

## Home Town Looks Good to Actress

London Audiences Demand Own Version of Jokes, Miss Petri Reports.

BY JOHN W. THOMPSON  
Indianapolis "roaming lady" of the stage, Miss Helene Petri, and her traveling companion, a personable Carin terrier, "Musky," came home from London yesterday for what she hopes is a "long vacation."

Miss Petri's mother, Mrs. E. E. Petri of 5306 N. Pennsylvania-st., is going to try and keep Helene at home this time, but from what we heard of the latter's enthusiasm for the stage, we feel sure she will be getting back to the boards after a rest.

"It's been two years since Helene last was home. She first appeared with the New York Repertory Company on Broadway in a number of plays including 'Bury the Dead,' 'A Lady Detained,' 'I'll Take My Stand,' 'Private Hicks,' 'Angelo Herndon.'"

London's Laughter Light  
For four months before her return to Indianapolis Helene had one of the leading roles in last season's hit burlesque on Hollywood, "Boy Meets Girl," in its London engagement.

Londoners weren't as receptive to the play's rather bawdy comedy tactics as American audiences, according to Miss Petri. The lines at which Indianapolis guffawed fell a little flat in the foggy city until Producer George Abbott had rewritten them and cut certain portions. Then it turned out to be quite successful.

Attired in a natty gray traveling suit trimmed in royal blue, Miss Petri didn't appear to have acquired any English customs or accent. She wasn't particularly enthusiastic about English food.

"It's too starchy," she said. "It's just Yorkshire pudding and more Yorkshire pudding until it almost runs out your ears."

Enjoyed Country Week-Ends  
"What I liked best about the London customs," smiled the local actress, "were my week-ends in Maidenhead. And I would certainly like to build myself a cottage on the English countryside. Oh, those cute thatched roofs! I would have brought one home with me if I could."

One of the impressive ceremonies indulged in by the English theater-going gentry is the singing of "God Save the King" after every performance. The theater in which "Boy Meets Girl" was presented was built in 1870, Miss Petri said, and contained old-fashioned stage construction, which kept the players running about on a 15-degree incline.

Although the "old home town" looked pretty good to the traveling Theatopian, we have no doubt that Helene will be hopping back to Broadway when the new season's greasepaint begins to get in the air.

## FEATURED IN WAR FILM



## Conservatory Term Is Begun

Increase in Students Seen as Registration Opens.

Preparations have been completed at the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music for the opening of the annual school year today.

An increase in enrollments over the 1935-36 figure of 1700 persons, both adults and children, is expected by conservatory officials. Mrs. Evelyn Green and Stanley Norris, music school registrars, will be in charge of enrollments from 8 a. m. until 5 p. m. daily.

Four additions have been made to the faculty for the new year. They include Mrs. Fannie Kiser Rosenak, who will head the department of harp; Mrs. Jane Ogburn Bruce, dramatics; Austin E. Coggin, piano, and Virgil Phemister, voice.

Registrations for private lessons will be received each day this fall. Group instruction in music, drama and dancing will begin today and Sept. 8. The collegiate department, affiliated with Butler University, will open registration Sept. 10-11. Classes in this department will begin Sept. 14 and continue on a schedule similar to that of the university.

The conservatory will offer instruction at four locations this year. They are the north branch, 3411 N. Pennsylvania-st.; Metropolitan branch, 106 E. North-st., and the main campus, 1116 and 1204 N. Delaware-st. The latter location houses the conservatory administrative offices.



Three of the outstanding male stars in movie circles, starred with a youthful debutante in cinema ranks, are principals in "The Road to Glory" which has been secured for the Lyric Theater the week of Sept. 11. In the top photo is shown June Lang, heroine of the movie war story. Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore are seen in the center photo, and Fredric March, the hero, below.

## Local Booking Advanced for Astaire-Rogers' Film

A shift of Circle bookings (for reasons known only to showmen) will find the latest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tune and tapershore movie being shown at the local theater the week of Sept. 11 instead of a week later.

A solo dance in blackface by Mr. Astaire, the presentation of the new dance "Swing Waltz," and seven of Jerome Kern's tunes are highlights of the coming film.

Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, both stage musical veterans, are teamed as comedy partners, the well-meaning but embarrassing match-makers who attempt to get the hero and heroine together. Eric Blore, Betty Furness and Georges Mezza are also in the cast.

A glittering aerial night club of mirrors and chromium, moored to the tower of Manhattan's highest skyscraper, is one of the numerous settings in the production. It was designed by John Harkrider of Great Ziegfeld's fame and is the spot where Astaire and 24 dancing girls go through the blackface number.

## MISTAKE

BY ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON

Daily Short Story

MR. SMEDLEY-KERR'S horse whinnied and stopped short, nose to nose with another horse bound in the opposite direction along the dusty trail. The second rider was Chase, who ran the sugar mill.

"Hello, S. K. Heard the bad news?"

"All news is bad in this infernal country," Mr. Smedley-Kerr cast a sour glance over the endless stretches of dry, sun-scorched savannah. "What is it now?"

"Typhoid fever. Twenty of my men are down—for keeps! I'll reach your neighborhood next, I guess."

"Typhoid!" Mr. Smedley-Kerr's face paled. "Can't-can't it be stopped? What is the cause of it?"

"Up-country rains. The Rio Tigre flooded its banks and is bringing all sorts of filth into this district. Doc Amberly tested the water yesterday. Says it's so full of typhoid germs, it nearly crawled off the slide of his microscope. As for stopping the epidemic—nothing doing!" Chase shrugged his shoulders. "Where are you headed for?"

"SAN MARCOS. An errand for my wife."

"You'll be crossing the Tigre, then. Watch out you don't get absent-minded and take a drink!" Mr. Smedley-Kerr winced, and rode on.

Death! Disease and death! He shivered. Presently, he drew rein, took a small flask of brandy from his pocket, and swallowed half the contents.

Mingled with his new fear, was an old, sullen hatred. He hated this tropical pest-hole. He hated his present occupation and mode of living. He hated the natives. But most of all, he hated the rich woman whom he had married for her money. In his straitened circumstances, her wealth had seemed like a gift from the gods, but now he realized that the marriage had been a mistake—the gravest blunder in a life already full of blunders.

How could he have foreseen that she would want him to work? He, a Smedley-Kerr! With the New York social season in full swing, to drag him down here to assist her in the management of a heavily sugar property left by her first husband!

The Tigre, when he reached it, was turbid, muddy, with a suggestion of evil in its murky flow. He shut his eyes as he put his horse to the shallow ford.

At San Marcos, he attended to his errand, then turned homeward, accompanied by a fat black fly which buzzed persistently about his ears and refused to be driven away. Did flies carry typhoid germs? Ugh!

"I can't stick this much longer," he cried suddenly, almost hysterically. "I've got to get out! Somewhere! I've got it . . ."

He halted as he came again to the Tigre. He dismounted and seated himself on the bank. He lingered there, pensive, his gaze fixed on the

noxious flood. Presently, the equally noxious current of his thoughts went to the document his wife had shown him a few days after their wedding. Her will, bequeathing everything to him—outright!

He finished his brandy and sat looking from the empty flask to his hand to the river and back again. At last, he rose, went to the water's edge and knelt. Very thoroughly, he rinsed the flask, lest even a drop of alcohol remain to frustrate his purpose, then filled it to the brim and screwed its cap tight.

"LL get out of all this!" he whispered huskily.

He had not been home an hour, lounging with a book in a cool corner of the patio, when he heard a familiar, swinging step. His wife, trim and immaculate as always, was returning from her daily tour of the cane fields. She tossed aside her cane and kissed her husband affectionately.

"Whoosh, it's hot! Me for a shower! Get me a lemonade, Johnny dear. Bring it to me yourself like a good boy!"

She strode away, alert, competent. Her physique, the very way she carried herself, were an affront to the man who knew himself a weakling.

Mr. Smedley-Kerr ordered the drink and when a servant brought it, and left, he took out his flask. A momentary quail stayed his hand, but it was a twinge of cowardice, not compunction. Then, his nerves steadied, he waited so safe!

In an epidemic of typhoid, who would suspect murder? Or who, suspecting it, could prove the fact? He tilted the flask and trickled some of its lethal contents into the lemonade.

Chase's prediction proved true. Typhoid came to them, taking heavy toll of their laborers. With its coming, horrible rode with Mr. Smedley-Kerr by day, terror sleep with him by night. He could eat or drink nothing without inward shrinking. When he went with his wife to visit the sick and dying, he suffered untold tortures.

And she? Calm and collected, utterly fearless, she moved on her errands of mercy untouched by the misery she assuaged. Any other man must have admired her, but her husband saw only her superb intuality and her apparent immunity to infection—and cursed them bleakly.

The end of the first week found his flask empty of the Rio Tigre water; he replenished it, yet his wife continued radiant with health.

Meanwhile, his own gnawing fear increased day by day. He knew that, should he be stricken by the dread disease, his chances of recovery were exactly nil. Lack of stamina, and consequent weakness, by past excesses, would sign his death warrant. Yes, if he should catch it—

Abruptly, he did. There came a morning when he could not rise from the bed he was never to leave again alive.

It was then his wife's composure at last deserted her. Wild-eyed, distraught, she rushed to his side, dropped to her knees in anguish.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, what have I done! This is my fault—all my fault!"

"YOUR . . . fault?" he said painfully. "What do you mean?"

"When I came from New York, leaving you to follow, I was so busy with other things, I never thought to tell you! I took it for granted you knew and would have it done! Oh, J-Johnny, I thought you had—of course."

"Heat what—done?"

"Inoculation against typhoid! Everybody has it before coming here! Oh, my dear, I thought you were safe! If I'd only known the truth, I'd have carried you away the instant it broke out!"

"You would have made me go?" he repeated, not too spent to realize the irony of it. Then his tired brain grasped another implication in frantic words. Dimly, he realized he must have made his last and worst mistake. "And . . . you? You . . . were . . . inoculated?"

"Yes!" she sobbed. "Oh—yes!"

THE END

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## Comedy Hit by Players Wins Praise

Federal Cast at Its Best in Amusing Piece, "Broken Dishes."

What the Federal Players needed, it seems, was a week's vacation. That, and a good play. Equipped with both, they launched Martin Flavin's amusing comedy, "Broken Dishes," at Keith's last night, and the result was undoubtedly the best entertainment of this, their initial season.

Last week Federal Theater audiences saw the ultimate downfall of ambition, as set forth in the Haitian "Macbeth." This week they witness the triumph of complete subjugation and meekness, when young love and a jug of hard cider are there to help.

The two real heroes are Elaine Bumpstead (Betty Anne Brown) and the aforementioned jug, and both are on the stage when the curtain rises—one seated at the supper table, the other under it.

Mother Domineering  
Elaine has a domineering mother (Ruth King) and two spinster sisters, Myra and Mabel (Alice Arnold and Bernice Jenkins). The girls and their poor, henpecked father (Jack Duval) have eaten and other wise lived with the name of Chester Armstrong since the family was founded. Chester is Ma Bumpstead's almost mythical girlhood sweetheart of 30 years ago. She never has recovered from the fact that she turned down this now rich gentleman for Pa, still a drygoods clerk.

Pa agrees with her. He centers his entire affection in Elaine, however, and when she falls in love with Bill Clark, a delivery boy, he's inclined to take sides, meekly, against his wife.

Things move merrily into Act II. Ma and the older girls go to the movies, leaving Pa and Elaine to do the dishes. She persuades her father to go to lodge, smuggles in Bill (Ned LeFevre), who proposes. Later, she gets Pa's reluctant consent on his stage, in the help of Pa's first and only experience with hard cider, the marriage goes through.

Illusion Shattered  
Meanwhile, before the ladies return from the picture, a stranger (Frederick G. Winter) enters from his broken-down car and the sub-zero night. And so the curtain descends with the marriage over, Ma returned, furious, and Pa, slightly irritated, summoning courage to snap his fingers in the face of the stranger, of course, is Chester Armstrong.

The final act discloses Chester as a forger, swindler, and all manner of unpleasant things. And Ma admits that he never really was as wonderful as she had brought up the family in images. The dishes which have remained, like an ominous, unwashed threat during the entire play, finally are done by Ma. Definitely symbolical, as the reader may see.

Mr. Duval is in excellent form for his part. Doubtless Don Meek, who did Pa in New York, put in more of Caspar Milquetoast and less of senility, yet Mr. Duval's doddery portrayal is delicious.

The rest of the cast leaves little to quibble about. All rise right admirably to the occasion. And now, with a final shower of orchids to all concerned, we recommend that you have a look at "Broken Dishes."

(By J. T.)

## TODAY IS OURS

by NARD JONES

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

JUDITH HOWARD was engaged to STEPHEN FOWLER for four years. She wants to be married and keep her job in a business office but Steve will not hear to it.

Judith meets Steve for lunch and they go over the familiar arguments. Judith points out that her friends, VIRGINIA and BOB, are happily married, though both have jobs. Steve refuses to be convinced. Finally Judith threatens to break the engagement.

Steve, realizing she is in earnest, asks to come to her apartment that evening to talk the matter over. He comes and a short time later Bob and Virginia arrive, with their friend, TONY LYNN. Steve and Tony have an argument and the evening is awkward for every one. Steve remains after the others have gone. He begs Judith to break the engagement, but she remains firm.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FIVE

IT was the Bents' habit to drop by for Judith on their way to work. But next morning Virginia stopped at Judith's apartment without her husband.

"Bob left early," Virginia explained. "He had some work he wanted to finish before the day's rush."

Judith knew better, but she said nothing. Virginia wanted to know the outcome of last night's encounter with Steve and she didn't care to be hampered by Bob in her questioning.

"Sit down," Judith invited. "You've time to have a cup of coffee with me."

"Thanks, darling. And I'll take on a piece of toast, too. I rushed to get Bob away that I'm afraid I neglected my own calories." She took the proffered cup, searching Judith's eyes. "Well, what happened?"

The other smiled. "Nothing at all, Virginia. He left right after you did—and I didn't change my mind."

"Good!" exclaimed Virginia. "To death you'd give him another chance. I was trying to stay here longer than he did, but finally I saw that he'd caught on to my scheme." Young Mrs. Bent stirred her coffee in silence for a moment. Then, looking up at Judith, she said, "Did Steve tell you what he did to Toby Lynch last night?"

JUDITH nodded. "Terrible, wasn't it?"

"Well . . . Bob seemed to think that Toby had it coming. But you know how Toby is—always opening his mouth before he thinks. If you ask me, I think it was stupid of him."

Judith Howard's gaze met her friend's quizzically. "Stupid? Perhaps you're right, Virginia. But when a gal has had her good name defended it's hard for her to think of it as stupid."

"That," said Virginia in her most cynical fashion, "is a lot of banana oil, and you know it. No girl nowadays gets all excited about a man because he lets his arms fly around."

"Don't be so sure," Judith laughed. "Come on, we'll have to

rush now to make the office on time!"

Virginia was well pleased with the way Judith was taking the finish of her affair with Steve Fowler. "The patient's condition is good," Virginia told herself. "In a month or so she'll be as fit as a fiddle and ready for love—a new one."

But at the office Virginia's desk wasn't near Judith's. Busy with her own work, she didn't see how many times Judith Howard stopped typing and stared into space. She didn't notice how many times Judith stopped her busy fingers to make erasures, or to snatch out the sheets and carbons and begin anew.

Steve telephoned just before noon and asked her to lunch. "I—I can't do it," Judith faltered. "I've some extra work to do."

"Then I'll call you tonight," Steve told her.

"I won't do any good, Steve."

"I'm willing to take the chance."

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SHE was glad when Virginia suggested that they telephone Bob and plan to stay downtown for dinner. It would help her to forget Steve.

"Bob might like to bring along Jerry Macklin. He's in Bob's office, and you'd like him, Judith."

Judith shook her head. "I'd rather he wouldn't. Virginia, I don't quite feel up to meeting any one now."

"Just as you say, darling. But I

"I won't do any good, Steve."

"I'm willing to take the chance."

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Gertrude Michael has been mentioned for the coveted role of "Scarlett" in the movie adaptation of "Gone With the Wind." . . . John Beal is thrilled over his new role in the musical, "Round the Town, in which he sings and dances. . . . During his recent trip to Wichita to play in a charity baseball game, Gene Raymond spent more money on phone calls to Jeanette MacDonald than he did for the rest of trip. . . . When William Wyler drives to the "Dodsworth" set where he is directing the movie of that name he has his chauffeur bring his motorcycle in case he feels like going home on the two-wheeler.

HAS MANY TALENTS

Marsha Hunt, now appearing in "The Accusing Finger," though still in her early teens, is a talented pianist and a sculptress of no mean ability in addition to being a singer and sketcher.

CROSBY'S AMBITION

Bling Crosby is ambitious to be an author. He has written several short stories which he doesn't believe good enough for publication, but isn't discouraged. Now he's at work on a novel.

want you to know I'm not going to let you stay in mourning indefinitely."

The trio met in a little Italian restaurant which was a favorite of Bob's. There they struggled with spaghetti in fascinating and unbroken strands, while the Bents did their best to keep Judith's spirits high. Aided by the delicious food and the carefree atmosphere of the place, they succeeded fairly well.

"How about a movie?" Bob suggested.

"You and Virginia go," Judith said. "I'm a little tired. And after all this food I'm afraid I'd go to sleep in the theater."

"Sure you'll be all right?" Virginia wanted to know when Bob left the booth to get the check.

Judith smiled. "Of course!"

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BUT although the street car was filled, Judith felt somehow lonely without Bob and Virginia. Or was it the Bents she missed? Wasn't it Steve Fowler for whom she was being sent away? Judith wondered, tried to analyze her own strange feelings. He had said he would telephone tonight; and as Judith remembered this she realized that if Steve failed to keep his promise she would be disappointed. She would wonder why he hadn't kept it.

"Women are such fools," she thought bitterly, and tried to divert her mind by watching the people in the car. But down at the far end her eyes encountered a young couple oblivious to the world—a young couple so patently in love that for each of them nothing, no one, existed except the other. "I suppose Steve and I must have looked like that," she thought. "I suppose that some time or other some disillusioned girl must have watched us just as I am watching these two now."

She was glad when the car reached her street, glad when she could flee to the privacy of her own room. Once there she bathed her face and hands, then tried to read. But although she followed the words, they meant nothing, meant no more than the pages had been blank.

Suddenly the telephone rang sending Judith's heart into her throat. Without thinking, without

self-debate, she took up the instrument and answered. It was Steve.

"I've been trying to reach you for the last hour," he said. "I had dinner downtown with Bob and Virginia."

"Still writing your rules of conduct, are they?" asked Steve bitterly.

"Judith caught her breath. "It won't do any good to be angry, Steve. Why can't you make it easy for me? I—"

"Make it easy for you to throw me down. Not on your life! Judith, I'm coming over. I'm going to have this out with you if it takes all night."

"But, Steve, I've told you how I feel. There's simply no use—"

"With the realization that he was no longer on the wire, Judith's voice trailed into silence. Slowly she replaced the instrument in its cradle.

Steve Fowler was coming to convince her again, as he had so often convinced her in the past. And she mustn't let him. She mustn't—

Quickly she got up from the telephone chair, snatched her hat and coat, and rushed to the door. She was racing hurriedly along the sidewalk. She wished now that she'd accepted the Bents' invitation to the movie. But she could go alone to the little neighborhood theater near the apartment. That would be her haven of refuge. Perhaps when Steve found no answer to his ring he would understand, at last, that she had made her decision for the last time.

In the pleasant half-light of the neighborhood movie house she found herself confronting the excitement of an African hunting trip—a feature devoted to the exploits of an adventurer who trapped wild animals for zoos. She was relieved that the plotless reels were unconcerned with the problems of men and women in a realistic world.

LOEW'S  
NOW! 5:30 to 8  
LAST OF THE MOHICANS  
—AND—  
"Final Hour"

FRIDAY  
The No. 1 Hit of New Show Season!  
CRAWFORD ROBT. TAYLOR  
FRANCHOT TONE  
"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY"  
with LIONEL BARRYMORE  
and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS  
Stewart  
Clarence BROWN  
Production

COOL CIRCLE  
FRED M. MURRAY-JACK OKIE  
JERN PRATER  
LAST 3 DAYS  
"THE TEXAS RANGERS"  
The "Bunker Bean" Stars in another grand comedy!  
"GRAND JURY"  
With Fred Stone, Owen Davis, Jr., Louise Latimer  
25c UNTIL 6 40c AFTER 6

SWIM-DANCE  
WESTLAKE  
BEACH TERRACE  
Dance Every Night Except Monday  
PAUL COLLINS ORCHESTRA

COOL CROONED AIR  
WUWUWUWU  
Last 3 Days!  
Chicago's Record Revis  
ON THE STAGE  
VIC OLIVER  
and cast of 30  
Including BEBE BARBI GIRLS

Follow the Stars  
Featuring  
VIC OLIVER  
and cast of 30  
Including BEBE BARBI GIRLS

ON THE SCREEN  
CLIVE TREVOR  
JANE DARWELL  
Star for a Night

COLONIAL BURLESQUE  
NOW SHOWING  
EASTERN BURLESQUE  
KUDDLIN KUTIES  
FANNIE M'EVoy  
TRAVELING ROAD SHOWS  
40 KUDDLIN KUTIES 40

## WHERE, WHAT, WHEN

APOLLO  
"Sing, Baby, Sing" with Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

CIRCLE  
"The Texas Rangers," with Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30. Also "Grand Jury" with Fred Stone at 11:30, 2:30, 5:30 and 8:30.

KEITH'S  
"Broken Dishes," a comedy presentation of Federal Players. Curtain at 8:15.

LOEWS  
"The Last of the Mohicans" with Bruce Cabot, Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel at 11:15, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15 and 7:15. Also "Grand Jury" with Fred Stone at 11:15, 2:15, 5:15, 8:15 and 10:15.

LYRIC  
"Follow the Stars," on stage, with Vic Oliver and Adelaide Hall at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Star for a Night" with Clive Trevor and Jane Darwell at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

ALAMO  
"O'Shaughnessy's Boy," with Jackie Cooper, Ronald Reagan and Jackie Cooper. Curtain at 8:15.

AMBIADOR  
"And Sudden Death," with Randolph Scott and Frances Drake. Also "The White Angel," with Kay Francis. Curtain at 8:15.

OHO  
"Under Two Flags," with Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman. Also "Private Detective No. 62," with William Powell. Curtain at 8:15.

TONIGHT'S PRESENTATIONS  
NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE

WEST SIDE  
STATE  
2707 W. 10th St.  
Allison Skipworth  
"HITCH-HIKE L.A."  
Comedy—Cartoon

BELMONT  
W. Wash. & Belmont  
Double Feature  
"WHITE FANG"  
Guy Kibbee, "THE BIG NOISE"

DAISY  
2540 W. Mich. St.  
Double Feature  
"FOLLOW THE FLEET"  
"ANOTHER FACE"

NORTH SIDE  
RITZ  
Illinois and 34th  
Double Feature  
"SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR"  
"TALM SPRINGS"

ZARING  
Central at Fall Crk.  
Double Feature  
"THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS"  
"THREE LIVE GHOSTS"

UPTOWN  
GARRICK  
42nd & College  
Double Feature  
"WHITE FANG"  
"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

ST. CLAIR  
"EX-MRS. BRADFORE"  
"KING STEPS OUT"

UDELL  
"I MARRIED A DOCTOR"  
"TUMBLING TUMBLED"

TALBOT  
Talbot & 22nd  
Double Feature  
"SPENCER TRACY"

REX  
30th at North Wm.  
Double Feature  
"EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN"  
"THE GHOST GOES WEST"

Stratford  
19th & College  
Double Feature  
"SHE"  
"BIG BROWN EYES"