Holdems alongside of it. The bars on either side of the little metallic gadget hold the rung in place forever."

A soap, time and trouble saver that is popular in Hollywood is the new A. P. W. Red Cross paper towel. Most good housekeepers use these towels to wipe grease from dirty dishes before washing them. Doing this, they need only half as much soap...and half as many changes of dish water.
Meet Errol Flynn—Born Adventurer!

[Continued from page 35]

in the world today. Life there took on a dangerous aspect, and his father sent the unwilling Errol to Sydney, Australia, to continue his schooling. He studied for three weeks, then decided he had sufficient education. He took a job as a clerk in an office. This lasted only one week. Office work held no charms for him because it offered no adventure.

For two years, he roamed the islands of the South Seas, adventuring. Then, pulling the required travel wires, he attached himself to the British Colonial Service and embarked for New Guinea in the East Indies. There, at the age of eighteen, he was the youngest man on the island in government service.

Once arrived in New Guinea, he was detailed to patrol a district and acquired the title of Patrol Officer. His duties consisted of taking a dozen native policemen, all boys, and making the rounds of a given area, settling all differences between natives and maintaining British law and order. To complete this circuit, he would travel through dark, dank jungle and in torrid, fever-ridden heat.

Errol Flynn could write a book on his experiences as a Patrol Officer, as a judge in the jungle, which recognizes few man-made laws. To the average man and to the adventures sound like the most imaginative fiction. Actually, the dangers he encountered were dangers that every officer there faces almost daily.

"MY WORST moment in the patrol service," he says, "happened one day when the boys and I were paddling a makeshift raft across a wide stream. In the center of the river, the raft broke up and all of us were plunged into the water, with guns, ammunition, money and supplies at once sinking to the bottom."

"This presented a pretty serious problem—but wait! As I approached the shore, one of my boys yelled for me to watch out. I hadn't noticed that I was swimming next to a crocodile. I struck out to the side, and just as I did so, I heard the beast's jaws crash together with an awful snap. His teeth just grazed my leg, I tell you, that was the most fearful moment of my life, and I've been in some pretty tight spots."

Leaving the service, he did some prospecting in the most dangerous gold country on earth—New Guinea. At that time, the government would not cooperate with the miners in that out-of-way hell, and to get supplies a dozen natives would have to beat their way through the drifting jungle to the sea—eight days distant. The return journey required from ten to twelve days, depending upon the weather and the weight of the load.

"Sometimes they would not make the coast," the young author-adventurer told me. "The cannibals would see to that."

FOR two more years, following his experience in the gold fields, Errol Flynn sailed through the South Seas—this time in his own schooner, picking up cargo, transporting natives and intermittingly playing the pearl-fishing trade.

During these two years, he came to know and love the islands of the South Seas. His adventures on his craft would fill another volume, for death and disaster rode the waves with him on more occasions than he can remember.

From the Indies, Flynn went to Hongkong with the small fortune that he had amassed and converted into uncut diamonds—and lost it in a nearly-fatal encounter with cut-throat thugs. From Hongkong, he sailed up the China coast to Shanghai, a member of a volunteer force of young adventurers enlisted to help China fight Japan. Looking for war, he was put to work shoveling snow.

Tiring of this, he and a friend took French leave one wintry night and left for Manila, where they entered the cockpit-fighting business. When they found themselves in another tight spot, they departed overnight for Indo-China.

Finding excitement in every port, Errol went from Saigon to Bangkok, to Singapore, on to India (where he had a brother in the British army), to French Somaliland and Adis Ababa, center of the present Ethiopian crisis, where he was a guest of the prime minister of the country. He left there for England to enter upon a brief stage career, and, later, to ally himself with the cinema.

TO DRAW from him even a meagre recital of his adventures requires both tact and patience. However thrilling an incident may have been, he minimizes its importance to such an extent that he might be mentioning the weather. In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this, and a personality that immediately wins you.

In keeping with his romantic character was his courtship of his actress-bridge, Lili Damita. He met her on the boat crossing to America. When the steamer docked, Lili remained in New York and Flynn hastened on to Hollywood. Several months later they met again, when Lili visited Dolores Del Rio on the First National lot. They renewed their acquaintance, and in a whirlwind manner Errol wooed and won the dark-eyed French beauty.

Small wonder that the studio selected him for the prize rôle of the season—the title rôle of the new Buck Jones serial. His adventurous and romantic background make him the logical choice. And when you glimpse him as the swashbuckling terror of the seas, you will thrill to the handsome young Errol Flynn, knowing him for the exciting, virile, young adventurer that he really is!
My Success Story Is a Love Story, Says Robert Donat

(Continued from page 51)

Yes, a woman with such blood must be fire battling with water—the fire of the fighter, the water of the dreamer.

"I met her when I was sixteen. The first time I didn't like her. Nor the second. But the third, I knew that if I married anyone, I would marry her.

"She didn't like me. For eight years, expectantly she would have none of me. Then, all at once, she fell violently in love. We were married immediately."

SHE was teaching classical dancing in Glasgow—and gave up her work immediately to go into stock with her husband. And her far-sighted helpfulness began at this very moment. Large sums were offered to Robert by various repertoire companies. The smallest offer came from the Festival Theatre in Cambridge. But the best plays were also given in Cambridge.

"Ella gave me the strength of mind to decide," Robert Donat said. "I chose Cambridge."

I smiled. His sentence had been so revealing. "Ella gave me the strength—I chose. Five years later, he gave her the credit of being the influence behind his success, but she had managed to let him keep that masculine pride in the feeling, "I am boss!"

At the end of the first year, came an offer from London. It would mean fame, fortune, financial independence! They could have that family now. And a home. By the time they arrived in London, they were laying definite plans for the arrival of little Joanna. And the play closed almost before it had opened! When Joanna was born, Robert Donat had approximately five shillings to his name.

But behind him stood a woman who laughed when Fate dared the very existence of herself and the man she loved. He should not sign with the producers and managers who would finance him through this difficult period. They would work their way through together. They would remain indebted only to themselves and, when the time came, he would find success—and it would be all his.

The story of how her prophecy came true—how Alexander Korda eventually cast him in The Private Life of Henry the Eighth, which led to The Count of Monte Cristo—is history. The story of Robert Donat, the young failure who became the most-sought-after actor in the movies, is amazing, fascinating. But the tale of his love for this brilliant woman is our story.

WEN Robert is working, he is up at five a.m. and so is the rest of the family. The children—Joanna, 5, and Tommy, 2—scramble into his room and while he is having his early-morning cup of tea, they munch their early morn- ing fruit. Then he shaves at his dressing-table, using an electric razor, while the children sit on his bed, opening his letters. "They make an awful mess," Robert says with a rueful face, "but they like to open letters." Later they all breakfast together gaily in the nursery. Then off to work drives Robert.

Once the day's work is over, his valet telephones to the house when Robert is leaving the studio and no matter whether it is five o'clock in the afternoon or midnight, there is a hot meal waiting.

And here is a secret that the motion picture public have not discovered—at least not to its fullest value: Robert Donat sings. How he sings! Night after night, his wife plays and he pours out his romantic, idealistic soul in song—both classical and modern.

A walk on the heath ends the Donats' day. A day of no notice whether it rains or if its fogs or the moon smiles and the stars twinkle—this walk is a ritual never neglected because it is that pause in a busy life when two souls commune, not only together, but with the greater wonders of the space above and around them.

Undoubtedly, it has been on some of these nightly walks that they have developed their psychology for the raising of Joanna and Tommy. "We have to try and make them self-conscious," Robert says humbly. "They don't think of themselves as individual personalities." Joanna doesn't say when she looks in a mirror, "Oh, that's me." She says, "Oh, that looks like Joanna." Or if she has a new dress she does not announce, "I have a new dress," but says, "Joanna has a new dress." Frequently in fact, usually—Joanna and Tommy do not say "Mother" and "Father" but "Ella" and "Robert."

They are four happy people learning about life together—rooming and playing—studying and advancing. A man who heads his family; a woman who stands behind him; two youngsters being treated—and therefore feeling—like real human beings.

Robert Donat is just thirty. He has the charm of all ages rolled into one. He is not handsome; he is something more. He is man as women—all women adore him. He has strength, power, charm. He is exciting; he is repose.

Women cannot help but love him on the screen and off. And he is human. Otherwise, no one could love him. But Robert Donat knows that Napoleon went to the greatest heights and stayed there as long as he had his Josephine. He went to the greatest heights and stayed there as long as he had his Joanna. Today, Robert's greatest idol is his wife. May he keep her always. I think he will.
Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire danced to co-star domin in Flying Down to Rio (above). Since then, they have become the world's most popular two-some. But they may part after they finish Follow the Fleet. Do you want them separated?

$15 Prize Letter
It's Glamor We Want!—We have learned plenty from the movies about new styles in hairdressing and in clothes; and articles on "Developing Your Personality and Charm as Do Movie Stars" have proved to be valuable. I can't imagine anyone wanting to see "Coward wake up in the morning with her wave cap on one ear, or "Harlow with her hair in limp, wet slabs," as some Classic reader suggested last month. We want them beautiful and well-groomed.

Let's have more advice from the stars about scarlet lipstick and green eyelash; let's have more lessons in charm. After all, our boy friends are more interested in the attractive, entertaining girls who are with them than in the glamorous beauties who are thousands of miles away—Jobie Mae Hopkins, Ontario, Ore.

$10 Prize Letter
To Katharine Hepburn—I must confess that I have never liked you especially; I have never thought that you were a better actress than several others of our screen stars. But yesterday I saw you in Alice Adams. For eighty minutes I was Alice—or Alice was I! I laughed (with a lump in my throat), I cried, I burned with humiliation, I pitied myself. But I was only one of several hundred Alice in that theatre. That's what you did to Alice and us, Kate. I revere Booth Tarkington for that human, touching, real story, but you—I love you for your artistry, your imagination, your understanding and personality. I cannot think why I never before sensed your warmth and depth, your genuineness. I can only hope that the powers-that-be see fit to present you with the Academy Award for having given all of us, not a fine play, but a little piece of life, so beautifully set forth that we cannot help but apply its principles to our own, to their betterment—Mary Ellen Madden, 218 E. Eighth St., Flint, Mich.

$5 Prize Letter
All-American or Not?—Why not give our American men and women a chance? Isn't there enough ability in the United States without going abroad for talent? There is nothing more irksome than sitting through rows of indifferent dialogue because some director has made a "discovery" and wants to create an atmosphere for his "find." Many of our young American actors and actresses are of dramatic roles, and they do not have the foreign accent.

"See America First" is a good slogan, so why not give movie patrons American settings, too? It is true that there are many magnificent sights in foreign countries, but the United States has scenery that rivals all that grandeur abroad and engages the attention and curiosity just as well. —E. F. Schnitt, 803 S. Fifth St., Louisville, Ky.

Thus one reader feels about All-American movies. Do you agree, or do you enjoy the foreign stars—Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Charles Laughton and the others? Do you consider them indispensable to your enjoyment of motion pictures?

Eleanor in Fred's Class—Once in a great while, a truly great and thrilling personality comes to the screen. This time, it is Eleanor Powell! She is very attractive and shows great promise as an American dancer. But without a doubt, every bit as good as Fred Astaire. That is saying a lot because I did not think anyone, especially a young girl like Miss Powell, could ever rival Astaire as a dancer. Here's hoping that she will dance in every picture!

Remember Joan Crawford in Dancing Lady? She danced and acted, and as a result became one of my favorites. But now she is pushing the dance scenes further and further away. It's a big mistake, I think.—Thelma Lee, 5925 St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

On pages 40 and 41 of this issue is a story about Eleanor Powell that explains why she could not help being a sensation when she had her big opportunity. Don't miss it!

Attention, Mr. Disney—Wouldn't it be grand if Walt Disney could create cartoon versions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas? The possibilities are almost unlimited, and they would be glorious riots in color, with really splendid singing. Remembering the furor of The Three Little Pigs, I believe that an even greater sensation could be expected upon the appearance of a tiny, animated Mikado or a saucy Dick Deadeye. More power to Walt Disney—Thelma Greenberg, 332 Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C.

One of the new Disney cartoons is called Mickey the Grand Opera. What do you think of Reader Greenberg's suggestion?

Time-lv Hits—The March of Time films are the something new and different that we have been awaiting. They are vividly alive and entirely credible. For clearness of presentation and true present-day interest, they have no equal. They are graphic dramas of action, reinforced by delightfully clever comments. They are brief word-and-picture reviews of thrilling and momentous happenings, directed with charm and finesse—many of the scenes being majestic in their emotional appeal and virility.—Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C.

WHAT is your favorite movie topic?—your reaction to new pictures, new performances—your newest idea for the betterment of films? Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. And be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write today to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
ETERNAL appeal of a beautiful blonde, the fascinating freshness and brightness of her appearance is due largely to the charm imparted by soft golden hair.

To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to regain the bright natural tints of youth, make sunny golden hair your own secret of alluring charm. Rinse your hair, yourself at home, with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash...Now!

BLONDES: Natural sunny golden beauty restored to dull, faded or streaked hair. To lighten your hair secretly and successfully, rinse with Marchand’s.

BRUNETTES: Glowing highlights make your dark hair fascinating when you rinse with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Or with Marchand’s you can lighten your hair gradually in imperceptible stages to any sunny shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES use Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to make unnoticeable “superfluous” hair on face, arms or legs. Keep them smooth, dainty and alluring as the rest of the body. Start using Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Today. Get a bottle at any drugstore or use attached coupon.
Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an acceptable gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

Camels

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.

A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the welcome gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for themselves than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.
If You Were Joan Crawford—

Shirley Temple’s Teacher Predicts Her Future

Film Fashions, Beauty and Charm
No need to...

**HIBERNATE**

this winter -

---

-when Greyhound offers warm and pleasant trips at such low cost

"Hibernate" is a word applied chiefly to bears—who retreat into caves or hollow trees when the first snow flies, and stay there until the spring thaw, when they come blinking out, in very bad humor. Many people used to be like that. Winter kept them cooped up at home—their cars locked in garages, or confined to city streets.

Greyhound has changed the whole picture. For who wants to be a prisoner of winter, when trips to any part of America can be warm, relaxed, pleasant—and cost very, very little? Floods of Tropic-Aire heat keep the temperature right—cushioned chairs recline to the most restful angle—expert drivers competently guide each big, safe Greyhound coach.

Millions of Americans are finding winter a more friendly season, when it is broken by interesting trips...to visit friends, or to soak up the vital sunshine of Florida, Gulf Coast, and California. We invite you to prove the comfort of Greyhound winter trips for yourself.

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**AGAIN IN 1933—GREYHOUND WINS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL TROPHY**

Each year, for four years, the National Safety Council has offered the beautiful bronze plaque for the industry bus company with the best safety record. And each year, Greyhound has won this coveted award.
SEE ANITA LOUISE IN THE WARNER BROS. CLASSIC "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and twenty other stars.

"DUART WAVES have the Natural Beauty that Hollywood Stars Demand"

says PERC WESTMORE famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios

"No one," says Mr. Westmore, "is in a better position to judge the results of various permanent waving methods than a motion picture hairstylist.

"Of all permanents, we have found that Duart gives the hair the most lustrous—the most natural wave. It is wonderful to see how hair that has been Duart waved time after time, keeps all its soft silk-like texture and sparkling sheen.

"Here in Hollywood we have every beauty aid known to the profession. All except the finest are cast aside. For a motion picture star doesn't dare take chances with her beauty. And she wants to be doubly sure that we carefully guard her hair. A make-up can be corrected easily—a gown replaced quickly. But if the beauty of a star's hair is once marred by a poor permanent it causes months of grief. We feel a star's most important beauty feature is her hair.

"No doubt this is why the Duart method of permanent waving has for so long been the choice of the Hollywood stars."

YOU CAN HAVE A DUART WAVE

The same genuine Duart Wave, so popular among the Hollywood stars is given in more than 10,000 beauty shops. You will find one in your community. Duart waving pads come in individual SEALED packages. The seal is your guarantee of clean unused pads and a genuine Duart Wave. Look for the SEALED package.

Why not copy a screen star's hairstyle? The new 1936 Hollywood Coiffure Booklet will be sent you FREE with one ten-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse—not a dye—just adds sparkle and tint.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffure."

Dark Brown
Chestnut Brown
Tilting Reddish Brown

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DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Movie Classic for February, 1936
HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES


A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

Movie Classic for February, 1936
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Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Charles Sheldon

First, let us present Robert Taylor. Certainly, he is one of the first stars you want to see this month—as Irene Dunne’s hero in Magnificent Obsession

W. H. FAWCETT
President
S. F. NELSON
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W. M. MESSENGER
Secretary
ROSCOE FAWCETT
Vice President


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

Nelson Eddy won't sing a note for recording until he has "warmed up" his larynx by swabbing scales for a half-hour in his dressing-room.

- Actors are born, not made, insists Edmund Lowe. "If you have to learn how to act, don't try to be an actor," he warns. "I've seen hundreds of boys and girls fail after devoting years to studying dramatics. The simple fact is that acting cannot be learned."

In his next picture (untitled as yet), Harold Lloyd is going to appear without his famous glasses for the first time since he began wearing them. He will play a dual role—one character without the specs.

- Opera-lovers are agog over the likelihood that one of their great Metropolitan stars is going to play Carmen on the screen. It will be Gladys Swarthout, if Paramount goes ahead with its announced plan to film the opera. . . . But—in all the excitement, they forget that several years ago, believe it or not, the same thing happened. That was when Samuel Goldwyn produced Carmen, with Geraldine Farrar, then the Met's top songstress, in the title role. It was silent, however . . . Gladys is singing Carmen on the Metropolitan stage now, and for the first time the costumes have been created by a movie designer—Paramount's Travis Banton.

That he has more than just clever feet, Fred Astaire proved by writing some of the songs in his new picture. Wonder if he can cook, too?

- The brunette rush is on in a beeg-a-way!! Joan Harlow started it by going dark for Riff-raff. Carole Lombard darkened her several shades, as did Margot Grahame. Clara Bow has turned her once-red, then-blonde curls to black! The Hollywood beauty shops are doing a rushing business, darkening the same honeys who once went there to be lightened. And the craze almost ruined a sequence in The Great Ziegfeld because four of six blondes, called back for retakes, had darkened their hair in the interim!

Tap-dancing Eleanor Whitney—you'll see the youngster in Millions in the Air—can dance for five hours straight without resting!

- Whether or not marriage affects a star's audiences still seems to be a moot question. For example, M-G-M feels that Franchot Tone's marriage to Joan Crawford will enhance his appeal, and so the studio is giving him bigger and better roles. But at the same time, Hollywood understands, they wouldn't like their newcomer, Robert Taylor, to marry his leading lady, Irene Hervey, because they are afraid marriage might hurt his skyrocketing career . . . Sally Eilers, for one, thinks that a star's off-screen life doesn't make any difference with today's fans. "I don't think the fact that I divorced Hoot Gibson, married Harry Joe Brown and have a son named 'Foxy' makes thirty cents' worth of box-office difference," she insists.

[Continued on page 8]
"Anything Goes"

They're the Tops... Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Tops," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of other new ones.

It's the top! It's a Crosby honey!
It's the top! It's a Ruggles funny!
It's the grandest show the screen could ever boast!
It had Broadway cheering — Its tunes we're hearing from coast to coast!
— It's the top! It's got Merman singing!
— It's the top! What applause it's bringing!
It's a perfect smash, a hit, a crash — don't stop — You'll be shoutin' when you see it — IT'S THE TOP.

Only a Sample... of the kind of chorines Dance Director Leroy Prinz has collected and trained for the chorus in "Anything Goes".

This Is Not a Cigarette Ad... but a shot of Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles, thinking over their misdeeds in the ship's jail.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

Movie Classic for February, 1936
They’re the Topics!

In addition to everything else, Paul (Louis Pasteur) Mimi is a billiards expert.

- In Stars Over Broadway, maybe you thought you saw Radiator Jane Froman kiss Radiator James Melton. But she didn’t. When they shot that scene, she told the director that in the four years she has been married to Don Ross, also of radio, she has never kissed any other man, and she wouldn’t begin now. So they shot the scene from an angle that made it necessary only for Jane to lay her head on Melton’s shoulder.

In Universal’s The Invisible Ray, all bad-die Karloff achieves a new horror-trill by burning up right before your eyes, when the invisible ray has the power to destroy others turns on himself.

- When you laugh at Jack La Rue’s knuckle-cracking in Strike Me Pink, the new Eddie Cantor comedy, remember that your laugh nearly cost Jack his finger. For a gag, Jack was to crack his knuckle and yank his hand away just before someone slammed an auto door on it. But the prop man slammed the door too soon and crushed Jack’s finger, and for a while they feared that they would have to amputate it. Jack fainted.

Simone Simon, the pert and warmish French importation who recently joined Twentieth Century-Fox’s force, has a new stunt for getting “into the mood” during a picture. Unlike old-timers who need certain sentimental music played by a private three-piece orchestra, Simone just brings seventeen perfume bottles on the set with her. Each of the scents, she says, helps to put her in a certain mood. You will see her for the first time in A Message to Garcia.

- During Lawrence Tibbett’s recent stay in Hollywood, he rented a house on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills. His immediate neighbors were Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout and Nelson Eddy. Just around the corner lived Jeanette MacDonald. And, believe it or not, neighbors protested to the authorities that the vocalizing of the array of songbirds, all operatic soloists, annoyed them!

After months of dickering, Mac West finally yielded to a manufacturing firm in Pennsylvania and signed for them to make Mac West dolls, paying Mac some royalty, believe us. The first day they started production on the dolls, the factory burned to the ground. Write your own comment.

- The Trail of the Lonesome Pine company was on location in Big Bear Lake two hundred miles from Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney was in urgent need of a few things, so a messenger was dispatched to Hollywood in a fast studio car to do some shopping. These were the items on Sylvia’s list: 1 bottle of cologne; 6 Ray Noble orchestra recordings (the latest); 2 packages of a certain crackers (that’s); and an electric heating pad (to warm her feet at night). With his back aching, but his chin up, the messenger made the round trip in a little better than eight hours.

When Janet Gaynor, fully recovered from her recent injuries, recently moved her

[Continued from page 6] make-up kit to the M-G-M Studios, it was the first time she had ever gone away from her own house but T-Time! that day, she was on loan. Janet will be starred in Small Town Girl—with Robert Taylor opposite her.

**&?

Frances Dee has better news! She and hubby Joel McCrea are celebrating the arrival of a second son. They aren’t thinking—and never have thought—of parting. That “regretful” item in December MC was regrets-
table. It was based on a last-minute news dispatch sent out over the country by a well-known news syndicate—but it was not true, as we learned too late. Scallions to the Reno reporter who started the story and orchids to Frances and Joel for laughing it off!

- Loretta Young, who was forced to take a vacation from picture work because of illness, is now able to take short walks, and is looking even more lovely than before. She will soon he back in films... Charles Bickford, critically injured when attacked by an enraged lion during the filming of East of Borneo, is now almost completely recovered.

The long delay in selecting the actor to play Romeo opposite Norma Shearer in her forthcoming picture, Romeo and Juliet, has led the wise-crackers to refer to the role as “The Case of the Lucky Legs.” Meaning that several fine prospects have been re- nounced in the scores of tests made, but many a top star has lacked the all-import-
ant asset of good shapely legs.

[Continued on page 10]
No Wonder Franchot Tone calls Bette Davis "DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS.
IN HER LATEST PICTURE.
ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!

"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to."

"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."

"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free... If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "Dangerous".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll certainly agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you must see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!
Is there some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamp-light—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye makeup to start with). Then take your Kurlash and curl the lashes of one eye, Touch them with Lashtint. And shake the same eyelid with a little Swabette. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or Kurlash—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Lashtint, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of Kurlash. Lashtint will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1. Another clever trick is to rub Kurlene on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. Kurlene is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.

* Have you tried Twissors—the new forceps with scissors handles—marvelously efficient—$25c.

Write Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SD-2.

Kurlash
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.
Eddie Cantor gives you the time of your lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men... He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN • PARKYAKARKUS • SALLY EILERS and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS

Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown... Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton... Directed by Norman Taurog... Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland"... Released thru United Artists

Movie Classic for February, 1936 11
Right, Margot Grahame—who has changed from blonde to redhead—has her make-up charted by Max Factor in his new $500,000 Make-Up Studio. Above: Maureen O'Sullivan, a model for "light brunettes".

Chart Your Beauty!

Thus counsels Max Factor—world-famous beauty adviser to stars of every color-type

BY MARIE CANEL

The film capital of the world is unquestionably the Beauty and Make-Up Capital of the World today as well. It is impossible to be in Hollywood for twenty-four hours without becoming more make-up conscious than you ever have been before. And that is easy to understand, for it is so apparent that you, too, can accomplish what most of the stars have accomplished in achieving beauty—by giving the time and the study to it that they do.

Every one of us has been enchanted by the magic beauty of some screen star. Perhaps we have even tried to analyze the attractiveness of that particular star—the loveliness that seems to demand: "Stop... Look... and admire!" We have experimented to see if we could not adapt for our own use some of the make-up secrets that the screen stars possess.

In Hollywood, there is one man who stands supreme for his work in beautifying the screen stars. In fact, his name is synonymous with beauty and make-up: Max Factor! For twenty-six years, he has been identified with every important development in make-up for the movies' beautiful women—both on the screen and off.

Just observing his new half-million-dollar Make-Up Studio in Hollywood is a thrill in itself. What a monument to beauty! Outside, it is modernistic with a Grecian influence. Inside, it is neo-classic—suggesting an ancient Grecian temple. And the Maestro of this "make-up home" of the stars—what is he like? Instead of being blasé, seeing screen celebrities for so many years, Max Factor is just the opposite—masculine, understanding, and very, very kindly. He is a charming person—rather short, with gray-white hair, a bit of the Dafco type.

I asked him what advice he would give any girl who wants to emphasize her beauty to acquire that "individual-looking-something" that the screen stars possess.

"EVERY type may be fascinating, individual-looking—once every girl knows her type and how to emphasize its beauty to the best advantage," he answered. "You should have your make-up charted so that your shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials harmonize perfectly with your own individual colorings. That is the great essential in using make-up to give beauty the stamp of individuality—or to make a plain face beautiful. "One blonde should never use make-up colors that another blonde could use... unless she is the exact color type of the other blonde. There are many variations in colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and the in-between type, which I call 'brownette.' And each variation calls for different color harmony in make-up shades. There are as many as eighteen variations for some types.

"Carole Lombard is an excellent example of the blonde type," the expert pointed out. "With her blonde hair, creamy skin and blue eyes, the make-up I prescribe calls for rachelle powder, blondeen rouge, and vermilion lipstick. Her eye make-up colors, powder base, and make-up blender would be in keeping with this color harmony in make-up. Also, in applying make-up, personality should be taken into consideration—and this make-up emphasizes perfectly the glamour and smartness associated with the name of Miss Lombard. "Each type has its own particular make-up problems. When a girl sits down at her dressing-table, she should think of her—

[Continued on page 73]
Her Greatest Role . as tender as "Little Women" . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

Hepburn

You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield".

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

Movie Classic for February, 1936
"Reduced 37 Pounds with DILEX-REDUSOLS" writes Mrs. H. H. Langley

NOTE: MRS. LANGLEY USES THE SAFE DILEX-REDUSOL METHOD OVER A PERIOD OF 16 WEEKS.

Now YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick, way!
NO DIETING . . . NO PAIN . . . NO DENTAL . . . NO STRENuous EXERCISES!
You May Eat What You Wish and As Much As You Want!

Sounds too good to be true! Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 Pounds . . . in five Weeks . . . . . . . . . . . . . . or No Cost

We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to what it should be! They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

There Is No Need to Change Your Present Mode of Living
At last you can reduce safely and quickly without depriving yourself of all the good things of life. You do not need to diet or go through tiresome exercises—simply take these skillfully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear. Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the causes of obesity.

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Reductions
Reduced 50 Pounds
"I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds." Miss E. L. Reduced 35 Pounds
"I have changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds.
Mrs. H. L.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way Is the Safe Way!
Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols—... the absolutely harmless capsules that reduce your weight by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

Dilex-Redusols are the result of scientific research for instant results. The start and the finish are guaranteed. Furthermore, the number of days required depends upon the number of pounds to be reduced. All orders are sent by registered mail.

Don't wait . . . Mail coupon now.
DILEX INSTITUTE, 9 East 40th St., Dept. 222-A, New York City
Enclosed find $5.00, please forward postpaid one box of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.
Enclosed Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postage $1.00 (plus 5c each order, postoffice.
If I do not lose at least 12 lbs. after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusol as directed, you will refund my entire purchase price.

If you would like the names of any this month's New Shopping Finds, just write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply—which will be free and prompt.

1. We really aren't lazy, but we do like housework helpers that can do those things at once—like a certain polish that removes all dirt, polishes any wood finish, and rubs easily to soft dry luster, all in one action.
2. Want to do away with belts? There is a dainty new pantie that will insure perfect comfort and peace of mind. It is scientifically designed and smartly cut.
3. How to "dress up" salads, vegetables, desserts? Use a clever gadget that eliminates slow, tiresome hand-cutting and is effective for grating, shredding or slicing.
4. No more stray hairpins! There is a new and handy little case that contains a new collection of pins (the hard-to-get kind) that can be easily tucked in the corner of the smallest purse.
5. Pots and pans burned black? Fill . . . that is a small matter with a magic new kitchen aid. You dip it in water, then rub the pan with it, rinse away the dirt, and have a shining utensil again.
6. If you have broken any dishes or kitchen utensils, a certain household cement will mend it in a minute. It is waterproof, permanent, easy, to use.
7. We have found paper towels that are less expensive than cloth dish towels, more practical and much easier to use—for all the sticky, greasy tasks of the kitchen. And they eliminate laundry expense.
8. Do away with untidy closets and cluttered floors—with an ingenious set of closet gadgets that offer perfect rests for hats, handbags, hosiery and shoes. You can buy the items separately, or in a box containing two hat rests, three handbag holders, one hosiery holder and one shoe rack section for $1.95.
9. We know of a window shade that won't crack, is washable, and costs only $4.50. It looks like silk, yet you can use soap and water on it as though it were glass. Size 36 x 6, complete with roller.
10. Found—one ink that will leave no spots, if spilled on anything washable. It dries faster than other inks, and contains a secret ingredient that actually dissolves sediment left in your pen by other inks.
11. So you like caramel pudding? And hate to make it? Discover a can that you can put in water, boil, chill, open and have a delicious dessert—far 25c.
12. Reduce and comfort yourself with a girdle that has ventilation to avoid chafing . . . a massaging action that takes the place of exercise, . . . and a brassiere that is figure-flattering. And a money-back guarantee!
13. Stop that fingernail breakage problem! A well-known rejuvenating oil eliminates the problem of broken, brittle, split, peeling nails or ragged cuticles. 75c.
14. Lashes as long as Garbo's! Hers are naturally long, but you can have luxurious lashes—that look natural and can be put on in a few seconds, at a cost of 5c.
15. There is a cleaning product that will instantly remove heavy gas greases, cooking grease, smoke and many soot and discoloration from painted walls, woodwork, tile, brick. No water, rinsing or drying. No scrubbing or scouring. Just wipe the surface as you do in dusting. 25c to $3.50 a can.
"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture—just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed... For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity—for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!

IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION
For greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life"... With CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS
Arthur Treacher · Ralph Morgan · Henry Armetta · Sara Haden
From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

Movie Classic for February, 1936

15
WHEN FACE POWDER FORMS A Paste on skin

SHINY NOSE
CLOGGED PORES

FLOURY BLOTCHES

Combat all 3
with a moisture-proof powder!

Be sure your face powder is moisture-proof if you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely . . . and have it last that way for hours. Paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexion. The result of face-powder mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.

Luxor is the moisture-proof face powder. It won’t form a paste on your skin. Don’t take our word, put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet.

There’s similar moisture on the dryest skin. But Luxor won’t mix with it; any more than with water in the glass.

More than 6,000,000 women use Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-between with gorgeous natural effect. Insist on Luxor by name at any cosmetic counter, and get FREE! 2 dreams of $3 perfume a sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor Powder alone.

Cloon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor, Ltd., 1333 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10¢ to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada.)

Check, Please: Rose Rachel [ ] Rachel O'Flah [ ]
Rouge: Radiant Medium [ ] Tamplow [ ]
[ ] Palest [ ] Vivel [ ] Rosébush [ ]

Name

Address

City

16

Eleanor Powell pats on powder with a clean powder puff

by Alison Alden

This Way to Beauty!

You can’t be lovely without a lovely skin—and this is how to have it!

If you want to achieve beauty as the stars do, you must first have a lovely skin to be the foundation of clever make-up, and to tell the world of health, youth, and freshness.

Stop first to realize that you, yourself, are causing any skin troubles that you may have, and then remedy them. You may cleanse your face thoroughly at night, but how many times a day do you take a powder puff (and is it always as clean as it should be?) and apply more powder without first cleansing your face? Naturally, pores become clogged, ultimately causing blackheads, pimples, large pores. A star never puts on new make-up over the old. A large jar of cleansing cream is indispensable to her—just as it should be to you. But for a daily routine for a normal skin:

1. At night apply a cleansing or all-purpose cream, covering the entire face and neck. The main thing is to get your face exquisitely clean, free from all dirt, grime and stale make-up. Remove the cleansing cream with a clean cloth or paper tissues.

2. Now wash the face and neck thoroughly with a thick creamy lather and lukewarm water. Rinse with lukewarm water, and dry thoroughly.

3. Moisten a piece of cotton with water, dip in your favorite skin tonic, and pat briskly on the face and neck. Pat dry. This will stimulate the circulation, close the pores, and refine the entire texture of the skin.

4. Apply a tissue cream that will keep your skin supple, and keep away lines. Pat gently on the area just beneath the eyes and on the eyelids and on the neck.

5. In the morning, wash your face and neck with a good bland soap (I’ll be glad to give you the name of one) or with a cleansing or all-purpose cream. Dry carefully. Apply a little skin tonic or freshener, and then your make-up.

Start off with the right powder base or foundation, blended carefully into the skin. Pat your powder on gently, working down from the temples, forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and throat—so that if you have even a faint suggestion of down on your skin, it will become invisible. Remember to use a darker shade on the bad features, a lighter one on the best ones.

Apply your rouge with great care so that it becomes a part of you . . . not an extra color dab. Start at the high point of the cheek, following the natural curve of the cheekbone toward the nose. With the fingers blend the rouge into the full part of the cheek. At the edges, soften the color with the fingers, so that it blends with your own complexion coloring.

Dry the lips before applying lip-

[Continued on page 71]
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES...it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days...or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled...as are all Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing...and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

NO DIET...DRUGS...OR EXERCISES!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

"Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing...we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept 72, 41 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________  State ________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Postcard

Movie Classic for February, 1936
Captain Blood will be compared with Mutiny on the Bounty. While the Laughton-Gable-Tone picture is based on dramatic fact, and Captain Blood is dramatic fiction, the theme of each is a British rebellion against man's inhumanity to man, with the surging sea for a background. Blood is a doctor imprisoned in an early penal colony, who leads an escape, seizes a ship, turns pirate and becomes the terror of the seas—until England needs his unmasked help. It has beauty and brutality, romance and horror, chills and thrills. And on the horizon is a new star—Errol Flynn, who plays Captain Blood. Little less outstanding, from an emotion-stirring viewpoint, is Olivia de Havilland, as the one girl for whom the terror of the seas would risk his much-wanted heart. (Warner)

A Tale of Two Cities is more than that. It is a tale of all humanity. Yes, an epic—a picture impossible to forget. Powerful and poignant, it unmasks the human race, and reveals mankind at its worst and at its best—with the terror of the French Revolution as the obligato of its theme. Charles Dickens, of David Copperfield fame, supplied the original story—and men who had thrilled to that story have filmed it with every bit of beauty, terror and tragedy intact. Ronald Colman, in perhaps the greatest performance of his career, is magnificent as Sidney Carton, the waster and weakling who makes a lover's supreme sacrifice. Superb in supporting roles are Elizabeth Allan, who cannot return his love; Blanche Yurka as Madame Le Faye, woman of a vast hate who gets a vast revenge; Donald Woods, as the prisoner whose place Carton takes—and others, literally too numerous to mention (M-G-M).

The Littlest Rebel is almost one hundred per cent Shirley Temple. And she has never been better than she is in this picture of the Civil War as a small Southerner might have seen it. Child of John Boles and Karen Morley, she sees her mother die, sees her father captured by the hated Yankees, wins the heart of his captor (Jack Holt) to such an extent that he aids their escape, and, when they are recaptured, prevents a double-tragedy. Despite the emotions she is called upon to register, she is, every moment, a child—a very talented child, judged by her dancing with Bill Robinson, a slave on the old plantation, suh. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

So Red the Rose will be a surprise for those who have read Stark Young's beautiful story of the Old South. The movies have taken his title, his characters, and liberties with his story. They have added more plot—and the result is constantly absorbing, even if it may be a bit theatrical for the realists' tastes in tracing what happens to every one of a large family of "conscientious objectors" during the Civil War. Completely convincing are Margaret Sullivan, as hot-tempered Valette Bedford, Walter Connolly as her philosophical father, and Randolph Scott as her cousin, the most determined objector of them all. They make it what it is—something new, romantic and affecting in Civil War stories. (Paramount.)

I Dream Too Much suffers from the same complaint that every other opera-star picture, except One Night of Love, has suffered—a weak story. But the singing, the gamine personality and the acting of Lily Pons outweigh their trite weakness. The little French girl from the Metropolitan [Continued on page 20]
THESE days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish, because they use so much more of it. That is the reason for PLAT-NUM'S generous, oversize bottle... more than others give you for the money. Try a bottle.

THERE'S no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp... hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.

FREE~try a bottle
Send us 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM NAIL POLISH

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Movie Classic for February, 1936
Opera scores a very decided personal triumph in her first picture ... in which she runs away from a stuffy uncle, meets composer Henry Fonda, marries him at the height of their hilarity, and then becomes more fashionable than Ogdoad Perkins discovers that she has a voice—which almost wrecks her little love idyll. Though the songs are misarranged, with the operator giving her lighter ones and thus leaving no vocal fireworks for the finish, her singing is something to hear twice. Fonda, likable in a weak rôle, has the most amusing scene in the amusing picture—when he packs his bag to leave. (RKO-Radio)

Crime and Punishment spares no out-looker's emotions. It traces what goes on in a murderer's mind before, during and after his crime—and it is a masterpiece of suspense thanks to Dostoevsky's original story, Director Josef von Sternberg's treatment of it, and the acting of Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold and Marian Marsh. Lorre, with the flicker of an eye and the drooping of a lip, strips bare a soul in torment and exaltation. Arnold, as the crafty police inspector who plays a cat-and-mouse game with the self-control of the killer, is no less real. Marian Marsh, as the one person who shares Lorre's secret, gives a heart-wrenching performance. (Columbia)

Dangerous might be just that for the career of any star except Bette Davis. Few stars have Bette's courage—not to mention ability. For here she gives a performance reminiscent of her memorable Mildred in Of Human Bondage. An ex-actress lifted out of the depths by idealistic Franchot Tone, she uses sensuousness as a leash to hold him, tortures him, changes him and his brother, and, in the end, lovers of fine acting—not for those with sentimental, squeamish tastes. (Warners)

Mister Hobo—An entertaining character sketch by George Arliss of a lovable old vagabond who finds himself becoming a bank president and out-tricking some tricksters. (G-B)

Mary Burns, Fugitive—One of the most exciting and absorbing of recent gangster pictures, with Sylvia Sidney as an innocent bystander at a gun battle in which she is fleeing from both gangland and the police. Melvyn Douglas is an able support (Paramount)

Splendor—Excellent acting in a slight, story is a stick-on. Miss Biel, as the girl who marries into the Park Avenue set and acquires mother-in-law trouble. Miriam Hopkins is starred; Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley and Ruth Wotton are featured. (C-A)

Seven Keys to Baldpate—Gene Raymond has an amusing, suspenseful night, trying to win a bet that he can write a novel in twenty-four hours and finding himself involved in a succession of baffling mysteries. (RKO-Radio)

The Perfect Gentleman—Whimsical and odd, oddly English comedy about a down-at-heels major who falls in love with a would-be vaudeville actress and makes good as an actor, Frank Morgan, Cicely Courtneidge amusing. (MG-M)

The Great Impersonation—If you like your melodrama straightforward, Edmund Lowe & Co. give you a generous sample, featuring and spins the haunted houses— with Edmund in a dual rôle. (Universal)

Miss Pacific Fleet—The familiar laughing-getting team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, as two ex-chorus girls who operate a concession on an amusement pier, have Allen Jenkins and finally the whole Navy on their side in a slapstick comedy about a popularity contest. (Warners)

Remember Last Night?—A fast-moving murder mystery, with unexpected, amusing, suspense-making twists, with the setting a Long Island party on "the morning after," Edward Arnold is the detective. Robert Young and Constance Cummings (welcome back to the screen, Conni!) carry the romance. (Universal)

The Case of the Missing Man—An ingenious thriller about a cauldron-cameraman (Roger Pryor) who accidentally snaps an unsuspected robber leaving a jewelry store. This time, she is battling the depression with Fred MacMurray for a hard-crusted boss and Robert Young for a wealthy suitor and the plot, moving fast, works up to a hilarious finish. (Paramount)
December CONTEST Winners

M O V I E  C L A S S I C S second Questionnaire Contest—something new in the magazine world—went over with a bang, as did the first. All of which augurs well for the third Questionnaire Contest—the most interesting of them all. Coming soon!

As in the first contest, we were snowed under with answers. And the more we saw, the happier we became. For when tabulations of those answers show agreement among readers about their likes and dislikes, we have a pretty good idea of what personalities you want to read about, what kind of stories you want, and what kind of photographs you like. . . . We want to thank each and every reader who answered—and hope you are among the winners. If you aren’t this time, you may be next time!

These are the December Questionnaire winners:

First Prize ($25)—Geneva Davis, P.O. Box 911, Springfield, Ohio, for What I Think of Marriage Now—Clark Gable

Second Prize ($10)—Edith Gabble, 222 West 77th St., New York City, for If I Had My Life to Live Over. . . . by Joan Crawford


Next ten prizes ($1 each):

Betty Ann Wilcox, 23 Johnston Ave., Cohoes, N.Y., for It’s the Rat in Me . . . by Mickey Mouse

Dolores Bart, 13526 Buffalo Ave., Chicago, Ill., for Why I Refuse to Make a Talking Picture—Charlie Chaplin

Madeleine Bransford, 41 Lincoln Ave., Newark, N.J., for Portrait of a Lady—Norma Shearer

Dorothy M. Gilhilan, Galena, Maryland, for My Life, from My First “Tap”—Eleanor Powell

Carolyn Wells, Del Rio, Texas, for Will I Ever Marry?—Myrna Loy

Grace Regan, 4125 63rd St., Woodside, L.I., for Why I Am a Bachelor—Gene Raymond

Joseph Kot, Jr., 3434 Highland Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y., for Why I Married My Reel Leading Man—Francot Tone . . . by Joan Crawford

Frances Martin, 1930 Curtis St., Berkeley, Calif., for From Silents to Television—Mary Pickford

Lillie Belle Baker, Hemphill, Texas, for Sing and Stay Slim—Gladys Swarthout

Daisy D. Ryan, 115 Grant Ave., San Antonio, Texas, for Why I Prefer Seclusion to Society—Greta Garbo

Now...a Lovelier way to avoid Offending!

Alluringly Fragrantly Dainty

. . . after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

Y ou are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap . . . You are always alluringly, fragrantly dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet’s rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly . . . keeps you so immaculate—so completely free from any danger of unpleasant body odor.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness in such a lovely way!

You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and soothing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10c. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25c. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10c stores.

WATCH for the Unusual New Contests (yes, there will be more than one) . . . in March

M O V I E  C L A S S I C !

Movie Classic for February, 1936 21
Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—a internal infection! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

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

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Looking in on Films to Come!

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT
Hollywood Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC

Do you want to know what's doing in the studios—what pictures and what stars you will be seeing on the screens of your local theaters in the near future? If so, then come with us—each month—"behind scenes" of Hollywood—Editor.

LET'S start this month's studio tour from the western editorial offices of MOVIE CLASSIC, at 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, and make the vast plant of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in nearby Culver City, our first port of call. A number of big pictures are in production there—as usual. Others, intended for release within a few weeks, are in the "cutting room."

Rose Marie, co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, is nearing completion, with musical recordings being made. Listen as we pass the big sound stage and you can hear the voices of the two stars singing the Rudolph Friml songs that highlight the picture. Since we printed a full-length story about the picture last month, we will pass it up now with little mention. However, you will be interested to know that both Jeanette and Nelson are probably going to appear in opera this winter, and that W. S. Van Dyke, the director, is already mailing James Stewart, a young newcomer who plays Jeanette's brother in the picture, as a sensation.

On a nearby stage, scenes are being filmed for The Great Ziegfeld, which promises to be one of the smash hits of 1936. The story is factual, based on the authentic life-story of the great showman.

The chap with the gardenia in his button-hole and the bag of chocolates in his hand is William Powell. He's playing "Ziegfeld" and doing such a swell job that everyone on the lot has started calling him "Mr. Ziegfeld." And how he has come to hate chocolate candy! As Ziegfeld, one of whose idiosyncrasies was his fondness for chocolates, Bill has had to eat candy in nearly every scene.

The other principals in the cast are Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Ann Pennington, Fannie Brice and Harriet Harker. Luise plays Anna Held, the first Mrs. Ziegfeld; Myrna has the even more difficult assignment of playing Billie Burke, the second Mrs. Ziegfeld—her task being complicated by the fact that, simultaneously, she has been playing a co-starring role in Whiz 'Saw. One of the most interesting features of this picture is the fact that it will concern so many world-famous people who are still living, or still remembered. A few, Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington and Harriet Harker, all Ziegfeld stars, are playing "themselves." Too, many of the chorus girls are actually former Ziegfeld girls.

Among the other pictures shooting on the lot are The Tough Guy, starring Jackie Cooper, and Three Live Ghosts, with Richard Arlen, a re-make of the hilarious war-time comedy. More about them next month, for they are just starting—as is Wife vs. Secretary, co-starring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.

AND now, on to Westwood Hills and the giant studios of Twentieth Century-Fox, where King of Burlesque, starring Warner Baxter and featuring Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Arline Judge and Mona Barrie, is nearing completion.

The cast of this picture includes among its "bit" players many old-time burlesque stars. For instance, there are Agnes and Minnie, who, more than thirty years ago, were the first "sister act." They contend that the song routines and the dances have changed in few essentials in that time—and that the one striking change in style...
is in the weight of the girls. Note them.

*King of Burlesque* presents a new child star in the person of George M. Cohan’s famous stage hit — with Paul Kelly getting his biggest break in the title role, with Claire Trevor playing opposite him and starting a new picture — *Captain January* — in the big new sound stage that is dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. Jane Withers is the little heroine, *Gentle Julia*. Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen have just completed *Patriotic Soldier*, in which Freddie plays the boy-king of a mythical kingdom. Just starting is *A Message to Garcia*, inspired by Elbert Hubbard’s famous brochure and co-starring Wallace Beery, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck.

• AT small but mighty Columbia, our next stop, the most interesting “super” production is *No More Yesterdays*, Ruth Chatterton’s comeback picture.

Chatterton is amazing. In the earlier sequences, she plays an eighteen-year-old girl — and looks the part. By what magic, only she and her make-up man know, and they won’t tell us anything beyond the fact that she wears a blonde wig. As the eighteen-year-old, her resemblance to Marian Marsh, who later plays her daughter, is astonishing.

Two other Columbia pictures now in production are *Rolling Home*, a musical featuring Harry Richman, Walter Connolly and Rochelle Hudson, and *Hell Ship*, a swashbuckler set in the jungle melodrama of the sea, with Ann Sothern, Victor Jory and George Bancroft. It is interesting to note that *Rolling Home* is laid on a Mississippi showboat, and that the two pictures are all the result of “process photography.” A camera crew photographed the river, and then pictures of the boat, constructed on the Columbia lot, were incorporated into the river shots. Process photography, now highly perfected, saves the expense of long-distance location trips.

• AT nearby Paramount, the ace productions in the making are *Give Us This Night*, co-starring Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura; *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, being filmed in color with Sylvia Sidney, Harry Cohn and Fred MacMurray; *Klondike Lou*, in which the one and only Mae West has Victor McLaglen for a leading man; and *Desire*, co-starring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Jan Kiepura, already established as a European star, is making his American debut in the first. He is Polish, short, very handsome, very much in love with Marna Eggert.

Most of the action is laid in a little Italian fishing village (the exterior scenes were filmed at Laguna Beach). Kiepura plays a young fisherman who is accused of petty theft and takes refuge in a church, only to be discovered there by a greedy American’s right-hand girl, Gladys Swarthout — who hears him sing and persuades her manager to take him as her partner. The song numbers include “The Vicar’s Song,” “Sweet Melody of Night.” “I Want to Say I Love You,” and a musical version of *Romeo and Juliet*.

The *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* company is on location in the mountains and will be there for weeks, since color photography takes much more care and time than the black-and-white variety. However, tales come back that Cohn and MacMurray, both from Nebraska, have teamed up as pals off the screen — that Sylvia is lonesomely pining for Bennett Cerf, her publisher-husband — and that Fred Stone, a rancher at heart, is having the time of his life in his hill-billy role.

Mae West’s picture, *Klondike Lou*, has a San Francisco setting and gives Mae new opportunities to wear the furs fashions of hygone days. Like all her previous pictures, it has been written by herself. According to studio insiders, McLaglen first complained that his rôle was Shirley Temple size, but, if so, the complaint must have been adjusted for he went through with it — and, from all reports, he and Mae are a hilarious team.

*Desire* is, perhaps, the most important picture in the career of Marlene Dietrich. After three half-way successes in a row, no expense is being spared to make this picture an outstanding hit. It is being directed by Frank Borzage, who was responsible for *Seventh Heaven* — and Gary Cooper’s handsome presence is another asset.

• JUST across the fence, in the Radio Pictures Studios, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are tapping out new rhythms in *Follow the Fleet*. Like Roberta, it will carry a secondary love theme, this time with Randolph Scott and Harriet Hilliard (the radio songstress) carrying the torches.

Harriet Hilliard is Mrs. Ozzie Nelson in private life and has been the soloist with the Nelson orchestra for two years. This is her first picture, and the plot has her changing from a conical prim type into a glamour queen, which she actually is. She sings two numbers, “Get Thee Behind Me, Satan” and “Here Am I. But Where Are You?” — both by Irving Berlin.

Ginger and Fred do three dances together and each also has a solo number. One of their numbers, in particular, has created a sensation in the studio. It is a comedy pantomime dance, done to the tune of an hilarious ditty entitled “All My Eggs in One Basket.” They spent nearly one hundred hours practicing that dance.

Three other pictures “in work” at RKO—Radio are *The Indestructible Mrs. Tubbs*, starring Ann Harding, who is radiant and happy since winning sole custody of her young daughter, Jane Bannister; *Two O’Clock Courage*, co-starring Walter Abel and Margot Grahame of *The Three Musketeers* fame; and *Chatterbox*, starring young and talented Anne Shirley as an old-fashioned girl. And coming up is *Merry of Scotland*—Katharine Hepburn’s first historical picture.

• BEHIND guarded gates and barred doors at United Artists, Charlie Chaplin is putting the finishing touches on his new, non-talking picture, *Modern Times* — in which he wrote and directed, and in which he plays the principal role (with Paulette Goddard as his leading lady), and for which he composed his incidental music. No other star in Hollywood could do what he has done on this picture. . . . Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, Sally Eilers and Parky Kars, Eddie’s “stooge,” have just completed *Strike Me Pink* with the Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls much in evidence. Watch for the amusement park sequence, which was a scream in the making. . . . Just starting is *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, starring Freddie Bartholomew, who will, by decree [Continued on page 83]
Movie Classic for February, 1936
THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER... DRAMA... SONG!
THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936... ablaze with color...
crowded with the drama... of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

1. **WARNER BAXTER**
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2. **ALICE FAYE**
knocks Park Avenue playboys and London lords for a row of top hats—but almost loses the man she loves!

3. **JACK OAKIE**
is the Burlesque King's best pal, who helps to put the ha-ha-ha and heh-heh-heh into the Great White Way!

4. **DIXIE DUNBAR**
is the switchboard operator, who can do more with a dance number than a telephone number!

5. **MONA BARRIE**
stands high in the social register but low in the cash register. She takes the King of Burlesque for a matrimonial sleigh ride.

6. **GREGORY RATOFF**
pretends he's the "angel" who will back the comeback of New York's great showman!

7. **ARLINE JUDGE**
is the burleycue gazelle who leaps at the idea of becoming Oakie's wife! (Can you imagine?)

8. **FATS WALLER**
makes a "hot piano" sit up and cry for mercy!

9. **NICK LONG, JR.**
hoofs and he hoofs 'till he brings the house down!

**A Fox Picture • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar**

Movie Classic for February, 1936
And Your "Ten Best"?

NOW is the time of year when all good moviegoers come to the defense of their preferences. If they have memories (and all good moviegoers do), they look back over the year past and ask themselves which pictures and which performances they remember most vividly. And then, if they have inquiring minds, they ask themselves why.

They are the smart screen shoppers. They know what they want, why they want it, and where they can find it.

Let's take out pencils and paper... give ourselves ten minutes to list the pictures that we are likely to remember beyond next Christmas... and then compare notes. And afterward repeat our little game with performances we have seen.

You and I don't try to be technically critical when we see a movie. We don't condemn a picture because we suspect that the director didn't know what he was doing or because we didn't like the sound effects—or praise a picture solely because it has beautiful photography or because the incidental music is appropriate to the dialogue. You and I aren't concerned with the technical problems of making a picture. What concerns us is our ability to enjoy ourselves wholeheartedly when we see it, to react to it emotionally, to lose ourselves in its scenes and its characters. To us, the "best" pictures and performances are those that we like best... those that we remember for their emotional effect upon us.

ON my own personal ten-minute list, I find twenty-six pictures. On the average of every other week, during 1935, I apparently saw a picture worth remembering. Maybe I'm wrong, but that seems like a higher average than in previous years.

After cutting off this one and slicing away that one (no easy task!), I have whittled down the twenty-six to the ten I would be most willing to see again—the ten top personal favorites, in other words:

Mutiny on the Bounty, an epic of man's struggle for justice and peace, embracing every emotion of mankind, with the restless, tireless, ageless sea for its setting; A Midsummer Night's Dream—Hollywood's first successful rendering of Shakespeare and first magnificent film fantasy; Les Miserables, the screen transcription of Victor Hugo's powerful indictment of the stupidity of man-made laws; Becky Sharp, first full-length feature picture in perfected color—visually beautiful, even if its ironic portrait of a designing woman left the emotions cold; Lives of a Bengal Lancer, such well-knit and skillful melodrama that the absence of a love-story was never felt: The Informer—which, though modern in setting, gave us an inkling of Judas Iscariot's emotions after he received the thirty pieces of silver; David Copperfield—a wistful saga of life and love in the England of a century ago; Naughty Marietta—one musical comedy with a colorful, romantic, virile story and music and singing that were haunting: Crime and Punishment—an unforgettable glimpse of the mind of a killer—the slynness, the terror, the self-torture: and Ah, Wilderness!—Eugene O'Neill's "comedy of reminiscence" about American family life, a generation ago.

AND the "ten favorite performances"? Now, there is a question to answer. But these are the half-score of players whose work in 1935 is likely to linger longest in my personal memory book:

Charles Laughton in Ruggles of Red Gap, Les Misérables and Mutiny on the Bounty; Elisabeth Bergner in Escape Me Never; Freddie Bartholomew in David Copperfield; Eric Linden in Ah, Wilderness!; Peter Lorre in Crime and Punishment; Katharine Hepburn in Alice Adams; Mickey Rooney in A Midsummer Night's Dream; Victor McLaglen in The Informer; Paul Muni in Black Fury; and Frederic March in The Dark Angel.

Not to mention Edward Arnold in Diamond Jim, Claudette Colbert in Private Worlds; Greta Garbo in Anna Karenina; Pat O'Brien in Oil for the Lamps of China; Luise Rainer in Escapade; Fred Astaire in Top Hat; Julie Haydon in The Scoundrel; and... but here, here! I can't keep on doing this. Performances weren't the only good things about 1935!

1935 was a great movie year—and 1936 ought to be an even better one.

1935 saw Hollywood become conscious of the classics at last. It saw Hollywood become aware of the fact that, though Shakespeare, Dickens, Hugo and Thackeray may be dead, there still is plenty of life in their stories. And it proved anew the point that when there is a great story in the beginning, there can be a great picture in the end.

1935 saw the songbirds flying west and going into the movies—songbirds like Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Nino Martini, Lawrence Tibbett, Michael Bartlett, James Melton, joining the few already there, such as Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. We may not have full-length opera on the screen yet, but it's coming. And, meanwhile, we hear operatic voices.

1935 saw the release of the first full-length picture in "natural color." That color may not have been completely lifelike, and it may have interfered with the story it decorated, but it opened our eyes to the bright moviegoing future we have ahead of us.

1935 saw Hollywood's discovery of such players as Luise Rainer, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Freddie Bartholomew, Margot Grahame, Walter Abel, Merle Oberon, Peter Lorre, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Irvin S. Cobb, Tuta Rolf, Cesar Romero, Eric Blore. And others.

The movies have had good years before—but never one that was better, or more promising, than 1935. In fact, it was the previous "ten best" rolled into one!

James E. Reid
Gladys Swarthout

Upon filmdom's newest star, the whole world is bestowing orchids...orchids for her classic loveliness, her deep spirituality, her dramatic poise, her magnificent singing in her first picture, "Rose of the Rancho." And beside the wonder girl from Deep Water, Missouri, even orchids seem pale tributes. Impatiently, the Metropolitan Opera is recalling her for the winter season— but before she leaves Hollywood (to return in the Spring), she is filming "Give Us This Night," with Jan Kiepura as co-star.
New Thrill Expert

He was Warner Brothers' Christmas gift to a world that wanted one more hero. Errol Flynn is his name. And, in case you have not heard, he is the reason why "Captain Blood" should be on every moviegoer's "must see" list. Born a Briton and an adventurer, he was made to order for the stirring rôle of the young English doctor, tortured victim of injustice, who turned pirate and righted a few wrongs. He played the rôle on a one-picture contract—but now he is signed up for years to come. That is the tip-off on his expertise in furnishing thrills.

And His Vivid Companion

Olivia de Havilland showed great promise in her first picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Now, in another movie masterpiece—"Captain Blood"—she fulfills every bit of that vivid promise.
The next time you see William Powell, he won't have his mustache and he won't be William Powell. He will be smooth-shaven Florenz Ziegfeld, glorifier of the American girl, in the screen biography of that shrewd showman—"The Great Ziegfeld".

Pardon Myrna Loy's ecstasy. That's how she feels about being reunited with William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld." And, as in "The Thin Man," she will once more play his wife... having the role that Billie Burke played in the Ziegfeld real-life story.

When Myrna Loy had a tiff with her studio, Luise Rainer —fresh from Vienna—was given her rôle in "Escapade." And William Powell insisted that she be co-starred. So it is easy enough for her to worship him in "The Great Ziegfeld"... as his protégée. Anna Held.
Her Place in the Sun

Rochelle Hudson, not yet twenty, has just won a spot all her own in the cinema sun—a starring spot. And very prettily she occupies it, too. She is to co-star with Irvin S. Cobb, friend of her late great friend, Will Rogers, in "Everybody's Old Man," after the musical "Rolling Along."
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If You Were
Joan Crawford—

Put yourself in Joan's place! If you had her fame, her emotions, her ambitions, her memories—how would you have solved the great problem she recently faced?

By Evaline Lieber

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone arrived in New York simultaneously for vacations. They were happy, gay, excited. Joan, who thrives on travel, had not been East for two years. Franchot, who has never lost his fondness for New York, felt as if he were coming home after a long absence. And the prospect of seeing New York together added an extra thrill. For they had admitted to themselves long ago—even if both of them had not admitted to the world—that they were in love.

A huge corps of reporters, eagle-eyed for a possible elopement, met the train at Grand Central Station. "Are you married? Do you intend to marry?" they asked Joan. She shrugged away the inquiries as she had for many months, changing the subject to talk vivaciously of her vacation plans.

Franchot, anticipating the questions and wishing to save Joan any embarrassment, had left the train in the suburbs and had motored to the city. One reporter, cornering him, drew from him his oft-repeated and humorous assertion that, though he was constantly asking Joan to marry him, he had not yet persuaded her to say "Yes." That reporter learned, before his paper went to press, that Joan and Franchot were registered at the same hotel—in rooms on the same floor. ("Make it plain that I am down the hall—not in the next suite," Franchot was quoted as saying.) But the reporter, being human, wondered—and made his readers wonder—if Joan and Franchot were vacationers or honeymooners. The whole country, led by the columnists, joined in the guessing game. And was faintly irritated at being forced to guess.

Before she had ever arrived in New York and encountered this situation, Joan had suggested to her studio a little party for the press. She wanted to go out of her way to convince the metropolitan cynics that she was "regular"—that success had not changed her in one iota, despite all rumors to the contrary. Now, the newspaper hullabaloo made her doubly determined to have the party.

Invitations were duly issued, and newspaper reporters, magazine writers, critics and editors congregated to meet her and talk with her. And, as one seasoned reporter later...
of feeling that she was among friends—and so she was.

No one there was willing to shatter that impression. After all, she had been a good sport to give them a party. (Few stars of Joan’s popularity go out of their way to be pleasant to unknown writers.) Now, they would prove that they were good sports, too—and not force her into a corner and demand to know whether she was in love with Franchot Tone or not. That was a private concern of hers. Their concern, they decided, was with Joan Crawford, the actress—who was a tremendously likable, natural person.

Then came two late arrivals, who had not been initiated into this atmosphere—and had not, apparently, been initiated into the customary courtesies of guests toward hostess. For the first remark one of them made was: “If you aren’t married to Franchot Tone, why are you living at the same hotel?”

There had been sunshine in that room. Bright, warm, friendly rays. Now, there was a black cloud. Electricity snapped its ominous warnings.

If you had been Joan Crawford at that moment, what would you have done?

- Joan tried to push away her predicament with humor. She said, with a smile, to a studio publicity man, “Will you please open a window—and gently toss these two out?” The reporters smiled in rebuttal as she turned to talk to someone else. They wandered to another part of the room and the whole incident seemed ended. But they were not to be thwarted. After partaking of her refreshments, they returned to Joan, stood directly before her, and asked: “We want to know, Miss Crawford, if you are married—and, if you aren’t, why you and Franchot Tone are registered in the same hotel?”

The storm burst. The question that she had been dodging so adroitly had been flung directly into her face. She jumped up, burst into tears and fled from the room. There was a startled silence. For an actress to run from her own press party was to break every precedent! The reporters looked at each other aghast. What a story! Those closest to the door broke the silence by telling the rest that she had said, in effect, when leaving, “I made one marriage mistake. Why should I talk about marrying again?”

She returned later, but she was not the same Joan as before the storm. She was the bewildered, smoldering-eyed, semi-repentant little girl who had run from a roomful of guests because someone had hurt her feelings.

The newspapers made the to-be-expected, sensational fuss. One columnist wrote her an open letter, reminding her that the same press boys and... [Continued on page 74]
HAROLD LLOYD'S Unknown Hobby

You know that he is the most energetic comedian alive. But you haven't heard what new direction his energy has taken!

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

If you scrutinize a certain English landscape painting on the wall of Harold Lloyd's dressing-room bungalow, and tell him brutally, "I don't believe for a moment that you painted this"—that is Harold's moment of supreme joy. And the better qualified you may be as an art critic, and the more skeptical you are, the sweeter the flattery.

For Harold did paint the picture himself—without tracing, without assistance, without even the aid of a smock.

You may wonder what on earth a successful movie comedian is doing at the easel. Well, in the first place, Harold doesn't use an easel. He paints on a cardtable in the capacious bathroom, with a couple of daylight lamps adding a cinematic touch of which the garrets and artists of Montmartre never dreamed.

In the second place, only a successful comedian, or someone who commands an equal bounty, can afford to have hobbies such as this. Having removed his nose from the grindstone some years ago, Harold is now free to poke it into various pursuits that have nothing to do with his business. And, equipped with natural zest and eagerness and tremendous powers of concentration, he has become a really accomplished "hobbyist." Usually he runs to sports. But now, after sessions with chess, Ping Pong, Backgammon, golf, egg-coloring, and looking-things-up-in-the-encyclopedia, Art is having its day.

Up to the time this was written, he had painted a couple of English landscapes, a bunch of bananas, and a portrait of Joan Crawford in two sections—the hair on one sheet of paper, and the face on another. The "still life" was particularly difficult.

"I want to emphasize," says Harold with a twinkle, "that one of the bananas has the peel partly pulled off, so I had to do the texture of the inside of the banana, as well."

Never let it be said that a Lloyd does things half-way. Harold gave his all for Art. At the onset of the fever, he practically bought out the art shop every week. He has paints galore—in tubes, blocks, and pans. After getting one complete set of paints, he [Continued on page 70]
How to Grow UP Gracefully

Jean Parker went over to England to be Robert Donat’s first American leading lady. (He is with her in the portraits at the right.) And working with him and the great French director, Rene Clair, on The Ghost Goes West, she felt “grown up” for the first time. The picture is sophisticated mystery-comedy, for one thing. For another thing—well, the details are in this story.

“Just be natural,” advises JEAN PARKER—who should know.

By Helen Harrison

I HAVE just begun to live!” Jean Parker exclaimed, and a new something in her voice left no doubt that she meant what she said. . . . Had she just signed a new contract? Had she won the Academy Award? Was she in love?

No, she had not signed a new contract. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer holds her to a “long-termer.” Nor had she won the Academy Award—although you must not be surprised if she does win it one of these days. As for being in love? I’m amazed at such a question! Our Jean, just out of the nursery, and with so much “unfinished business” ahead of her?

None of those explanations explains the new Jean. It is just that she has grown up. Suddenly and gracefully.

“Jean,” I said, “you have achieved the impossible. You have emerged from charming girlhood into young womanhood with none of the Tarkington symptoms. For you the so-called ‘awkward age’ has never existed.

How have you managed to avoid all of its hazards?”

“Really,” she replied, “I think anyone can grow up gracefully, simply by not worrying about it—by being interested in too many things to be self-centered. . . . Just be natural. Worrying about the possibility of being awkward makes you self-conscious, and self-consciousness is the bane of adolescence. The one thing to realize is that artificiality is never an asset—either in the old or the young.

“Personally,” she said, smiling the beloved Parker smile, “I don’t believe in age! If you are completely yourself, you shouldn’t have any regrets, or say to yourself the morning after a dance, ‘Oh I wish I hadn’t been so stuffy, or tried to seem sophisticated or bored.’ Having been yourself, you at least have the satisfaction of thinking—in the face of success or failure—’What else could I have done?’

“Of course,” she added very seriously, “I believe that the right clothes, make-up [Continued on page 87]
THE STORY THUS FAR: Pretty, alert Lola Le Grange has a great secret ambition. She dreams of some day becoming a movie star in a movie theatre in a small midwest city, she finds food for her dreams in the films shown there—even though she sees no way of ever fulfilling them. Her girl-friends are amused by her absorption in pictures, particularly the pictures of Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol. Feeling that they would not believe her or understand, she does not bother to explain that she is more interested in Laurence's acting than in Laurence, himself, who is about to make a personal appearance in the theatre. 

Only one person shares her secret—Buddy Kane, her friend since childhood, who is hopelessly devoted to her and encourages her. And one day he has great news: a photograph entered in a nationwide Search-for-New-Faces Contest, sponsored by the famous Silvio in Hollywood, has won her a free trip to Hollywood . . . a chance in pictures. She cannot believe the unexpected news. But it is true.

On the stage of the theatre, during his personal appearance, Clifton Laurence is seen as a movie star in Hollywood. Frightened by the possibility of failure, now that she actually has a chance to become an actress, she enrols for the movie capital. On the same train is Clifton Laurence. Unavoidably, they meet, become good friends during the long trip. He gives her advice about approaching a career; she feels that, if she can pass a screen test, the rest will be easy. In a moody moment, he confides his intention to remain single and his doubts that an actress ever knows when love is real or just pretended. Lola, unconsciously in love with him, tries to convince him that when he meets real love, he will recognize it. Impulsively, as they part, he kisses her.

She receives a great welcome as a contest-winner, is given a screen test (which she discovers is a genuine ordeal), passes it, and is assigned a small role. Would-be friends play up to her and she goes from the one extreme of self-consciousness to the other extreme of over-confidence. She ignores some excellent advice from Miss Nancy Dare, grand old lady of the screen. And because he thinks she has "gone Hollywood," Clifton Laurence drops her from his calling list. On top of this, the studio drops her, telling her that she photographs well, but has no dramatic ability. She cannot believe that she lacks what it takes to be a successful screen actress. Rather, she believes that she simply has not had the right opportunity. She visits several agents and discovers that they are interested now in having her as a client or in seeking roles for her.

Thoroughly chastened now and determined to prove herself, she takes a cheap room, skimpis on food, and spends what little money she has for coaching and elocution lessons. Meanwhile going the weary, hopeless round of studio casting offices. She gets a little work as an "extra," but not enough to support herself. Finally, she is evicted from her room for non-payment of rent. She has a dollar and a few cents, no friends, no prospects. What to do? She goes, in desperation, to the home of Clifton Laurence, hears him curtly tell his servant that she can get in touch with him through the studio. Heartbroken, she plans to use her last few cents to wire Buddy Kane for train fare home. As she crosses a busy street, there is a sudden, blinding crash, a scream of terror, blackness.

In the hospital, lying between life and death, she refuses to fear her name present no will with her life." Every one of her great hopes has been wrecked. Then one day Miss Nancy Dare visits the hospital, recognizes her, insists on her being moved from the hospital to the Dare home. The story concludes:

I had never seen real luxury before. I realized that as I entered the magnificent home to which Miss Nancy Dare took me when she rescued me from the hospital . . . and my despairing self!

The few other houses I had seen in Beverly Hills were ordinary, compared to "Journey's End," as this grand old lady of the screen called her estate. There were great iron gates, with a lodge, at the entrance. The enormous white house itself rambled over a shaded hilltop, and the view from the terrace was superb. A blue-tiled swimming pool smiled up at the bluer sky. The house was full of flowers from the great gardens. And the beautiful bedroom to which I was carried was warmly Colonial and gay with bright chintz. Outside the windows, a little balcony flaunted colorful flower-boxes against the far horizon.

Despite her years, Miss Dare herself had actually ridden with me in the ambulance that transferred me from the hospital to her home. "Not but that you're strong enough to ride alone!" she said to me, with affectionate brusqueness. "How can I ever thank you? . . ." I began.

She pursed her lips. "Don't let me hear a word out of you!" she commanded. "You're far too weak to talk!"

My new room was Heaven plus to me. A white-clad nurse moved about noiselessly, efficiently—so differently from the probationers who had cared for me in the Charity Ward.

"Nurses are a nuisance," Miss Dare declared. "When they come into a house, nobody else there can do a thing for the patient. But a good one is something you won't be able to do without for a few days yet. She's here to teach you to walk again. And when I'm through with my picture, I'm going to teach you plenty of other things!"

And she did. The first lesson, offered almost unconsciously on her part, was that kindness and goodness still
As bio1 reigned in the world—the world that I had thought I wanted to leave. But when her picture was completed and she was free to rest for a few weeks, my real instructions began. The nurse had left long before this, and I was able to walk slowly about the gorgeous rooms and vast gardens. I had made friends with a nice, new puppy; I had made friends with the earth once more; and, most important of all, I had made friends with myself.

But with returning strength, I naturally began to wonder what was to become of me. Miss Dare did not allow me to wonder long. On the very first day of her vacation, she called me into her upstairs sitting-room and made a place for me beside her on the big sofa.

"Lola," she began without preliminaries, "I've been watching you closely since you've been here, and I like you. I'm a lonely old maid who has always wanted a daughter. I don't say that you'll do, but I'm going to give you a try."

I made an effort to...
speak, and failed utterly. I could not find my voice.

"Now, now!" she scolded, "don't go interrupting me like that! Let me talk! I don't mean I'm going to adopt you, or any stuff and nonsense like that. But we have something in common. You see, when I first came to Hollywood, I practically starved, too. No one remembered my success on the stage years before; no one cared—except one woman. She helped me. She convinced producers that I had something to offer. I've always felt that the only way to repay her was to help someone else the same way. But somehow the right girl—one I could really train and set on her feet—hasn't come along. I've helped girls in little matters, of course. Any number of them. But now I feel that the time for my big job has come. How do you feel?"

"Still I couldn't speak, so I leaned over and kissed her. To my surprise, she put both arms around me and returned the kiss. There were tears in her eyes when she drew back.

"Cold in my head!" she explained crossly, wiping the tears away.

At last I found my voice. "Why do you believe in me?"

I asked. "Do you think I really have something—or are you just being kind...to kind?"

"Well," she said in a practical, matter-of-fact tone, "I've seen your test. And I've seen your picture. The test showed something that was lost as soon as you had to learn lines. You're going to work unmercifully hard and get that lost thing back, and you're going to do exactly what I say!"

"Tell me to begin by catching you the moon," I cried, "and I'll do it, or know why.

"Knowing why people don't succeed," she replied crisply, "is half the secret of success. Work is the other half."

Miss Dare had meant it when she said that I would have to work, and work hard. I found that out as the weeks went by, and she put me through my paces with all the skill and wisdom that her long stage and screen career had given her. Almost every hour of her vacation she devoted to my education. It was an intensive course. I learned a dozen famous roles, and recited them over and over until she had no further fault to find. I learned acrobatic dancing; I swam in the big pool and learned to dive; my body, which had become so thin, regained its healthy curves. I had singing lessons and riding lessons and even bridge lessons, because Miss Dare said they not only trained the mind, but . . . so many big producers liked to play bridge!

One night Mr. Tom Burnham came to dinner and proved this last. It seemed unreal to be sitting at a table so informally with the great producer who had told me that I would never succeed in Hollywood because I was no actress. There were only four of us at the table, including Mrs. LeMont, a rich and aristocratic neighbor. It took me only two minutes to realize how deeply Mr. Burnham was devoted to the great character actress. Not in love with her, of course, for she was twice his age. But he held her in high esteem, valued her judgment in all things, and loved her as a son would.

After dinner, we had a bridge foursome. I was Mr. Burnham's partner, and was treading dangerous ground, but I got by. He even smiled approval, once or twice. Later, over some refreshments, Miss Dare took advantage of this.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to keep your eyes open for a spot for Lola. I've had her in hand and you won't make any mistake."

Even the wine and his victory at bridge did not stop Mr. Burnham from freezing up and becoming the producer at this. "I'll think it over," was all he would say. "There isn't anything right now." But he looked at me keenly as if seeing me with new eyes. This background was a very different one from the void in which most Hollywood unknowns live, I reflected. In fact, it might make all the difference in the world!

But nothing happened—until a few weeks later when Miss Dare gave a party. As the preparations for it progressed, I began to realize that this was the first real Hollywood party to which I had been invited. The names on the invitations were all important ones. Great stars, producers, studio executives, a few society people, a famous visiting scientist from Europe. Writers whose names were household words . . . . and Clifton Laurence.

When the guests began to arrive, I still was uncertain about how I should greet him. My heart beat wildly at the thought of seeing him, but my brain refused to plan an attitude to take. Perhaps I could avoid any encounter—as instinct prompted me to do. After all, there were so many people coming! There would be eighty guests at little flower-wreathed tables set around the edge of the swimming pool, illuminated with crossed spotlights of soft pastel hues.

But too late to find a quick escape, I discovered myself face to face with him.

His eyes lighted as he saw me. "Lola!" he cried. "How glad I am to see you! The moment I heard about your being here with Miss Dare, I rushed over to call on you. Why wouldn't you let me in?"

"It's an old Hollywood custom," I said coldly, "—rushing over to see people who have had a bit of luck. As for why I didn't receive you, I was only evening up matters, after all."

He looked puzzled.

"Have you forgotten turning me away—when I came to your house in desperation?" I asked, heatedly. "A marvelous friend you turned out to be!"

"I never did anything of the kind," he denied vigorously. "Lola, you must have dreamed it! I looked everywhere for you. I was worried sick over your disappearance . . . ."

I interrupted him with a mocking laugh. "I never heard of her!" I said, imitating his own sharp tone as he had said those same words to his servant. " Haven't I told you to keep women out of here? If it's anything important, tell her to get in touch with me through the studio!"

A slow horror crept over [Continued on page 80]
A Real He-Man—and Can He Sing!

JAMES MELTON, the screen's new singing sensation, found success by a surprising, all-American route!

BY JOHN R. BALDWIN

As the elevator rose toward the twentieth floor, I berated myself silently for accepting an invitation to breakfast with James Melton, the much-hyped discovery of Stars Over Broadway.

I thought I knew the type. Despite the fact that he was so outstanding with Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien in the picture that critics everywhere have hailed him as a sensation, I suspected that he probably was one of those fast-aging tenors made over into a handsome movie juvenile by Hollywood's make-up wizards. Melton, I suspected, probably was nothing but a pair of noisy vocal chords surrounded by ambition. And this breakfast no doubt would be a case of toast and coffee with just another flash-in-the-pan.

At this point in my dismal musings the elevator reached the twentieth floor. A moment later, the door to Penthouse C was flung wide—by a huge, good-looking chap wearing blue corduroy trousers and polo shirt. James Melton, in the flesh—six feet, two inches tall. Tenderly, I pulled at the fingers he crushed in a vise-like grip and followed him into the apartment. The place was bursting with violent song. It poured down on me from the ceiling, burst in at the windows, surrounded me, pushed me into a chair and then ceased abruptly.

"One of your recordings, Mr. Melton?" I asked brightly in the rush that followed.

"H—no!" my giant host replied with a wide, ivory grin and a trace of Southern accent. "That's a great pal of mine, Lawrence Tibbett. He lives in the apartment below."

Jimmy Melton looked me over as one prize-fighter might another. Then one big fist shot out. "Tell me," he demanded, thrusting a telegram under my nose. "On the level, now, do you think this guy is kidding me?"

As I read the wire, another surprise hit me between the eyes. It was from Jack Warner, chief high mogul of Warner Brothers Studio and famous also for speaking his mind. In no uncertain terms, his telegram raved about Jimmy's first picture.

"Kidding you? Why, man, if Jack Warner didn't think you were good, all you'd get would be a pink slip telling you that the studio wasn't taking up your option."

"Is that a relief?" Jimmy commented, breaking into a wide grin.

"Golly, I've been worried about that. You never know when you can take praise seriously in this game!"

At that a moment, a radiant, lovely girl appeared on the circular staircase in the far corner of the room, carrying a vase bursting with American beauty roses. Jimmy Melton exclaimed, "You make such grand entrances, darling! How would you like me to have a chute built right into the living room? It would be so much more startling."

This, of course, was Mrs. Melton, who reprimanded her husband cheerfully for his nonsense and ushered us toward the dining room. And what a sight for hungry eyes that table was! This was no movie star's breakfast. Imagine, if you can, a floating island of bacon, heaped high with golden scrambled eggs.

"Jimmy," I ventured, "don't tell me you are going to eat this?" If a cameraman saw [Continued on page 80]
In Sylvia Scarlett, her new picture, you will see Katharine Hepburn in a boyish haircut. (Through half of the picture, she masquerades as a boy.) And, as Sylvia, she has a variety of moods: 1. Sylvia lonely—in a simple, yet distinctive mourning dress. 2. Sylvia happy—wearing something new in raincoats. 3. Sylvia weeps. 4. Sylvia dreams. 5. Sylvia plays Pierrot. 6. Sylvia plays male flirt. 7. Hepburn studies her script between scenes. 8. Sylvia in a champagne mood.
Here is a new and unusual slant on an unusual person—Katharine Hepburn. This is an interview with Muriel King, her latest designer. Exclusive with CLASSIC!

By Carol Craig

"Katharine Hepburn is a girl who could not look ordinary. She knows too well what she wants in clothes—and what goes with her personality. She can make a fashion, but she cannot follow one."

Thus says Muriel King, vivid young American designer, whose own reputation for individuality has made her one of New York's foremost fashion authorities, a favorite of the smart set, and the creator of the Hepburn costumes for Sylvia Scarlett.

She is not talking as an old friend. She is talking as an impartial observer of the Hepburn personality, which she had to observe closely and know intimately before she could create costumes for her.

The two individualists had never met until three or four months ago—when Katharine, unannounced, walked into the King salon and asked to see some sketches of new creations. Restlessly pacing up and down, she considered two hundred of them. Liked one hundred, and sent them to Hollywood to George Cukor, who was to direct Sylvia Scarlett, showing him what this King girl could do. He wired the designer. "Come on out." The invitation was an innovation in Hollywood, which is crowded with expert fashion creators. This is one of the first times that any young American woman designer has been summoned to the movie capital to design costumes for a special picture. Katharine Hepburn may have started something.

Muriel King accepted because she was interested in Hepburn's individuality—and because she has a healthy respect for Hollywood as a setter of styles. She allowed herself six weeks away from New York and compressed all of her observing, designing and fitting into those forty-two days.

The first thing she did was to read the script of Sylvia Scarlett, studying the character that Hepburn was to portray and the various backgrounds in which that character would appear. Then she went into a series of huddles with the star. And out of those close contacts came these interesting, exclusive observations:

- "She is tiny, very feminine, with delicate, finely-cut features—and freckles, which contribute to her particular personality. I didn't see any flaring temperament, such as the gossips talk about. In fact, I'd say she is rather shy. Shy, but definite. The two go together in her case.

"She has far too definite a personality to fit into just any clothes. She has such good bones, such good carriage, so much distinction that her wardrobe cries for distinction, too. She doesn't try for it with fuss and jewelry. Everything she wears is very glamorous, but, at the same time, very simple.

"Every girl who has any kind of looks wants to set off those looks—make them distinctive—with what she wears. But few girls are sure of how to do that. Very few are Hepburns. They know what they don't like—but knowing what they do like is another matter.

"Miss Hepburn's awareness of what is appropriate for her, and her insistence upon getting it, are based partly on instinct, partly on experiment. She is not carried away by new fads, but, being intelligent, she is constantly open to new ideas—ideas that are practical for her, personally.

"She is hypercritical of her own appearance. Looking at herself, she is completely detached and practical—and this is a rare talent. For example, she concentrates on dresses with high necklines as a rule, because she feels that her neck is too long. And she insists on being comfortable.

"She doesn't want dresses that can't take wearing. Particularly, daytime dresses. She doesn't want the kind that need constant pressing. She wants the kind that can be worn in a room or in [Continued on page 84]"
Resolutions
—1936

What promises are movie stars making to themselves this year? We investigated for you!

In December of almost any year, Hollywood, like the rest of the world, takes inventory of itself. The making of New Year’s resolutions is as much a part of the holiday season—as definitely on the program—as buying the right present for Aunt Carrie in Oskaloosa, or for Uncle James in Wappinger’s Falls.

So the arrival of 1936 finds Hollywood dedicated to good intentions. Some brand-new ones. Others slightly second-hand, dusted off from the year before and almost as good as new. Without exception, they are indexes to the character of various stars—a spotlighting of things they have (or have not) done, to their regret—a highlighting of ambitions, both serious and amusing.

Here they are for your enlightenment and edification. And you might get ideas for some belated resolutions of your own:

JEAN HARLOW (who makes no promises about remaining a “brunette” or returning to her former platinum blondeness): “The end of the day invariably finds me with loads of things undone. So I have resolved to turn over a new leaf in 1936. Every evening I’ll enter my program for the following day in a little date-book, and I shan’t go to bed until every item is crossed off, indicating that I’ve written the letters I should write, telephoned the people I should telephone—and forgotten nothing.”

WILLIAM POWELL (who has been talking of living in England six months of the year to avoid California’s heavy new income tax): “I resolve to continue worrying. Life would be dull and vapid and uninteresting to me—Hollywood’s First Worrier—if I thought everything would be all right tomorrow or next week. I even expect to adopt a few extra worries in the coming year.”

JOAN CRAWFORD (who recently married Franchot Tone): “I resolve not to talk about my marriage, in any way, for any purpose. I shall neither analyze it nor make prophecies for it. And that’s a resolution I will not break.”

JANET GAYNOR: “I resolve to keep my fingers crossed and avoid accidents.” (Janet has had serious ones in the past year.) “And I resolve to take that long-planned trip around the world.”

JOHN BOLES: “I resolve to get all messed up in every picture. I’m fed up with looking like an illustration of [Continued on page 88]
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S Teacher Predicts Her Future!

MOVIE CLASSIC presents, on the next two pages, one of the most interesting prophecies ever printed—an exclusive interview with Lillian Barkley, who is preparing her for that future.
By MARIAN RHEA

If the most famous curly head in the world should bend over a seer’s crystal—
If the most famous hazel eyes should look for revelation of life’s secrets—
If the most adorable childish lips should frame a plea:
“My future, O mirror of fate? What of my future?”—
What would the answer be?
It is a question that little Shirley Temple, all oblivious of the crown of glory that she wears, all unknowing of her importance in the four corners of the earth, would never ask. But it is one that you ask and I ask. When we contemplate this phenomenal child and the niche—indeed, the great chamber—that she has already won in the Hall of Fame, we cannot help asking. Our curiosity is just naturally natural.
But where can we find the possible answer? Where is the person, close enough to Shirley, yet impartial enough to see her potentialities—to be able to forecast her future? Her mother and father do not intend to dictate her future, but to allow her to develop naturally, normally, as her own abilities dictate. Yet there is one person who can tell the directions her development may take—namely, Lillian Barkley, Shirley’s teacher and adviser and chum. And, questioning her, I have discovered the amazing fact that there is not just one answer; there are six!
Lillian Barkley, slender, vivid, and very, very sincere, does not like to be “interviewed.” She would rather let her
work as teacher, dramatic coach for the stock players and interpreter for the foreign players at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios speak for itself. She has consistently avoided talking for publication about Shirley, her personality, her actions, her habits, her program at the studio.

• “But,” I pleaded with her, “I have come to you for something different—something that you, of all people, can best tell me. You have seen Shirley almost every day for two years. You have heard her lessons, answered her questions, listened to her ideas, played with her, protected her, loved her, and so you should know . . . What will be the future of Shirley Temple?”

She gave me an astonishing reply. Quickly, and so confidently that I knew that she spoke from deep conviction, she said: “Shirley could disappear from motion pictures tomorrow and still grow up to be a vivid personality. There are five other fields open to her!”

Of course, you know my next question: “What fields, Miss Barkley?”

And then Lillian Barkley, sitting quietly behind her desk in the little office that they have built for her at the studio, told me things about little Shirley Temple which the world, for all its interest in and devotion to this remarkable child, has not known until now!

She showed me—as I shall show you—that Shirley has the unmistakable potentialities of becoming six distinct beings, because of six distinct talents that she has. Shirley is a born actress—and she has the type of beauty that will not vanish with childhood. She can still be an actress as an adult, if she so desires. But she will have a wide choice of careers. For, according to her teacher, Shirley could become a successful painter or, perhaps, a cartoonist; a splendid musician; a famous writer; a great dancer; or—last, but not least (when you consider the rich, full life that such an existence could offer)—a capable farmer!

• “I don’t mean that Shirley shows just the average inclination toward any one of these possibilities,” Miss Barkley said, “I mean that already she has displayed such marked leaning toward these various lines that you wonder how one small person, six years old, could harbor all of these interests.”

She took a packet of papers from her desk, and handed them to me. “Some of Shirley’s drawings,” she said.

I looked at them. One portrayed a rabbit being fed carrots by a man who, Miss Barkley explained, takes care of Shirley’s rabbits, when he is not being a studio prop-man. Another was supposed to be Charlie Chaplin skidding around a corner. Another was Miss Barkley, herself. Still another depicted a group of people engaged in various activities. These, Shirley’s teacher said, were studio workers.

The pictures were not the work of a genius, of course. But even I, with my limited knowledge of drawing, could see that each possessed a certain sureness and a certain strength that were out of the ordinary.

Shirley loves to draw. Miss Barkley.

[Continued on page 64]
If you want to develop your personality—if you want to succeed in your ambitions—here are some big, valuable, tested tips!

By JAY CHAPMAN

"Be an actress in everyday life—if you want to succeed," Claudette Colbert would advise the woman with ambition, no matter what that ambition may be. And Claudette should know about success. She has succeeded to such an extent that she received last year's "best acting" award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—is one of the top favorites of filmgoers today—and has studios standing in line, waiting to cast her in prize rôles and pay handsomely for the privilege. Nor is this all. Howard Chandler Christy, the noted artist, calls her one of America's ten most beautiful women; and artist Neya McMein calls her one of America's most charming women.

In twelve years of interviewing world celebrities, I have never stumbled on a more intelligent, valuable and unusual bit of advice for the average woman. The advice was doubly unusual, coming from a person so completely natural and untheatrical. And she nearly gave me heart failure, for fear that she would not let me pass it on to you—and you—and you. "It's all right to chat about it," she said, "but in print it might sound frightfully preachy."

I doubted that anyone, knowing Claudette Colbert either on or off the screen, would ever consider her "preachy"—but I understood what she meant. Words spoken can be more persuasive than words written. Words spoken can have charm, humor and sparkle that cold print lacks. Yet here was too important a message to forget, to shelve. If Claudette had qualms about giving advice in public, I was willing to take the risk... the very small risk. I would, I told her, state her theory of success in my own words. However, I cannot resist quoting some of her pungent remarks. Your appreciation of them will have to earn me her forgiveness.

Any modern, intelligent girl or woman may acquire a knowledge of the art of acting that will be of tremendous advantage to her, if she uses it deliberately to aid her in every phase of her daily life. This, Claudette Colbert ardently believes.

She holds with Shakespeare that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." If you are a living, breathing human being, you are acting most of the time, whether you like it or not. This being the case, you may as well learn to act well. Your success, your social usefulness and your happiness all depend to some extent on how skillfully you portray the many and varied real-life rôles that are thrust upon you, as situation follows situation in the plot of your existence. [Continued on page 60]}

Claudette Colbert has just completed The Bride Comes Home—a comedy about a rich girl who is determined to be a working girl—and has her troubles convincing wealthy Robert Young and hard-working Fred MacMurray that she means it. You will appreciate her battle doubly after reading this article. (P. 5—for women only. You will be interested in the "working girl wardrobe" designed by Travis Banton especially for Claudette.)
Heroines sometimes use tricks to attract men. But those ruses might not work in real life!

By MARK DOWLING

COULD any woman in private life employ with success the tricks of attracting men that a clever actress uses so successfully on the screen? Could you?... Do screen beauties themselves use similar tricks in their own private lives, after seeing how effective those wiles appear in the eyes of the camera?

I asked Bette Davis. And she told me, "There are man-snaring tricks that might prove almost foolproof, if employed by a woman in private life." Then she added, emphatically, "But any woman would be a fool to use them!

"A love founded on artificiality or false illusions is doomed from the beginning," she continued. "I first realized that when I was seventeen or so. Ever since, I have scorned women who 'put on acts' to capture their men. They are shallow, stupid and selfish. I tried to put across every one of those points when I played Mildred in Of Human Bondage... just as a man—Somerset Maugham—did when he wrote the book and created the character. I tried to make audiences feel what I feel, myself—that it is incredible that a man can love a woman who never risks being herself.

"Any woman instinctively senses at the beginning of an acquaintance whether a man is interested in her or not," Bette added. "If he is not naturally attracted to her, she will be wise if she leaves him alone.

"To me. [Continued on page 62]

Bette Davis again co-stars with Leslie Howard (below) in The Petrified Forest, just completed. But she is in the opposite of the girl she portrayed so devastatingly in Of Human Bondage. She uses no cruel tricks to attract him. They meet again in a restaurant, however—this time in Arizona. She is a Westerner, eager and alive; he is an Easterner who thinks he is tired of living.
Paul Muni looked ghastly ill, as I watched him between scenes of The Story of Louis Pasteur—the dramatic screen version of the scientist's life. There he stood, way off on one side of the set, leaning with weary heaviness against a light scaffold, where the lights would not burn his eyes. Electricians shifted lamps, "prop" men hurried about, but Muni did not appear to see them. His face was heavy with lines of suffering. He talked to no one; just clung there.

After a while, Director Wilhelm Dieterle quietly walked to his side, quietly told him: "We're ready for the next take, Paul."

Muni looked up wearily. Slowly, painfully, then, he let go of the support to which he had been clinging. Every step was an obvious effort as he tottered, bent and weak, to a wheelchair before the camera. An assistant director had to help him as he lifted a foot, put it unsteadily on the foot rest of the chair, and lowered his body into the seat. Dieterle nodded. "All right, turn 'em," he called, and the cameras began whirring softly inside their "blimps." "SILENCE, please!" shrieked an assistant director. The "take" was on; under the hot lights, the sick man, Muni, went painfully through a brief scene...

I turned, resentful and astonished, to the studio publicity man who had come on the set with me. "I didn't know Muni was ill," I protested. "Why in the name of decency do they let him work when he is so obviously sick?"

"Sick, my eye!" the press-agent snorted. "Muni is just as well as you or I—in better health than us, as a matter of fact."

"But look at him," I insisted. "He can hardly walk!" (The assistant director was helping him out of the wheelchair again, half-supporting him as Muni walked over to the corner of the set and sank back into an easy chair, his eyes closed.)

"Sure," said the publicity man. "He looks sick to death—but it's all an act. You see, when Paul is making a picture, he doesn't ever step out of character—even between

[Continued on page 66]
If you dream of romance in a gown glowing with glamour ... consider Wendy Barrie's festive evening frock of silver and rose lamé. She is so partial to it that it was whisked from her personal wardrobe into "Millions in the Air." It glorifies youth ... like all of the new fashions in the following pages.
Don't wear horizontal stripes if you want to look slender. These two figures are the same size—though the one on the left looks plumper.

Right, Ginger Rogers makes middies popular again...in "Follow the Fleet"

By MURIEL STANDISH

IF A MILLION women were asked one question — "What treasure in life do you covet most?"—I believe the million answers, if spoken truly, would be as one:

"Give me beauty...Just beauty...With beauty, I can win my other heart's desires. With beauty, I can find love, happiness, success. With beauty, I can conquer the world...

You are protesting, aren't you? Some of you who are reading this are saying: "I am not among those million women. There are other things I would much rather have than beauty. There are—"

But think! Would you rather have something else?

You go to beauty parlors, don't you? You may be fifteen or fifty, but you love manicures, facials, hair waves. You are interested in correct make-up. And your clothes are not merely coverings in the name of comfort and propriety, are they? You seek things to wear that are becoming and pretty, don't you? You want to look chic and smart, don't you?

Why?

Because you are a part of that great feminine horde joined in a single quest—a quest for beauty. This search has been going on since the beginning of time. In days gone by, women put rings in their noses and tattooed their faces, and built coiffures like baskets—in quest of beauty.

Nowadays, we do better than that; we think. We have changed our styles, but the quest is the same. We still are secretly or frankly looking for, hoping for, working for—beauty. And, along with beauty, we are seeking fashion smartness. Maybe we can be beautiful without being smart, or smart without being beautiful, but we want to be both, if possible!

And whether we realize it or not, we seek tips from films on beauty, charm and fashions.

Take Tips from GINGER ROGERS!

There are ten very good reasons why Ginger is attractive, and popular. Here they are—too worthwhile to miss!
All of which brings us to the subject of Ginger Rogers, the most popular star on the screen today and the model of beauty, fashion and charm to millions of American women and girls. She was not always the lovely-looking person that she is today. Just a few short years ago, she was a youngster without particular poise, magnetic charm, or outstanding beauty—all of which she has now in great measure. How did she achieve them? What rules that she made for herself could she give to the rest of us?

I went on the set of Follow the Fleet, her new picture with Fred Astaire, to ask her. I soon made the surprising discovery (surprising in Hollywood) that she is dispensing about her looks and her charms. She does not think that she is beautiful at all. But she does have marked ideas about what any girl can do to appear at her best and how any girl can achieve smartness. Practical ideas they are, too—ideas that will be helpful to you and to me.

She did not go into abstract discussion of “personal magnetism,” “verve,” “personality” or any of the other intangibles that make a girl a social success. Friendly, forthright Ginger brought forth concrete suggestions about neatness, posture, the selection of accessories, and other definite rules for being attractive. And how interesting, sensible and easy-to-follow they are!—as you will discover for yourself.

- **Be neat.** That is Ginger’s first self-imposed rule for achieving attractiveness.

  “Bunchy lingerie, slips that show, wrinkled stockings, gaping plackets, run-over heels and all the rest of the slowly touches that ruin many an expensively dressed woman’s appearance are, I think, a tragedy,” she said. “For one thing, they are so unnecessary. A girl can svelte in a seven-ninety-five dress if she is neat. She can keep the heels straight on a three-fifty pair of shoes. She can sew fasteners on the most inexpensive coat, suit, dress or pair of pajamas. Real neatness.” Ginger continued, “begins underneath your dress or suit—with your lingerie. Most women wear girdles these days, or tightly-fitting clothes; if they don’t, they should. It takes a very, very perfect figure to look its best without a little ‘clothes-sculpturing.’

“Some girls today feel that [Continued on page 76]
GWEN WAKELING (in inset) is a Hollywood phenomenon—a female designer of feminine fashions. There are a few other women stylists in the studios, but none ranks with the Adrians, the Bernard Newmans, the Orry-Kellys and the Travis Bantons as Miss Wakeling does. She is American, from New York, and as dramatic as her creations. She was brought to Hollywood by Twentieth Century-Fox, for whom she has just costumed the new Warner Baxter picture, King of Burlesque. Mona Barrie, featured in the film, models three of the Wakeling creations here. And the question is: Are they more feminine than creations of men designers?

More Feminine...?

1. Mona Barrie wears this gown of silver and white lamé in "King of Burlesque." It has new back fullness with looped bustle effect, fine front shirring, novel shoulders

2. Something new in smartness is the blue woolen frock worn by Mona Barrie—with its clever slot seaming about bodice and sleeves. The hat is blue; the accessories, gray

3. Pleated ruffles work new fashion magic on a chic cocktail costume worn by Mona Barrie—a gunmetal lamé blouse, pin-dotted in black, with a black velvet skirt
Outdoorable!

1. To ski or not to ski? If that is the question, it is easily answered when you have an outfit as colorful and cozy as Marsha Hunt's. You'll ski! It is brown wool, trimmed with varicolored purling.

2. A pretty trick all dressed for a wintry trek is Marsha Hunt, who first caught your eye in "The Virginia Judge." With skiing trousers, she wears a striped jumper that laces smartly up the front.

3. There's no fun like snow fun, hints Helen Wood, young starlet of "Champagne Charlie." (You'll see it soon.) She takes to the hills in ski trousers, suede jacket, knit belt, scarf and anklets.
Gay bands of red, green and silver give dash to Anita Louise's black crêpe frock. A velvet turban becomes flirtatious with a chic veil. This modern outfit is much in contrast to styles she wears in the film, "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

Olivia De Havilland arrives in a pebbly weave black crêpe outfit with semi-fitted jacket and jauntily feathered turban. The quilted silver vest and flower add an exciting touch. And Olivia is exciting in "Captain Blood."

Here comes Cecilia Parker (the heroine of "Ah, Wilderness") in an utterly simple, ultra-smart wool crêpe frock. Tucking and gold belt are chic details.
It may be monkish in line, but it is daring in mood—this extremely dramatic gown of Kitty Carlisle's! Flowing lines and wide skirt feature its beauty. Kitty made a great success in "A Night at the Opera".

Silver lamé creates Elizabeth Allan's striking gown with helter neckline. Note the jeweled back clip. Elizabeth is a sensation in "A Tale of Two Cities".

Schiaparelli designed it . . . Helen Vinson wears this exquisite gown in G.B.'s "King of the Damned." Grecian lines inspired this creation with its golden stripes and flame mousseline background. Helen's silver sandals (above) were also inspired by ancient Greece.

For the New Year's Eves
Start the New Year Style—Right!

You can dress as smartly as Marian Marsh, Arline Judge and other movie stars—by using CLASSIC patterns!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Patterns are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use with complete, clear instructions—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling “Screen Star Patterns.” Or you may order by coupon at the bottom left.

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For the enclosed....................cents, please send me Marian Marsh Pattern No. 872—Arline Judge Pattern No. 869 (circle style desired).

Size..................................Bust..................................

Name...........................................................Street...........................................

City................................Patterns, 25c each

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872. This simple little two-piece wool frock is from the personal wardrobe of Marian Marsh, who is newly famous for her performance in the Columbia picture, “Crime and Punishment.” In watermelon-red, distinguished by a new and charming neckline, it is the sort of dress that refreshes a winter wardrobe and is gay and lovely for early spring. Crêpe silk, either plain or printed, is another interesting fabric for this easily-made dress. Patterned for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

869. Arline Judge—who is now appearing in “King of Burlesque” with Warner Baxter—is always pertly dressed. And she is particularly partial to dresses that are delightful for all-day wear—like this smart new one. It is made of crêpe Roma in bluish-purple, and cut along lines outstandingly chic. The starched lace jabot adds an air of freshness and daintiness, and pleats give graceful swing to the slim-line skirt. This dress is patterned for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c
Edna had too many pimples
but not for long

NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE—

EDNA, REMEMBER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF PIMPLES? I CLEARED THEM ALL UP WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT!

WELL, YOU PULLED IT OFF. I SEE EDNA'S SKIN IS LOVELY AND SMOOTH AGAIN.

YES, I KNEW IT WOULD WORK. SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY, NOW.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO THE BIG STEWART DANCE—AND NO ONE ASKED ME YET. OF COURSE I COULDN'T GO IF I HAVE ALL THESE PIMPLES!

I FOUND OUT WHY WALLY WONT TAKE EDNA TO THE STEWART DANCE. IT'S HER TERRIBLE SKIN!

WHY, HELLO, EDNA! SAY I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BUT I'VE JUST DECIDED TO GO TO THE SWANK STEWART DANCE—GO WITH ME?

SEE HIM STARE! I BET HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE MY FACE ALL CLEAR AND NICE.

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU FEEL LEFT OUT!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Movie Classic for February, 1936
“Be an Actress in Real Life!” Says Colbert

[Continued from page 46]

STRAIGHTFORWARD

Claudette Colbert is not advocating pretense, insincerity, the putting on of a constant show or "act." That is not at all what real acting, on stage or screen or in private life, constitutes. Acting is self-expression—revealing truths, not camouflage. In using the art, you do not pretend; you emphasize.

"I like to think of 'everyday acting' as a form of self-improvement," Claudette declared. "To condemn it as insincerity would be to misunderstand not only modern acting, but modern life. Just as it would be ridiculous to condemn as insincere the proper use of cosmetics, or the wearing of an unusually pretty gown, when a girl wants to be her most attractive self."

Let's cite some typical instances to illustrate how you might use acting ability in private life.

Suppose you are applying for a position. Rival applicants have already been interviewed; many are waiting behind you. You know that you could do the work ably, but in the few minutes allotted to you, can you convince your prospective employer of this fact? Ah—that's when a girl needs skill at expressing herself, the confidence and the persuasive powers of a fully developed personality, which a knowledge of acting will give.

Or let's say that you are competing for social popularity—making your first appearance with a new crowd. Here, too, you will find numerous rivals. In this situation you need ability to express yourself easily, confidently, engagingly—to entertain and please groups of people. In such a situation, what wouldn't you give for the arts of an actress?

THERE first training required in "every-day acting" is available through courses in dramatics in public schools, colleges, and night schools; also through clubs and other co-operative and community projects. Experience in amateur theatricals, preferably under capable coaching, is always excellent. But once the groundwork is completed, you are your own best teacher, provided you faithfully and continually try to improve yourself, and study good professional acting. Once you learn something of the acting technique, you easily grasp and appreciate that in films.

For there is a close resemblance between your real-life use of acting, and Claudette Colbert's screen use of her art. She etches a fiction character; you portray your own best self. Doing so teaches you to know character, and to improve and fortify your own. You learn to cultivate that best self of yours, and presently it dominates, perhaps even obliterates, less admirable sides of your nature.

Even though in private-life acting you portray only yourself, you have plenty of need for versatility. That is demanded to bring out the different moods and facets of your own complex nature. You, like the screen actress, can cultivate versatility by studying the characteristics of people you meet in real life, see in movies, or read about in books.

WHILE adding variety to your outward personality, you actually broaden and enrich your character. The moods that you bring to light, control and express, will grow into stronger character facets within you. And while the average woman lets her moods come forth at random, controlling her, rather than being commanded by her, your training in acting will make your moods more manageable.

For example, suppose you are back again, applying for the position we mentioned. You realize (through the powers of observation and understanding of character given you by the study of acting) that a sober, prim secretary is required. You may have your sober and smiling face, but just now you are tempted to giggle. Wouldn't a control of mood be handy? I have seen that gay soul, Claudette Colbert, laughing a moment before, enter a scene on the crest of a flood of tears that would break your heart.

A social function, you may be inclined to sadness. Many a social function affects one that way. But being a trained, real-life actress, you are able to throw yourself into the fitting, frivolous mood. And in your romance, you may distance your scheming rivals—rivals are always scheming—by emphasizing those character traits that will appeal to the man you love.

But enough! Your imagination can carry on from here, and it need not be limited. You, like the great actresses of stage and screen, will ripen in experience, improve in technique with every passing month and year.

When and where to begin? Now, and anywhere. Perhaps by studying the first character you see, or by running, not walking, to the nearest movie theatre. By joining a local drama club or class. By organizing something of the sort yourself. And you will have a success secret in advance, revealed to you by Claudette Colbert—you will know what you are seeking in these activities.

Once you have that knowledge, life is your starring vehicle, the world your stage!

News note: As we go to press, Claudette Colbert announces that in January, 1936, a bride will come home with Dr. J. J. Pressman, noted California surgeon—and that the bride will be Claudette Colbert.
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For Those Who Know
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the idea of a woman using tricks to interest a man—including the ones that are practically infallible—is old-fashioned stuff. Worthy of a Mildred, perhaps, but not worthy of a modern, intelligent woman. To me, no man would be worth having, if I had to put on an act to get him."

It seemed easy for Bette to have such decided opinions—provocative and fascinating as she is with her creamy complexion, her large, expressive eyes and her vivid red lips. Naturally, she attracts men. But what of the countless women who haven't great natural charm? Aren't they justified in using tricks to attract masculine attention?

"Definitely, NO," Bette answered at once. "If men are not attracted to a woman, it's because there is something basically unattractive about her. I don't mean clothes or beauty. Many of the homeliest women in history have been the greatest successes with men. Charm goes deeper than physical attractiveness.

"One fatal mistake made by unpopular women is being too anxious.... trying too many miles. Nothing depresses a man more than a man-hunter."

"INSTEAD of pretending indifference to a man—instead of using indifference as a trick, as Mildred did in Of Human Bondage—a woman should discover resources within herself that will make her independent and self-reliant. Men can respect that attitude. They can't respect an attitude of studied indifference, even when they suspect that a woman is only pretending. And they always do suspect it. That's what makes a pose of indifference one of the most successful man-getting tricks a woman could adopt—if she believes in tricks.

"Of course," she added quickly, "independence can be overdone. Heavens, help the woman who is too independent! But there is a nice half-way self-reliance that any woman can attain. Stories stressing it are beginning to be written that way for the screen, and I believe that there will be more of them. Myrna Loy has played roles of the type that I mean. So has Rosalind Russell."

So has Bette herself, in Front Page Woman and Special Agent, pioneering as this new, naturally attractive type of modern woman.

She continued thoughtfully, "The basic fact about this new type of woman is that she does not use tricks on men. And that fact makes her different from the flapper, with her amorous forwardness—different from the seductive old-time vampire—different even from the glamor queens. She has to be pursued, for all her modernity, just as an old-fashioned girl had to be pursued. And the woman who uses tricks is doing the pursuing."

"Maybe I've missed a lot of fun," Bette continued, "not trying tricks to attract men. Some men like it, you know. It flatters them. For instance, there is one trick that works well on the screen and in real life, too: Let your sweetheart see only your most glamorous side! Go out with him only when you're looking too lovely and feeling in a marvelous hurry!

"I would not do that. Sooner or later, he would find out that I was human enough to have moods—and then disillusionment would follow. I might lose the very thing that I had struggled to win—his love. So I would do just the opposite. I would make a definite point of letting any man I was interested in see me at my worst—when I was in a foul humor, and not looking too well! Then he couldn't build around me any illusions to be broken."

"A NOTHER screen trick that is absolutely foolproof is to pretend an interest in a man's work, whether you are really interested or not. I know a girl in this town who uses this trick again and again in private life—with brilliant success. Before meeting a man, she finds out what his chief interest is, and then manages to ask him questions about it. It's a feminine trick that can't fail. But when the man finds out that he has been tricked—that the woman wasn't really interested—she loses everything. I've seen that happen, too.

"That is why I believe a woman would be stupid to try to imitate the man-getting methods of screen heroines who aren't natural, honest, sincere. Their tricks might not work in real life, where everything wouldn't be pre-arranged to make them work, as in a scenario.

"There are other tricks," Bette added, "but the women who use them are beneath contempt. I have seen a girl go about in a large city posing as a good friend of the wife. Some girls rely completely on physical attraction to win their men. They are cheating the very men they love, offering them so little.

"Such tricks," she finished, "are a woman's last resort. If she can't get a man interested without tricking him, she had better leave men alone. She will save herself plenty of future trouble."

And Bette Davis' belief in feminine honesty—first, last and always—is borne out by her own marriage. She was married to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., young orchestra leader, before she had risen to full stardom on the screen. For months gossip writers made that marriage a target for rumors of divorce. For months at a time Bette and Harmon were separated—she being in Hollywood, and he in various other cities. All of these things might have smashed their happiness if it had not been grounded on a firm foundation—a foundation of sincerity and honesty, devoid of tricks.
That's the story told by delighted girls, proud of the fresh bright appearance soft golden hair gives them.

To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to regain the bright natural tints of early youth, make sunny golden hair the secret of your own alluring charm. Rinse your hair at home, secretly if you like, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. You Would Be More Popular Too, with Sunny Golden Hair

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Movie Classic for February, 1936
Shirley Temple’s Teacher Predicts Her Future

[Continued from page 45]

Barclay said, Her models are living things—people, animals, birds and insects. She has no time for inanimate objects. She has an active imagination, is interested in all life about her, and tries to capture it with her paints or crayons. Sometimes she fails, but sometimes she succeeds in getting down a bit of reality that is astonishing. She has an instinctive sense of color and proportion.

"And," Miss Barclay added, "Shirley is the most observant human being I have ever known. She is aware of everything in her environment which should make her work appealing and accurate. Also, that sense of humor of hers should help if her inclination should be toward caricature. Yes, I think Shirley could grow up to be a successful artist.

I ASKED Miss Barclay about Shirley's dancing, although everyone knows that this talent of hers is remarkable. But I didn't know, until she told me, that Shirley learned in one afternoon how to dance. It seems that when she was in Little Colonel with Bill Robinson . . . that she learned her screen dances ever more quickly . . . that she can, and does, make up all kinds of steps . . . and that she often offers suggestions, when being taught a dance, that vastly improve the original routine.

"Dancing is in her blood," Miss Barclay said. "She loves it. Her mother tells me that she has loved to dance ever since she could stand in her crib, and I can see that she is improving all the time. Some day she might want to have her own dancing school when she is older, and a fine one it would be. Or she might win still more fame as a creator of dance numbers. She might even have her own company, her own ballet." 

Or Shirley might become a writer. She has that intense desire to express herself on paper. At the age of six, she is not writing stories, but she does write letters. All of the happy experiences of her utterly happy life, she wants to tell someone, her teacher said. So she writes letters.

She writes to her mother, to her father, to Lillian, to her playmates, to studio workers, to John Boles and Jimmy Dunn, both of whom she adores particularly. She tells them about her adventures . . . about her new rabbits, the new gardens at the studio, how she finds elves and pixies behind the hollyhocks around Stage Five on a clear morning, how she played 'Goldilocks and the Three Bears' with Jack Hoxie, and while they were making 'Littlest Rebel.'

Shirley is especially concerned about children who have no mothers nor fathers. She learned about them for the first time when she made Curly Top, in which picture, you will remember, she played an orphan herself. She wants everyone else to know the sad plight of such children so that they may be helped. Accordingly, she writes letters about them—in her labored, yet very legible scrawl.

OR SHE might become a fine musician.

Her ear for music, her lovely talent for harmony, her natural aptitude for playing the piano, as well as the singing voice that the world already knows and applauds, point to the possibility of Shirley learning the art if Shirley should desire it. Miss Barclay believes. Few children of six can carry a tune—much less "put over" a song. That is just one indication of her exceptional talent, which she has had since the age of three.

All in all, Shirley learned the harmony for the song, Sweet Genevieve, which she and John Boles sing in The Littlest Rebel. And thereby hangs an amusing anecdote. They were doing very nicely, it seems, when suddenly John swung off the regular tune and into the tenor key. Shirley kept valiantly on with the air, looking chidingly at John as if to say: "You're singing it wrong, but I'll keep on anyway and maybe you will get it right pretty soon."

Finally, though, she could not stand it any longer. She interrupted, "Mis- ter Boles," she said, politely, "I don't think you're singing this song the way you should." 

John sat down on the piano bench, took her on his lap and explained the intricacies of tenor versus soprano in harmony singing. "I'm supposed to sing higher than you," he told her.

Shirley listened carefully until he had finished, then drew a sigh of relief. "That's all right, then," she said, "I won't have to help you with your part."
vegetables. She has watched them grow.

"And—" Miss Barkley smiled reminiscently, "we mustn't forget her proclivities as a raiser of rabbits, another farm by-product. I am thinking of a certain time when she took Mr. Cobb to see her rabbits which are kept on the studio grounds. I must explain that at first she had only five, but they increased to twenty-four in a remarkably short time.

"Anyway, after Mr. Cobb had admired the lot, Shirley, generous little soul that she is, wanted to give him one. Slightly appalled at the prospect of carrying a live rabbit around with him for the rest of the day, he protested.

"'You have just the right number of rabbits, Shirley. I couldn't take any away!' he told her.

"'Oh, that's all right, Mister Cobb,' she assured him, 'they keep coming all the time!'

Lillian Barkley, intelligent, understanding, warmly human teacher of Shirley Temple, was silent after that, and so was I. We sat there looking out of the window, contemplating—not the blazing Southern California sunset that it framed—but the five cross-roads waiting for lovely little Shirley Temple as she travels her way of fame. She has already come far along the trail as an actress, and she may go on as an actress—much farther. Or, some day, she may pause at one of these cross-roads, and then turn another way. No one can know about that—yet. But whichever road she takes, the world will benefit—for her talents are as great as they are varied.

In the meantime, those who love Shirley Temple will try to make her the happiest, fullest, richest life that a little girl ever had. And, with this done, the future will take care of itself!

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**At the Next Party**

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Eleanore Whitney, who is fleet of foot in Millions in the Air, looks over Bluebeard, a racehorse that movie stars will watch in Santa Anita races.
scenes—hardly even overnight. In this sequence, Pasteur is convalescent from a great illness. So his character is given a convalescence—not just before the camera, but all of the time. Muni is not just acting Pastuer; he is being Pasteur, the sick man."

On the sets of other pictures, even where emotional drama was being played, I have seen actors, especially the women, switch off their emotions instantly and become matter-of-fact, as soon as a "take" was over. But Muni never jokes on the set—no matter how long it is between takes. Even at lunchtime, he eats in his dressing-room—and stays in character while he is eating. Making a movie is a serious business with Muni.

I HAVE been telling you all this as a tip-off to the personality of the man. I want to tell you more about him—in intimate things, many of them never before revealed. When you have heard them, you will understand better why this Muni is one of Hollywood's greatest character actors; why he is one of the very few stars of the screen who can take you out of reality, as you sit in the theatre, and carry you completely into the story.

On the screen, he is never Muni, but always the character he is playing. Arliss is always Arliss, Beery is always Beery, Chaplin is never anyone but Chaplin—and each is a great artist in his special way. But Muni transcends their work in this manner—Muni totally submerges his own personality when he is working. He submerges it so utterly that for twenty-four hours of every day while he is making a picture, he is the character in the picture.

"Paul's wife," an intimate of his told me, "must have a time of it, being married to him. Because, you see, she is married to a different man every time Paul makes a new picture. Right now she is Mrs. Pastuer; in the past, she has been the wife of Scarface, the Gangster—the wife of a striking coal miner—even the wife of A Fugitive from a Chain Gang! What a life!"

But don't gather from this amusing commentary that Bella (who is his wife) is annoyed at his absorption in his roles. His art is as important to her as it is to Muni himself. Not many people know it, but Bella Muni plays an actively important part in his work.

Often she is in the set, along with the director. She is there nearly every day during production. Not infrequently, after a take, she says quietly: "Paul, dear—that wasn't so good!" Inevitably, that calls for a re-take—at Paul's insistence. Bella, who worked as a Finkel on the New York stage, gave up her own professional career for the sake of her husband's. Today she is his business manager, too. She signed for him the contract for Scarface, which led to his present screen success. He seeks her advice on make-up, characterization, his pay, whether or not to accept a part.

Perhaps it is because of the complete fullness of accord and joy of living between these two that Muni is the only actor to who has been dubbed "Hermit of Hollywood."

Muni's behavior on the rare occasions when he does appear in public is a dead give-away to even the most amateurish of psychoanalysts. At such times, Muni glad-hands and good-fel- lows it to an obviously overridden extent. Self-consciousness sticks out all over him. A nervousness that belies his handshaking and backslapping is all too evident. Muni is no half-fellow-welcomet—he is a shy, serious artist who likes nothing better than to do his work in the best way he can, and then be left alone to be the Hermit of Hollywood to his heart's content.

It is tradition that hermits are supposed to live in caves, isn't it? Well, Muni's hermit-cave is a surprising thing—a one-time portable dressing-room in a far corner of his ranch.

He has it stacked with books, and that is where he goes when he wants to study or read or work. He has his beloved violin there, and sometimes when a certain mood strikes him, he expresses himself in mood-music.

Muni loves being there, entirely alone. Or maybe with his wife. But solitude is a passion with him. He has mental wanderlust; his keen, active mind tours the world, searching out things worth remembering. Parties are prosaic by comparison.

Books and music are his relaxation. Not detective novels or light modern fiction. Give him the writings of Shakespeare, Gorky, Tolstoi—men who probed and understood humanity, and he is happy. Plays—Eugene O'Neill has written the best modern ones, he believes. Upton Sinclair and James Joyce are his favorite contemporary authors. You see his mental trend? In music, aside from the soft, sad, sweet songs of his race—he likes the works of Beethoven and Bach. Jazz is just so much noise to him. For "light" music, he approves of Jerome Kern's velvety melodies.

Don't gather from all this inside stuff that Muni is a physical recluse, too, who does nothing except work and read and play music and hide away. On the ranch, he has a swimming pool and spends much time in it. Baseball, football, soccer games are above all, prizes—find him an enthusiastic watcher. He can box like a professional, himself.

But everything else is far, far second to Muni's one overwhelming interest in life—the art of acting.

Great Actor—Great Hermit!

[Continued from page 48]
stick. Make up the upper lip first. Follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with lipstick or finger. Trace this on the lower lip by compressing lips together. Fill in and blend the lipstick on both lips, being sure to rub well toward inside of the mouth to eliminate the lipstick line.

With a soft complexion brush, dust off the surplus powder and rouge, so that your skin has a satiny finished look.

This routine is really very simple and takes very little time. Always remember, however, you cannot expect beauty results unless you follow such a routine, every day, year in and year out. The stars do, and you have seen the results in their constant loveliness!

Beauty Aids

A new cream mascara actually keeps lashes silken smooth, instead of making them brittle— and gives beauty to your eyes at the same time. It is so easy to apply, can't smart, is harmless, won't run or smear!

A cream with gold in it! Yes, it is a new beauty secret—a cream that has tiny atoms of gold that penetrate easily and quickly into the pores, attract grime and other impurities, and carry them to the surface of the skin for removal. The cream also stimulates, arouses circulation, and rids the skin of dead tissues.

There is a lipstick that deodorizes, as well as beautifies your lips! As you moisten your lips from time to time, the ingredients of this stick impart to the mouth a pure sweet breath. It has a smooth lasting quality.

A famous cosmetic house has produced a fragrant and delicately tinted rouge that will add beauty to any cheek. There are four grand shades for different types of skins, and three sizes of inexpensive cases to hold them.

A new face powder lends to the skin velvety overtones that seem to blend more beautifully with the heavier fabrics of winter clothes. It has a flower-true Gardenia fragrance and comes in eight shades.

Does your hair often seem dead and colorless even right after a shampoo? This is often caused by a coating of soap that has not been removed. A new liquid solvent removes soap film so that the hair's true natural lustre and radiance may be seen.

Alison Alden will tell you, on written request the names of any of the beauty aids above . . . and will help you solve your personal beauty problems free. Her address is: MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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NOT-NIGHT

Handy Hints
from Hollywood

JOBYNA RALSTON and her husband, Richard Arlen (above), delight in their new Nesco electric roaster— in which a whole meal can be cooked. Jobyna has found it has a twenty-one degree range of heat. "And," she adds, "is it so attractive that I put it right on the dining room table." Speaking of attractive table ware we have noticed ultra-smart Hollywood table society playing cocktails, butter plates, canape trays, and other "table accessories" made of a bright new metal, the base of which is aluminum. It is made by the Kensington Company and will not tarnish or stain. . . . Evelyn Knapp shares one of her keeping-shellen secrets when she reveals that in her salads she uses Pomegranate Olive Oil. . . . Herbert Mundin claims that his household and his car both run smoothly because he always has a can of 3-in-One Oil handy. Says Herbert: "And it is one oil that you can use without fear of staining things." . . . Madge Bellamy, not only has her sear, but gives it to everyone else with her charming new wallpaper. It is a delightful ship pattern called Argosy, and inexpensive. . . . What laundry soap is popular in stars' homes? We investigated and found that the almost universal answer is "Fels-Naphtha"—which may not be a fancy soap, but is super-efficient. . . . A clever young actress who does her own housework told us the other day of three new uses for table salt: (1) Butter may be kept hard without ice by placing the butter dish in another dish containing cold salt water; (2) To prevent grease from splashing when you fry any food, sprinkle salt in pan; (3) Gasoline odors may be removed from hands by rubbing them with a little moistened Worcester Salt. (The makers of Worcester Salt, she says, are responsible for all three tips.)

For quick relief from the itching that makes you scratch excessively, blisters, rash and other skin irritation, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling antiseptic, liquid O. D. D. D. Pusniutorial. It is gentle and can be used on the most sensitive skin, easy to use. Clear, greaseless and starchless—does not stop. Stops the most intense itching instantly. At all drug stores. For free sample bottle, address: D. D. D. Corp., Dept. BB, 123, Batavia, Illinois. Send now.

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self as a portrait artist. And just as one jarring off-color note would spoil the beauty of a painting in pastels, so one wrong color in lipstick, rouge or some other make-up preparation would mar the loveliness of a girl’s appearance. And every girl should make naturalness in make-up her ideal.”

“What about brunettes? Claudette Colbert and Maureen O’Sullivan—both brunettes—would use different make-ups. For Miss Colbert, with her dark hair, olive complexion and brown eyes, I prescribe olive powder, raspberry rouge and crimson lipstick. This color harmony emphasizes perfectly Miss Colbert’s own personal loveliness. Maureen O’Sullivan is a lighter color type, and for her I recommend a different make-up.”

Brunettes should be particularly careful in applying make-up, according to Mr. Factor, because: “Hair and skin usually provide a contrast that should be emphasized in make-up. Also a brunette’s make-up should be just subtle enough, yet definite enough, to intensify her natural colorings.”

Margot Grahame entered the studio at this moment. She was a stunning redhead—for her next picture, Two O’Clock Coup-
ge. I had seen her less than a week before as a blonde…her true coloring. She was now in search of the correct color harmony for her new shade of hair. “After Miss Grahame’s present make-up is removed, and I observe her natural skin colorings against the frame of her new golden-red hair, I shall chart a new make-up for her,” Mr. Factor said. “Speaking of redheads, I’d like to give you the color harmony chart for a light redhead with freckled skin, as so many redheads have this combination. Such a type will obtain beautifying effects with a color harmony of olive powder, blonde rouge and vermillion lipstick. Also here is a make-up point all redheads should remember: they should always use brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil and brown eyelash make-up. These colors harmonize for them as no others will.”

“What about the girl who is not a blonde, not a brunette, and yet not a redhead? She is what I call a brownette, and she is an inspiration to the artist in the field of make-up. Forty-seven percent of all the women in America are brownettes—so you can realize how shades in powder, rouge and lipstick for this type have to run the gamut of the make-up scale. Some brownettes are almost as light as blondes; others are almost as dark as brunettes; and some are strictly in-between.

“Joan Crawford is an outstanding brownette type, with her golden-brown hair, medium skin and blue eyes. For her I recommend a color harmony make-up of brownette powder, carmine rouge and carmine lipstick—which highlight Miss Crawford’s own vivid charm and attractiveness.

So important does Mr. Factor consider the charting of beauty that in his new and luxurious make-up studio he has a special room for Redheads…also one for Blondes…another for Brunettes… and still another for Brownettes…each especially equipped to give complete make-up assistance to each specific type of beauty—further proof that Hollywood leads the way in the realm of make-up!”

The smallest degree of relief you might get from Midol means a great deal to your comfort.

Midol is taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It’s effective for hours, and it is not a narcotic.

Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case—they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.
If You Were Joan Crawford—

[Continued from page 33]

... girls who had embarrassed her helped to make the Crawford name famous. Another claimed that the public had a right to know the answer to the reporters’ question. They made the most of her sensational exit from a party to the press—the alleged representative of public opinion. But when she and Franchot shipped away to New Jersey a few days later and were quietly married, the same newspapers paid small attention.

It does not seem so frightfully important when you read about it like this. But our own most embarrassing and emotional and critical moments would not seem so like life-or-death if we wrote them down. How many others would understand—and share—the emotions we had felt?

Strangely enough, Joan’s whole life probably seemed at stake in that bewildering moment. You see, it is true that there have been mistakes, and Joan did want to do the right thing about this second, great romance.

When putting ourselves in the place of a girl like Joan, we must always remember the true storm-depths of her nature. I once wrote of Joan Crawford: “A woman who combines glamour and sensitiveness, as she does, could not but be misunderstood. A woman who dramatizes life as Joan does could not but be accused of self-dramatization. Joan does dramatize herself. She cannot help it. She can no more help this than a Florida resident can prevent a hurricane from descending upon him. Only the Florida resident has a forty-eight hour warning of his storms. Joan has no warning.”

When those reporters tried to force her hand on her marriage plans with sharp questions, a storm hit her. To marry at once or not to marry? Her entire life lay balanced in the answer—the answer she had been avoiding, until she could be sure that Franchot would be happy, and that she would be happy.

YET, emotional as she is, she has not fallen in love easily. No matter what you have read before, this is true. To dance with men, to be escorted hither and thither is the right of a woman. To fall in love—that is another matter.

But when she does! I have never seen love more genuine than her early love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. To make Douglas happy became life’s single passion. To care for his suits, to see that his favorite dishes were prepared—she did all of the tiny things that any girl does for the man she has loved and has married.

We all suffer when our first, real love is broken. At one moment, we are soaring in an airplane above floeey

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as: Getting Up Nightly, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Constipation, Burning, Itching, and Acidity.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slowed down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is easy to help stimulate the Kidneys with a Doctor’s prescription, Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: “When Kidneys don’t function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients, nor do its effects wear off.

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Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 45 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex is guaranteed only 30c a show as long as you take it. Its guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap ineffective ingredients or new drugs or medicines. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

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Movie Classic for February, 1936
clouds, crying aloud for the pure joy of just living. The next, we have hit a mountain and life has become a tragedy rather than a vision. While soaring with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she crashed against a mountain.

When Joan met and fell in love with Franchot Tone, she did not hesitate about admitting her love because she was afraid of a second marriage. A girl who has transformed herself from a hey-rey chorus girl into a cultured, poised woman who could not be afraid. But when you have been in one airplane wreck, you do not go up again unless you are certain of your pilot your weather conditions, your own nervous system.

Two full years ago, Joan told me that she thought Franchot the most brilliant, interesting man she had ever met. But she shied from the question of marriage as she did when she arrived in New York City last October. She had learned to be cautious and she was being as thoroughly cautious as she is thorough in every phase of her life.

But Joan is one of the foremost favorites of the screen. She belongs to you and to me. In a way, she was keeping something from us by not letting us know whether she and Franchot were intending to marry. Did she have the right to do this? Wouldn’t she have been happier if, instead of crying and running from a room, she had answered the marriage question? For even as she refused to answer, she must have known that she and Franchot would soon marry.

Suppose that you had been Joan and she had been you? If you were equipped emotionally as she is and had her experiences behind you, what would you have done?

Few of us remember that stars have problems, worries, heartaches, as well as joys—exactly as we do. Money and fame have never suspended any of us from inner ecstasies or tortures. We all have them in common.

MOVIE CLASSIC wants to try to bring us all closer together through this great common inner bond. We plan to print a series of stories about problems faced by Hollywood favorites. We ask you to write us, in return, what you would have done if you had faced similar problems. If you had lived Joan Crawford’s life and faced her situation, for example, would you have acted as she did? Tell us frankly. Put yourself absolutely in her place. Be frank, fearless, honest.

This is not a contest. There are no monetary prizes. We are trying to get at something that money cannot reach. The best letter will be printed. And if we find from your letters that this exchange of ideas about life’s common problems—Hollywood’s and yours—is interesting and helpful, we shall continue the series indefinitely.

Address your letters to: The Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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**Your chance for MOVIE FAME**

**SEARCH FOR TALENT**

Nancy McDonough was given a Search for Talent screen test at the Virginia Theatre, Champaign, Ill.

Due to the large number of entries the Search for Talent has been extended to February 1, 1936! And instead of guaranteeing 6 persons a trip to Hollywood, we are guaranteeing that at least 7 persons will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a chance in the movies!

It’s simplicity itself to enter the Search for Talent... just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search for Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from those photographs the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent truck arrives, those selected will be given a FREE screen test which will be forwarded to Universal Studios for final judging. Winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a final studio screen test.

Remember, one of Hollywood’s first requirements is a well-groomed hairdress. Do as the movie stars do, use HOLD-BOBS, always. They insure a perfect hairdress because they have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped—and are available in colors to match your hair.

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**THE SEARCH FOR TALENT MOVIE TRUCK**

**HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play**

**TALENT**

for February 1st, 1936

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**Bobby Chan, petite Oriental, Search for Talent entry from Minneapolis, Minn., was selected for a FREE screen test at the Orpheum Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn.**

A beautiful, Chicago, Search for Talent entry is Miss Margaret Hehn. She was given a FREE screen test and a chance for fame in the movies.

**Be sure to get HOLD-BOBS. You’ll know them by their Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards, on sale everywhere...and the entry blank to the Search for Talent is printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card!!**

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**THE SEARCH FOR TALENT MOVIE TRUCK**

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**Movie Classic for February, 1936**
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needs no water to apply—
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Tattoo, the new
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Attention: Please send 30 day trial TATTOO cream Mascara with brush. Black, Brown, Blue (beck color desired).
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Take Tips from Ginger
[Continued from page 53]
they can get along without wearing
slips. Maybe they can, but their dresses
can’t. The extra ‘foundation’ of a slip is
always a help if it fits smoothly and
does not show. A bit of pink satin or
lace below a skirt is unapronable.

"Watch your profile to Ginger’s sec-
ond home-plate rule for chic.

"The way you sit, stand or walk is
very important," she said. "You should
be erect without looking as if your back-
bone is a ramrod. Round shoulders make
any woman look older. When you sit
down, your shoulders slump in your chair,
but should sit gracefully. It’s possible to
be comfortable that way, too.

"I think I shall combine Rule Num-
ber Three and Rule Number Four: Be
sure to select the proper clothes for a
given occasion—and be sure to select
propriate accessories for every costume.

"Nothing," she explained, "could be
so disconcerting as to find yourself at an
unexpected formal function in street
clothes, or at an informal affair in
formal clothes. Always, when in doubt,
dress simply. Another good idea is to
pay attention to the weather. People
should dress far more simply on a bad
day than they might otherwise. That
is only common sense, and common sense
is always a good criterion to follow.

"Then there is the matter of acces-
sories. Correctly chosen, they are es-
sential to smart dressing. The wrong
accessories can be as incongruous as the
wrong costumes. Patent leather purses
don’t harmonize with suede slippers, nor
blue gloves with a brown coat, nor a black
bag with brown shoes. If you plan your
complete wardrobe and accessories at the
beginning of the season, you can avoid
this. You may not buy them all then,
but you should plan the color scheme,
and stick to it. The effect is worth
the extra time and trouble.

Commandment Number 5, according
to Ginger’s way of thinking, is: Dress
your figure as it should be dressed, not
the way it might be dressed if it were
different kind of figure.

"I mean this," Ginger explained. "If
you are a tall, perhaps too slender girl,
you shouldn’t wear vertical stripes
because they only accentuate your height
and thinness. If your neck is too long
and thin, you should not wear low,
plain collars, but some sort of collar that
stands up, or a frill, perhaps, or a scarf.

On the other hand, if you are a girl with
a very short neck you shouldn’t wear
beads or Ascot scarves. Ginger
pointed out, also, that shiny fabrics
tend to increase the illusion of size and
should be avoided by the girl inclined
toward phantom, Ruffles, etc. And,
if you want to preserve an illusion of
slenderness, don’t wear horizontal
stripes."

Avoid fads is Ginger’s sixth self-ad-
monition and a very important one, too.

"Such fads as exotic colors, ultra-
extreme hats or other too striking, too
freakish features of dress kill them-

Movie Classic for February, 1936
selves in a few weeks, so far as real style is concerned. They become cheap and common.”

Ginger’s seventh style commandment is: Wear becoming colors. “For clashing color combinations can wreck the smartest ensemble. Just because a dress or a suit or a coat is the right cut and style is no excuse for selecting it, if the color is wrong for you. What is the best way to choose your colors? The surest thing to do is to try on different-colored frocks and study the effect of each until you find your most becoming colors. No dress should be merely ‘satisfactory.’ Every dress you have should do something for you when you wear it.”

**H**er eighth commandment recognizes still another phase of personal charm. It is: Never overlook personal grooming. She said:

“Use make-up, yes, to heighten your attractiveness—but use it subtly, in different ways for different occasions. Don’t use as much in the daytime as in the evening, and then try not to be super-dramatic. You might be garish, instead... Keep the part in your hair straight, and keep your hair clean and soft... Watch your fingernails, your skin... Don’t smear on rouge. Put it on carefully before you powder, then smooth off the edges with a bit of cotton... Keep your eyebrows plucked—clean-cut and distinct... Take care of your teeth. Make them shine.”

Ginger Rogers’ ninth rule for a smart appearance is: Be sure that you are comfortable in your clothes.

“I don’t mean the sort of comfort that a bathrobe and old slippers give,” she said with a smile. “I mean that you should choose clothes in which you feel ‘right’. Haven’t you stepped into a dress that didn’t suit you for some reason? Whether or not it really looks badly on you is another thing entirely. It is how you feel in a dress that counts. If you don’t feel smart in a dress, the chances are against your looking smart in it.”

Ginger’s final commandment is a logical sequel of this: If you would be attractive, you must have poise.

“Poise is an intangible thing, more or less,” she said, “but it is essential to attractiveness. Poise embraces many attributes, all of them desirable. Poise implies tact and mental, as well as physical, balance. Poise means intelligence, good manners and the ability to fit into a given situation.

“It really is difficult to offer rules for poise,” she said, “I could, however, suggest a few ‘don’ts’. Don’t be ‘jittery’, for instance. Know—fidgety, fluttery, never seeming to ‘light’ anywhere. Don’t talk in italics, either, stressing every other word. Don’t talk too loudly. Don’t interrupt another person’s conversation with some comment of your own. Don’t do anything to attract undue attention to yourself.”

These are the tips for acquiring or enhancing attractiveness and smartness, the Ginger Rogers way. Tested tips. Why not try them—why not give them a test, yourself?

---

**I CAN’T GET OVER HOW SKINNY YOU WERE A FEW WEEKS AGO**

**NOW I KNOW THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SKINNY**

Amazing Gains in Weight With New “7-Power” Ale Yeast Discovery

**E**ven if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, eager discovery. Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds to hosts of skinny men and women, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new “7-Power” Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty— you’re an entirely new person.

**Try it—guaranteed**

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don’t build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you’re not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

**Special FREE offer!**

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package— or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 252, Atlanta, Ga.
They Exiled Marian Marsh—But She Came Back!  
[Continued from page 50]

devoted to the screen... Two years later, she was forgotten by the critics, the publications and most of the theatre-goers. She couldn't find work, at any price, in any major studio.  

At twenty, when, with her start, she should have been climbing to the heights, she was an idol toppled from a pedestal, a failure. Why?  

"Finally, I learned the truth from a sincere friend in the New York office of one of the big companies. I was BLACKLISTED! All of the major studios had agreed that I should not be allowed to work!"  

After her sensational success in Sevengals, she was rushed, without adequate rest, into one trying production after another—Alias the Doctor, The Mad Genius, Beauty and the Boss, Road to Singapore, and a number of others. Her health broke under the strain.  

At last, fully recovered and feeling rested for the first time in months, she reported to the studio. And then she encountered, for the first time, the heat that was to keep her from the screen for nearly two years. Her place had been filled in the picture... there might be something soon... no, it would be impossible to see the producer...  

A few weeks later, with the curt notice that she was undoubtedly being pleased since she had objected to the terms of her contract, the studio declined to take up her option....  

While she had been ill in the hospital, her agent, without her knowledge, had demanded that she be paid more money. He had threatened that she would not return to work unless her demands were met. And the producers, putting two and two together, decided her sojourn in the hospital was merely a ruse to enforce her protests over salary. They were at that time in a ripe mood to make "an example" of some "rebel" and, without investigation, they selected her as victim.  

A less courageous person would have been crushed by such an injustice. Marian never was. She kept her resolve fixed but her temper grew. Her agent who had threatened was right... she vowed that she would fight back; that, blacklist or no blacklist, she would "come back."  

Her luck began to turn when she was given a contract and several leading roles by English studios. Her performances were so outstanding in those pictures that Columbia broke the taboo and offered her a contract.  

I can imagine the eagerness with which she accepted, and I know the intense concentration that she devoted to her role as Sonya in Crime and Punishment. On a level she worked harder—and seldom has anyone given a more inspired portrayal.  

And it was when I saw the tears in her eyes at the preview that it seemed to me this story should be told.
Speaking of Movies

My Marriage—Plenty of good acting, but too much plot, in an involved story about an ex-debutante, whose father had had a shabby past, marrying into a family that doesn’t want her. Claire Trevor, Paul Kelly, Kent Taylor and Pauline Frederick are present. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Two Faces—A laugh novelty, about a gangster who gets a new face, thanks to he has erased his past, goes to Hollywood with a bankroll and intends to become a movie star. Featured are Brian Donlevy, Wallace Ford, Alan Hale, Molly Lamont. (RKO-Radio)

Grand Exit—Behind the meaningless title lurks an entertaining mystery melodrama about an ace insurance investigator (Edmund Lowe) who is on the trail of a pyromaniac—with audiences suspecting Lowe himself, Onslow Stevens and Ann Sothern. (Columbia)

Your Uncle Dudley—Edward Everett Horton, with his own copyrighted brand of comedy, paints a neat, laugh-provoking portrait of a go-getter who is so civic-minded that he almost forgets to go-get for himself. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Stars Over Broadway—A trite, but entertainingly presented story of the rise of a radio singer to the Metropolitan Opera. It introduces to James Melton, who has both personality and an excellent voice. Pat O’Brien is his super-active press-agent and Jane Froman, also from radio, his singing companion. (Warners)

Broadway Hostess—A would-be musical sub-story about a girl who loves a lad in love with someone else. It lacks vitality and is interesting chiefly for the singing of Wini Shaw. (Warners)

East of Java—Grim melodramatic horror story with Charles Bickford a deep-dyed villain, captain of a tramp freighter, who terrifies his passengers, particularly when a cargo of wild beasts breaks loose. (Universal)

Coronado—A musical comedy with a colorful setting, but a plot too thin to jell the laughs together. It revolves around a would-be songwriter (Johnny Downs) and a would-be singer (Betty Burgess), two good-looking newcomers. But the slight entertainment is furnished by Jack Haley, Leon Errol and Eddy Duchin’s orchestra. (Paramount)

Millions in the Air—A comedy about an amateur radio hobby, which might have been hilarious, but provokes only light laughter. John Howard and Wendy Barrie, both promising, carry the leads, but the principal cause for excitement is young, tap-dancing Eleanor Whitney. (Paramount)

Sweet Surrender—A weak hodge-podge of musical and dance numbers, revolving around Frank Parker, a good singer, and Tamara, a good dancer. (Universal)

Man of Iron—An unbelievable tale of an ironworker who is popular until he gets promoted and develops into a hoar. The story tells Barton MacLane, heretofore coming along fast. (Warners)

How to Attract and Hold Your Man

Attract and fascinate the man of your choice

Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and heartache are due to lack of understanding men's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only $1.00 for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-B, 585 Fifth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

A de luxe Dessert...easy!

EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons sugar
3 eggs, separated
1 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups cake flour, sifted
apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch cake pan. Best kept well, add Eagle layer cake pan. Best kept well, add Eagle
brand canned condensed milk, lemon brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon
brand White Sugar, and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly
juice, and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly
whipped egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with
buttered crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350 F.). Serve hot or cold.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New NEW! NEW! Just off the press! "Make Recipes" is a thrilling new
successor to "Amazing Short Cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably
quick and easy—for pickled olives, candied, frosted! Easy to make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, soups, sauces.
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New NEW! NEW! Just off the press! "Make Recipes" is a thrilling new
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Old Book in Attic Brings Fortune to Woman

A Massachusetts housewife read an article about valuable old books and next day discovered one in the attic. She sold it for more money than she could save in a lifetime! The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the world, will pay $5,000 for each copy of this book. They also buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) and old newspapers, magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you $50—$100—$500 or even $5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate now! Send the today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 275, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you big list of old books they want to buy and prices they will pay!
Screen-Struck [Continued from page 38]

his face as he realized what I was repeating.

"Good heavens, was that you?" he asked miserably. "Hito told me it was Miss LeGrange! Oh, Lola, Lola . . . !"

Before I could say anything more, Mr. Burnham had come up.

"Sorry, Cliff," he said, "but Miss LeGrange is at my table tonight, and I want to talk to her about a new rôle."

Chapter XI

NEXT morning I looked from the big corsage of orchids on my shoulder to the script in my hand and murmured a short, silent prayer of thanks. The orchids had come early with an humble note from Cliff's own sweat. The note was of American Parade—in which I was to have a part, a second chance. Mr. Tom Burnham himself had just handed it to me.

Was I the luckiest girl in the world? Yes, but I had been lucky before. It was not the second chance that came to Hollywood that I knew now that luck wasn't enough to win anyone success in pictures. Merit—in the end that was all that made a success. It was copy-book truth, but truth none the less. I wouldn't forget it this time!

It was not a big part, but it had possibilities: a good actress could do things with it. Each line could be made to count—with real characterization. I slaved at learning it, happy, tireless.

And then suddenly the production went sour. They rewrote part of the script, the supervisor was changed, and that added to the confusion. It became increasingly hard to maintain my tempo, but I tried—desperately!

"I'm sorry, Lola," said Mr. Burnham one day, "but I'm afraid you're in the worst picture we'll be putting out this year. We have to finish it because it is already sold to the distributors, but that's the only reason."

"It's wonderful experience for me, anyway," I said, cheerfully.

At that moment Clinton Laurence called for me.

As we left the room together, I noticed that Mr. Burnham eyed us peculiarly. But I did not realize what was in his mind until the next day, when he sent for me.

"Look here, Lola," he began abruptly, "I want you to lay off, Cliff."

His remark was like a bombshell. "Mr. Burnham," I protested, "I—I don't understand."

"You will," he said grimly. "Cliff is one of my most valuable assets. He is the favorite of many of the women. I don't want him tied up in any marriage—any! Also, staying single is a part of his contract here for the next three years. I know you're fond of him, but you too, have your career to think about. Stick to that. You're smart enough to take care of yourself. We won't have to speak of this again."

Did Cliff care as much as Mr. Burnham suspected? The question hammered at my mind—and I did not
Shared long

Dear,

Could you please tell me your whereabouts for tonight? I am in the West 145th Street bungalow that I shared with another girl. Although I knew what was coming, as women always know, I could not force myself to meet him. He was in his and his bungalow, and I was waiting for him.

"Let's stop pretending, dear!" he said moments later in that rich, low voice of his. "I love you and you love me. Shall we fly to Yuma tonight?"

"Oh, darling, darling!" I cried. "Give me time to think!"

"No," he said gently. "Let your heart—your not-your head—tell you the answer. I'll order a special plane and come for you at eight o'clock this evening.

"But—" I started to say, when the girl who shared my dressing-room came in. Cliff tossed me a kiss behind her back, and was gone.

If he married me, Cliff would automatically be breaking his contract with Burnham Brothers. No other studio would have him after four weeks. Once even a popular star is known as a contract-breaker, studios fight shy and try to find a substitute—and Hollywood is packed with talent.

Then there was my own case—a case far less important. Could I throw aside my dreams of a screen career? To become the wife of Clifton Laurence? Willingly?

But I couldn't allow him to risk his screen career for the sake of being my husband. Perhaps I could persuade him to wait—three whole years—to test our love... What was I to do when he came for me? What was I to say? I wanted to marry him, yet at the same time I wanted something, someone, to prevent me from doing so.

As though in answer to a prayer, that someone was waiting for me in the living room when I arrived home. Bud Kane, of all people! Dear, lonely, safe Bud Kane from Hopewell, Illinois.

"You didn't write for such a long time," he said, grinning from ear to ear, "that I got worried about you.

As I looked at him, still hardly able to realize that his presence was real, a wild, desperate idea flashed through my tired brain.

"Oh, Bud, Buddy!" I cried. "Marry me right away and take me home!"

Chapter XII

For an instant Bud's face shone with a great light of happiness. Then a troubled look came into his eyes.

"Lola, honey," he said quietly, "that's too good to be quite true. If you really meant it, in just, you didn't have to forget to write. Tell me what's troubling you."

I told him then the whole long, complicated story, about meeting Clifton Laurence on the train, about my bright hopes, of beginning a career from my first screen chance, about my accident and Miss Dare's help, about my love for Cliff—and today's bewildering problem.

When I had finished, he took me by the shoulders, made me face him.

"You're going to marry him tonight," he said, after a moment of silence.
White desert, moon-silvered far below. Soaring heights, on broad white wings, with hearts soaring high. Yuma... deserted, arcaded streets, vaguely foreign, crouching below a ruined fortress on a mesa. The simple frame house and the Justice of the Peace, the famous "Marrying Judge" of Moviedom. The broad gold band was on my finger now... forever and ever.

For a month we vanished... And when we returned, there were literally hundreds of gifts waiting. Far from resenting his romance, his admirers wished Clifton happiness. Even Mr. Burnham had to admit as much. He had a gift for us, too... a torn contract.

"During this last month," he said, "I've been figuring up what we have invested in you, Cliff. See me tomorrow about your new contract!"

But my most surprising wedding gift did not arrive until three months later. It came on my breakfast-tray on the morning after my picture's first showing in New York. Cliff folded the paper back, and held it tantalizingly before me.

"This will be a shock," he said.

And it was, "American Parade," said the dancing print, "is the best picture of the year, owing chiefly to the work of a newcomer, who steals the show. Lola Le Grange has the making of a star, or we miss our guess. Keep your eyes on this one, for she will go far..."

Go far? Who could tell? At any rate, with Cliff beside me, it would be a brave and happy journey!

The End

You will tell others what you think of the story. Why not tell the persons most interested in your opinion? Namely, the editors.

Start the habit that more and more CLASSIC readers are acquiring! Don't just say what you think—write it! Give your magazine the chance to become personally acquainted with you and your likes and dislikes!
BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

This Is Hepburn
[Continued from page 41]

in an automobile. She is a young modern, constantly active. She wants to be exciting-looking, yes—as every other young modern does—but she has no urge to 'dress up' unless she is going to a tremendous party.

"SHE is very conscious of the texture of clothes—and color harmonies," Miss King pointed out. She isn't a passive shopper, in other words. She investigates. She knows what designers are talking about when they make suggestions. And whether she accepts them or rejects them, she knows what she is doing. She isn't just playing hunches.

"And she has good ideas of her own. There may be a limited number of ways of cutting a dress, but she is capable of suggesting new ways of putting on buttons or visualizing unusually-cut necklines, which will add distinction.

"Her own clothes are so terribly simple that any girl could wear them—so simple that you don’t think of them as extraordinary, which they actually are. She has insisted, you see, that those clothes should be very, very simple and very well fitted. And her ability to wear simple things is extraordinary, too. Most girls don’t have enough confidence to wear them. They should cultivate that confidence more. Particularly, if they are the active, clean-cut type.

"Let me tell you the stories behind some of the new costumes in Sylvia Scarlett," Miss King continued. "For one sequence of the picture, I had to create a Pierrot costume for Miss Hepburn—who plays a boy through a large portion of the picture. Now, that may not look like a real assignment. After all, Pierrot costumes have been the same for centuries. But Miss Hepburn is so distinctive that I felt that her Pierrot

ASTHMA SUFFERER CONFESSIONS!

Nashville, Tenn.—B. A. Stephens of this city has confessed that he tried a medicine called NACOR just to please his wife. He had not been able to get relief from his asthma attacks—but read his own words:

April 8, 1939—"I have been intending to write you for some time to tell you what Nacor has done for me. I used to have choking spells and could hardly get my breath. I spent many dollars on many things and could not find relief. My wife ordered a bottle of Nacor. To be frank, I tried it just to please her. I used the one bottle and got results. Since taking Nacor I have not had an attack for nearly two years. Words cannot express my appreciation."—Signed—B. A. Stephens, 907 8th Ave. South, Nashville, Tenn.

FREE—Why suffer the tortures of asthma attacks or a bronchial cough when blessed relief may be yours? For years Nacor has helped thousands. Letters from grateful people and booklets of information sent FREE. Just write today to Nacor Medicine Co., 594 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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DERMOIL is being used by patients and physicians throughout the country to secure prompt and permanent cure of scabs, sores, boils, bed sores, wound infections, pustules. It is a unique scientific preparation. See your soror of drugs. Apply it externally. It quickly kills the organism causing the sore. Watch the redness disappear, the swelling subside. Wash the skin with a bit of water, then apply a bit of dermoil. The result is prompt relief.

DERMOIL is backed by a positive guarantee to give lasting relief from scabs, sores, boils, bed sores. A free trial bottle will be sent to you postpaid. Just write your name, address, and the nature of your sores, scabs or boils. Free trial bottle sent at once.

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Read Why

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Married

FRANCHOT TONE
in the February Motion Picture
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This is Muriel King, young designer whom Katharine Hepburn brought to films to costume Sylvia Scarlett.

Movie Classic for February, 1936

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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, one shampooing, the darkest most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If you want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampooing with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye.

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...writes George Bailey

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at your own expense! You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" ...writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." ...writes W. T. Anderson. Hundreds of similar letters.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels, and the gases it forms cause gas pains and wind.

You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sour, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the real cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to set these two pounds of liquid bile flowing freely, and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amusing in its effect, too. For Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

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Quick Relief or Money Back

When your skin is irritated with pimples, eczema and red blotches from external causes, and you’re crazy with itching torture, here’s quick, sure relief—Incipid’s Ointment—of your druggist and rub on this healing balm. Feel the relief itching stops promptly, smarting disappears.

Your skin will look better, feel better. And don’t forget, Incipid’s Ointment is wonderful to help heal itching feet and cramps between toes. Try it. SAMPLE FREE. Write Incipid Ointment Co., Dept. H-62, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The School That Has Trained Over 10,000 C. P. A.’s

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Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus Irritation—Pus-filled throat. Send Post Card or letter for free trial offer. Four Free Druggists Offer 40,000 Druggists sell Hall’s Catarrh Medicine. F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 227, Toledo, O.

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Brucie Rittens

NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."

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Movie Classic for February, 1936 85
you. He'd probably collapse on the spot!"

"I can take off pounds when I'm working. I just stop eating."

HE was born on the outskirts of Moultrie, Georgia, and his early youth was one of comparative poverty. Then the Melton youngster was taken miles away from the goal he has attained today. Jimmy worked his way through high school and entered college, determined to become a lawyer. Because he sang too loudly in chapel one day, the president of the University of Florida singled him out to do a solo, and on this odd incident is based his first ambition to become a great singer.

To secure funds for vocal lessons, he learned to play a saxophone well enough in three days to join a college orchestra. Later he organized a group of his own and traveled over the south, finally landing at Vanderbilt University for his last year in college. Following graduation, he studied voice for two years, meanwhile earning bread and butter by singing at a Nashville hotel.

Finally, with $300 and a load of determination, he set out for New York, where he hoped to join "Roxy's Gang." The benevolent Mr. Rothafel, however, couldn't be seen. There were hundreds of ambitious young singers seeking jobs. Many of them soon stopped trying. Not Jimmy! He marched up and down outside Rothafel's office, singing at the top of his voice. Rothafel had to give in, or call the police. He gave in, and the career of James Melton began to flower.

... As a member of "Roxy's Gang," he began to receive a staggering amount of fan mail. He was on his way.

BACK again in the luxurious living room, Jimmy switched on his electric phonograph. In a moment the room was alive again with the beauty of a tremendous, surging voice—Melton singing Celeste Aida.

"Just how do you feel when you listen to your own voice?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "when my songs are all right, I'm happy. But if I go wrong in a couple of places, I just can't take it. I'm afraid to face people. Sometimes, I leave town."

Then, abruptly, Jimmy switched the conversation into another channel.

"Say," he exclaimed, "this fellow Pat O'Brien is a good friend. I could take a few lessons from him. I'd be all set!"

There wasn't any answer to that. You can't tell a fellow like Jimmy Melton that he is a big hit. It just doesn't register. I knew then that he still didn't believe what Jack Warner said in the telegram. And after the name of James Melton has been in lights for years, he still won't believe it.

He'll say to his lovely wife as I heard him murmur when the door closed on my departure, "Marj, honey, do you think we did all right?"

A Real He-Man and Can He Sing! [Continued from page 39]
and hairdress are immensely important, too. Young girls frequently make themselves look old enough to be their own grandmothers.

"YOU know," Jean confessed. "I've had a pet theory of my own for years. I think that in every high school or college there should be a special course that would help every girl to know herself, to study the clothes adaptable to her individuality, and instruct her in designing her own wardrobe and applying make-up as artistically as possible—that is, in a manner to emphasize natural beauty, not startle.

In the young girl there should never be an obvious attempt at sophistication. Rest assured that if you are a natural sophisticate, it will crop out in the character lines of your face and in the clothes that look best on you.

"Tell me about some of your English experiences," I suggested, for anyone in talking to her could tell she was bursting with excitement and the thrill of her trip abroad to play the feminine lead in The Ghost Goes West opposite Robert Donat. She told me:

"No two people ever taught me so much as Robert Donat and René Clair, the director. The woman I hope some day to be, the actress, I now believe I am capable, from becoming, will be the result of their complete understanding and sympathetic assistance.

"It was in England that I realized I had grown up inside. How? In talking with Bob Donat, or rather when he talked with me, I was as though we were mental equals. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I 'belonged' in an adult world . . . The Donats invited me to their home for dinner—he has the loveliest wife!—and Bob presented me with a gramophone-radio which was especially made for me. (He is very clever mechanically, you know.) I think I treasure it more than any other gift I ever have received.

"Romance? Love does not mean one person to me, yet . . . All that talk about Francis Lederer and myself, which was in the newspapers when I landed from England, was simply the newspapers 'making news.' We were child- hood sweethearts, but that isn't 'romance'—and besides, it was all over a whole year ago.

"Three years ago, she was only a child, who, between takes of pictures, was to be found deeply engrossed in her school books. Today—"

"Of course I'm different. But as the years go by so do I, still, for we never stop growing. When we complete our external development, our growth turns inward and we continue to expand mentally and spiritually. To me, age isn't wrinkles and gray hair, but understanding and the deepening of character."

And that is Jean Parker—1936.
what the well-dressed man will wear next season in role after role." (In A Message to Garcia you will see John covered with mud and muck. He started on his resolution early).

MYRNA LOY (who plays Billie Burke in The Great Gatsby): "To approach everything with a sense of humor is my New Year's resolution. I've recently discovered that troubles and problems are best solved through laughter."

BILLIE BURKE: "I've resolved not to expect too much of life, or ask too much of people, or burden my friends with my problems."

VICTOR MCLAGLEN: "Somebody get me a cup of coffee! No, wait a minute. That's my New Year's resolution. I'm not drinking more than six cups a day now—and I've had that many already today."

DICK POWELL (who has lately been Joan Blondell's faithful escort): "I'm going to fool everybody who thinks I'll be taking a personal interest in the teething pains of babies in 1936. My fancy is free and my heart's on ice. And I've resolved that the end of 1936 will still find me a hard-working bachelor."

BETTE DAVIS: "I've resolved to continue to lead my own life—to be independent in spirit and do my own thinking, no matter what the opinions of others might be. For the sake of herself as a person, a motion picture actress can't serve too many masters. She must set a definite program for herself, and follow it. I resolve to do that in 1936."

MERLE OBEN: "My household has made my New Year's resolution for me. I've been given notice that in 1936 I can't buy more than a couple of rabbits, and they have started me already on the Road to the Poorhouse. Have you ever seen a full-grown Dalmatian eat?"

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND: "I promise not to go Hollywood and to wear the same size hat at the end of '36 as I wear right now." (Olivia has been a '35 sensation, especially in A Midsummer Night's Dream and Captain Blood—is being groomed for stardom—and is totally unspoiled.)

JEAN Muir: "My 1936 resolution is made in self defense. I've taken an awful beating, figuratively speaking, because I have always spoken my mind, delivered opinions, aired my views, without taking the bother to be tactful. This coming year I've resolved that won't happen."

JOEL McCREA: "My 1936 resolution is a notice to all real-estate salesmen that I'm not a prospect. I have promised myself and Frances (Frances Dee, my wife) that I won't buy another foot of ground until my ranch is completely cultivated and stocked. And what's more—I promise and resolve not to get the bug for race-horses." (Many of Hollywood's elite have gone in for racing stables.)

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN: "For seven months now I've lived in my skin and a few rags for the latest editorial of Tarzan. I'm not going to let anyone know what the new styles are like. The moment the last shot is shot, I've resolved to go out and buy myself an extravagantly complete wardrobe. I expect to lean towards the Mid-Victorian. I'm awfully tired of being a self-reliant child of nature. I want dozens of long clinging dresses, so that I'll have an excuse for being very, very feminine."

RUBY KEELER (who recently adopted a baby boy): "I've made the same resolution for several years and I have always kept it. And that is—never to forget for a moment that I am first and foremost Mrs. Al Jolson. That I am a wife long before I am a motion picture actress. And that it is much more important to have a happy marriage than it is to have a career."

EDWARD ARNOLD: "Every year for years—as a matter of fact ever since our engagement—I've promised to take Mrs. Arnold to Europe. We've never got around to it. But this year I've made a resolution. As soon as my next two pictures are completed, despite war and earthquakes and producers we are going to Europe for six months."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (after having 'resolutions' explained to her): "I don't know if this is a 'resolution' like Mr. Boles made. Anyway, I've made up my mind to make Mommie increase my allowance. I get four and a half dollars a week—and I have to buy food for myself and all of that—and almost every day I have more of them. And I have to buy soda-pop for me and my stand-in, and buy presents, and oh, just lots and lots of things. And don't you think Mommie ought to give me five dollars a week? That's my resolution—but Mommie will have to help me keep it."

GLENDA FARRELL: "In 1936 I'm going to learn to relax even if it kills me. I've been on a figurative roller-coaster for years—and I've promised myself to take things easy, and not get excited about anything."

MIRIAM HOPKINS: "I have never been worried that the public would confuse me, as a person, with the characters I play on the screen. For that reason I have gracefully played unsympathetic roles—as long as they were good roles. In 1936 I have resolved to follow the same policy, no matter what anyone says, or what advice I'm given."
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Write a Letter—Win a Prize!

Which Jean Harlow do you prefer—the Jean with chestnut hair in Rif-Raff (top) or the platinum-blonde Jean directly above? She would like to know, and so would we!

$15 Prize Letter

In December Movie Classic, we published an interview with Bernard Newman, Hollywood designer, entitled: ‘Are Modern Women Copycats?’ He asserted that they are—and gave his reasons. The interview brought forth many interesting reader-comments, among which was this:

Let’s Be Modern!—Mr. Bernard Newman is right. American women should adopt a typically modern style of dress. There is a mode which expresses the true character of the modern American. This style is the casual, tailored type of clothes that has been cropping up during the last few years—particularly tailored evening fashions. What could be more appropriate and expressive of the Twentieth Century American woman? Their clothes must necessarily be practical, comfortable, simple, without ostentation, yet altogether becoming to the American type of beauty.

Tailored clothes for morning, noon, and night. Isn’t that a new and entirely different mode in dress? Unlike any other country or period? And suitable to none but the Twentieth Century American... A splendid example of this trend was

the lamé polo coat worn by Joan Crawford in No More Ladies. And there are plenty of other examples—long shirtwaist dresses in any suitable materials, coats, suits or dresses made in the correct length, material and color to suit the occasion, time and season. Thus the American woman can express her individuality and choose clothes for no other country or period. She can be original if she wants to—Ann Godeck, 37 E. Roseridge Avenue, Belleme, Pa.

$10 Prize Letter

Eight Reasons—‘Why is Ginger Rogers so popular? In my opinion, it is because of her naturalness, her wholesome, as it were, charming personality. And because she is successful and represents the typical American girl, every girl desires to be like her. Her deep sincerity, winsome femininity and vivacity make her a worthy model for any girl to follow. May fascinating Ginger Rogers continue being No. 1 favorite of everyone!—Mrs. C. V. Vanzand, Douglasville, Ga.

Recently, we published a reader’s nominations of ten 1935 performances to be considered for the next Academy Awards. Others submitted their preferences. The list that came closest to being the consensus of all the lists was the one below. But with many good pictures recently released, new nominations may be in order.

$5 Prize Letter

Listing the Favorites—Reader Manski’s nominations of ten screen performances worthy of the Academy Award did not appeal to me. In fact, to me the picture as a whole is much more important than the acting of any one player. Often I think of the leading lady and leading man as an outstanding pair, rather than give all the credit to one of them. The pictures I have enjoyed most in the past year are as follows, with the stars mentioned:

Naughty Marietta—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; Broadway Melody of 1926—Eleanor Powell; The Crusades—Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon; Roberts—Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers; She Married Her Boss—Claudette Colbert and Michael Bartlett; Rendezvous—William Powell and Rosalind Russell; Les Miserables—Fredric March; Top Hat—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; Broadway Gondolier—Dick Powell; Who Killed Cock Robin?—The Walt Disney “Silly Symphony” in Technicolor; Mary Boyd, Worth Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas.

$1 Prize Letters

Women Aren’t Copycats!—No, modern women are not copycats. They are merely exercising their woman’s prerogative of changing their minds—and style of dress—to suit the way they feel or wish to act. What could be more dignified than a Greek style evening dress, or what more mysterious than the Hindu sari, or what more enchanting than dress “la Madame Pompadour”? No, modern women are not copy cats, for they are all these former women made into one 1936 style—Mrs. Emeral White, 106 Walnut Street, Bordentown, N.J.

Fulfills a Need—I am still breathless over A Midsummer Night’s Dream. Max Reinhardt has indeed captured the world of Shakespeare heaven better than he thought he would tomorrow. I have dreamed of a world like that. I never thought I could hate anyone as heartily as I do Charles Laughton, but since I have had the privilege of seeing Peter Lorre in Mr. Love, I believe I shouldn’t mind seeing Laughton as Little Red Riding Hood. Never has a screen character affected me as has Peter Lorre. It took three pictures to hate Laughton, but I have seen only one of Lorre’s vehicles and I could throttle the man and feel like Public Hero No. 1! Wherever did they find the man? I believe his acting ability surpasses that of Emil Jannings.—Ted Hilliard, 1147 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio.

Peter Lorre, gifted European actor, was born in Rosenburg, Hungary, June 26, 1904. His parents, German Jews, were both actors, having performed in German and Hungarian theaters. He left school and entered the City Theater in Berlin, 1920, where he acted in a mixture of German and free stage. After his American debut in 1927, he acted in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

WHAT is your favorite movie topic—your reaction to new pictures, new performances—your newest idea for the betterment of films?

Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. And be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month’s best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors reserve the sole judges and reserves the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write today to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
I'm going to pan-handle my first dime. I hate to, but I've got to eat!

Here, fella, you still look hungry. Eat this extra bowl of soup!

Thanks, here's my dime. Before I forget it.

Say, this dime looks kinda funny! There's an old duck who eats here every day who saves coins. He sells 'em to a man named Mehl down in Texas. He gave me a book that shows what coins are worth — wait a minute and I'll get it. I'd like to see a fellow like you get a break!

Am I? Look here, the Numismatic Co. of Texas, Mr. Max Mehl, owner. He's the man who will pay you $2.50 for this dime! I know — I sent him old coins myself. People hand 'em out without knowing what they are worth!

I'm going to split with you!

No, you need it — and I'll stake you till you get your check from Texas. Mr. Mehl will send your dough by return mail. He's a great guy! I guess every coin collector in the world knows him!

Now I can get a new start!

There are single pennies that sell for a hundred dollars; nickels worth many dollars; dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars on which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand circulation. Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry of Idaho was paid $900.00 for a half dollar received in change. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. There are old bills and stamps worth fortunes. Learn how to know their value. An old 10c stamp found in a basket was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. Send coupon for Big Illustrated Coin Folder, full of valuable information on the profits that have been made from old money, bills and stamps.
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