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July

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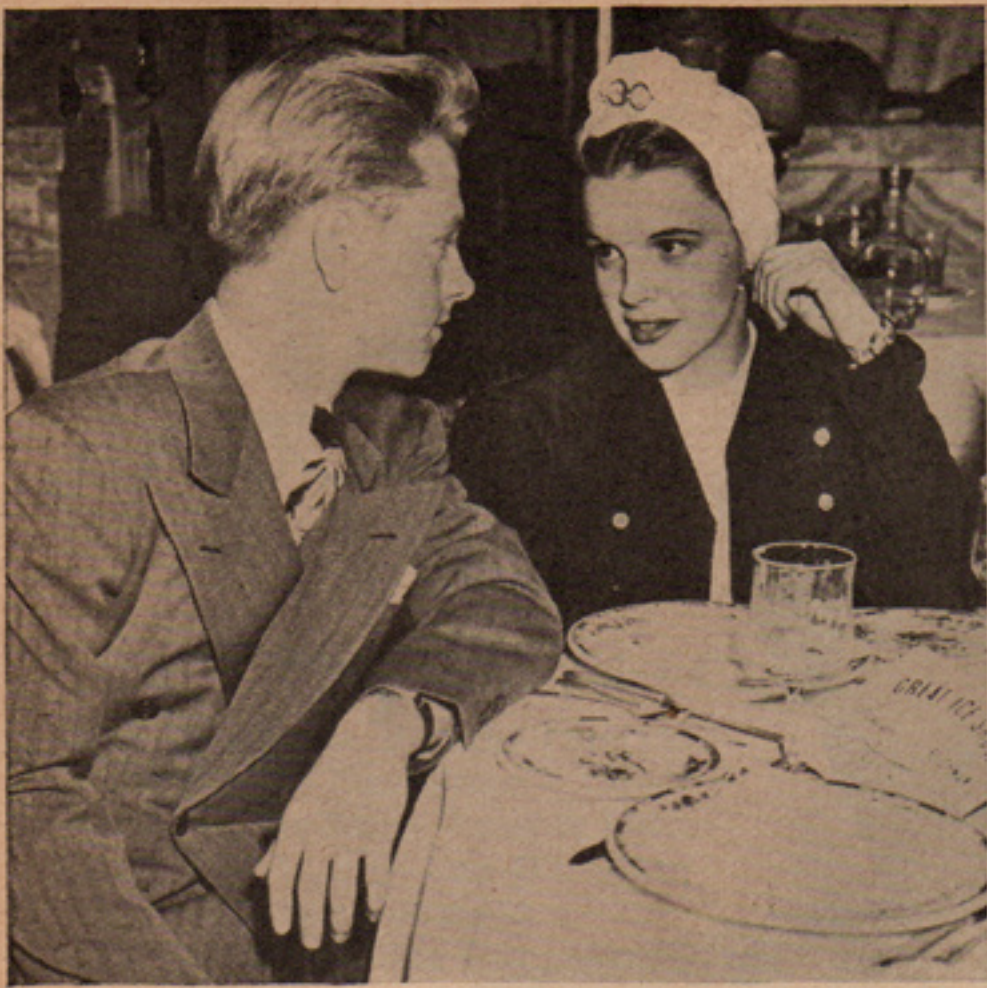
Mickey Rooney
and
Judy Garland



See what happens when "ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE"

Read Fiction Story of Film Starring MICKEY ROONEY, JUDY GARLAND

DINNER with GARBO!—GOOD ADVICE from SPENCER TRACY



It may all be in the business interests of their new co-starring picture, "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"—but that's a sweet, soulful look Judy Garland is giving Mickey Rooney at Coconut Grove.

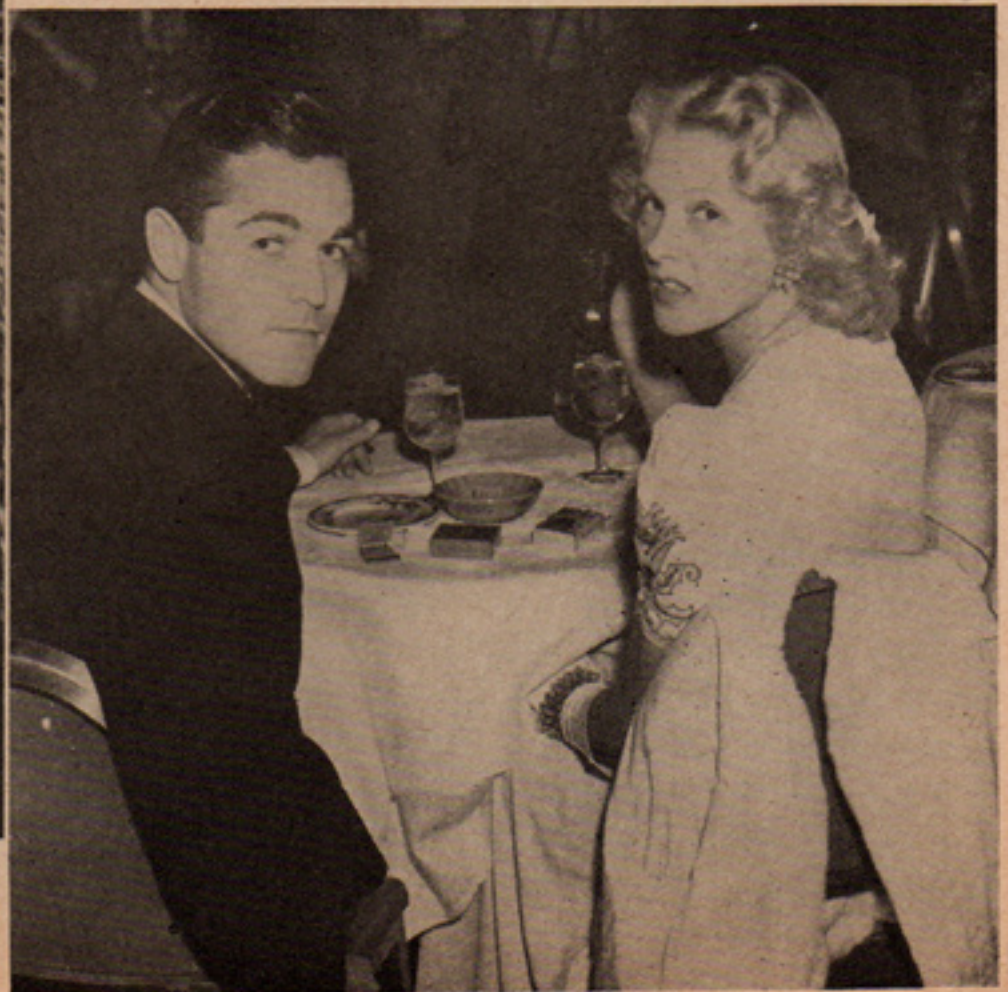


Rudy Vallee admires beautiful girls, especially brunettes, so it's no surprise to see him gazing appreciatively at Priscilla Lawson, the ex-Mrs. Alan Curtis, at dinner at the Ambassador.



Since she divorced Tony Martin, Alice Faye has been seen ever so frequently with Sandy Cummings, son of director Irving Cummings. Right, Alan Curtis is Ilona Massey's current favorite escort.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Love comes to Andy—again! Read his latest romantic adventures in sparkling novelette from new film starring Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, with Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis, Lewis Stone, and others in the cast

ANDY HARDY MEETS



"Restrain yourself until the sixth dance—Glamor Boy!" said DAPHNE FOWLER (Diana Lewis), New York debutante of the year, to ANDY HARDY (Mickey Rooney). At left: in desperation ANDY gave the adoring BETSY (Judy Garland) a hint of what he was going through. "You see, it's me against the city of New York," he said enigmatically.

ANDY HARDY was in love again. Of course he had been in love before, what man of seventeen hadn't? But this was different. This was real. This was what Tristan felt when he died for the fair Isolde, what Romeo endured for Juliet, what Abelard suffered for Heloise. Take all the emotion of all the great lovers of history and it would remain but a small part of the flutter in Andy's heart as he looked longingly at Daphne Fowler's pictures.

They were all somewhat alike, those pictures he had cut out of magazines and pasted in his botany book. In whatever mood the photographer had caught her there

was her smooth skin, which Andy knew must look like a gardenia, although he had never come any nearer to seeing a real gardenia than he had to seeing Daphne in the life. There was her mouth as flagrantly audacious as a poppy, her dark eyes languorous under slender brows, her hair curled back from her forehead and reaching down to the dimple in her shoulder.

Andy didn't need to see her to know how he felt about her. Her pictures had been enough to send his heart scooting after the stars. Andy had aimed high this time. He had fallen in love with New York's number one debutante, the glamor girl of the season.

It was at times like this Andy felt the need of a talk with his father, so he was glad of the opportunity to drive him to the orphanage when the message came that Judge Hardy was needed there.

"Dad," he said, "I been wanting to talk to you for

D-E-B-U-T-A-N-T-A-N-T

FICTIONIZED BY
**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**



POLLY BENEDICT (Ann Rutherford) looked at Andy gravely. "I don't think we ought to go together so steadily," she said. ANDY was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words right out of his mouth. At right: "I've problems of my own, son," said JUDGE HARDY (Lewis Stone), "but I'd like to help you if I can."



"Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. Copyright 1939 by Loew's Inc. Cast, credits on page 26

several days. You want me to be a success in life, don't you?"

"I certainly do," his father agreed.

"Is it true that every successful man has been married to a sophisticated woman?" Andy asked. "You know, a woman of the world?"

Judge Hardy took a quick glance at the boy beside him. "I hardly think so," he said.

"But it'd help, wouldn't it?" Andy was projecting himself into the future, seeing the problems that might beset Andy Hardy, self-made millionaire and husband of Daphne Fowler. "You know, a wife who can handle chauffeurs and footmen, who's just as much at home in a night club as in a kitchen."

The judge had difficulty repressing a chuckle. So this was another stage in the progress of that unpredictable young human, his son! "I can see your point," he said.

"You know, Dad, you're a great guy," Andy went on confidentially. "But I often wonder how far you'd've gone in this world if you'd been married to somebody like Cleopatra."

"I don't dare think of it," his father said comfortably. "But what about the nice old-fashioned girls like Polly Benedict?"

"I have every sympathy for the old-fashioned girls of this world," Andy said with quiet dignity. "But I been going around too steadily with Polly Benedict and I'm going to have a little talk with her about it."

It was a warm, languorous day, a day made for love



MICKEY ROONEY
as *Andy Hardy* has
three — count 'em,
three! — lovely
leading ladies:

JUDY GARLAND
plays *Betsy Booth*

Diana Lewis
(Mrs. William Powell)
is *Daphne Fowler*,
the debutante

Ann Rutherford,
of course, is *Polly*
Benedict

Take all the emotions of all the great lovers of history—that of Romeo for Juliet, Tristan for Isolde, Abelard for Heloise—and it would remain but a small part of the flutter in Andy's heart as he gazed at Daphne's picture.

and dreams of love. Andy was all set to give his dreams to Daphne while he waited for his father in the orphanage garden. So it was a little disconcerting to hear an automobile horn toot behind him and recognize it as Polly's signal. What if that signal had once made his pulse race and his heart beat high—that was over now. And nothing is as dead as a love that has gone.

But he felt a quick stab of pity when he turned and saw Polly sitting in the driver's seat of the Benedict sedan. Poor child, she looked so happy not knowing how soon her world was to crash around her. He felt like a heel as he walked over to her. It was going to be hard telling her the things he had to tell her. But it was the only decent thing to do. What was it that poet said about every man having to kill the thing he loved? Wasn't it, "the coward does it with a kiss, the strong man with a sword"?

Well, never let it be said Andy Hardy was a coward! He could practically feel the firm hilt of a sword in his hand as he spoke. "I want to have a talk with you, Polly," he said.

"I want to have a little talk with you too, Andy," Polly looked at him gravely. "I don't think we ought to go together so steadily."

Andy was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words he was supposed to say right out of his mouth. It just showed what girls were. You couldn't trust any of them.

"Relationships like ours sometimes grow into serious things," Polly rushed on in the way a person will who wants to get a disagreeable thing over and done with as quickly as possible. "And a girl of seventeen is always *older*, more mature, and more *sophisticated* than a boy of the same age."

Andy blinked in horror. He had to swallow before he could find his voice. "Polly, you're crazy!" he exploded. "A boy of seventeen is practically on the threshold of manhood!"

"Who was it only last Sunday said the *epistles* were



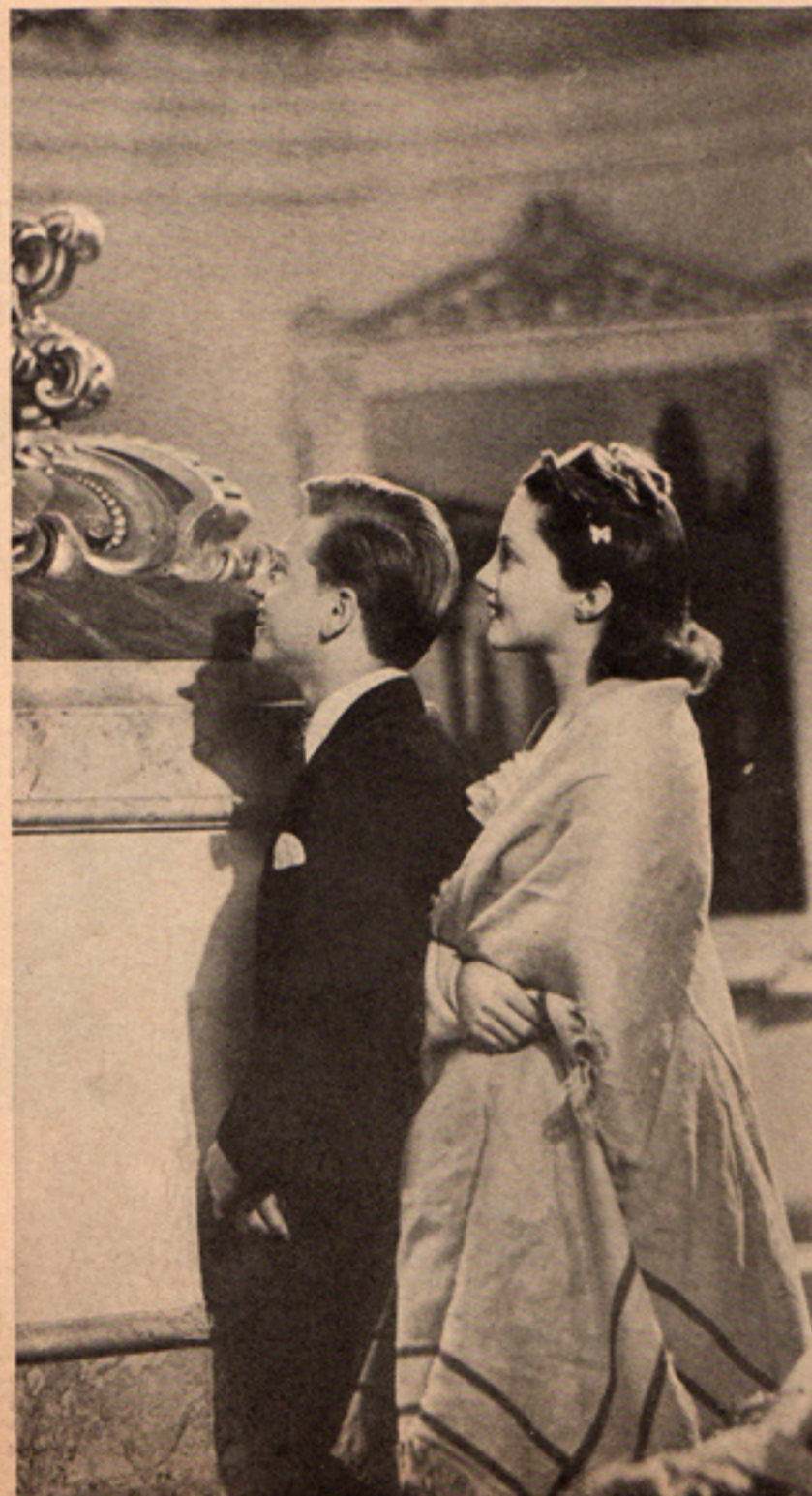
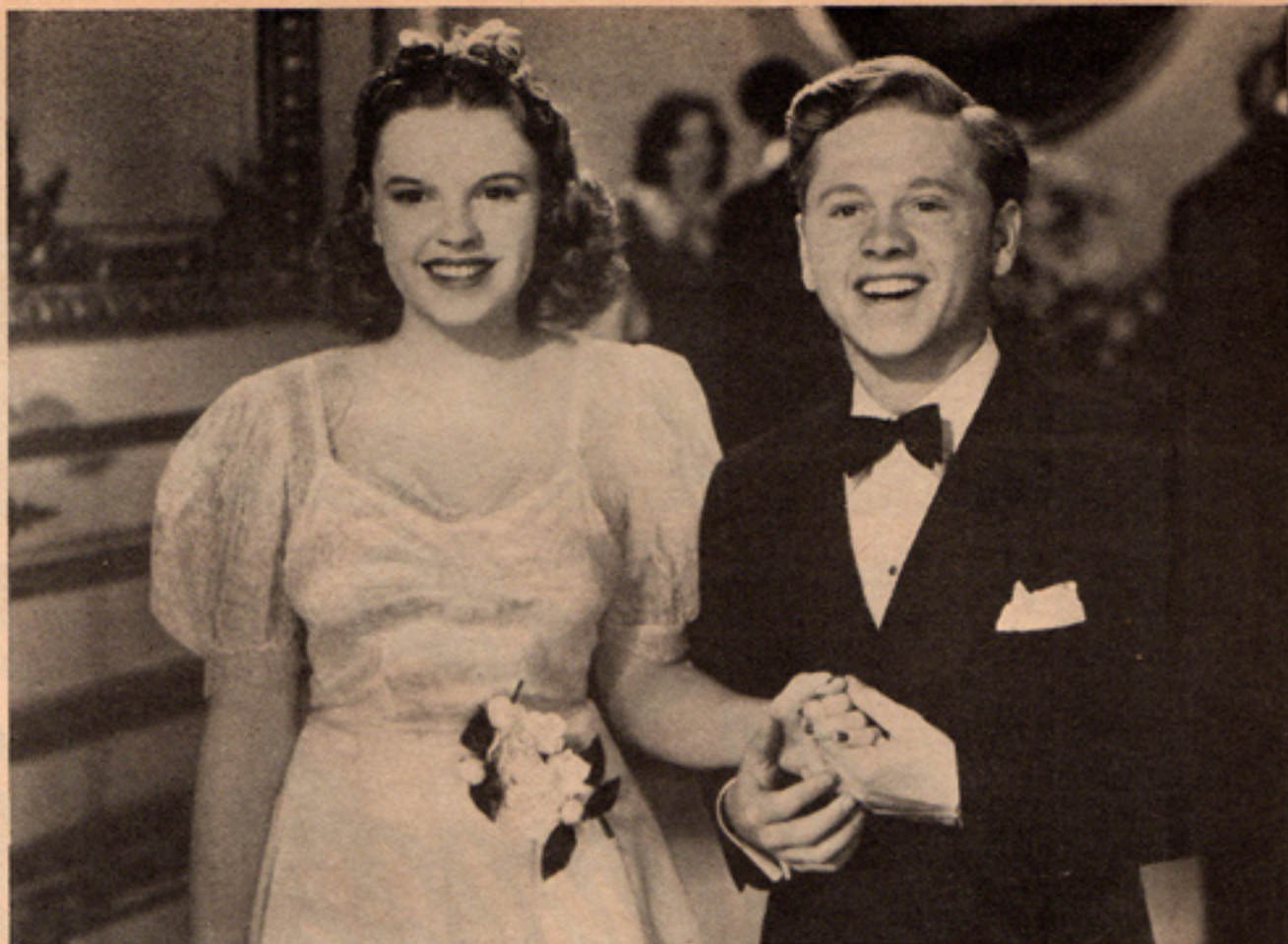
THE OTHER PLAYERS ARE:

LEWIS STONE
as *Judge Hardy*

Fay Holden
as *Mrs. Hardy*

Cecilia Parker
as *Marian Hardy*

Directed by **George B. Seitz**. Screenplay by **Annalee Whitmore** and **Thomas Seller**, based upon the characters created by **Aurania Rouverol**.



Funny, how Andy's sense of values had changed! He couldn't understand the new feeling he had for little Betsy Booth or his pride in her when she got up on the platform and sang. Maybe Brigham Young had the right idea, after all!

the wives of the *apostles*?" Polly asked sweetly. "Andy," she went on in a voice gently maternal, "wouldn't you be happier with someone who could look up to you?"

Andy was stung to the quick. He pulled himself up to the tallest height he could muster. "Miss Benedict," he said with quiet dignity, "there are girls of seventeen who make you seem a mere child. A backward child at that! Goodbye, Miss Benedict!"

Polly gave him a cool, measured glance. "I suppose I'll have to see you at the editor's meeting," she said loftily. "But kindly continue to address me as Miss Benedict!"

Andy was so full of his own thoughts he didn't notice his father's troubled eyes when he came out of the orphanage. And the judge had completely forgotten his son's sudden interest in the sophisticated woman in the new problem turning over in his mind. The lawyers of the Cyrus Carvel estate in New York had written that owing to the default of bonds in the orphanage trust fund they were absolved of any further financial liability. Something must be wrong, terribly wrong, the judge decided. Cyrus Carvel had left over half a million to take care of the orphans in the town that bore his name. Now it looked as if the orphanage would have to be closed.

But all that would have seemed child's play to Andy compared to the danger that menaced him at the editorial meeting of the Carvel High Olympian. There had never been any love lost between him and Beezy who was editor of their high school paper, but Andy had always managed to hold his own with his adversary. But today Beezy had taken a sudden and unexplained interest in the botany book Andy was clutching under his arm. And while they were debating the important question of the magazine's next cover, Beezy suddenly leaned over and snatched the book right out from under Andy's protesting arm.

"Wow! Will you look at this!" Beezy demanded in fiendish glee. "Daphne Fowler, princess royal of the four hundred! Ho, Ho! Look Polly! Why, the whole book's filled with pictures of that dame." (*Please turn to page 82*)



This group of screen celebrities flew from Hollywood to New York on the same plane. From left, Alexander Korda, Norma Shearer, a stewardess, Samuel Goldwyn, who's suing Director Korda for breach of contract, Mrs. Goldwyn, Merle Oberon (Mrs. Korda).

Andy Hardy Meets Debutante

Continued from page 27

Polly's nose elevated itself a half inch closer to the ceiling. "Of all the ridiculous, little boy exhibitions!" she sniffed. "Collecting pictures of a perfectly awful girl he's never even seen."

Andy's back was against the wall. "I have *too* seen her," he protested desperately. "I—I met her in Detroit, almost two years ago, and at first sight she liked me far more than she ought."

Beezy's retort was only the one crushing word, "Applesauce," but Polly's, though not so terse, was the more devastating.

"Why, Daphne Fowler goes around with *grown men!*" Her voice was withering. "She wouldn't look twice at a small town schoolboy!"

"Yeah?" Andy's inventive mind was working with the speed of an Edison. "Well, she's so crazy about me she wants me to come and have the first dance with her when she makes her *début*," he lied desperately. "I—I been begging my father to let me go to New York but he says I got to keep on with school."

"You could always run away from home," Polly said in a way that showed she hadn't believed a word he had said.

"Sure, you could hop a freight!" Beezy sneered in a voice equally skeptical.

Andy looked at them with quiet scorn. "Maybe *you'd* want to break your mother's heart that way, but I've been brought up better." With a quick gesture he gained possession of the book and held it firmly under his arm. "It'd sure be terrific if I could only get to New York! But I guess we all got our crosses to bear in this unhappy world."

And with a martyred shrug he opened

the door and left. But he couldn't dismiss fate as easily as he had Polly and Beezy. It struck at dinner that night swiftly and without warning. Judge Hardy was going to New York to fight the Trustees of the Carvel estate. And the whole Hardy family was going with him. Even Aldrich Brown, his sister Marian's beau, who had become a reporter on the Carvel paper, was going with them to report on the law suit, much to Marian's joy.

Everybody was happy except Andy. Once New York would have meant a glorious adventure, but now it only meant the certainty that the lies he had told about knowing Daphne would be discovered. Andy's sins were catching up with him. Fate had put him on the spot. And once having put him there that same pitiless fate aided and abetted by his own father was moving him relentlessly toward New York.

Andy tried every ruse he could think of but all of them failed. He rallied every symptom of practically every disease fatal to man and paraded all of them before the family. There he was on the very verge of death itself but it made no difference to the Judge's plans. The Hardys were going to New York and Andy was going with them.

It didn't help to have the telephone ring the morning they were leaving and hear Polly's voice jubilantly telling him that she and Beezy had decided to print the story of his flaming romance with Daphne in the high school magazine.

"You better make good with that debutante, 'cause you'll be the talk of the town when you get home," she giggled, and Andy felt practically at death's door. "We know you'll send back a photograph of darling

Daphne and you to illustrate the story."

Andy tried a last illness, heartfailure coupled with a complete nervous breakdown. But the Judge, more puzzled than ever at Andy's desperate efforts to stay at home, showed no signs of relenting. So there was the train streamlining its way to the metropolis and there was Andy riding to his doom.

Then New York! They crossed on the ferry from Jersey so they could see the city as the Judge had seen it first, from the water. Tall buildings, ocean liners riding at anchor at the docks, the thrilling taxi ride through the city to the apartment the Judge had wired his friends, the Booths, to get ready for them, and then after an elevator had swept them up to the dizzying heights of their new home, the complete anticlimax—little Betsy Booth.

She was teetering on a step ladder in the tiny kitchenette when they came in, reaching for a coffee pot on the shelf above her, and when she saw Andy she almost fell over backwards in her excitement. Time had not helped her infatuation. She was as completely Andy's victim as she had been back in Carvel.

"It is a cute apartment, isn't it, Mrs. Hardy?" she said breathlessly, her eyes focussed adoringly on Andy. "Mother and father were away when your telegram came so I found it myself. And you know, Andy, it's perfectly swell to see you and I brought my radio over for you." She stopped, appalled at this revelation of her adoration, and turned to Mrs. Hardy. "It's just common gratitude, Mrs. Hardy, because back in Carvel, Andy took me to my first grown-up party."

"Son, how do you do it?" Judge Hardy grinned as Betsy ducked back into the kitchenette.

"Aw gee, Dad," Andy's face flamed. "She don't mean anything. It's only hero worship."

"Well," the Judge leaned down and picked up one of their bags, his face averted so Andy couldn't see the smile he was unable to control, "come on, my hero. Let's get unpacked."

New York might have been everything people said it was. Andy wouldn't know. His own problems weighed his spirits down so that the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center and the Statue of Liberty were as nothing but a blur of stone. Somehow, somehow he would have to meet Daphne Fowler or suffer the taunts of Carvel High forever after. Finally one day in desperation he gave the adoring Betsy a hint of what he was going through.

"You see, it's me against the City of New York," he explained enigmatically. "One of us is gonna be ruined in the struggle."

"Would it help to use mother's car and chauffeur while the folks are away?" Betsy asked.

Andy brightened. The car certainly did help even if Betsy went with the car and he had to drag her around with him. But she had promised not to ask questions. And she was trying desperately to keep that promise when Andy came back from his first attempt at meeting Daphne.

He had gone down in ignoble defeat when he attempted to deliver the letter he had written to her. When he got back to Betsy sitting in the car parked around the corner from Daphne's house, he could still feel the clutch of the hands of the glamor girl's bodyguard on his shoulders when he had thrown him out of the house after that one fleeting glimpse of his beloved. Even the thought that they had taken him for a kidnapper or something equally desperate didn't help much.

"Andy, what's the matter?" Betsy cried as he sank into the seat beside her. And then contritely, "Oh, I promised not to ask questions!"

"I have just aged fifty years," Andy said

in a hollow voice. "What happened just now is a secret I will carry with me to the grave."

"Where to?" The chauffeur broke in unsympathetically.

"Anywhere I can find some peace," Andy sighed.

"Grant's Tomb, Prentice," Betsy said practically. And then as the car stopped in front of the edifice she turned to Andy. "Come on inside. Maybe the coffins will cheer you up."

"Yeah, it's a fine world," Andy said, grim and tight-lipped. "Back in Carvel there's people waiting to laugh at my funeral and here in New York you got coffins to cheer me up!"

"I'm sorry. I meant maybe you'd feel glad to be alive," Betsy whispered contritely.

But it was impressive standing there in the half-darkness looking down on all that remained of one of America's great sons.

"Andy, won't you tell me what your problem is?" Betsy whispered hopefully. "I'm a woman. Maybe I could help." And then as Andy shook his head, "You musn't give up, Andy. Look at Ulysses S. Grant! Did he surrender when things looked dark?"

"He never had any trouble like I got," Andy blurted. "All he had on his hands was the Civil War."

"Then pretend you've only got the Civil War," Betsy said comfortingly.

Andy's chin went out at that. General Grant wouldn't surrender. He would use strategy. "Come on, General Grant!" he thought desperately. "What would you do? Remember Gettysburg! Remember Appomattox! Give, Ulysses!"

With Grant for an inspiration he cast his mind backwards trying to remember all he knew about Daphne Fowler. And then came the inspiration. In almost every one of those pictures her dog was with her.

"I got it!" Andy's voice rose jubilantly. "General Grant rides again! A dog, that's it. There's nothing like a dog. Betsy," he fixed his eye sternly on her, "have you a dog?"

"No," Betsy shuddered. "But we've got a cat."

"Cats is—I mean cats are not the same thing at all," Andy said severely. "Most people love dogs. S'pose you were walking down the street and you saw a kind of distinguished looking young fellow leading a dog. What would you do?"

"I'd run like the dickens," Betsy said promptly. "I'm scared of dogs. Or maybe I'd inch over to the curb and try to sneak by without the dog seeing me."

"No, no, Betsy!" Andy was exasperated. "You're supposed to love dogs! You'd want to go over and pet him."

"Then I'd just sort of reach over and pet him and then hurry on about my business."

"Wouldn't you speak to the man with the dog?" Andy demanded impatiently. And then as she hesitated, "He's a charming young gentleman. He's a fellow dog-lover. You'd want to get acquainted, drawn by the bond of our little four-footed friends. Well, anyway," he said irritably seeing her uncertain look, "do you know where I could borrow a dog? I got troubles and I need the consolation of a dumb animal."

Betsy looked at him, helpless in her love. "If you want a dog I suppose I'll have to figure out some way to borrow you one," she sighed.

And Betsy did. Not only one dog, but two. A giant St. Bernard and a tiny poodle. Again Andy left Betsy parked in the car around the corner while he strode up and down in front of Daphne's home, his two dogs straining at the leash, his heart going into high when he saw her come out of the house with her dachshund.

Afterwards Andy never knew exactly

what happened, except there was no leash strong enough to hold a St. Bernard with a grudge against a dachshund. It was a dog fight to end all dog fights, with Daphne screaming in terror and her chauffeur the only master of the situation. For it was he and not Andy who restored order out of chaos and brought the dachshund back to his mistress' arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Fowler," Andy looked at her beseechingly. "Can you maybe forgive me on account of we're both dog-lovers?"

"Nice dogs!" Daphne glared at him. "But not wild animals like yours."

Had any general rallied after such a defeat? It didn't help Andy to know his father was going through his own difficulties. For at the Surrogate's Court the Judge discovered that the Carvel trustees had all the advantages of the law on their side since Harlan Wyatt, the former president of the orphanage, had switched the United States securities in the orphanage trust funds to European bonds and conditions in Europe had made those bonds worthless. The case would be tried on Monday and the Judge felt he didn't have a leg to stand on.

Andy too had only a few days to make good. He had seen in the papers that Daphne was to preside at the Dog Lovers' Banquet being given the next evening. Again it was Betsy he turned to, and loyal as always she hired a complete dress outfit for him, even to giving him her father's black pearl stud.

The banquet was being held in one of New York's most exclusive night clubs but that didn't phase Andy. Didn't he have eight dollars in his pocket and wasn't that enough for anything? He ordered lavishly without even looking at the menu. If he wanted to get anywhere with Daphne wouldn't he have to be a playboy, a man



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to whom expense was no object? He'd come early and by the time his dinner was finished there was still no sign of Daphne. But there was a bill. For thirty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents.

He was taken to the proprietor's office and for once it didn't help him to be Judge Hardy's son. Carvel, it seemed, was different from New York. The proprietor had never even heard of Judge Hardy.

"I know your type," he said grimly. "A small town sport not dry behind the ears. This is New York! If a hick show-off tried to crash some places I know he might never come out. But I don't think you even rate jail. I think you need a good spanking. Here, Fred," he nodded to the waiter standing superciliously by, "put him in a taxi and see that the driver gets the right address."

Andy had never felt so humiliated in his life. So this was how people were treated when they didn't have any money. As if they were dirt or something. How easy things would have been if he had been born a millionaire. He wouldn't have to try to meet Daphne then. She'd probably be running after him.

It was only after he got home that he discovered he had lost Betsy's father's stud and that it cost four hundred dollars. But before he had a chance to sink his teeth into this new disaster he saw the letter from Polly and Beezy enclosing the proof of the new cover for the school magazine. It was a composite picture of a snapshot of Andy looking with idiotic rapture into the photographed face of Daphne Fowler, and it was titled, "The Most Interesting Achievement of the Month by a Student." Clipped to it was the terse message: "This is the cover we're using unless you can send us a better one."

Judge Hardy saw the look on Andy's face as he hastily stuffed the letter into his pocket. "I've problems of my own, son," he said hesitantly, "but I'd like to help you if I can."

"You can't help this," Andy said dully. "It isn't your fault you were born what you were and that I'm what I am. Why couldn't our family have money! And family trees, and all that stuff."

"You have a family tree," the judge said gravely. "Parents and grandparents and great grandparents, just like every living soul in the world."

"I don't mean that!" Andy said help-

lessly. "I mean class, money, social position. Why aren't we somebodies instead of nobodies? For the first time in my life I've realized I'm not as good as someone else."

The Judge had been through many things with his son, but never anything like this—never anything that had hurt so much. All the great things, the fine ideals he had hoped to instill in him were threatened.

"You're not, eh?" The Judge's voice was cold. "You come with me!"

It was to the Hall of Fame he took him, the home of America's great. There stood the statues of the men who had brought glory to the United States, the sons of whom their country was proudest. Most of them had come from the same wide middle-class as Andy had sprung from, and some had fought their way up from poverty to reach undying fame, immortal proof of the privilege of being born in a democracy.

"I never thought I'd hear you, my own son, denying the very soil you walk on," the Judge said quietly. "Soil earned for you by the blood and tears of men who said that all men in America should be equal. It's a heritage you should fight to keep instead of kicking it around and snivelling about money and social position."

"Equal, that's funny!" Andy said bitterly. "That's a lot of hooey. A bunch of hicks thought it up because they didn't come over on the Mayflower. Anyway, what's all this gotta do with the fact that I'm going back to Carvel to face the worst punishment a guy ever had to take?"

"Punishment?" The Judge's smile twisted. "Over there's a man who took a lot of punishment. Abraham Lincoln. He was born a poor boy, too."

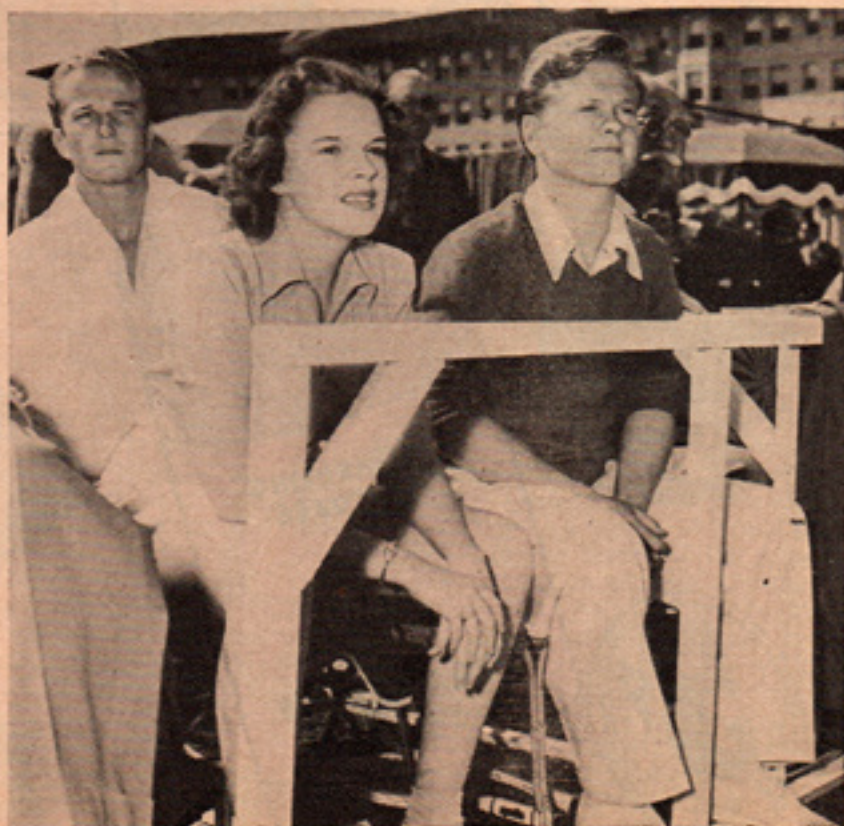
"That was fine a hundred years ago," Andy said hotly. "A guy had a chance then. But now, what chance have we got in New York? I'm nothing but a hick and you—you're nothin' but a small town judge that nobody ever heard of."

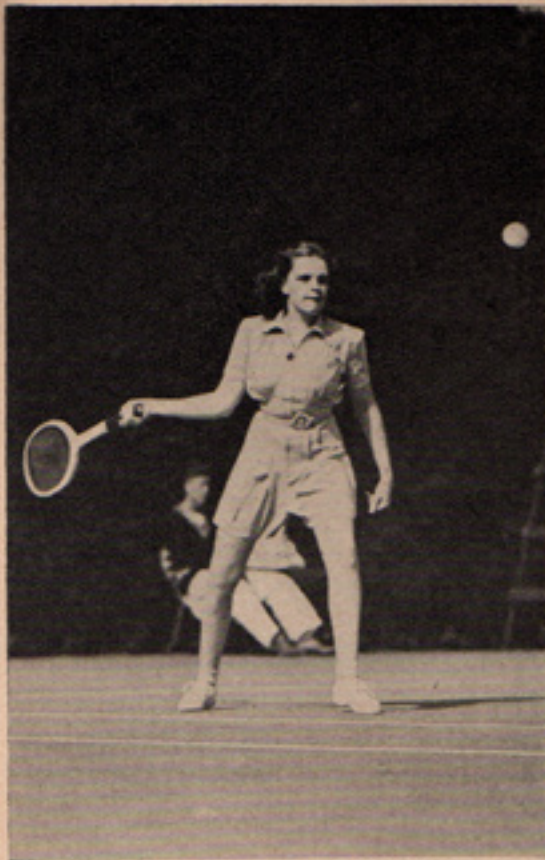
The Judge had difficulty in restraining himself but he put his hand gently on his son's shoulder.

"Let's go home, Andrew," he said quietly.

He hadn't convinced Andy, but he had begun to convince himself. Thoughts of patriotism were good for a man who felt himself defeated. Thoughts like that put the fight back in a man's heart. After all, what good was it to be born in a democracy unless you took the ideals of that democracy and applied them to your own problems?

Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, expert young tennis players, took time out from "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" to play with Lester Stoefen and Bill Tilden at the recent benefit matches.





A fine action shot of Judy Garland receiving a fast serve from Bill Tilden in a recent tennis tournament, played for the benefit of the British war relief fund.

And what were the ideals of that democracy but simple truths? It meant that privileges couldn't be taken away from anyone. Suddenly the inspiration came that the Judge had been waiting for. But he told none of them what he was going to do when he took the plane back to Carvel, explaining only that he would be back in time for the trial of the orphanage case. Andy was desperate. Life had closed in on him. Even his father had gone, taking his last prop from under him. He had almost nerved himself up to the ordeal of confiding in his father and now there was no one to turn to but Betsy and at last he went to her. Then it was amazing how simple things became. Betsy knew Daphne, had known her all the time he had been inventing his frantic schemes to meet her. And as Andy listened she went to the phone and talked to her, triumphantly securing an invitation for him for her debut Monday evening.

Monday was a day to go down in triumph in the history of the Hardy family. Andy and Marian and Aldrich were in court early, waiting for the Judge who had not yet arrived from Carvel. Then, just when the case was about to be dismissed he made his dramatic entrance, carrying in his arms the smallest orphan from the Carvel Orphanage. It was his new petitioner, one of the eighteen orphans who had been betrayed without their knowledge when the orphanage funds had been transferred to foreign bonds.

There was silence as Judge Hardy stated his case. Then the lawyer for the million dollar Carvel trust fund stepped forward. "If Your Honor please," he said, "I don't think I would care to oppose this new petitioner before a jury of twelve good Americans and true."

So the orphanage was saved and so a boy sat there, with tears choking in his throat. All Andy's grandiose ideas were gone now. He felt cheap and small, unworthy of being the son of such a father. He waited while Marian and Aldrich congratulated the Judge and then after they had gone he fell into step beside him.

"I—I don't deserve to be your son," he said at last uncertainly.

"What I'm wondering is, do you deserve

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A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But *folded* bills buy just as much... and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft *folded* center! This naturally makes Kotex *less bulky* than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!



Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an *improved* new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too!

Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

FEEL its new softness
PROVE its new safety
COMPARE its new, flatter ends



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**New under-arm
Cream Deodorant**
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

to be any decent American's son?" the Judge asked sternly.

"Don't, dad, please!" Andy said brokenly. Then his voice lifted in pride. "They say that lawyer makes a million dollars a year and you showed him up!"

"That's not the real point," his father said. "Did you notice the Court treated me with equal consideration, million dollars or no?"

"I'm licked, dad, don't rub it in." Andy's voice was small and humble. "It just shows what can happen when a man lets love blind him to the principles of democracy."

Before he knew it, Andy had gulped out the whole story, down to the missing pearl stud. And again Andy was to know what it meant to have the father he did. Before the day was over the Judge had come back from the night club with the missing stud in one hand and a box holding Andy's first tuxedo in the other. And somehow the fact that his father had paid his bill for him and was taking it out of his allowance a dollar a week was the happiest news of all. He felt he could hold his head high with honorable men again.

Andy, magnificent and haughty in his own tuxedo, and Betsy, looking sweet and fifteen, arrived at the ballroom entrance where Mrs. Fowler and her daughter, Daphne, were receiving guests. As Andy and Betsy took their places and waited for their turn to greet the debutante, Andy whispered, "Gosh, Betsy, there's other guys here in tuxedos!"

"Sure," said Betsy, "some of 'em can't afford dress suits."

"Well, rags is royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," replied Andy with a noble air.

Their turn to greet Daphne came, and Betsy and Andy stepped forward.

"Hi'ya, Daph! Gee, you're a knockout in that strapless gown," Betsy told Daphne, in her little-girl manner.

"I'm freezing in it," Daphne whispered and, putting on a big act, asked, "This is Mr. Hardy?"

"May I present Mr. Andrew Hardy," Betsy said, and in an aside to Daphne added, "one of Nature's noblemen!"

"I am *most* happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Fowler," beamed Andy.

"Greetings, Mr. Hardy, from one dog-lover to another!" said Daphne.

"What's Clark Gable got that he hasn't got?" asked Betsy.

"Nothing but Carole Lombard!" replied Daphne, grinning.

Other guests came up for presentation and Andy and Betsy stepped aside, but before Andy got away, Daphne gave him a

parting aside: "Betsy's told me the amazing story of your life, so restrain yourself until the sixth dance—Glamor Boy!" Andy's face expanded into a broad grin.

Dancing with Daphne, Andy, taking his social importance very big, and looking around to see if all the other guests were aware of him, noticed Betsy's eyes glued on him with adoration and pride and, behind Daphne's back, holding up his hand, gave Betsy the "okay" sign.

Meeting Daphne Fowler didn't seem so important after all. His heart didn't miss a single beat when he danced with her. Funny, how his sense of values had changed. Funny how he had changed about so many things. He couldn't understand the new feeling he had for little Betsy Booth or his pride in her when she got up on the platform and sang and he saw all the grand New Yorkers making as much to-do over her voice as folks had back home in Carvel.

Acknowledging a signal from a cameraman standing in the doorway, Daphne said, "There's my pet photographer—guaranteed not to let your eyes squint! Here's where we annihilate the unbelievers in Carvel!" But even when Andy saw the photographer taking the flashlight picture of him dancing with Daphne it didn't seem so important to be vindicated any more or to have turned the tables on Polly and Beezy, back home.

Afterwards Andy took Betsy home in one of the old carriages that are making their last stand outside the Plaza Hotel. And as they drove through the park, Andy looked at her with shining eyes.

"You've changed since you were out in Carvel," he whispered. "You're growing up. Gee, I'd forgotten how swell you were."

"Maybe I wasn't that swell in Carvel," Betsy sighed, "or maybe you didn't notice it. One thing about me hasn't changed, though. No boy has ever kissed me yet!"

Solemnly, and with his heart pounding, Andy accepted her wistful challenge and leaned over and kissed her cheek. Then suddenly Betsy began to cry and Andy took out his handkerchief only to discover he needed it as much as Betsy did. It was funny the way he felt looking at her. Sort of excited, as if she was some new girl he'd just met, a girl he had a crush on. When a girl you liked cried, she had glamor even with a shiny nose.

Gee, it was funny about girls, he thought. They were sort of thrilling at that. All of them, Polly, Daphne, and now even little Betsy Booth. Maybe Brigham Young had the right idea after all, with so many perfectly swell girls in the world and all of them so sweet in their different ways.

YOUR MONOGRAM

on peach, white or blue transparent make-up cape with matching shower cap, \$1.00 postpaid. Cold cream mitts 35¢ extra. State color desired. ELDON PRODUCTS, P. O. Box 663, Newark, N. J.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Shirley Temple's new film, "Young People," which features Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood, is her last picture on her long 20th Century-Fox contract. She'll be a schoolgirl from now on unless her mother decides to accept one of the radio or screen offers she has received.

