



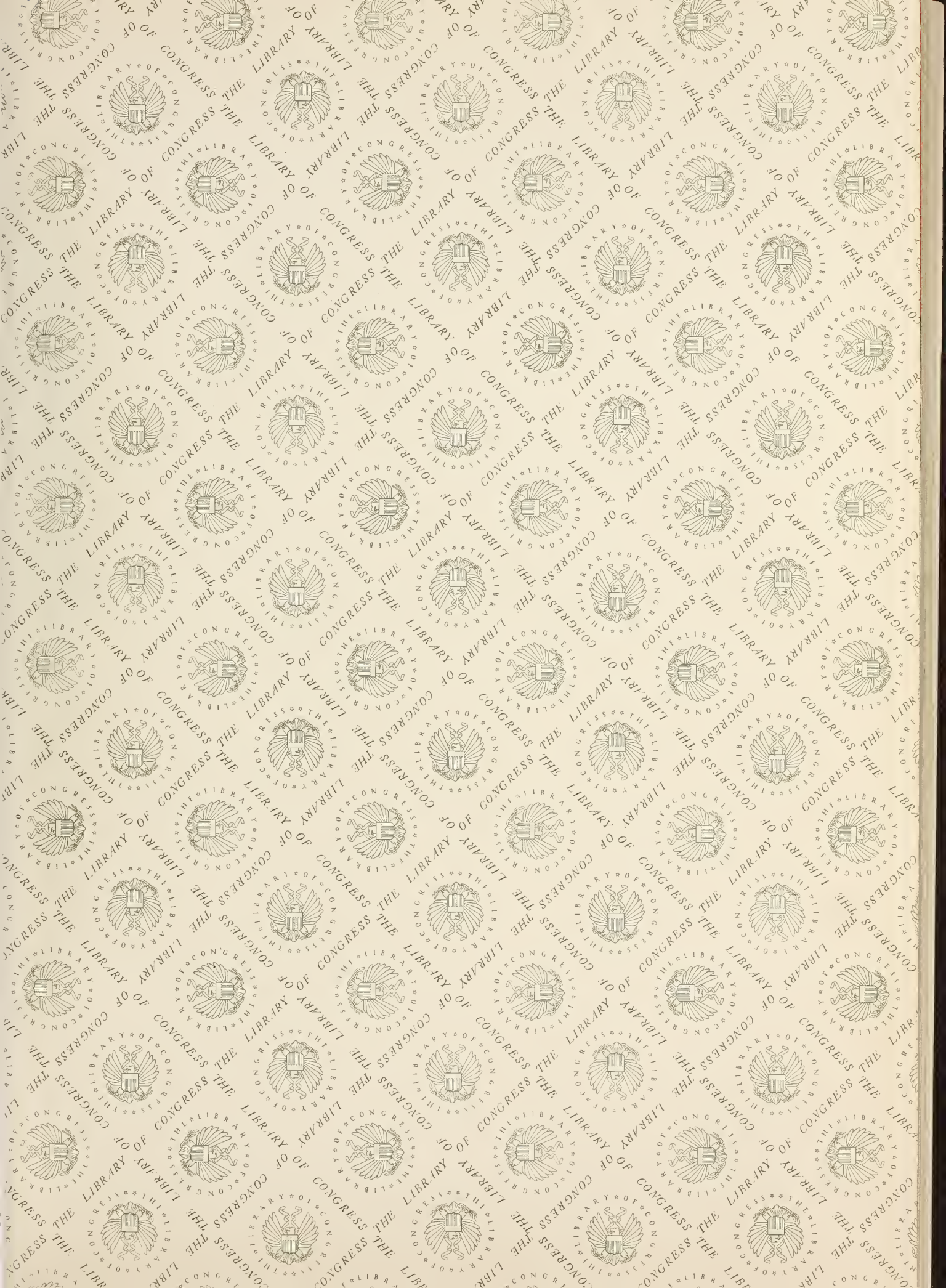
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THE MODERN SCREEN

Magazine

10¢
Dues in Canada

JUNE



Dorothy
Jordan

A BEAUTIFUL STORY ABOUT
THE "IT" GIRL
By ELINOR GLYN

WILL ROGERS
—AMERICAN HERO
By FAITH BARDEN



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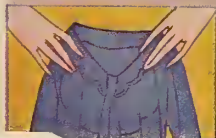
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THE MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

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DIX

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"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in "Bachelor Apartment."

R A D I O P I C T U R E S

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ADOREE, RENEE; divorced from William Gill; born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Now recovering from illness at Prescott, Arizona.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; unmarried; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Jerry Keene in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," for Fox. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands," Radio.

ALVARADO, DON; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Juan in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Love o' Lil," Columbia. Ramon in "Beau Ideal," Radio.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Norton in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Male leads in "Waiting at the Church," Radio, and "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in Charlottesville, Va. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde." Star of "Gun Smoke" and second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract player. Larry Doyle in "Danger Lights," Radio. Ace Carter in "Big Money," Pathé. Featured rôles in "Paid," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to non-professional; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Darnour studio. Contract player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Radio release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Sylvia Martin in "Gang Buster," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Cavalier of the Streets" for Paramount. Co-starred in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Ingénue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.

ASTOR, MARY; widow of Kenneth Hawks; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. Princess in "The Royal Bed," Radio. Kitty in "Sheep's Clothing," Radio. Starred in "White Shoulders" and "Nancy's Private Affair," both for Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to non-professional; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National.

AYRES, LEW; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Gangster in "Doorway to Hell," Warner Bros. Billy Benson in "East is West," Jerry in "Many a Slip," star of "Fires of Youth" and "The Iron Man," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Carney in "Paid," Tommy in "Reducing," Juvenile leads in "Dance, Fool, Dance," and "Daybreak," all for M-G-M.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Paramount on Parade." Bill Rafferty in "Derelict." Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet." All Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. For the last eight years she has been on the stage in England. She will make her talkie début in "Tarnished Lady" for Paramount.

BARNES, CARMEN; unmarried; born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. To make her talkie début in "Confessions of a Débutante."

BARYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Svengali." Lead in "The Genius," all for Warner Bros.

BARYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the Former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol." El Puma in "The Lash." Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Esteban in "This Modern World," star of "Doctor's Wives," all for Fox. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Rôle in "I Surrender," Fox.

BERRY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Machwirth in "Renegades," Fox. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

BERRY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tripod in "Way for a Sailor." Barnum in "A Lady's Morals." Gangster in "The Secret Six." Aviator in "Sea Eagles," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Free lance player. Male lead in "Disappearing Enemies," Pathé. Now secretary to Clara Bow.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plante; born in New York City. Write her at Pathé studio. Contract star for both Pathé and Warner Bros. Sylvia in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé. Starred in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. "In Deep," RKO-Pathé, and "Jack Daw's Strut," Warner Bros.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JUNE AND JULY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Clive Brook	June 1	John Gilbert	July 10
Virginia Valli	June 10	Sydney Blackmer	July 13
Cliff Edwards	June 14	Richard Dix	July 18
Barry Norton	June 16	Lila Lee	July 25
Louise Fazenda	June 17	Lawrence Gray	July 27
Ivan Lebedeff	June 18	Aileen Pringle	July 27
Blanche Sweet	June 18	Joe E. Brown	July 28
Ernest Torrence	June 26	Helen Wright	July 28
Polly Moran	June 28	Catherine Dale Owen	July 28
Lois Wilson	June 28	William Powell	July 29

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "The Doctor's Wives," Fox.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Dan in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Starred in "River's End," Warner Bros. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," and star of "Tampico," both M-G-M.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mother's Cry," Paul de Segny in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National. Lawyer in "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Illicit," and "God's Gift to Women."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star, Count Mirko in "One Heavenly Night," Samuel Goldwyn. Prince in "Resurrection," Universal. Bart Carter in "Seed," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," starred in "Kick In," all for Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher, in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," all for Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gun Smoke," with Richard Arlen, and "City Streets," with Gary Cooper, both for Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Comedy leads in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party," Single-O in "Just Imagine," title rôle in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," comedy lead in "Women of All Nations," all for Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. May in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, and "Traveling Husbands, Radio.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Gwen in "The Royal Family," feminine lead in "Gun Smoke," for Paramount. Heroine in "Front Page," Caddo.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Noel Adam in "Scandal Sheet," featured rôle in "Tarnished Lady" with Tallulah Bankhead, both Paramount.

BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kas. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women" and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dotham, Ala. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Billy the Kid," Berk in "The Great Meadow," featured rôle in "The Secret Six," Salvation Army worker in "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.

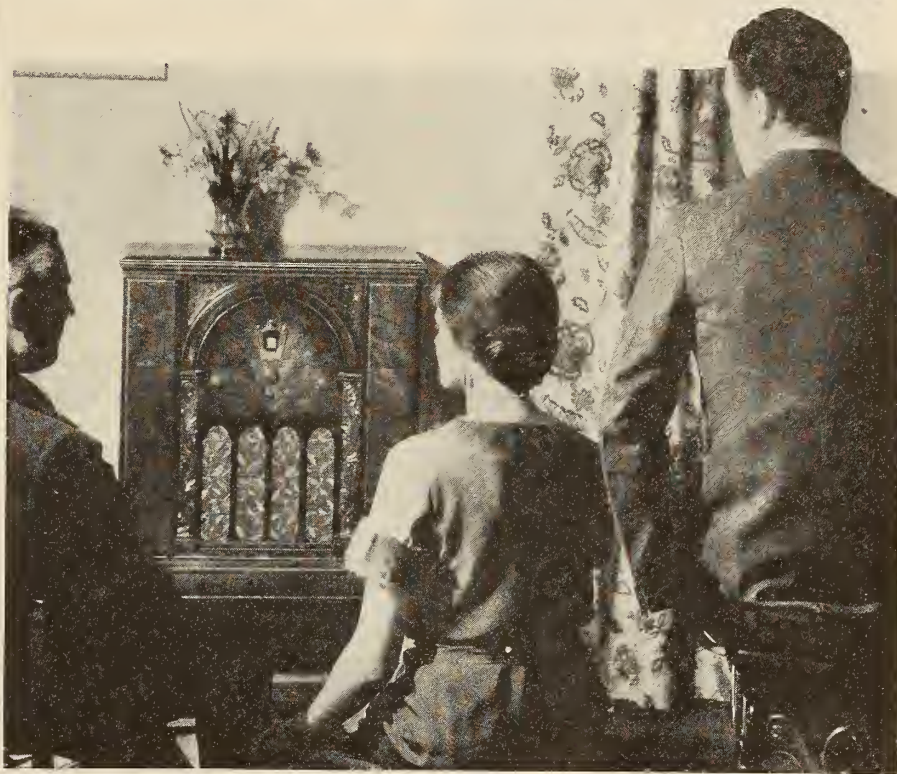
CANTOR, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Jean Blair in "Check and Double Check." Now on vaudeville tour which will last for some time.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to James Kirkland; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," for Paramount.

(Continued on page 8)

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L I C E N S E D U N D E R R C A P A T E N T S

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 7)



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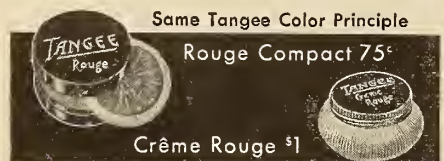
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Name _____

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- CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Day Break," M-G-M, and "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights." Now vacationing in Europe.
- CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star, making two-reel comedies. His most recent pictures are "What a Man!" "High C's" and "Rough C's."
- CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pansy in "Anybody's Woman," star of "The Right to Love," "Unfaithful," "New Morals" and "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," all for Paramount.
- CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox.
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," for Paramount.
- CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Trail," "The Spider," "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," "Charley Chan Carries On" and "Skyline," all for Fox.
- CLAIRE, INA; married to John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.
- CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Rôle in "Dishonored," Paramount.
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers," and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant," all for Paramount.
- COLLIER, WILLIAM, Jr.; unmarried; born in New York City. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National. Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M.
- COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Betty Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," Pathé. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Feminine lead in "Manhattan Musketeers," rôle in "Dude Ranch," Paramount.
- COLMAN, RONALD; separated from London actress-wife; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," and "The Unholy Garden," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.
- COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Helene in "The Boudoir Diplomat," Universal. Mahyna in "She Got What She Wanted," Cruze-Tiffany. Star of "Forgotten Women," Radio. Vamp in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.
- COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tom Sawyer," featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.
- COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco." Clint Belmet in "Fighting Caravans." Starred in "City Streets," and "In Defense of Love," all for Paramount.
- CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "Illicit" and "A Woman of the World."
- COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Passionate Sonata," First National.
- CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," star of "Dance, Fool, Dance" and "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.
- DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Felice in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Star of French version of "Romance," M-G-M. Title rôle in "Madame Julie," Radio.
- DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Darmour studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Darmour-Radio.
- DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "Ex-Mistress," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "A Woman of the World," Warner Bros.
- DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," and "Five and Ten," all for M-G-M.
- DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Rôle in "High River," Radio.
- DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. Now recovering after serious illness that prevented her from starring in talkie version of "The Dove."
- DELROY, IRENE; unmarried; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends" and "Men of the Sky."
- DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Paul Brandt in "A Lady's Morals," M-G-M. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M.
- DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to non-professional; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel," Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," all for Paramount.
- DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Big Brother," all for Radio.
- DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Charmaine in "Those Three French Girls," M-G-M. Dolores in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove." Featured rôle in "Cure for the Blues," both for Fox.
- DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Bob Glider in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford.
- DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Starred in "The Night Watch," First National. Now starring in an untitled Caddo picture.
- DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardner; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightnin'," Fox. Mother in "Roped In," Paramount.
- DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marie in "Reducing," title rôle in "The Mayor of Cicero," both for M-G-M.
- DUNN, JOSEPHINE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.
- DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.
- EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from non-professional; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nescapook in "Dough Boys," "Cosy in 'The Southerner,'" comedy leads in "Dance, Fool, Dance" and "Fore," all for M-G-M.
- EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diana in "Let Us Be Gay," Joyce Trefle in "Reducing," feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Skyline," Fox.
- ERWIN, STUART; unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Paul in "Playboy of Paris," Oscar in "Only Saps Work," Ambrose in "Along Came Youth," Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Manhattan Musketeers," all for Paramount.
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Juvenile lead in "Outward Bound,"



THERE IS NOW

A NEW FREEDOM FOR WOMEN

THE SHACKLES OF FEAR, DISCOMFORT, UNCERTAINTY ARE GONE!



The shackle of womanhood is broken. The shackle that has held them for ages, in fear, discomfort, uncertainty!

Today all women can know *at all times* the poise and the peace of mind that come from perfect protection.

Active, athletic women, too, can be *free* today to pursue their sports at any time. Free, to wear filmy frocks on any occasion.

For there is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an *immaculate and complete protection!* A sanitary napkin that is *New* in design; *New* in material; *New* and remarkable in the results it gives.

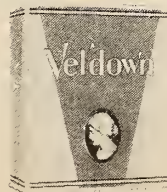
It is so unique that we want to send you a sample free of charge (in plain wrapping, of course). So you can examine it fully. Judge for yourself its *two distinct advantages* that have never before been offered to women.

Ends All Chafing — All Irritations!

Made under rigid U. S. Patents, it is pure **RAYON** cellulose filled. And you will find it as gentle as fluffed silk.

Veldown

FOR EVERY WOMAN



This softness comes because of its totally new construction—as well as its rayon cellulose filler—as you will note the moment you see it and compare it with any other pad. You see *at once* why it is preferable. For it is *not* made from *mere layers of crepe paper* as in old-type sanitary methods.

Once the discriminating woman tries one, she never goes back to old ways. Its name is **Veldown**. Most stores can now supply you.

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. *It is absolutely protective for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture-proof and impenetrable.*

This innovation makes **Veldown 5** or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives **COMPLETE SAFETY** and protection **HOURS LONGER** than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And *no other* protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of **Veldown**. You will find that it is a **Vast and Great Improvement** on any other pad you have ever worn.

Or, if you prefer to investigate before buying, simply write us for a trial pad free. For the sake of your own *comfort* and *safety*, don't delay to learn the unique advantages of this remarkable new invention.

VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 220 East 42nd Street, New York City. *One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company.*

- Warner Bros. Joe Mascarra in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," First National.
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.;** married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Now on world tour.
- FARRELL, CHARLES;** married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Charlie Peters in "The Princess and the Plumber," co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back," star of "Body and Soul," all for Fox.
- FAZENDA, LOUISE;** married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount, "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National.
- FOSTER, NORMAN;** married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit" and male lead opposite Carole Lombard in "It Pays to Advertise."
- FRANCIS, KAY;** married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract player. Narya Lanskoï in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Dulcie in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Edith Flint in "Scandal Sheet," Paramount. Featured rôle in "City Streets," Paramount.
- GARBO, GRETA;** unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance" and "Inspiration," all for M-G-M.
- GAYNOR, JANET;** married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Lucky Star," co-starred in "The Man Who Came Back," starred in "Daddy Long-Legs," all for Fox.
- GIBSON, HOOT;** married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Contract star Liberty productions. Starred in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs" for Universal, and "Clearing the Range," Allied.
- GILBERT, JOHN;** married to Ina Claire; born in Odgen, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "One Glorious Night," "Redemption," "Way For a Sailor," "A Gentleman's Fate" and "Cheri-Bebi," all for M-G-M.
- GORDON, GAVIN;** unmarried; born in Chicora, Miss. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M.
- GRAVES, RALPH;** married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Flight," "Submarine" and "Dirigible," Columbia, and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany.
- GRAY, LAWRENCE;** unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tom Warren in "Sunny," First National.
- GREEN, HARRY;** divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Herman in "The Spoilers," Maxie Mindell in "No Limit," Paramount. Now starring on Los Angeles stage in "The Ambulance Chaser."
- GREEN, MITZI;** child actress, born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount.
- GRIFFITH, CORINNE;** married to Walter Morosco; born in Texarkana, Texas. Write her at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance player. Temporarily retired from screen.
- HAINES, WILLIAM;** unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Brennon in "Remote Control," stellar rôle in "Tailor-Made Man," all for M-G-M.
- HALL, JAMES;** divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Dan in "The Third Alarm," Tiffany. George in "Divorce Among Friends," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Danger Ahead," Columbia.
- HAMILTON, NEIL;** married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Network," Fox. Ivan in "The Spy," Fox. Male lead in "Strangers May Kiss," M-G-M. Business man in "The Torch Song," M-G-M.
- HARDING, ANN;** married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at Pathé studio. Contract star. The wife in "East Lynne," Fox. Starred in "Rebound," Pathé.
- HARDY, OLIVER;** divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home to Roost," and "Be Big," all for Roach-M-G-M.
- HARLOW, JEAN;** divorced from Charles F. McGrew II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Feminine lead in "The Secret Six," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal.
- HOBART, ROSE;** married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" and

(Continued on page 120)

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A new monthly department which gives invaluable advice concerning the home



This month's recipes were prepared for Chevalier—try them on your men folks

WHETHER women dress for men—or for other women—is an open question. You can argue both sides of the subject indefinitely. But whether women *cook* for men or for other women is no question at all. Women cook for men—to please men—and the true value of any dish is measured in terms of what the men of the family think of it.

In planning her menus, however, the true homemaker must think not only of what her men *like* to eat, but what is *good* for them to eat. She must think, too, how she

Immediately above is the gentleman of France whose tastes in food are responsible for this month's recipes. The large picture across the top of the page shows a perfectly equipped kitchen; in just such a one as this the modern hostess tests each recipe.

can contrive to give them what they want and what they should have, and still stay within the family food budget. In short, she must combine flavor with digestibility, appetite appeal with nutritional value, novelty with economy. No easy task, this, and because we realize it is not easy, this department is going to specialize in recipes for foods that we know men like

because they have told us they like them. We are going to tell you what your favorite men screen stars like to eat, and just how to make these dishes for the delight of your own folks.

For this, our first Hostess Department page, we went to Maurice Chevalier, that famous and popular ambassador of good will from France—the land of good cooking—and asked him what *he* liked to eat.

We found him in his costume for his newest picture, which is called, aptly enough, "The Smiling Lieutenant."

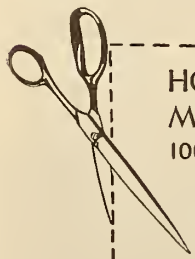
"Well," said Monsieur, in reply to our query about his favorite foods, "I like a chop, nicely grilled."

"But," we remonstrated, "that is a typical American or English dish."

"*Certainement*," responded he, "for when I am in America I eat as Americans do. Would you go to France and seek out an American restaurant?"

"No," we admitted, "we should want to have the pleasure of tasting those delicious dishes for which your country is so famous."

"Yes indeed," he said, "you would want to eat a casserole of meat in a delectable (Continued on page 116)



HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for June for which I enclose 4c to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Address

.....

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



"Inspiration," Greta Garbo's latest picture, is by far her best talkie effort to date. She seems to have completely overcome her self-consciousness. Robert Montgomery does his best.

ALONG CAME YOUTH (*Paramount*)—Charles Rogers as an American boy stranded in England who, in order to make a living, bluffs his way into a chef's job. Stuart Erwin and William Austin assist in excellent form. *Good—suitable for children.*

ANIMAL CRACKERS (*Paramount*)—The Marx Brothers in their second talkie riot. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

THE BACHELOR FATHER (*M-G-M*)—Marion Davies in a talkie adaptation of the famous stage play. Somewhat sophisticated stuff. Marion is excellent. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

THE BAT WHISPERS (*United Artists*)—Chester Morris and others in a thrilling mystery story. *Good.*

BEAU IDEAL (*Radio*)—A Foreign Legion story of the "Beau Geste" type but not up to the standard of that excellent yarn. *Fair.*

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (*Radio*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG HOUSE (*M-G-M*)—An exciting prison picture with Chester Morris, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery. *Very good—not suitable for children.*

THE BIG TRAIL (*Fox*)—An epic of the early old days in "The Covered Wagon" manner. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

BILLY THE KID (*M-G-M*)—A somewhat sentimentalized version of the life of the famous old-time bandit. *Good.*

THE BLUE ANGEL (*Paramount*)—Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings in a grim story about love in a vaudeville troupe. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

BODY AND SOUL (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT (*Universal*)—All about a diplomat of a mythical country

whose chief duty was to make love to a certain cabinet minister's wife. *Fair—not suitable for children.*

THE CAT CREEPS (*Universal*)—A thrilling mystery story with sliding panels, valuable jewels and all the trappings. Neil Hamilton, Helen Twelvetrees and Lilyan Tashman are in it. *Good.*

Starting this month we are making an innovation in our directory of pictures. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

CHARLIE'S AUNT (*Columbia*)—Charles Rugles in the talkie version of the famous old play. *Good—especially suitable for children.*

CIMARRON (*Radio*)—A picturization of the tremendously powerful Edna Ferber novel. This picture is of the epic type and has some of the biggest scenes ever filmed in it. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

CITY LIGHTS (*United Artists*)—Charlie

Chaplin's latest comedy—it needs no introduction. *Excellent—especially suitable for children.*

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE CRIMINAL CODE (*Columbia*)—An underworld story with Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston in the leading rôles. *Very good.*

DANGER LIGHTS (*Radio*)—A railroad story with some wonderful shots of railroad goings-on. The late Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur have the leading rôles. *Good—suitable for children.*

DERELICT (*Paramount*)—A sea story with George Bancroft and William (Stage) Boyd in the leading rôles. *Good.*

DEVIL TO PAY (*United Artists*)—A clever, sophisticated story about the adventures of a charming ne'er-do-well. *Excellent.*

DISHONORED (*Paramount*)—Reviewed in this issue.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN (*Fox*)—A light comedy about a woman-hater and a young married couple who are his friends. Edmund Lowe, Roland Young and Jeanette MacDonald. *Good.*

DOORWAY TO HELL (*Warners*)—A gangster story with many unusual twists and situations. Lew Ayres does some of his best work. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

DRACULA (*Universal*)—A weird story about creatures who are "undead." It's thrilly and creepy. Bela Lugosi, David Manners and Helen Chandler. *Very good—but not for children.*

DU BARRY (*United Artists*)—The story of the famous French peasant girl who rose to
(Continued on page 111)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

On this page the editor and readers of
MODERN SCREEN have a chance to write
frankly about their opinions

Dear Friends:

You have caught the real spirit behind this department. Your response has made me truly grateful. Don't forget—you can say what you please, favorable or unfavorable, and I will print it if there is room and if your letter seems truly sincere. No prizes are offered. As I have said before, fans write to me because they have something to say.

Are you glad that Pola Negri is back?

Do you agree with me that Robert Montgomery's elevation to stardom is his just reward for fine work in many rôles?

Do you disapprove as highly as I do of advertisements being worked into pictures?

Does anyone share my opinion that the one actress in pictures who should (and someday will) be starred is ZaSu Pitts?

I should like to see Lois Moran given a rôle on the screen that gives her a real chance, as did her recent stage part in New York, to show what a truly competent and able little actress she is. I should like to see the technique of "The Last Laugh" (the psychological study of one character) applied to a talking picture and I suggest Joseph von Sternberg as the director. I'd be overjoyed to have a Garbo film end happily. I think Neil Hamilton is destined to be at the top of the heart-breaker list in the ensuing months. I think Maureen O'Sullivan is better looking off screen than on and that some director and cameraman should give her a break. And to close this opinionated paragraph, I'd like to mention that my biggest moments in movie theatres these days are when one of the "Silly Symphonies" is being shown.

By next month I'll have thought up some more. Au revoir.

The Editor

Isn't that just what Joan is doing?

It is one thing to publish an article called "Joan Crawford Rebels" by Adele Whitely Fletcher, but quite another to sit down and read it without feeling the urge of a come-back.

In the first place, can anyone possibly fathom a likeness between Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo? It seems to be a fad to find someone who either resembles or is trying to mimic the Great Garbo. Joan Crawford has no more chance of attaining the heights of La Garbo than Clara Bow would have.

Just a line to Joan—why burn up your energy and scatter your forces in raving over what is broadcast

about yourself? Just be yourself, keep within the boundaries of your own type, aim to make *your* type distinctive.

MRS. HOMER H. PETERS,
Pueblo, Colorado.

Much still being said on both sides

Faith Baldwin's article concerning Garbo and Marlene is the cleverest yet to be found in this famous controversy. One can see Miss Baldwin's fairness and knowledge in analyzing these stars. Oh! would that only half of the fans would see that those two are not alike and are not trying to be! Greta is fascinating in her cold glamor and alluring awkwardness. Marlene is heavenly in her com-

plete womanliness, with all the feminine wiles and charms present in her being.

And while talking of the matchless Marlene, let me give bouquets and deep admiration to the marvelous Elissa Landi . . . her performance in "Body and Soul" was magnificent and her strange beauty is extraordinarily impressive.

DIANA T. SCHROEDER,
Houston, Texas.

All right, Mary, "what do you want for a dime?"

In your new magazine, do we have to take the bad with the good? The interesting with the dull?

Faith Baldwin may disagree with Elinor Glyn as to the screen's most attractive man, but who cares? Your readers have minds of their own. Tell us *about* our movie idols, but please, please don't dish us personal opinions and expect us to eat them up with much enthusiasm.

The future is certainly coming for us all. *Why* guess at Robert Montgomery's or Marlene Dietrich's? The present is complicated and interesting enough to worry with.

MODERN SCREEN is certainly sprouting all the earmarks of a successful magazine. And legitimately, too. Would it be too much to ask for more such exquisite pictures as that of Norma Talmadge in the March issue? And *more* pictures of the stars' wardrobes? And *more* fashions? And *more* film gossip? I—I'm sure I represent a large group of fan readers—enjoy them so. There's never enough to these departments.

If this letter is published, will you head it "What do you want for a dime?"

MARY RAY LITTLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

**We'll have to struggle along with two
or three fashion departments
for a while, Nancy
(See pages 70 and 92 in this issue)**

In the MODERN SCREEN Magazine there isn't enough about styles—not only dresses, but coats, shoes and so forth.

(Continued on page 114)



DID SHE PAY
TOO MUCH FOR
LOVE?

What is the right price for a brief—all too brief—period of bliss? Is it worth anything—*everything*? Which is the truest love . . . a lifetime of sacrifice to an ideal—or an hour of mad emotion?

Love stripped Lady Isabel of all she loved; crushed her and cast her to the depths. Yet love like hers could not be quenched.

That immortal romance, *East Lynne*, is one of the world's most intense love stories. On the screen it was an emotional triumph. The fiction version of the screen story will hold you in its spell from the first page to the last. It will make you smile; it will make you cry.

From her country home at East Lynne, Lady Isabel is thrust into a wide, friendless world, by a cruel prank of fate. The innocence of a young unspoiled beauty is mistaken for the abandon of a woman of the

ANN
HARDING,
CLIVE BROOK
and
CONRAD
NAGEL
were starred in the
screen version of
EAST LYNNE

world. In Paris and in Vienna she is swept into the mad whirl of European night-life. Only because of a devastating war does fate send her back to her husband in the placid country life of England. What happened when she returned? Here's drama that touches every woman's heart because it answers every woman's question!

Read the Screen Story of *East Lynne* and enjoy the modern form of this love-classic. It is profusely illustrated with photographs from the film . . . photographs that show Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and many dramatic situations. It is a complete story.

The Screen Story of *East Lynne* will be on sale in Kress and Kresge 5c to 25c stores about May first, price, 10c.

If you saw the picture you will want to read the story. If you did not see the picture you simply *must* read the story, for this is the tale of an unusual love that meets unusual difficulties—with a dramatic ending that you will remember for years.

EAST LYNNE

on sale about May first, in most Kress and Kresge 5c to 25c stores 10c

THE MODERN



(Above) Emil Jannings, the famous Paramount actor of silent days, is on his way to this country to appear in talkies, also for Paramount. His first picture will be a war story and it will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (Right) Charles Chaplin in France. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor while there. See page 34 for pictures of his triumphant tour through London.



International



(Left) Madame Chanel, the famous French costume designer, is in Hollywood to create the costumes for United Artists. Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson will be among the lucky ones. Can this mean that Hollywood will once again follow Paris in the matter of style dictates? (Below) Nancy Carroll, the famous little red-head, has won the honor of being chosen to play in the movie version of the famous Pulitzer Prize play, "Street Scene." Paramount is loaning her to United Artists for it.



SCREEN MAGAZINE

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

MLLE. GABRIELLE CHANEL is in Hollywood! After much publicity hubbub the famous Paris designer and fashion dictator arrived under contract to Sam Goldwyn. And at the tea tendered her, the worst-dressed woman that attended was Mlle. Chanel herself. We guess that is just as good a publicity gag as anything else.

Chanel will create gowns for such famous United Artists stars as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Ina Claire, Lily Damita and several others. Goldwyn is very enthusiastic about his latest importation. As a mere cordial gesture he spent thousands of dollars redecorating and rearranging the wardrobe department at the studio—to make it almost a replica of Chanel's Paris fashion studio. There are work rooms, fitting rooms, reception rooms, and a gorgeously remodeled style salon. This salon will contain a stage with lighting equipment, drapes, dressing rooms and in it mannikins will stage style shows of the gowns Chanel creates for the stars. Also in this building is a luxurious apartment to which she can retire for rest or study.

Anyway, however famous this lady has become as a fashion expert, she hasn't lost her sense of humor. The other day, Goldwyn was giving several new players screen tests — while Chanel looked amusedly at the proceedings. After it was all over, she begged Sam to let her try her luck in front of the "devil camera." She decided she would be a comedienne, and kept everybody on the set in roars.

If she ever decides to give up the designing business, maybe she could team up with her countryman, Maurice Chevalier.

AN up-and-coming young actress who came to Hollywood via musical comedy had a date the other night with one of her fellow-workers at the studio. The night of the date the young fellow telephoned her to find out what time he should call for her.

"I'm awfully sorry," the girl frankly said, "but I just made another date with Mr. — (an executive at the studio). I knew you'd understand."

He did, and is telling everyone that not many girls

are honest enough not to have made up a cock-and-bull story about a headache or retakes at the studio.

We hear that just as soon as Paul Whiteman's divorce becomes final, that big band master from Chicago will marry Margaret Livingstone. We were as surprised as you are!

MONA MARIS, who for a while was squired about by John Gilbert—and very attentively, too—seems to be concentrating on Clarence Brown. He's the ace director who has megaphoned many of Greta Garbo's most outstanding successes.

Brown is an enthusiastic aviator, and he and Mona fly together a great deal. Last week-end they flew down to Agua Caliente for the horse races in fifty-five minutes; and Mona presented the winning horse with a wreath of flowers.

It looks serious, but you never can tell!

MONTE BLUE and his beautiful wife, Tove, seemed to be having a marvelous time the other night at the Roosevelt Hotel. Bodil Rosing, Tove's mother, was sitting at their table, watching the gay throng and especially her daughter and son-in-law.

Betty Compson seemed to be getting a big kick out of watching one of the entertainers sing a song while he munched soda-crackers. Try it yourself sometime! Betty

was all in white and, of course, the tall dark-haired fellow with her was Hugh Trevor. Charlie Paddock and his bride were also there. And Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston. Joby's hair is still blonde.

THE weekly Friday night fights at the Hollywood stadium are getting to be more or less of a fashion parade. Last Friday we saw Lilyan Tashman in a gorgeous outfit of pale blue, and there was a sparkle in her eye that challenged anyone to maintain that she wasn't the best-dressed woman there. Not far away was Connie Bennett in an extremely chic dark suit. To add to the picture, Kay Francis sat in the same section of the stadium, dressed smartly in a tailored outfit.

And the fighting spirit prevailed!

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Joel McCrea seems to have quite supplanted Henri de la Falaise with Constance Bennett.

George Bancroft will receive \$100,000 per picture under his new Paramount contract.

Dolores Del Rio's contract with United Artists is held up on account of difficulties occasioned by her personal contract with Edwin Carewe.

Lupe Velez has signed with Belasco for a stage play at the sum of \$1500 weekly plus percentage of gross plus a half of the sale price of the play to the movies. Complicated!

F. W. Murnau left an estate of \$45,000 and a twenty-thousand-dollar home in the South Seas.

The rumor persists that Mayor Walker will take a position in the film industry similar to that of Will Hays.

Ricardo Cortez has been given the lead in "One of Your Gangsters," for RKO.

John Gilbert may not resign from M-G-M when his contract soon expires. If he signs again however, it will be at a figure greatly reduced from the \$10,000 weekly he has been getting on his present excellent contract.

You simply don't know your Hollywood if you haven't read this



International

Louella Parsons, famous newspaper writer and mother of Harriet Parsons, gave Ben Lyon and Bebe an airplane send-off recently.



International

Robert Montgomery recently arrived in New York with his young wife for a short vacation before beginning his next picture.



International

Alexander Penrod (sewing), the cameraman lost with the Viking, worked with Elmer Clifton (behind) in "Down To The Sea in Ships."

Statistics show that there are seven and two-eighths marriages to every divorce in Hollywood. Two-eighths of a marriage sound strange—even for Hollywood!

LITTLE Robert Coogan, age 5, went to the preview of "Skippy" the other night with his mother. Robert, you know, is the younger brother of Jackie Coogan.

Mrs. Coogan told us that Bobbie laughed so hard at the picture that she almost had to take him out of the theatre. Afterwards, when he was asked how he liked it, he considered a minute and said, "It's all right, but it's just like the rushes out at the studio!"

YOU remember that Hugh Trevor was in the insurance business before his pal, Richard Dix, persuaded him to become an actor. Well, Hugh hasn't been satisfied with the parts he has been getting, so he plans to leave pictures altogether and go back to stocks and bonds.

Hugh is an exceedingly handsome fellow, and with the proper rôles there seems no reason why he shouldn't be one of the screen's most popular leading men. But we guess he just got tired of waiting for his big break. Anyway, there's one thing that we're sure Hugh still likes about the picture business, and that's Betty Compson!

IRENE RICH disproves the saying that actresses are not business-minded. The other day Irene told us that she keeps a memorandum book—now worn by much usage—in which she has recorded the starting and finishing dates, and the salary she received on every picture she was ever in. She first started this when she was a \$3-a-day extra, "when even those small entries weren't any too frequent!"

MARION DAVIES and her nephew, Charles Lederer, celebrated St. Patrick's Day by giving a small dinner party down at Marion's beach home—or "The Davies Hotel" as some call it, it's so large.

The table was all green and white, with different kinds of St. Patrick's favors. After dinner, the main diversion was watching "The Front Page," which Marion showed for her guests.

Of course, Howard Hughes was there with Billie Dove, who looked simply gorgeous in a shade of deep blue. We hear that these two are planning to get married just as soon as Billie's final divorce decree from Irvin Willat is granted. And it won't be long now.

Eleanor Boardman in cloth of gold, with King Vidor. Corinne Griffith and her husband. Mary Brian, looking sparkling in red, apparently was squired by Lewis Milestone. Jack Oakie had better look to his laurels if he expects to keep Mary for "his girl."

MALIBU BEACH is getting to be the sanitarium of Hollywood. Everyone that feels run-down from overwork hies himself to Malibu to recuperate, so he can return and overwork again.

Wesley Ruggles, the director, is among those "resting quietly" down there—swimming a little but lolling in the warm sand most of the time. Evelyn Brent is just finishing a picture and is hoping and praying there won't be any retakes. Evelyn wants to go down to her beach cottage and "do nothing" for a while. The shooting schedules for her last two pictures have been almost unbearably heavy—and as a result, she hasn't been feeling up to par.

Dorothy Lee is enjoying a six-weeks' vacation in good old New York, while her husband of six months, Jimmy Fidler, adapts a story for RKO.

Isn't Fred Waring starring in a musical comedy back on Old Broadway? Remember, Dot worked with Fred in several shows and was reported engaged to him, before she met Jimmie.

WHEN a person as thin as Gary Cooper loses thirteen pounds in a short time—it's time to do something about it. For a long time Gary has been rushing from one picture to another with hardly any lay-off in between. That is the price you have to pay for screen popularity. Although he hadn't been feeling so well lately, nobody took much interest in the fact—not even Gary! But when his weight dropped thirteen pounds, he notified the studio executives that he would have to have a vacation. So he's in Arizona, and probably spends most of his time

That was a great party Marion Davies gave at her beach home



International

Charles Chaplin and George Robey, famous London stage comedian, exchange their comedy costumes. Which looks funnier?



We'll give you just three guesses as to this Indian Chief. No, not William Powell, nor Jack Oakie. It's Eugene Pallette. Yes?



International

Did you know that Irene Dunne, of "Cimarron" fame, is married? Here she is at Miami with her husband, Dr. D. F. Griffin.

astride a horse. When he returns to Hollywood his usual healthy, tanned self, he will start work on "The Roundup."

The other day a certain reporter called a studio and asked to speak to a certain producer.

After waiting about five minutes, a secretary informed the waiting reporter, "I'm sorry, but Mr. — can't be disturbed right now. He's on the verge of a conference!"

HERE'S good news for Richard Cromwell's friends. For a time it looked like Dick would do a Betty Bronson and disappear from view after making a first big picture. But when we inquired about Dick out at the studio, they assured us that he starts work very soon in "Fifty Fathoms Deep." That made us feel lots better, because Dick is one of the most sincere youngsters in Hollywood.

HERETOFORE, if you saw Will Rogers, he was wearing either *the blue suit* or *the brown suit*. But in his latest picture he must don full-dress and formal morning attire, wear spats, boutonnières and carry canes. So Fox persuaded Will to visit Hollywood's most exclusive tailor. When we asked him how he liked to be all dressed up, Will replied, "Wal, to tell yuh the truth, every time I pass a mirror, I blush for shame."

On top of this, he injured his arm playing polo and has to wear a cast. However, the cast is removable and every time Will is needed in a scene, he just slips it off.

ONE of Warner Brothers' stars (we promised we would mention no names) told us this one at lunch the other day. It seems that Hollywood wise-crackers can't seem to forget about Warner Brothers signing up several of Paramount's leading players. So it happened that a bright boy went to Warners' Studio to interview a prominent star. "But he's not here," said the information clerk. "He works at Paramount."

"Okeh," said the writer. "I'll wait."

Phillips Holmes is not only getting more and more popular with theater-goers, but sooner or later all the

Hollywood girls succumb to his blond charms. Sylvia Sydney is the latest.

LUNCHING Around Hollywood: Loretta Young across the luncheon table from Walter Huston at the Brown Derby. At the same place all three of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands congregated around the same table—Wallie Beery, Herbert Somborn (who manages the Derby) and, of course, the Marquis. Somborn calls Wallie "brother-in-law." Mack Sennett was there too, with his favorite actress, Marjorie Beebe. Also Buster Collier and Marie Prevost (this romance threatens to break all previous records).

Up at the Embassy Club, Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, chatted gaily over their salads. And as usual, Lothar Mendez and Lady Inverclyde were eating together. Also Neil Hamilton and his wife, Elsa, and Adolphe Menjou with Katherine Carver. Katherine looked especially lovely in a new shiny black hat.

Joan Bennett is back from Yosemite where she went to rest—and some say—to try and forget John Considine, Jr. John seems to have been doing his share of forgetting in company with a certain dark-haired girl, whose first name is also the title of a well-known opera. Can you guess?

VOICE culture comes high! We heard that Billie Dove is paying \$100 an hour for lessons in voice training—in preparation for her new picture, which Howard Hughes will produce. Billie's teacher used to coach none other than Ann Harding back in her "legit" days in New York, and was brought to the West Coast for the express purpose of teaching Billie her "aa-s" and "rr-s".

We heard a wild rumor that Gloria Swanson is quite anxious to do "Strange Interlude" on the screen.

Our personal nomination for the leading man is Groncho Marx. Groncho can "strange interlude" so fetchingly!

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 82 AND 98

What a swell gag that interviewer pulled at the Warner studio



WELCOME BACK, POLA

If you are one of Pola Negri's faithful fans, give a cheer—for she's coming back to the screen

APPOLONIA CHALOUPEC is coming back to the screen! But of course you've heard of her. Pola Negri is the shorter, more vivid name by which this lovely, tempestuous lady is known to her public.

Do you remember "Hotel Imperial"? And "The Woman From Moscow"? And "The Loves of an Actress"? Do you remember Pola as Carmen—a fiery, taunting, greedy and utterly superb Carmen? Do you remember her with Emil Jannings in "Passion," her first film to be shown in this country?

But if these names and titles have slipped from your memory with the passing of years, you of course remember Pola herself. Always portraying the "good-bad" woman. Always mysterious, always lovely. Frequently in the headlines. And enough of a power in Hollywood to make even Gloria Swanson jealous.

What happened to her when the talkies came to Hollywood? Well, she had the good sense to realize immediately that she was through—unless she learned to speak English. Her contract was not renewed—and it would take a long time to learn English. So she left Hollywood, bravely and uncompromisingly, without one backward look.

AND after that—well, the Prince Mdvani happened. He married Pola and for a while life was just one of those blissful honeymoons you read about in books. Pola was quite content to give up her career.

But princes of ancient and honorable families and Polas who are used to being as temperamental as they please sometimes come to grief. The Prince and Princess Mdvani agreed to disagree, as the saying goes—and Pola looked about her to find something to take the place of happiness.

Ah, yes—there was that career she'd so nonchalantly given up. It stood her in good stead now. She bolstered it up with an excellent command of the English language.

The London and Paris vaudeville stages offered her an opening. She took it. And then Hollywood offered her a contract—with RKO-Pathé.

So Pola Negri will return in May. Her vivid, dramatic portrayals will be welcomed by the American public again. And her voice, speaking excellent English—with, perhaps, just a fascinating suggestion of an accent—will be heard for the first time on the talking screen.


We are happy to recommend to your attention a beautiful story about the Princess Mdvani by Princess Radziwill which appears in the next issue of this magazine.

PORTRAITS



Photograph by John Miehle

Gloria Swanson is now known professionally as Gloria Swanson, Incorporated. The rumors persist that Gloria is going to marry Gene Markey, celebrated writer, but Gloria herself will neither verify nor deny them. Here's something you didn't know about her: she usually eats lunch in her town car on the way to her various appointments.



Photograph by Preston Duncan

The last picture which Gavin Gordon completed was "Shipmates," in which Robert Montgomery is being starred. The report is still going the rounds that Gavin is the victim of an unreciprocated love for Greta Garbo. Gavin, however, vigorously denies it. And if you persist in the assertion he gets fighting mad. But the report goes annoyingly on—



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Bebe Daniels recently finished "A Woman of the World" for Warner Brothers. Bebe has decided to take a flyer in the business world by going into the cosmetic business with Jim, Hollywood beauty specialist. If Bebe can make her customers look as beautiful as she does, her success is assured even before she starts—she's amazingly smart-looking.



Photograph by Hurrell

Do you remember the little girl in "Inspiration" who killed herself for love of the roué impersonated by Lewis Stone? Karen Morley is her name. Although her work in this was splendid she says the picture won't do her any good because no one ever sees another girl in a Garbo picture. Her next picture will be "Never The Twain Shall Meet"—she's working on it now.



John Garrick, who has been playing leading man rôles for Fox for some time, will come into his own, as far as publicity is concerned, when he appears opposite Janet Gaynor in "Merely Mary Ann." This was the story in which Charles Farrell was to have played opposite Gaynor again—until his honeymoon intervened. Sort of a pretty good break for the Garrick lad, eh?



Richard Dix has just finished "Big Brother" and is now at work on "Marcheta." From now on Dix will appear only in serious dramatic stories, which means he will not be seen in any more comedies or ordinary "program" pictures. Dix, who is reported engaged to someone or other at least three times a year, has established a record by going for six months without a rumor.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Sydney Fox, Universal's new feminine feature player, got her first name because when she was born her mother and father were expecting a boy. She is going to play in "Six Cylinder Love," for Fox (Universal is lending her for the purpose). She has been working ever since she was thirteen. Did stenography, newspaper work, modeling and dress designing.

MY FRIEND CLARA BOW

By ELINOR GLYN

Besides the title of "It" girl, this famous author bestowed a fine friendship on Clara Bow. And no matter what the world may say about Clara, Elinor Glyn will always have a tender regard for the little star

I AM far away in England and have not read any of the American reports or criticisms about Clara Bow, so I cannot say who is right or who is wrong over the late affair—and by the time this gets into print the whole thing may have been settled amicably. But I feel that I want to tell my story of the dear little girl who played in my "It" in 1927. Everyone can be wise after an event, and alas! most people have a tendency to wait to see how the wind is blowing before they say anything nice about any person whose fate may be in jeopardy, so I think that now is the time for me to speak!

Whoever breaks rules, or will not listen to warnings, obviously must pay the price, so I am not suggesting a word of criticism about any decisions which producers



(Left) The famous star as she is today. (Above) As she was back in 1927 when she appeared in "It" with Antonio Moreno as her leading man. She has changed since then—as Elinor Glyn discovered:



(Above) On the "It" set where the fine friendship between the woman of England and the girl from Brooklyn was formed. Clara was a little suspicious of Mrs. Glyn's English reserve at first—but it soon wore off.



may have come to in regard to the popular little star. My story is merely upon my personal knowledge of Clara.

I HAD only seen her in one picture before she played in "It," but the roguish face and intelligent acting delighted me. Paramount bought the title of my story "It," which came out in the *Cosmopolitan*, and it was arranged that I should write an entirely new one for Clara under that title in which the characters should be reading that magazine and wondering if they had "It." Clara was to express the mysterious quality—and believe me, she did!

We met for the first time in Mr. Schulberg's office.

Clara was hatless, her flaming head tied up with some kind of scarf. She was frightfully dressed. This was the more remarkable because every little extra in the studios seems to have some clear idea of the "note" of the moment. But in spite of shocking clothes and ridiculous scarf, Clara exuded immense attraction. Her large, lovely eyes flashed with life, her tiny figure seemed all alive with a desire to go, just as race horses strain before starting their race. She expressed *vitality*. She talked in the toughest vocabulary I had ever heard in the film colony! but it was apt and very funny.

WE had a long chat afterwards in my office, and I began to have an impression of her life. She was perfectly genuine, and did not pretend to have come from anywhere grand, but just from the poorest class. This naturalness drew me at once, then I saw the pathos always lurking in her great big eyes.

She seemed to have no memories of a home, or a loving mother's care. It appeared that she was just a waif of fortune with nothing to lean upon but her own talent and scintillating fascination.

As we talked I realized how intelligent her mind was with almost no education; she saw at once every point I wanted her to bring out in the new picture we were going to make together.

She was a little suspicious at first. She had not met

any English people perhaps and could not quite fathom our rather stiff manners. But soon that wore off and we became friendly. Never have I had anything to do with a better actress. Clarence Badger was a broad-minded, generous director, and was in perfect sympathy with me in my—what shall I call it?—perhaps spiritual direction, of Clara Bow on the set. I used to explain to her just what I wanted her to *feel* and *think* in every scene, and then he used to do the actual direction, and we both concentrated upon what would bring out Clara's best points each day, as we invented new twists upon my original scenario.

THE dear little thing used to look at me like a child before she began, her huge eyes blazing with understanding, and she used to whisper, "Now, Madame, keep watching me. I seem to feel it and it helps." And indeed I did "watch" her and with every day stronger admiration for her talent—her pluck in the horrid cold water when the yacht capsized and threw her overboard for the last scenes of the picture!—her gaiety!—her good humor!

But underneath there was always this note of pathos, as though her soul was not content and desired something finer. I do not know who were her companions in those days—but her quaint little father came to me one afternoon on the set, and asked me to try to use my influence to get her away from them, as they were not helping her to go up—but pulling her downwards.

I used to talk to her often and try to interest her in books—and I remember I gave her Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," and she promised to study it. I always had a sort of "mother" feeling for her. I longed to protect and guide her—for whatever she may appear to have become now, Clara was then a perfectly sweet and dear character. I could have done anything with her if we had been longer together. I used to get glimpses of such an unhappy, comfortless past, utterly neglected as far as training in any domestic virtues went. And yet all of her impulses were good.

I REMEMBER I asked her to one of the parties I had for some foreign celebrity—I cannot remember which now—and she came remarkably dressed, not just in the perfect taste of the other stars. I noticed there was a slight looking down the nose at her, and no one was very kind to her except Marion Davies, whose golden heart is always kind to everyone. However, all the men of the party admired Clara! and she never showed that she perceived that she was not a 'persona grata'.

Her nerve never failed her—and, I know, never will. In those days I do not remember seeing her drink anything intoxicating. She appeared just a high spirited little girl out to enjoy her success.

About half way through "It" I happened to see "Children of Divorce" run, in which Clara had had a very tragic part—and then I could see her great aptitude for the expression of sorrow. And once or twice in her dressing-room I found her crying—and when I asked her why, considering she was so successful, she would say that she did not know—only she was sad—and she felt there was something else in life than all this, and would she ever find it?

I TOLD her then that if she worked and read and thought and educated herself, she could one day be a great tragic actress. "Ah! if that would come true;" she used to answer.

I left Hollywood after we finished the picture, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps there would be no one to go on taking care of her and influencing her to enjoy finer things, and that perhaps she might be set upon by the decadents who batten on to successful stars.

I did not see her again until two years ago in New York, when she came to see me in my apartment on top of the Ritz Tower, and I remember the old wistful soul peeped out when we looked from that vast height over the wonder world of illuminated New York.

"Say, it's like being up in the stars here and seeing how small everything below is," she sighed. Then—she had *crème de menthe* instead of tea, and started being very gay and amusing. There was a change in her—her brilliant green dress matched the liqueur—her laugh was harder. I don't know why but she made me sad. I felt that she might be drifting—where?

SHE stayed for only a short time and there were other people there, so that I could not talk to her alone, and that is the last I saw of her as I left for Europe that Spring.

And now, judging by paragraphs I read in English newspapers, the dear little girl, capable of so much good if fate had been kinder to her, must be going through a distressing time—and realizing the inexorable law of the boomerang.

How I would love to see her make a splendid come-back!

If I were a millionaire producer this is what I would like to do with Clara. I would send her to Europe to travel for a year with a really cultivated, clever companion who would guide her interests and polish her mind, and let her have peace and beauty. And then I would find a really sorrowful story for her, like Hans Anderson's "Little Match Girl"—and get the very best author to elaborate it into an exquisite tragedy. Then when Clara's spirit was soothed and rested I would encourage her to give the highest of her art to the part and present her to the public once more—and as a great tragic actress. I am certain she would come up to my expectations and belief in her. But I just want to say in conclusion that however her fortune goes, up or down, she will always find a friend in

ELINOR GLYN.



Says Elinor Glyn: "Her large, lovely eyes flashed with life, her tiny figure seemed all alive with a desire to go, just as race horses strain before starting their race."

Mrs. Harold Lloyd, her daughter Gloria, and her adopted daughter, Peggy, preparing for the care of Harold, Jr. Those are the beautiful baby clothes described fully in the story. (Below) Harold, Sr., when three years old.



Photograph by Russell Ball



From the Albert Davis collection

Harold Lloyd was delirious with joy when he realized his dream of having a son.



HAROLD LLOYD, JR.

An amazing story of perhaps the greatest happening in the Lloyd family

also the first dream. They said "We want a son."

When Baby Gloria was born the tiny string of blue identification beads was made ready beforehand. The beads spelled the name "Harold Lloyd, Junior." He didn't come.

In the past few years—how very few!—everything the world has to offer has come to Mildred and Harold Lloyd. The most dramatic, the most incredible of all the Aladdin's

Lamp tales of Hollywood took place in that palace on the high hill. The coffers of the earth have yielded up their treasures. Two little girls, one their own by right of birth and love, the other their own by right of adoption and love, play and laugh and are happy over acres more beautiful than Arcady. Fame and wealth and youth and two young people who are wise enough to know that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven" only when children's laughter makes it so.

One thing alone remained ungiven to them. The innermost desire of Harold Lloyd's (Continued on page 127)

By GLADYS HALL

At precisely 8.35 p. m. on the night of January 25, 1931, Harold Lloyd, Junior, was born.

He weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces.

The doctors said, "He has a fifty-fifty chance."

And that little hyphen between the fifty-fifty symbolized the dearest dream of Harold Lloyd's heart.

When Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd were married, some seven or eight years ago, this dearest dream was

GARBO—



Nils Asther and Greta Garbo made love on the screen in several pictures. But they never made love in real life. Theirs was a friendship born of similar natures and ancestry, no more.

Says this author: "Garbo knows — knows instinctively, I think, and has always known it—that the illusion of oneness of two beings which is created by a great love is an illusion and nothing more; that in reality these two must remain separate beings forever. . ."

WOMAN WITHOUT LOVE



In the days when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were two names always linked together both on the screen and in real life. There were many reasons why Garbo could not love John.



It was through Mauritz Stiller, as you probably know, that Greta Garbo became such a tremendous success. She respected, admired—even worshipped Stiller. But she was not in love with him, ever.

A great many writers have told what they considered the truth about Garbo's love life. Here, for the first time, are the real facts

By HARRIET PARSONS

WHY has Greta Garbo never fallen in love? Why has she, who of all women seems created for love, been cheated of her birthright—the birthright of every woman from shopgirl to queen?

Is it fame, the merciless spotlight which plays upon her, which has cheated Greta Garbo of her share of love? Or is it the fundamental disillusionment of her nature which has kept her from falling in love as other women—even famous women do? Both, perhaps.

You can count on the fingers of one hand the men whose names have been linked with hers. There was Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who discovered her. There was John Gilbert, idol of millions, who wooed and lost her. There was Nils Asther. And young Prince Sigmund of Sweden. And Sorenson, who Hollywood whispered was a prince but who turned out to be the son of a Swedish box maker. Of them all only two—the first two—really touched her heart. And of those two one is dead because Garbo did not love him and the other broken in spirit—perhaps for the same reason.

ASTHER, young Sigmund, and Sorenson really do not count. After her split with Gilbert, Garbo used to see Nils occasionally. They were countrymen and

they shared in common a moodiness and a love of solitude. It was natural that they should sense a sympathetic understanding in one another—that they should meet and find things to talk about. There was never more than a casual friendship between them. But the press, robbed of the choice morsel which the Garbo-Gilbert romance had long offered, sought to present Asther as Gilbert's successor—sought to create a new romance where none existed. And Garbo lost a friend. Nils has since married the woman whom he loves.

As for the youthful and royal Sigmund—another bit of press whimsy. During her visit to Sweden after Stiller's death Garbo was seen in public with the prince—ling—which was quite enough to start tongues wagging. Garbo is so rarely seen in public with anyone—and when that anyone happens to be a prince! It was even whispered that the Swedish authorities had had words with her on the subject, according to report. Her own single and succinct comment on the rumor when she returned to America was, "I don't play around with kids."

Sorenson, the tall blond young Swede who wasn't a prince, was in love with Garbo. But Garbo wasn't in love with him. And it takes two to make a romance—everywhere, that is, except in the press. Son of a millionaire Swedish box manufacturer, he was drawn to



Greta Garbo—the woman so closely associated with the expression of love on the screen—has known remarkably few men in her life. Mauritz Stiller, John Gilbert, Nils Asther, Prince Sigmund, and Sorenson. Did she love any of them? This writer tells us.

Hollywood by Greta's tales of that amazing colony. And quite possibly by Greta herself. During the months that he spent here he was constantly in her company, and it was apparent that she liked him immensely. Liked, not loved. And so when his passport expired he went back to Sweden and boxes. The prince charming legend subsided like a pricked balloon. And the world was thwarted once more in its attempt to construct a romance for its reigning queen of hearts.

But what of Stiller and Gilbert? Surely, you say, one of these two must have quickened love in that inscrutable, secret heart of Garbo's. I do not think so. Even though Garbo fainted at the news of Stiller's death. Even though she once almost eloped with Gilbert.

WITH Stiller it was the old Svengali-Trilby story. He was the master, she the pupil. Everyone knows how Stiller forced the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, because of their eagerness to secure his directorial genius, to accept his young acolyte also. Everyone knows how Garbo rose to world-fame through her achievements in the studios of Hollywood while Stiller returned defeated and humiliated to die in Sweden. It is already an old wives' tale.

Stiller's broken heart was not the result solely of his professional failure. He was jealous, hopelessly jealous of John Gilbert. Gilbert, handsome, young, gallant, could offer Garbo what he, for all his magnificent brain and wise, tender guidance, could never give her. It must have torn his heart to think of the two of them together. The sight of his own plain face must have filled him with an agony of loathing and despair. For the master had fallen in love with the pupil.

Garbo respected, admired—even worshipped Stiller. But she was not in love with him. The shadow of his lonely death still hangs over her, has deepened and pointed her fundamental sadness. And it is doubtless partly because of that shadow that she is unable to surrender her heart completely to any man.

SHE holds herself irrevocably and inexcusably accountable. One day a woman friend was visiting her at her home. Garbo insisted upon playing over and over a collection of melancholy Swedish records. "Why do you play that sad music?" asked the friend. "It must depress you frightfully."

"Yes," said Garbo. "It reminds me of one I hurt—one I murdered. But that is good—it is right that I should remember." No one else in the world would dream of saying that Garbo killed Mauritz Stiller. No one could possibly hold her responsible that a man died because she did not love him.

John Gilbert, too, was doomed to find only unhappiness in his love for Garbo. Garbo was drawn to him—he was her first real friend in America. His spirit of gaiety, his dashing good looks, his obvious infatuation for her, must have created in her at least the illusion of being in love. And yet, in the last analysis, Greta Garbo was not in love with John Gilbert. Once, it is true, he persuaded her to elope with him—but at the last moment she ran away and fled back to Hollywood alone.

The factors which kept Greta Garbo from surrendering to the man who came nearest of any to winning her were three. There was that ever-present shadow of Stiller—Stiller who hated John Gilbert. There was fame—the relentless, avid curiosity of the public and the press which has spoiled so many things for Garbo. A romance with John Gilbert could never be anything other than common property. Any romance of Garbo's would be that—but particularly so if the man happened to be equally in the limelight, equally the idol of millions. And Gilbert was then riding the crest of his popularity. What chance would those two have had for happiness? Ina Claire found out later the tragedy of (Continued on page 128)



Photograph by Hurrell

**NORMA
SHEARER**

Fans, players, studio executives, bit players, extras, electricians, sound technicians, carpenters, script girls, prop boys, all join in a good rousing cheer for the return of Norma to the screen in the magnificent "Strangers May Kiss." She is now busy on the production, "A Free Soul."



(Left) Grannie Tricks, his old nurse, was visited by Charlie. You can imagine her delight! (Right) The triumphant parade through the streets of Britain's capital. What noise and excitement!

International



CHARLIE IN LONDON

What those Londoners didn't do to Chaplin in the way of welcoming!



The house where Chaplin was born. Kennington Road, London, is the name of the place. It's become a landmark since his success.

International

The little man in the derby with the cane. The population of London went mad with excitement when Chaplin arrived in their midst.

Acme

(Left) Arriving at the station. Charlie looks worried—and no wonder with that terrific mob pressing upon him in the exuberance of welcome.

Acme

During his tour in England, Charlie paid a visit to the home of Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister, at Wendover in Buckinghamshire.

Acme





AMERICAN HERO

In her own fascinating style this famous writer applauds Will Rogers' honest Americanism—this fine sentiment will carry you to great heights

By FAITH BALDWIN

I SUPPOSE there could be a good deal of discussion as to what constitutes a hero; and, more particularly, an American hero. But for this position I nominate Will Rogers.

Will's recent flying adventure which not only took up a good deal of his time and, theoretically at least, risked his life, is stirring enough, for it was an undertaking

made solely in the name of charity—and he certainly got returns as few men have been able to do. He went over the top, in more ways than one, but I do not base his candidacy for the job of American Hero upon this feat of endurance and courage and great-heartedness alone. I base it upon the fundamental make-up of the man himself—upon his fineness and genuineness.

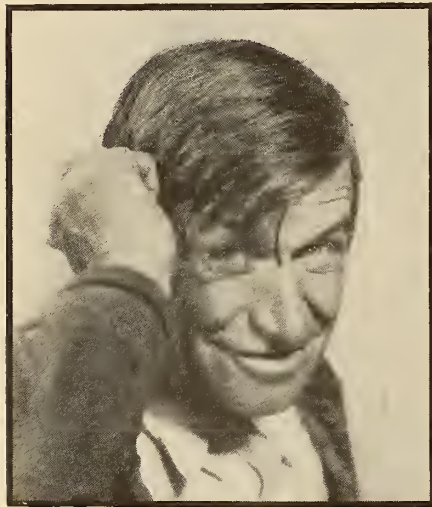
To me, Will Rogers perfectly exemplifies the traits of character and the twists of personality which, summed up, are wholly American . . . or at least he possesses something which all of us like to think is as American as baked beans, apple pie, and ice cream.

I know very little more of his background and ancestry than I have read in the various magazines. I know, for instance, that he is a Westerner but he might easily be a Down East Yankee. His particular type belongs to no one part of the country. Shrewd, illuminated by generosity and mother wit, drawling, slow spoken, careless, he demands no sectional background for his setting.

He is as Western as plains and cow ponies and as Yankee as Calvin Coolidge!

This is the remarkable personality which, some years ago, stepped out on a Ziegfeld stage and, surrounded by

"He is, to my mind, the pioneer type. Today, he marches out on stage and screen... he talks, in his own fashion, over the mysterious ether... but put him back a few generations... and he would be perfectly at home."



Miss Baldwin asserts, with perfect truth, that Will Rogers is one of the few motion picture stars who has remained quite American in speech in manners and in approach.

in no way altering his personality, or, more significant still, his character.

This is a man who wears what he pleases, speaks as he pleases, does as he likes and is not concerned with the changing standards of the world about him. This is a man who may, if he likes, smite a King or a President upon the startled, but not offended, back, and proffer each some good homely advice. He may, if he so desires, hail Royalty by its sacred first name and he will get away with it. In his entirely democratic I-am-who-I-am—who-are-you? attitude toward people and things there is no display of bad taste as there might be in a man of a different type. Will Rogers may commit minor crimes according to the Book of Etiquette but he can never commit one according to the Book of the Human Heart, which is very much more important and much more widely read.



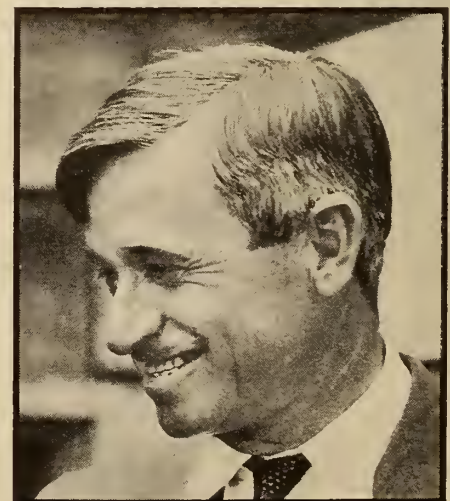
Will Rogers is purely American in his rangy build, his pleasant, quite un-Arrow-Collar face. The sort of American we all wish we were, says this writer.

HE is the epitome of the things we like to think of as American. He stands for tolerance, he stands for humor, he stands for a certain calmness in every situation, for poise, for an inborn dignity, for wit, and for a great and charitable heart. He also stands for the standards of American home life which, even today, are not forgotten—standards of decency and fidelity, of fine fatherhood. No, they are not forgotten, although to some of us who read the daily papers and listen to the conversation of our neighbors, they may have taken on the outlines of a noble, bygone legend. And speaking of legends I wonder, sometimes, if Will Rogers is not, in himself, a living legend, a sort of folk lore story, a saga of American life—of what we consider the best in American life?

the glamor of youth, beauty, exposure and theatricalism, twirled a rope and chewed a wad of gum and gradually, quite by chance, worked up his act into one which included a running, if slow, fire of exceptionally shrewd and humorous comment upon contemporary events.

The extraordinary thing about this business was that Will Rogers remained himself. He took on no color from his surroundings; his idiom did not change; he did not change. His head remained unturned and his standards remained as they had been. He appeared to me, when I first saw him, as some mobile Rock of Gibraltar around whose firmly planted feet the tides of song and dance, of tulle and satin, of rouge and powder, of perfume, of heat, of applause and wisecracks frothed and broke—making no impression upon him whatsoever, and

"I imagine that he has very big loyalties and enduring friendships . . . would be a good woodsman and a good camper. And a darned good scout in every sense of the word."



He is, to my mind, the pioneer type. Today, he marches out on stage or screen, he soars above the common streets in airplanes, he talks, in his own fashion, over the mysterious ether. But put him back a few generations and set him a-hunting with Daniel Boone, set him to sailing over great seas and land him on Plymouth Rock, in order that he might defend his homestead and his freedom and he would be perfectly at home.

He is therefore ageless. He does not belong any more to this generation than he belongs to the generation to come or the generation which is to be.

Many of our motion picture stars have become exceedingly Anglicized, in speech, in manner, in approach. This may be the Rod Colman influence, who knows? Many have gone Continental. What Chevalier and others have to do with this, I do not know. But few of our masculine picture stars have remained American, if they ever were. Rogers has remained so. He can do no other.

THERE is a certain craze for youth, at the moment . . . for youngsters like Lew Ayres, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, Robert Montgomery and many others. Their popularity and fan mail increases by leaps and bounds. Youth is, at the moment, brilliantly in the ascendant. Yet time alone can prove the enduring value of these charming young people to the stage and screen. Rogers is not young; he is not romantic in the accepted sense; he is certainly far from being handsome. But I have a curious notion that he will remain unthreatened while others will come and go.

Speaking of Fairbanks, Junior, reminds me of Fairbanks, Senior. The older Fairbanks, particularly in his stage days and the days of his earlier pictures, was considered very American. That is, he played his parts and performed his antics in the very tempo of American life . . . he was quick on his feet, smiling through, undefeated, laughing, the very soul of the Go-Getter, the Young Man who gets ahead. After which, taking to the costume picture, he preferred to adapt that tempo to sheer romantic adventure.

But Rogers' Americanism goes deeper than stories of Young Men Who Make a Million Over Night, or who rescue maidens in mythical kingdoms or who are magnificently acrobatic. It is an Americanism which does not at all depend upon the type of story in which he must play. An Americanism which is never all contingent upon lines or situations or temporary manifestations of "American" life. For many manifestations are temporary. We flit from one fad or fancy to the next, and resenting the European criticism that we are "commercial" we become avid in our search for "culture," so called. Rogers is completely unaffected. He is, I think, the living incarnation of what even the least sentimental of us like to think of at times, as the American Soul.

And the American Soul is not necessarily a Babbitt!

WILL ROGERS is not negative. He has virtues which are not negative virtues. I doubt very much if he has vices. I am sure he has faults and that they are not negative, either. He has strength, but strength without the usual sort of dramatic trappings.

When I heard that he was to do "A Connecticut Yan-

kee" for the screen I emitted the equivalent of three cheers and a tiger. I cannot imagine a more suitable personality for the part of the Yankee who wandered into a strange land and a stranger generation, and who set both land and generation by the ears.

I understand that on the screen, as on the stage, Rogers is permitted to *ad lib*, when he so desires. I can fancy that, in such a case, he might slow up the dramatic action of the story, but who cares—he'd probably stimulate the mental action of his listeners.

If Will Rogers is, as I imagine him to be, a *bona fide* hero, he is one without any borrowed fuss or feathers. He is very purely American in his type of slow wit—which isn't, really, wisecracking, after all, for there is too much shrewdness in it to permit it to be a mere ephemeral spark, thrown off to get a laugh, and then fading into darkness. He is purely American in his rangy build, his pleasant, keen-eyed, lantern-jawed, quite un-Arrow-Collar face; and in his private life he is the type of American that, no matter what we do ourselves, we wish



Rogers with Brandon Hurst in a scene from "The Connecticut Yankee." Miss Baldwin feels that there is no more suitable personality for the part of the Yankee who wandered into a strange land and stranger generation.

we were—or that every single one of our friends were.

I KNOW he is generous. I fancy he is thrifty. Where business is concerned I'll bet he can drive a hard, but not unjust, bargain. I imagine that he has very big loyalties and enduring friendships. I'm perfectly sure he would be a good woodsman and a good camper. And a darned good scout in every sense of the word.

I don't know how much influence he has, politically, through his newspaper connections. And I sometimes think that he certainly rushes in where super-angels would fear to tread. But I have the feeling that when he scolds a little he does it with a certain understanding of human frailty and temptation. I have been listening to him, recently, over the radio, (Continued on page 119)



Says Loretta: "When I stop to look back on that impulsive elopement of ours, I wonder if I ever was in love with Grant. I was deeply infatuated, yes. I thought he was the most attractive and interesting boy I had ever met. But I was too young to realize that the strong physical attraction we held for each other could possibly be anything but love. I thought the exciting emotion I felt for Grant was the kind that meant marriage, home and a life partnership. I was mistaken. If I had been a little older. . ."

LORETTA YOUNG'S OWN STORY



Hollywood was delighted when it heard of the elopement of Loretta Young and Grant Withers a year and a half ago. It was so romantic! Too bad that the romance didn't last.



In this interview, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, this famous young actress tells in her own words why her marriage to Grant Withers was an unhappy failure

By WALTER RAMSEY

MY marriage was the greatest mistake of my life. It is probably the greatest I shall ever make!"

With these two terse sentences, Loretta Young herself spoke *finis* to one of Hollywood's most romantic and youthful marriages. She was sitting again in the comfortable living room of her own home—the home of her sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young; the gay and laughing home her mother had begged her not to leave the day she and Grant Withers slipped away to Arizona for that sensational elopement-marriage of a year and a half ago. The marriage that is quite definitely and thoroughly over now.

It was an easy matter to sense the happiness of the little family at having her back with them once more. It is in the atmosphere that greets you as you step into the spacious and dimly lighted rooms that have remained unchanged in the many months of Loretta's absence.

She found the house was still alive with the constant ringing of the telephone as Hollywood's smitten swains called in an attempt to "date up" the prettiest girls in town, Polly Ann and Sally Blane—they hadn't changed.

One of the causes of their estrangement, says Loretta, was that both she and Grant wanted their own way. If she wanted to go swimming and he didn't—well, it meant something of a row.



All Hollywood was thrilled when Loretta Young and Grant Withers chartered an airplane and made their sensational elopement.

Only Loretta has changed.

NO longer does she laugh and smile as vivaciously as she used to in the days when she danced every night at the Coconut Grove. All the time she was talking to me, her hands rested gently in her lap. Her eyes held mine steadily . . . as though she wanted me to see this thing that has happened in her nineteen-year-old life as seriously and sanely as she does.

"My mind is quite definitely made up now," she said evenly. "At first I wasn't sure. You see, the things that came between us were so indefinite. You couldn't put your finger on any one thing in particular. I don't believe Grant realizes at this moment quite how far things have gone with us. Just the other night he called me long distance on the telephone. He made me promise him three things: that I wouldn't go out with anyone else until he returned; that I wouldn't do anything in court until he comes back from his stage tour; that I would give him a 'break'.

"Well, I've kept those promises. I haven't yet seen a lawyer about a divorce. I haven't been out with a single person. But I know deep down in my heart that there never will be 'another chance for us'. There can't be.

"I am no longer in love with Grant!"

"When I stop to look back on that impulsive elopement of ours, I wonder if I ever was in love with him.

I was deeply infatuated, yes. I thought he was the most attractive and interesting boy I had ever met. But I was too young to realize that the strong physical attraction we held for each other could possibly be anything but love. I thought the exciting emotion I felt for Grant was the kind that meant marriage, home and a life partnership. I was mistaken. If I had been a little older and more experienced I would have realized the feeling for what it was—a deep infatuation. The first and only important one in my life. You see, I had always been so sure that I would never marry an actor . . . and so when I actually did marry one, it surprised *me* as much as anyone.

MY mother tried to explain my mistake to me as she begged me to have the marriage annulled. But I didn't believe her at the time. I thought I knew what I was doing. I really believe I got just the least bit stubborn about what mother was attempting to do for me. I said to myself that I was married . . . and I was going to *stay* married."

Here Loretta paused a moment to again fix me with those steady, calm eyes of hers.

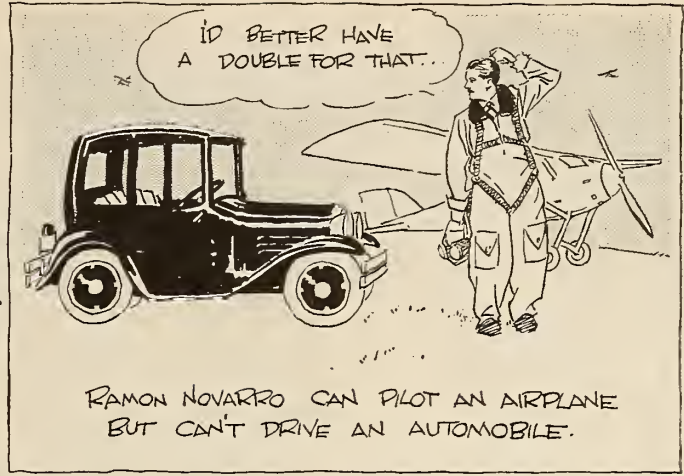
"Before I go any further, I want you to know that I am presenting only my side of the case. I haven't the slightest doubt but that there is another. Only Grant can tell you his side. And I want to be as fair to him as I can possibly be. He is a dear, sweet boy and I am truly fond of him. I wouldn't want anything I might say to hurt him—not seriously. The story I want to tell you is just the story of a very youthful mistake between two young people who were not meant to be married to one another.

"I don't exactly remember any definite thing that first came between us. It was just a series of little things. Little things that might sound terribly trivial to anyone else . . . but they meant the world to me. And please don't mistake me, I'm sure that those first small arguments were just as much my fault as Grant's. You see, I think I had been spoiled at home. Although I have a younger baby sister, I have al- (Continued on page 110)

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS WAS ONCE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE PEDDLER OF ASSORTED SOAPS



RAMON NOVARRO CAN PILOT AN AIRPLANE BUT CAN'T DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE.



LILY DAMITA DANCED IN THE BALLET AT THE OPERA DE PARIS —FOR ABOUT 3¢ A DAY



JAMES GLEASON HAS A BEEHIVE JUST OUTSIDE HIS BEDROOM WINDOW.



HELEN TWELVETREES' BIRTHDAY IS DEC. 25. SCOTCH ADMIRERS ARE SAID TO FIND THIS A GREAT BOON.

ARE YOU A "SLEEPING



At the left is an early picture of Mary Astor. Pretty? Yes. But certainly not outstanding. Look at the difference in the picture at the right. There is a Mary Astor whose poise and amazing ability to carry a simple frock gives her a marvelous beauty and fascination utterly alien to the rather over-dressed girl on the left.

IF the modern girl is unattractive it is from choice! No longer is it so much a misfortune to be unattractive as it is an indication that the person in question lacks, first imagination enough and then initiative enough to make the most of herself. No group of people in all the world have a greater reputation for beauty than the motion picture stars. Yet few of the girls on the screen were born great beauties. And many of them had still to attain the zenith of their loveliness after they had made their screen debut and achieved some measure of their success. So that even among famous beauties we find natural beauty very rare.

These illustrations speak for themselves. The contrast between the old and new portraits of the stars is really surprising. And certainly it is interesting to see how, passing fair girls without any particular distinction, they have groomed themselves with meticulous care until they are as attractive as it is possible for them to be. They well might be compared to jewels cut and polished expertly until they have achieved the fullness of their fire, color, and brilliance.

TO get down to specific cases, when Norma Shearer first came to New York, intent upon a screen career,

she was not the smart young woman she is today.

I saw her. I know what I am talking about. Time and again at parties I have seen wall flowers who had quite as much to go on, basically, as Norma had. Except, of course, that they lack her imagination and her initiative. It is, I think, more often the lack of these qualities than any lack of embryonic pulchritude that relegates girls to the background of life.

Norma Shearer used to wear her hair in the conventional way, parted somewhere on the side and waved. A little frizzily wave to be exact. Norma used to wear bouffant taffetas, school girl effects. Norma used to have the reputation of being haughty and ritzy. Norma was, in other words, a stranger to the charming chic young woman we know today.

Now it is possible that Norma wore her hair as she did feeling that this, combined with the more ingenue-ish clothes she then affected would soften her definitely cut

A "sleeping beauty" is a girl whose potentialities for outstanding

BEAUTY"?"

By ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER



Here again is another "before and after" comparison. You'd hardly recognize that mousey girl at the right as Norma Shearer, would you? Yet that was how she looked when she first came to New York. Norma says, "I have learned the difference between being well dressed and perfectly groomed."

features. If this was the case she soon learned the error of her ways and began to emphasize the very things she previously had sought to temper. Today Norma intensifies the striking clarity of her features, her well defined nose, the cut of her mouth, the set of her eyes, by the way in which she does her hair and by the simple, chic things she wears. Wise Norma!

There's all the difference in the world in marcel. And there's all the difference in the world in a part in the hair one half inch further to the left or one quarter inch further to the right. Exactly which marcel and which part suits her is something every girl must discover for herself.

UNDoubtedly the old haughtiness of Norma's was a defense. Five years ago she wasn't sure of herself. Now that she is she can afford to be casual. No need to be stand-offish any more.

a little fullness another looks much better with slight lines.

Norma says, "I have learned the difference between being well dressed and being perfectly groomed. Being perfectly groomed necessitates an enormous amount of detail to maintain simplicity. But simplicity is the prerequisite and very essence of charm."

Norma Shearer is her attractive and charming self today not because she had the good fortune to be born a goddess but because she had the desire and the will to make the most of herself both mentally and physically.

MENTAL development proves of great importance. Once a person becomes aware of the many interesting things there are for people to talk about they aren't nearly as likely to feel themselves the topic of conversation whenever they see a group with their heads together. Therefore, if it does nothing else a mental awareness proves a deadly enemy of supersensitiveness and self-consciousness. And these things, in turn, surely

beauty have remained undeveloped by lack of attention

Even the far-famed beauty of Garbo was achieved rather than God-given. When Garbo first arrived in America she was a rather attractive Swedish girl. But since then she has learned the secret of dramatizing herself—with simply amazing results.



Clara Bow has increased her attractiveness to an amazing degree during the years that she has been a star. "The screen has taught me the value of three mirrors on my dressing-table," says Clara sagely. "In them I appraise myself rather than merely look at myself."

There's a tip.



are the deadly enemies of charm and true beauty. There are exceptions to every rule. That goes without saying. But generally speaking show me a wall flower and I'll show you a girl who isn't taking either the time or the trouble to make the most of herself. I'll show you a physical, mental and spiritual sleeping beauty.

Consider the pale Garbo for a minute. When Greta arrived in New York she had reduced considerably because her director, the late Victor Seastrom, realized the American public would have little sympathy with her erstwhile ample Swedish figure. Outside of this, however, Greta had done little or nothing to enhance her beauty. There wasn't anything curious or especially interesting about her. She had freckles. Her hair was frowsy. Eyebrows beetled over her eyes to obliterate completely that dreamy quality which now makes her so very lovely. Greta was a nice looking Swedish girl. Nothing more.

Today, however, Greta defies any such apathetic description. Only a poet could do justice to her pale beauty and her curious aura. Through a number of slight changes, among them arching her eyebrows and rouging her lips a trifle differently, Greta has become a far-famed beauty. *Greta is conclusive proof that the sum of slight changes can be great.*

Parenthetically, beauty specialists insist the best results are obtained if lip salve is applied with the little finger and worked on towards the center. And they suggest that the very corners of the mouth always be wiped clean. Any alteration in the natural outline of the upper lip is taboo. However, where a mouth is too narrow they advise the lip salve being applied a little below the natural line of the *under* lip, and vice versa.

The case of Joan Crawford's amazing change from a jazz-mad girl into a self-contained woman is just another example of what an intelligent girl can do. Joan has learned the value of using the right make-up and right clothes.





A very early picture of Gloria Swanson shows only inherent beauty—"sleeping beauty."



Then came the "clothes-horse" period of her career. This hindered her beauty development.



But finding herself, happily resulted in the tremendously attractive Gloria we know today.

ANOTHER thing. You never see the peerless Garbo wearing a dress or a hat or a coat because that dress or that hat or that coat is deemed fashionable. Greta wears the clothes in which she is most comfortable and, therefore, most graceful. Greta wears the clothes that suit her height and the goddess-like breadth of her Viking frame. And on her, colored by her personality and coloring her personality, these clothes are so attractive that they became the fashion. Witness the popularity of the Garboesque polo coat and beret!

Greta has learned many things since she entertained the representatives of the press in the drawing-room of her suite the day she landed in New York and vouchsafed broken "How do you do's" with a timid smile that asked for patience and understanding. And not least among the things Greta has learned is the subtle trick, not easily mastered, of dramatizing herself. And I'm very much inclined to believe that it is in this trick that the secret of everyone's greatest attraction lies.

Be what you are and be it with a vengeance! There will be some who won't like you, of course. But there will be others who will like you tremendously. And no one will pass you by.

JOAN CRAWFORD is another charming lady who has travelled a long way. To my mind the most important things Joan has learned are simplicity and poise. Joan has matured. She is no longer constantly on the go, constantly dancing, constantly dashing madly from one diversion to another. Joan has become a self-contained young woman. She continues to find pleasure in dancing and gaiety. But she's better balanced. She seeks pleasure in other things as well. Her clothes have come to possess a charming young dignity. She wears black a great deal. With reason. It is fascinating with her pale skin and reddish gold hair.

"My career," Joan says, "has taught me the absolute necessity of using the correct make-up for any certain occasion. I've learned that one may change one's appearance by a periodic altering of one's make-up methods. Correct make-up is highly important.

Every girl—even a constant wall-flower—can learn from this clever article how to make herself outstandingly beautiful

"I utilize three methods myself:

1. Regular powder, rouge and lipstick.
2. No make-up whatsoever.
3. Scented oil preparations which impart a pleasing sparkle to the face for sports occasions."

No dabbing on of the same carelessly chosen cosmetics, morning, noon and night for Joan. Hers is an infinite capacity for taking pains. And how the results do justify the means!

NEEDLESS to say everyone isn't favored with eyes cut as fascinatingly as Swanson's . . . with the provocative mouth and facial contours of The Garbo . . . with the delightful gaiety of Norma Shearer . . . with the beauty of Mary Astor, a beauty that seems delicately cut from warm

marble . . . *But everyone is born with something. And it is by making the most of this something, whatever it may be, that they come to achieve an attraction of their own.*

Not by trying to look like someone else has Norma Shearer found her fullest beauty. And had Greta Garbo come to this country to be so impressed by Norma that she tried to make herself over in the Shearer pattern she never would have gained her high place.

Beauty no longer is an arbitrary thing, a matter of beautiful hair, big eyes, a charming nose, a good figure and a creamy skin. All of these things or any one of them are splendid things to possess. Naturally. Those who have them get off with a head start. But the most beautiful gem in its natural state is not likely to compare with an inferior stone that has been cut and polished with thoughtful care.

Mary Astor is a girl who was born beautiful.

I remember Mary when she entered the beauty contest through which she went on the screen. Mary had a delicately chiseled face. A creamy skin. Startling burnished hair. But in spite of these greatly-to-be-desired things you looked at Mary and thought "You're beautiful. No doubt about that. But what of it?"

Today, however, Mary matters tremendously. The intervening years have lit the (*Continued on page 118*)

PAGLIACCIS ALL

They say that to be a good comedian, tragedy must have entered your life at some time. Certainly it seems to be true in these cases



Joe E. Brown was playing in a musical comedy once when word was sent to him of the death of his favorite sister.

PUT on your funny smock and your grease paint . . . get on with the show, Pagliacci—the world must laugh—even though your Columbine has been stolen by another man . . . laugh, Pagliacci, though your heart is breaking!

A real trouper, this fellow Pagliacci! But, after all, he is only a mythical figure of opera. What of the real Pagliaccis—the clowns you look at for an hour in your local theater, and then forget—what of the terrific struggle along fame's rocky road, the bitterness of financial or domestic upsets, the heartbreaks which they must face with buffoonery; so that you can forget your troubles for the moment and laugh?

No one who has ever looked into Charles Chaplin's blue eyes can go away without a lasting impression of the tragic depth and silent suffering expressed in them.

Poverty, hunger, and unhappiness besieged Chaplin throughout his childhood. Almost every picture he has made has contained incidents lifted literally from those pitiful years—incidents so pathetic that they are incredible, and consequently make you roar with laughter.

THE hardest blow of all came to Charlie Chaplin in the fall of 1926 when he was filming "The Circus." Court mandates were issued putting his studios, home, and personal property into legal seal. It was only the beginning of the wrath of Lita Grey Chaplin.

Mr. Chaplin went to New York in search of legal advice, placing his picture on the shelf for the time being. While he was in the east the other side issued vitriolic statements, which were seized by Hollywood scandal mongers and enlarged upon by wagging tongues. Chaplin, still in the east, received his first deep wound when newspapers published his wife's complaint, a document which ripped his character from stem to stern—a document which in Chaplin's own words was "an attack without mercy."

Sensation seekers published and sold on the streets of Los Angeles thousands of pamphlets containing shady



By POTTER BRAYTON

(Left) One of the screen's funniest women, Marie Dressler, has had more heart-break in her life than most people could bear. But Marie has gone bravely on.



(Right) When Eddie Cantor lost ten years' savings in the famous Wall Street crash of 1929, he capitalized on the tragedy and made a gag out of it for his audiences' benefit.

remarks and vicious insinuations regarding the comedian's domestic troubles. After months of litigation, suffering physically and mentally, his domestic affairs terminated in a divorce. He had weighed 140 when he went to New York; at the time of his divorce he weighed 105. Despite his weakened condition, he returned to Hollywood and resumed work on his picture.

CHAPLIN'S intimate friends are the only ones who know what the man went through, or who understand why he refused to strike back at his persecutors, preferring to go into solitude. Writers have devoted volumes to their guesses as to why Charlie Chaplin sits alone in Henry's restaurant with that sad, far-away look in his eyes. His is a sensitive, genteel character, and a wise mind. He knows that his was the right side of the argument, and he knows that he can forget his troubles sooner by giving the world no satisfaction in discussing them behind his back.

Only a very keen observer of motion pictures, or one intimately in contact with Chaplin could pick out those scenes of great hilarity in "The Circus" that were made under a great mental suffering. But here and there in the picture, the physique of "the little tramp" is but a

shell in comparison to those scenes recorded at the beginning, when life was serene for Charlie Chaplin.

EDDIE CANTOR took ten years' savings and invested in stocks. In five feverish days he had lost it all in the sensational stock crash of 1929.

"Capitalize on your troubles—that's what I do!" Eddie replied when I asked him how he stood up under such a blow. "After I lost that money, I sat down and wrote the second-best non-fiction seller of the year, "Caught Short"—a book I could never have written without the inspiration of my recent bad luck.

"When some crook stole my wife's jewelry last Labor Day, I wrote a skit on the incident which brought in enough to almost replace the stolen articles.

"I certainly don't believe in letting audiences know you are suffering over private affairs—especially, if you are a comedian. It would be as wrong to do that as it would be for an automobile salesman to sell a good car on the argument that his wife was raising particular Hades because he couldn't afford to buy her a new hat."

JOE E. BROWN says that "as a rule, you'll find that actors prefer to go on the stage, or face the camera in spite of their troubles, rather than suffer the added anguish of forsaking the show, if even for one performance."

He means it, for he played a solid week in New York in "Betty Lee" with a temperature of 103, before finally giving up to his illness. During an engagement in "Twinkle Twinkle" he had broken a leg. He called in six doctors, one by one, hoping that one of them would tell him the leg was repaired sufficiently for him to dance. None of them did; so Joe performed his dance anyway, and it was only after the final curtain that his fellow actors discovered that he had torn two tendons.

Many people would call that "foolhardiness," but any real trouper would envy Joe E. Brown's record in that event.

"But the toughest time of all," Joe confided, "was when I was playing in a musical show—only a kid in my 'teens at the time—and they brought me word of the sudden death of my favorite sister. I couldn't get a train for home until after the matinée anyway; so I finished out my part in the show. I know I cried every minute on and off the stage that terrible afternoon, but I doubt if anyone but the people on the stage knew my tortured state, for the audience laughed and clapped for more."

MARIE DRESSLER'S career should be food for thought for any young girl hoping for fame and fortune as an actress, and a good many of the younger motion picture actresses could learn a timely lesson of perseverance from her attitude of "Never say die!" Marie believes that "you're never too old to learn"; so she constantly is striving to improve herself. Perhaps she owes that fighting spirit to her long line of warring ancestors, the last of which was her father, who made a noble record as an officer in the Crimean war.

Marie's troubles began with her first attempt at a theatrical career. She was the ugly duckling. They laughed her off the stage wherever she appeared. Instead of making her cry, these continued rebuttals made Marie fighting mad. "I'll show 'em!" she would say. As they wouldn't have her in the footlight areas, Marie took jobs in the back row of the chorus. Then one day, about fifteen years ago, people began telling about that wonderful new comedienne, Marie Dressler, who had just made such a tremendous hit in a play called "Tillie's Nightmare." Marie found herself in the \$2,000 a week class. She had shown 'em! (Continued on page 106)



Genial Eugene Pallette has climbed the ladder of fame and fortune three times before reaching his present success. It's a wonder he can forget those struggles and be so convincingly funny.

(Below) ZaSu Pitts, the screen's most pathetically comic figure, has suffered such hard and bitter blows in her intimate life that she doesn't even want them published.



Skeets "Smarty" Gallagher was playing a vaudeville theater in Vancouver, B. C., a few days before Christmas, when a telegram curtly announced his mother's death. But the audience never knew.

BINKY

By
HAGAR
WILDE



Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

A fine story about a woman
who went to see a girl
about a dog—and a man

HOLD still, Binky," Muriel said. Binky was an almost unrecognizable mass of soap-suds. He peered mournfully out from under a cloud of it and objected to his bath. Binky, as a wire-haired terrier, dry, was an angel. Binky, wrapped in soap-suds, was a resentful devil. Toby Verlain, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket had been unable to resist Binky in a pet-shop window. At that period, twenty-five dollars to Toby meant meals for a week (or, if necessary, for two weeks) and not a bottle of champagne (or two). That had been before Toby got his break in "Crashing Through," one of Mammoth's six epics; the days before Fame hit Toby.

Jean had something else in mind. Plainly, she hesitated to mention it, but it came out in a rush after a moment: "Toby's terribly fond of that dog."



Toby had brought Binky to Muriel rather sheepishly. The twenty-five dollars was his last. She had scolded him, laughed, and then kissed him.

For two weeks, they lived on her thirty dollars, with Toby coming over for meals. Poverty had meant nothing to Muriel with Toby beside her, and it meant nothing to Toby with Muriel beside him. Things change rapidly, however, in Hollywood.

Toby got his chance and took it. Activity settled down, around, and over him. Muriel and Binky spent most of their time waiting for Toby's call. They came about three times a week, and then were hurried.

MURIEL rinsed Binky free of soap, thinking the while about Toby, and success, and . . . Jean Lester. Jean, of the tawny gold hair, the insolent mouth and the million dollars worth of ankles. The ankles had got her a contract, and the hairdresser had taken care of the tawny gold part of it. Life and a selfish nature had managed

the mouth. And Jean seemed to be managing Toby.

Jean Lester was playing opposite Toby in "Crashing Through," and the fact that she planned to play opposite him in a drama called married life, which is being enacted in every state of the union with more success or less, was common gossip. Jean Lester had taken her course and graduated with one divorce and a few dishonors, but dishonors in Hollywood are sometimes peculiarly switched, and hands are held over the prefix.

Muriel wondered if it were quite fair. She had gone through the days before his success, loving him. Jean Lester had waited until she knew. Jean knew a great deal about the ways of a smart maid with an unsuspecting man.

The door bell rang. Muriel abandoned Binky, wrapped in a towel, and ran. Binky wriggled out of the towel. He could do much better by licking, anyway. He licked.

The visitor was Jean Lester. She wore something in cloth of gold and looked perfectly splendid. She knew it. She smiled. Muriel pushed back a recalcitrant strand of hair with a wet (and slightly soiled) little hand. "Oh," she said. "Aren't you going to invite me in?" Jean said.

MURIEL'S mind went racing to the wet and indignant Binky, to the glass which had once contained milk but was now sporting a white ring where the milk had been, and a conspicuous position on the end table. She thought of the evidences of a too-meagre dinner and several other things which are bound to occur in a house guiltless of maid service. Nevertheless, she stood aside.

Jean entered. She did not neglect the white-ringed glass and the other evidences of poverty. She was very sweet. Too sweet. "So that's Binky," she said, regarding him.

Binky licked one brown and white side, giving her a full glance of dog's contempt, which Jean was incapable of understanding.

"I came about Toby," Jean said, sitting down and tossing back her rich, metallic collar.

Muriel clutched Binky and rubbed industriously. "I don't find that hard to believe," she said. "I knew you weren't paying *me* a social call."

"I know you love him."

"Given a few city hall records," Muriel said, "I'll bet you could ferret out my birthdate."

"You see, dear," Jean murmured, leaning forward. "Toby is a gentleman. There are some things he can't say to you."

"For instance?"

"Well," Jean fingered the clasp of her gleaming hand bag. "Toby's gone ahead. A new life has opened to him, and he loves it. He deserves a chance to . . . to blossom. Toby's an artist."

"Toby could tell you that he'd heard that before," Muriel said.

"You should be fair to him," Jean said.

"You mean that I should give



him up?" Muriel's voice shook despite herself.

"I'm simply recommending . . ."

"You're simply recommending that I give him up. The noble little girl tosses her great love into the furnace of success and weeps over the ashes." Binky whined and looked up at her. She had scrubbed one spot on his left hind quarters until it was practically bare.

"If I were in your place, I shouldn't want to hold onto a man who loves somebody else."

BINKY whined. Muriel had started on the other side and was well on the way to making that bare, too.

"Toby could tell me if he loved somebody else," Muriel said. "He's no coward."

"He loves me," Jean Lester said.

"I'll let Toby tell me that," said Muriel. Binky gave up being polite at this point, struggled indignantly and escaped.

"And when he tells you?" Jean said, rising.

"He will be free, of course," Muriel replied.

Jean was not ready to go yet, however. She had something else in mind. Plainly, she hesitated to mention it, but it came out in a rush after a moment: "Toby's terribly fond of that dog," she said.

"Yes."

"I wondered . . . I mean, I know you're fond of him too, but . . . well, I thought perhaps you could use money, and I'd like to have the dog, for Toby's sake. He's not worth more than fifty dollars at most. I'll pay you a thousand for him."

Furious, Muriel rose. "Toby gave me that dog," she said. "I love him, and I don't sell the things I love. He's my dog, and until Toby proves that he's not my man, I'm not selling him out, either. Now you get out of this house!"

"You're ordering me out?"

"In brief, yes," Muriel said.

"Why, you little . . ."

Muriel stamped her foot and was guilty of screaming for the first time in her life. Jean Lester left.

MURIEL went over to Binky and picked him up. She buried her face in his dampish side and made it damper with her tears. "Sell my baby," she said, in muffled tones. "Binky, did you hear her?"

Distressed at her tears, Binky abandoned his licking and nuzzled her neck. Together, they sat down in a chair. Muriel held him close, and he snuggled comfortingly.

Muriel was still crying when the telephone rang. It was Toby. "I'm in such a beastly rush," he said. "The party, you know . . ."

"What party?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No," Muriel said. "I haven't talked to you for several days."

"Oh, has it been that long? Well, it's a party, anyway. I thought if you weren't too busy, I'd stop in for a moment."

Busy! Muriel looked around the unbusy and Tobyless room. Her life was Binky, and meagre dinners, and the hope of Toby. She said, "Oh, I'm not busy."

"All right," he said. "I'll be around. I can't stay long."

She replaced the receiver with a sinking heart, and looked at Binky. "Oh, Binky," she said, "I've lost him.

We've lost him! He's always going to be too busy for us!"

TOBY was very handsome in his dinner jacket. His dark hair was attractively rumpled. (Toby could never keep his hair combed.)

He was full of his plans, his future, the things they said about him. He was so happy. . . .

Suddenly, he stopped talking and ruffling the ecstatic Binky. "What is it, Muriel?" he said.

"What is what?"

"You look unhappy."

"That's funny," she said.

"I'm sorry I didn't call you yesterday."

"Oh, that's all right." (All right! She'd cried herself to sleep at dawn, hugging Binky, lonely, lonely.)

"Crashing Through' opens next week, you know."

"Yes, I know." "Jean's a knockout. You should see her."

"Any shots of her face in it?" Muriel said.

"What do you mean?" "I thought they might concentrate on the million dollar ankles."

"Oh, no," Toby said, innocently. "She has lots of close-ups."

"Oh," Muriel said. "I'll send you seats," he said.

He'd send her seats. He wouldn't be taking her. He'd be taking Jean Lester. She bit her lip. "That's nice of you, Toby."

"I'll see that they're good."

"Thanks, Toby," she said.

"Tom Taylor said that my contract for next year would break all salary records."

(A year ago, he would have said, "And now we can be married, darling." He didn't say it.)

"Toby," Muriel said, "things have changed a little for you, haven't they?"

"Gee," he said, "when I think that a year ago I was worrying about the next week's meals. . . ."

"Yes," Muriel said, slowly, "and were happy with a chop and a few vegetables and a custard for dessert. It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"It certainly is."

"Toby, you know my rule about Binky and the rope?"

"You mean not tying him?"

"Yes. I never tie Binky, and . . . and . . . I'm not going to tie you. I'm going to take the rope off your neck and let you play."

"What are you driving at?"

"I'm giving you your walking papers," she said.

"Muriel!"

"I can't go the places and do the things you do. I'm deadwood. I haven't got the money."

"I've offered . . ."

"Oh, you've been generous, (Continued on page 108)



Toby

HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS VISITORS



While making "Devil's Holiday," Nancy Carroll entertained on the lot Prince Frederic Leopold of Prussia and Baron Cerrini. Edmund Goulding, the director, at the left and Mae Murray in the center.



Many members of many royal courts have been presented at the cinema court, Hollywood. When they were there the Count and Countess Lakopolski of Poland were shown around the Paramount lot by June Collyer.



Sir Esme Howard, the famous British statesman and one time ambassador to America, with Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M.

The name Rothschild stands for culture, wealth, power and family traditions. This is Baron Rothschild, scion of the famous family, watching the art of line-studying as demonstrated by Robert Montgomery.

Almost everyone who is anyone has visited Hollywood at one time or another—as these pages prove without doubt

(Right) When Professor Albert Einstein made his recent tour of the Hollywood studios, he examined a Vitaphone recording apparatus with Richard Barthelmess.



(Left) It was perfectly natural that when Colonel Lindbergh was a front page celebrity he should visit Hollywood and meet celebrities of his own calibre. Marion Davies and Louis B. Mayer showed him the M-G-M lot.



M-G-M again does some entertaining—this time for the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, British statesman. (Left to right) Randolph Churchill, son of the Rt. Hon. Churchill, William Randolph Hearst, Winston Churchill, Louis B. Mayer and Fred Niblo.

Richard Byrd, besides his recent visit, saw Hollywood about five years ago when silent pictures were the last word. With Jesse Lasky and Will Hays he visited the set of "Evening Clothes," in which Adolphe Menjou was working at that time.





Remember the time that ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge "did" Hollywood? Marion Davies was making "The Floradora Girl" at the time and the distinguished visitors watched a rehearsal of it. In that group, see if you can pick out: Mary Pickford, Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, Cecil B. DeMille and Will Hays.



(Below) Even Charles B. Schwab, the steel millionaire, couldn't resist the lure of Hollywood. Yes, that's Louis B. Mayer with him—he certainly meets them all.



(Above) Another moment during the visit of the Coolidges. Louis B. Mayer is standing next to the ex-President, and Mrs. Coolidge and Mary Pickford are standing behind them in the background.



(Above) When "Caught Short" was being made, Alastair MacDonald, son of the British Premier, Ramsay MacDonald, visited Hollywood. Anita Page and Charles Reisner, director, showed him around a bit, don't you know?

The famous of the theater,
the opera and music call
upon their movie brothers
and sisters of fame



(Right) Reading from left to right is Mrs. Noah Beery, Jose Enchinez, Mrs. Tita Schipa, Noah Beery, Tita Schipa, Jack Holt, Mrs. Holt and Florence Vidor. The kids are the Schipa children.



(Above) When Pola Negri was a Paramount star, Feodor Chaliapin, famous singer, looked Hollywood over. You recognize Noah Beery, of course. At the extreme left is Ernest Vajda, noted playwright.



(Left) Dorothy Arzner, Leopold Stokowski, famous conductor, Clara Bow and Robert Milton, when Stokowski was in Hollywood during the making of "The Wild Party." (Lower left) Oscar Straus, noted European composer, Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Martin Broomes, director of the M-G-M Music Department. (Below) Harry Lauder and his niece, with Gary Cooper, Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes during an off moment while "Only the Brave" was being made.





(Above) When Baseball invaded Hollywood. Standing: George Manker Watters, author, George McBride, Tiger coach, George Bancroft, and A. J. Egan, baseball scout. Seated: Edward Sutherland, Bucky Harris, John Cromwell and Nancy Carroll. This was in the days of "Burlesque." (Above, right) Helen Wills, the tennis whiz, with Joan Crawford. (Right) An authentic picture of Mitzi Green on a bat. Helping her are Leo Hartnett, baseball catcher, and Rogers Hornsby.



(Below) Henri Daglane, champion wrestler of France, and Raoul Paoli, champion discus thrower of France, paid a visit to Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray in their own he-man fashion.

(Left) Remember the days when the name Suzanne Lenglen was front page stuff? At that time Marion Davies was making "Tillie the Toiler." And Marion acted as Suzanne's hostess at M-G-M.



The kings—and queens—
of the sport world pay
their respects at the shrine
of the cinema



This astrologer seems to think that, although Lew Ayres' popularity is now based mainly upon his appeal to feminine hearts, there may come a time when such is not the case. He tells Lew sagely how to prepare for this time. At the right is a scene from Lew's latest picture, "The Iron Man," a prize-fighting story. Jean Harlow, of "Hell's Angels" fame, plays opposite him.



LEW AYRES' FUTURE

By WYNN

The famous astrologer makes some fascinating revelations about this youngster's future

AS an astrologer, I want to impress upon Lew Ayres the need of looking ahead, estimating the future and doing something about it. Just drifting along without any regard for what may turn up next isn't going to do him too much good. Everything may be just lovely now, and it certainly appears to be, both from the news reports in the daily prints about him and also in the horoscope picture of his stars for the present.

If you were born at 4:33 p. m. December 28, 1908, in Minneapolis, Lew, listen to what I have to say for none of us want to see you have any trouble in your life.

That may sound rather unpleasant and forbidding, and



Among certain characteristics of young Ayres, Wynn, the astrologer, finds that this young man has the tendency of wanting to do something other than what he's doing at the moment. Sounds like the restlessness of artists.

maybe it is. But I haven't any reputation for exaggerating, so perhaps I am talking sense. Anyway, Lew, let's see what we get about your character. If I spot a few things about you in your horoscope that aren't published in the publicity sheets about you, will you listen to the rest of my story? Will you pay attention to what I say about your future? I certainly hope so.

All right then. Let's see what type of girl you would be interested in. That's an item I haven't seen bruited about the highways.

Perhaps you know about this already, but there are two distinct types of women who will have a great influence on you all through your life. One type is the one you will marry; the other type is the all-inclusive girl who admires you via the screen—Miss Public. And



you must keep your eyes open all the way up the long grade for the right one to marry. for you have Uranus, that upsetting trouble maker, in the division of the horoscope to which the astrologer looks for marriage indications—the seventh house. Planets in this division of anyone's horoscope indicate the ideal type for domestic life, but there is another side to the problem, even when that much is agreed upon. There are more than one type indicated by every planet, for each of the heavenly wanderers has a plus and minus quality.

IF you were to select the negative Uranian type, not knowing about it till after the ceremony at the altar, there would be a sad result, very unlike the sequels we all imagine when the handsome hero wins the consent of the beautiful heroine in the movies. There might even be divorce.

But, happily, there is a good side to Lady Uranus in your seventh. Pay attention to this, sisters, if you are interested in Lew in a personal way, for I am about to describe his ideal type of wife.

She is a combination of many hard-to-find characteristics—that is, they are not too frequently met with in the same person. She must be dignified, practical, slightly older than he is, experienced in the world of life and living, probably a divorcée with an interesting past. I'll bet this is part of what makes all the older ladies exclaim when they see him for the first time on the silver sheet, "Oh, what a lovely boy!" He is the type my mother will follow all over a county, motoring forty miles three times in a week, to wherever his pictures are being shown. I don't mean that he is interested in marrying anyone's mother or grandmother—no, no—that wasn't what I meant when I said his ideal wife should be slightly older than he is. But, at the same time, he does appeal to the more mature minds in the audience, especially to those of the fair sex.

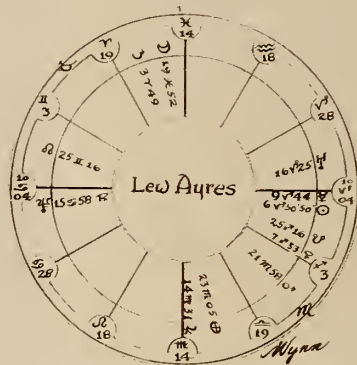
On the other hand, there is a distinctly lighter side that his ideal wife must have and display, for she must be a distinct modern, with a splendid education and an alert interest in all that is going on. Something of an old soul in a young body and with plenty of youthful ideas. For Lew himself is not as young as his brief term on this planet would seem to indicate. If you are one who accepts the Pythagorean doctrine of living many lives, this horoscope of Ayres is one that would seem to substantiate such a belief. Hence, no mental lightweight applicant for the honor of being Mrs. Ayres need apply seriously for the privilege of smiling cheerfully at him every day for years and years over the breakfast coffee and toast.

OCCUPATIONALLY, there is perhaps too much that friend Ayres can do well, for he has his ruling planet, the Moon, at the mid-heaven, in the double-bodied sign Pisces. This shows a tendency to be wanting to do something else, no matter what it is that he is doing at the time. Of course, with this sector of the Zodiac so prominent (the mid-heaven is the most exposed and public position in the horoscope, and the Moon is also the ruler of anyone's contacts with the general public) he is bound to be artistic in more than one way. Pisces is often the artist and musician. I have heard of Lew's familiarity with a banjo and his having earned his bread and cakes in high class orchestras, but the painting and drawing is yet to be heard from by me. However, anything he turns out in an artistic way will not surprise

anyone who is acquainted with his amazing horoscope.

Naturally he gravitated to the movies. There are three big reasons why, according to this map of the heavens. First, he has the ruler of the movies, Neptune, rising at his Eastern horizon, or Ascendant, that part of the nativity which reveals the greatest talents of any individual. And it is also in the sign Cancer, the sign of the actor, as I mentioned here in my remarks about Richard Dix. Cancer is the sign ruled by the Moon, and, being on his Ascendant, gives him this celestial body as his ruler; all of which makes him thoroughly versatile and able to mimic or imitate anything that he has ever seen another person do. I should think this would make him a very good subject for direction, from the director's point of view, for he can get any and all effects that are desired. There may, however,

be some offset in the fact that Neptune rising confers upon him a very strong imagination and the sign Cancer has a definite mind of its own. So there is a possibility of temperamental displays at times, and that wouldn't please the director at all.



THE second reason for his excellent work in the screen drama is the remarkable combination of facts

(you'd think so if you couldn't find another instance of anything like it in all the other film players' horoscopes I have had under my gaze during the past nine years) that gives him his ruler, the Moon, in the sign of Neptune, and Neptune in Cancer, the sign of the Moon, and both these factors placed in the locations of the horoscope that show personality and occupation. His personality is his occupation and his occupation is his personality. Both these important positions in his horoscope reveal him as public property in many ways. Nothing he will ever do successfully could possibly be of a secret or behind-the-scenes nature. He is our boy, whether he likes it or not. I don't think he likes the publicity side of this glamorous life he has been thrown into as much as do some of the other boys and girls who strut about the minarets of Hollywood, for he has a naturally quiet and somewhat retiring nature—delightfully not quite sure of himself. Ooh! What a surprise he can be, though, when anyone tries to thwart him.

He has the Sun in Capricorn, and I was referring to the qualities in him that are produced by having his individuality, underlying basis of character, grounded in this sign. The actual degree occupied by his Sun, which is the masculine principle of all Nature, reveals him as one who is inwardly very sincere, earnest and certain of his own place in the world. His outward manner is none the less real because of this. I should think it would give him a charming manner—sort of soft external fur most of the time concealing the stronger characteristics that usually lie harmless beneath.

The third big thing that has cast him into the celluloid brand of entertainment, after all those other qualities gave him the undoubted ability to perform, was and still is, the transit of Neptune in the sign Virgo. The aspect which this planet makes to his Sun is a good one, the trine as it is technically called by astrologers. You will recall that it means a great deal to him because in his horoscope it originates in his first house, or Ascendant. No planet, you know, can ever (Continued on page 125)

Here you can find out the sort of girl Lew Ayres should marry

YOUTH vs. SOPHISTICATION



**KAREN
MORLEY**



**HEDDA
HOPPER**

On our left, Lovely Youth—Karen Morley, who made her screen début in "Inspiration." She wears a misty white gown of mousseline de soie, with airy petals crossing the hipline and forming the flounce. At the right, Triumphant Sophistication—Hedda Hopper—in an Empress Josephine gown of silver bullion on black tulle.

THE STARS CORRESPOND

To Otis Skinner



From Loretta Young



From Clive Brook
To Lothar Mendes

My dear Mr. Skinner -
I am so glad to hear that you are
going to New York on Saturday and
demand my revenge at tennis before
then. Ring me immediately and don't try
to avoid me. Yours,
Clive.

CLIVE BROOK

My dear brother
I am leaving for New
York on Saturday and demand
my revenge at tennis before
then. Ring me immediately
and don't try to avoid me.
Yours
Clive



RUSSELL GLEASON
507 NORTH ALPINE DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
CRED: M. H. S.

Dear Marguerite -
I just wanted to remind
you about the opera next
week and to tell you to bring
your libretto along, because I
can never follow German operas
without one. I don't forget, now,
next Saturday.

Russell

P.S. How about going riding
some time next week?

R.



From Russell Gleason
To Marguerite Churchill



(Left) Of course you know that Russell
Gleason and Marguerite Churchill are sup-
posed to be this, that and the other way
about each other. We are delighted,
therefore, to be able to publish a letter
from one to the other of this romantically
inclined couple.

(Above) Playing in "Kismet" with Otis Skinner
seemed such a great honor to Loretta Young
that she wrote a nice letter to Mr. Skinner in
appreciation of this honor. Thoughtful of
her, wasn't it?

(Above left) We're going
to decipher it for you:
My Dear Lothar, I am
leaving for New York on
Saturday and demand my
revenge at tennis before
then. Ring me im-
mediately and don't try
to avoid me. Yours,
Clive.

From
Walter Huston



W. H.

My Dear Kay,
How you keep secrets,
you and Kenneth. I picked up a
new York Times in Paris, and saw
the announcement of your marriage.
Congratulations, you are both such
"the Gentlemen of the Press"
join "General Platoff" in hoping
the is not a "Vicious Sin" and
wish you joy and happiness in the
alliance.
My sincerely yours,
Walter Huston.

This month's collection of the stars' letters to each other will delight you with its friendly intimacies

(Left) When Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna got married it was natural that Walter Huston—who has played in the same pictures with them—should congratulate them. "The Gentleman of the Press" was a picture that Walter and Kay played in, and all three of them were in "The Virtuous Sin." General Platoff was the part Huston played in the latter film.



To Kay
Francis

From Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.



To Edward
G. Robinson



(Right) Here is an interesting letter, indeed! When Greek meets Greek and one good actor meets another good actor. The good actors in this case are Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward G. Robinson. It's a delight to see the splendid absence of professional jealousy in Doug's make-up as evidenced by this letter.

COPIED BY
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Thanky

Dear Edlie -

I would like to take
this means of showing you
how profoundly I appreciate
being in "Little Caesar" with you.
I shall cherish it as a great
experience and furthermore I
shall be endlessly grateful
for all I have learned from
such a great artist as
I know you to be -
With utter sincerity -
"Doug" Fairbanks

THE TRUE LOVE STORY OF CHARLES AND VIRGINIA



(Left) Charlie Farrell fell in love with Virginia when she was a star on the Fox lot and he was an extra. That love culminated in their joyful marriage (right).

International

At last we have the truth about Charlie Farrell's love life told by the only person who really knows —his best friend, Dick Arlen

By CARTER BRUCE



CHARLIE FARRELL and Virginia Valli were married here today and left immediately for a three-months' honeymoon in Europe."

Hollywood was stunned when this bit of news came over the press wires from New York. Charlie married to Virginia Valli? Impossible! What of his "great love for Janet Gaynor"? Hadn't he made a statement just before he boarded the train for the East to the effect that he wasn't going there to marry?

And Hollywood and the rest of the world hasn't yet recovered from the news. It still refuses to believe that Charlie Farrell has forsaken the "great love of his life." The world hesitates to believe that the boy who played in "Seventh Heaven" and made a screen pact with little Janet Gaynor— ". . . to wait until eternity, if necessary, in hope that she would some day come back to him. . . ." —has really and truly married another.

Almost everyone who ever knew Charlie Farrell has a story to tell of the *real* romance of his life . . . his love for Janet Gaynor. Others talk of the pact made between the lovers at the time little Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck ". . . just for spite because Charlie went to tell Virginia Valli 'Good-by' on the day Janet agreed to marry him . . ." Or the story of how Janet, her mother and Charlie spent the last afternoon before Janet left to marry Peck, crying on one another's shoulders. Yes, everyone is willing to tell you and me the *real* story behind the heartbroken Janet who married Peck . . . and the heart-

broken Charlie who married Virginia. But they are all wrong!

THERE is only one source in Hollywood from which we can obtain the truth regarding the rumored stories of Janet and Charlie, and the real love story of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli!

That source is Dick Arlen and Jobyna, his wife!

They are the closest friends and confidants Charlie Farrell has in Hollywood. Dick and Charlie started as "extras" about eight years ago. They were pals from the beginning . . . lived together up in Laurel Canyon until the first screen break came . . . then occupied the same room at the Hollywood Athletic Club . . . were thrown out together for unknown reasons (financial suspected) . . . living and laughing together!

For a while they were even in love with the same girl at the same time. . . .

Charlie was going with a beautiful little girl during those first few years of the Farrell-Arlen palship—her name was Jobyna Ralston, and she was Harold Lloyd's leading lady. One day Charlie introduced Jobyna to Dick. It proved to be a bad move so far as the Farrell-Ralston romance was concerned. However, no one took more pride in the romance which developed between Dick and Joby than did Charlie Farrell. In the following years, with the coming of fame, Joby and Dick were married, and it is Charlie's boast that "They are one of the hap-



Charles Farrell and Richard Arlen started their cinematic fortunes together. They were even in love with the same girl—Jobyna Ralston—for a time. Then Dick married Jobyna and Charlie fell in love with Virginia Valli. And his love has flourished faithfully ever since.

piest couples in town.” When they were married, they built a beautiful little home out at Toluca Lake. But that proved too great a distance for Charlie to come whenever he wanted to talk things over with Dick, so Charlie built a house a block away! And there they have lived, side-by-side ever since.

CHARLIE FARRELL hasn't missed a single day since then in which he didn't come over and tell Dick all his troubles and worries. If Dick wasn't home when he called, he sat on the floor in front of the fireplace and related his daily doings to Joby. Everything Charlie Farrell has ever done and everything he has ever thought has been thoroughly talked over in the Arlen home.

That is the reason why I went to Joby and Dick when I wanted to get the true love story of Charlie and Virginia. And to say that Dick was anxious and willing to tell the story would be putting it mildly. He was as excited as if it had been *his* story.

“There's one thing I'd like to say in print,” Dick declared vehemently after we were seated in his colorful living room following dinner, “and that is to get a fair break for Virginia Valli. She's had the worst deal in the world from the press, yet she's been wonderful through the whole thing.

“For instance, there's only two years difference between the ages of Charlie and Virginia—Charlie is twenty-nine and Virginia thirty-one—and yet she's had to read

silly articles about 'cradle snatching' Charlie. She's had to swallow all the rumors of his supposed great love for another girl. And she's come through with her sense of humor intact and her affection for Charlie unchanged. That's a big order for any woman. So don't you think it's about time the public gave Virginia Valli a great big hand? I do.”

With Virginia in the rôle of Charlie's wife, the press and public will surely give her a great big hand from now on.

ICAN remember the first time Charlie ever met Virginia. It was back in the days when she was a star at Fox, and Charlie and I were just a couple of small-time extras doing our best and praying for a break. Charlie had seen Virginia at the studio and fallen head over heels in love with her on sight. She was a famous actress and a beautiful one. She had just recently separated from her husband, Demmy Lamson, and she was a very popular young lady. At that time Charlie didn't figure he had much of a chance with her, but she was his idol from the start. But it wasn't until a few months later that their story really begins.

“I was reading one night quite late and Charlie burst into the room all excited. He practically rolled on the floor as he told of the wonderful thing that had just happened to him—he had been a guest at a house party, and Virginia Valli had consented to ride home with him in his

old rickety Ford. 'Gosh,' yelled Charlie as he told me all the details, 'Can you imagine a big star like that allowing me to take her home in that old rattle-trap of mine? I can't believe it yet!' That's the way Virginia affected Charlie when they first went out together.

"From that day to this," continued Arlen, "Charlie Farrell hasn't stopped telling both Joby and myself about the girl he has always been in love with . . . Virginia Valli. He used to sit and tell me by the hour of the things he was going to do so that he might some day be in a position to ask Virginia to marry him. He felt the difference in their status in the life of Hollywood very keenly. He made up his mind to make good on the screen so that he might be worthy of her love. That is the compelling force behind Charlie Farrell's success. He wanted to reach a position that would allow him to marry the girl he loved.

VIRGINIA didn't take Charlie very seriously in those first two years that he was madly in love with her. In the first place, he was practically tongue-tied whenever he was with her. He couldn't bring himself to tell her of his love because he didn't believe he had the right to speak. On that account, and because he simply *had* to tell someone about it, Charlie confided in me. He has recounted to me every incident and insignificant happening in their entire romance. That is why I know that Charlie has been in love with Virginia Valli for at least seven years . . . and that during that time he has never been in love with any other girl, in spite of all rumors to the contrary!

"I remember the day when he was informed that he had been chosen for the part of Chico in 'Seventh Heaven'. But the joy that he had in his heart at that wonderful break wasn't because he was to play a wonderful rôle . . . it was because *Virginia Valli worked at the same studio and he might see her every day!*

"It was after the picture was released, and 'Seventh Heaven' became the most talked-of motion picture of that year, that a 'romance' was started between Charlie and Janet. The public seemed to like the idea of the screen's most romantic team being really in love. The studio found in the rumored romance one of the greatest bits of natural publicity that has ever happened to any star or stars in the business. They went to the opening of their picture together. They were seen in other public places together. They talked about each other for the press. And the press loved it for the good reason that in the romance it sensed one of the greatest human interest yarns

ever to come out of well-publicized, romantic Hollywood.

BUT Janet Gaynor never was in love with Charlie Farrell nor was Charlie ever in love with Janet. They, however, have always been one of the finest examples of true friendship I've ever seen. They still are! But as far as actually being in love . . . not for a minute. The whole romance of Gaynor and Farrell was manufactured out of fanciful imaginations by an adoring public and a canny press who were quick to sense the wave of popular approval that spread over the country after 'Seventh Heaven'. Even hardboiled Hollywood fell for the idea and fostered it for all they were worth. Charlie and Janet came, in time, to stand for the word *romance* and *love*. They were in love on the screen . . . why shouldn't they be just as much in love off the silver sheet? That was the way the romance grew.

"But all of this time, Charlie was still in love with the same girl . . . Virginia. Never once during the filming and showing of their great picture did he cease telling me about Virginia Valli. He spoke of his friendship for Janet, too, but he always finished his talk with Virginia. In fact, it was at this time that Charlie first asked Virginia to marry him. She refused! Not because she didn't love him . . . but she told him that he should wait a while yet for the sake of his career. He must show her that he could really hit the top and stay there. I know she told him this because Charlie told me the whole story the same night it happened!

THE public has never placed much credence in the love story of Virginia and Charlie. First, for the reason that they were so busy with the romance of Charlie and Janet; second, be-

cause they always thought that Virginia was trying to take Charlie away from Janet. There has always been the rumor that Virginia was desperately in love with Charlie and that Charlie's affection for her was only lukewarm at best. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

"Charlie Farrell would have married Virginia Valli any one of the seven years they have known one another if Virginia would have accepted him!

"Then came the rumors connecting Charlie and Janet just before her marriage to Lydell Peck. The story was all over the country of how Janet had told Charlie she would marry him—but that he should never see Virginia again. The story went on to relate how Charlie had immediately taken Virginia down on his yacht to tell her 'That it was all over between them'. Hearing of this Janet was reported to have wired Lydell Peck (with whom she was supposed to have broken in favor of Charlie) and informed him that she had changed her mind, and that if he would take the next airplane to Hollywood she would marry him. Two days later they were wed in Oakland.

"That is the story that was told the day after Janet married Lydell. It was just a (Continued on page 117)



According to Richard Arlen, Virginia Valli has had the worst kind of deal from the press. But in spite of all that's been said and insinuated about her she's been wonderful through it.

Virginia and Charlie have been in love for seven years

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS

IV. EARL LUICK

JUNE STYLE HINTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Very short jackets of brilliant hues are in demand for evening wear.

Spongella in the brightest of colors is popular for sport togs. Three-piece knitted ensembles are good.

Balbriggan and Shantung in modernistic and nautical designs flaunt their gaiety in beach pajamas.

Organdy and lace is lovely for the June bridal gown.

why we're not a success. Our appearance is against us. Proper clothes give you the self-confidence that makes you the centre of an admiring group. Yes, they do! And here's what that miracle maker, Earl Luick, says about them: "To dress well is to think well. Because suitable apparel denotes a trained, orderly mind.

"The figure determines the lines of a garment; one's complexion and temperament, the color; occupation, the fabric. Analyze yourself honestly in studying what lines are best for you. Very few women have perfect figures so don't be discouraged if you find irregularities in yours. The thing to do is to attract as little attention as possible to your defects. Employ trimming details so that they carry the eye away from prominent figure features.

"Let's take the case of the woman who is inclined to be short and stoutish . . . and is therefore miserable when she goes to buy clothes. She doesn't need to be, not if she knows what she can wear.

"Her first consideration is the neckline. It should be soft and preferably V-shaped, since round and oval necks tend to increase her rotundity. Anything suggestive of curves, such as circular designs in material, round earrings, chokers, large round handbags and those enormous wooden beads, must be taboo with her. It is always wisest for her to adopt vertical lines from head to foot and to stay within one color if she can, by having hat, shoes, gloves and purse match her dress. If she wishes her dress to be of a different color, then, at least, her accessories ought to match one another to give her the effect of slenderness and height. The big thing she must avoid is a broken line, like having a shirtwaist and skirt of contrasting colors and short sleeves ending directly at the elbow on a line with the waist and thereby

A delightful Spring "dress-maker suit." The skirt is of plain material—wool or flat crêpe—with stitched pleats at the side. The blouse is a flowered print and has a shallow bertha and a ruffle which gives a bolero effect. The hat starts out to be a plain-colored wide brimmer and ends up in a gay plaid straw band. Novel, don't you think? Brown and yellow tones seem the ideal color combination for this outfit. On page 104 is another view showing the jacket.





For the June bride! The bridal gown is heavy ivory satin, trimmed with real rose point lace. It has a cowl neckline, a skirt which flares slightly from the knees, and a short train. Next to it is shown the slip, of white satin trimmed with a heavy lace frounce and handmade rose buds. The negligée is a mere wisp of lace and rosebuds. The delightfully slim teddies are white satin, patterned with Alençon lace.

seeming to prolong the waistline. Her sleeves may come just above the elbow, below it or terminate at the wrist with small pointed cuffs. They should be plain and never extremely tight fitting. Long flowing sleeves of sheer, diaphanous stuff are best for afternoon and dinner wear. For evening, she should don filmy lace or chiffon scarves that trail to the knees or further to accent the straight line. A narrow belt circling the figure twice, once at the waist and then below it, gives much-desired length to the waistline.

"So many people try to look thin by squeezing themselves into sizes too small for them and by wearing tiny hats. What a mistaken idea that is! Allow your clothes to 'fit easy'. Be impeccably tidy. These are the primary laws of the smart woman.

A SQUARE neck—providing the square is not too large—with a flesh-colored vestee is excellent for the stout woman. Skirts that are of a correct length and flare only at the bottom, surplice waists, carefully used diagonal lines . . . these are things for her to remember. Perhaps her greatest boon in several seasons from Dame Fashion is the new redingote. It is a perfect style for her.

"Then there is the tall, thin woman who gazes helplessly into shop windows wondering what *she* can wear. She doesn't have to wonder long. There is such latitude in the present designs that she is especially favored. She has her pick of the wide flounces, the multitude of ruffles, plaids and Roman stripes (used horizontally), voluminous skirts, double sleeves and those that are trimmed, nestling high collars, and brilliant two and three color combinations. Bateau and round necklines become her and if her neck is particularly thin she can make clever use of

the ascot ties and those looped in stock fashion for day wear, and wind tulle or chiffon scarves around her throat on formal dress occasions. There should be a feeling of softness and roundness in her attire. The don'ts for her include long, tight-fitting sleeves, sleeve-

and angular lines, clinging gowns, and extremely tailored garments.

LORETTA YOUNG, although she is of medium height, has the slimmness of youth and the tall, thin girl might get some pointers from the costumes in which she appears on the screen.

"In 'Big Business Girl' you'll see her in a woolen crêpe frock of navy blue and white that is a chic model for the office and street. (It could be fashioned of flat crêpe or silk, rep quite as well.) The neck is U-shaped and has a youthful gimp of ruching which is used also to trim the sleeves. Three circular pieces piped in white are set in the skirt and it flares a bit at the bottom. A white lapin jacket (or it could be of flannel) with a navy blue woolen belt is worn with it.

"Sometimes we arrange spiral effects on her evening dresses for Loretta with very pleasing results. There is her favorite one of shell pink tulle and net. Three inch bands of the net, evenly spaced, wind up from the very edge of the ankle length skirt to the bodice which is encrusted with small pearls and brilliants. Of course, it is impossible to achieve this effect satisfactorily with stiff material . . . or on a person of larger proportions than Loretta. (Evalyn Knapp, substituting very kindly for Loretta who was busy at the studio, is shown modeling this gown on page 104.)

"Loretta wears clothes beautifully. For a sequence in

Earl Luick says: "To be continually alert to fashion's decrees



A charmingly different tennis dress. The vestee inside the cowl neck is plaid silk. The slits in the short sleeves and the pink pleat show a bit of the plaid. To the right of this is Dorothy Mackaill's beach pajama of striped silk shirting. At the extreme right is Loretta Young's smart street ensemble—the dress of navy wool crêpe, with a gimp and sleeve trimmings of dainty white ruching, the jacket and beret of lapin.

"Upper Underworld" she has a dance frock of black net flecked with chenille dots over a flesh colored silk slip. The skirt is made up of circular flounces that increase in width until they simply swirl around her feet. The neck is oval and quite décolleté in back, coming almost to the narrow velvet girdle. A magnificent velvet rose, placed on the girdle at the left front, is the only ornament and a cape of the net edged with black flying squirrel completes the frock.

"I like Loretta best in youthful things that stress the eternal feminine. Very sporty things do not become her. Winnie Lightner is the type for them. The mode for dark tailored jackets with light skirts might have been created especially for her.

"Smart women never draw obvious attention to themselves. They never make the error of permitting themselves to believe they know all there is to know about clothes. Clever lines present an everlasting study, for dress is so essentially an individual problem.

JUST as big women should cultivate a statuesqueness, a warm womanliness—so the small woman must be particularly lithesome and graceful. She must scale the things she wears in proportion to her size. Small flat trimmings; no heavy fabrics like brocades; no long-haired, huge fur pieces. Joan Blondell is almost tiny, yet she has the knack of appearing taller than she really is because of the apparel she selects. Her chief delight is sport clothes.

"I ran across Joan on a shopping tour yesterday and it was as though an extra ray of sunlight had been let into the store. Her suit of a novelty mesh weave was a glorious golden yellow shade and the sweater-blouse had a

background of the same color upon which were flecks of black and green. The scarf carried out the three-toned combination and her lovely blonde hair was pulled under a tricot hat of the golden yellow that had a black and green pin on the side.

"When you have wide shoulders to contend with," continued our friend, Monsieur Luick, "run the neckline down the front of the blouse. Short sleeves and those of a raglan cut also detract from the width. Ona Munson is quite broad through the shoulders so we often drop a circular ruffle over the upper part of the arm to make them seem narrower, and to cut off the thickness of the arm. She has a way of causing clothes to look very distinctive on her—and that's what every woman wants!

"If your shoulders are narrow and your hips not too large, let your bodices be elaborated with berthas and frills to give the illusion of width. *The idea in planning a costume is to balance it.* If you're short-waisted, lower your waistline and avoid yokes. If you have a high hiped figure, choose skirts with plaited fullness just below the hipline, or godets and pieces set high up that tend to lengthen the line.

THE hat and neckline are two important features that are frequently overlooked. How many sartorial sins have been committed in the name of hats during the last two seasons! Plump, moonlike faces and frizzy hair sheathed in berets; elongated profiles emphasized by severe, high-off-the-forehead hats. Oh, we've had a regular crime wave in headgear!

"The selection of a hat should be governed, naturally, by one's height and the contour of the face, as well as by the garment it is to com- (Continued on page 103)

does not mean that you must adopt all of them."

BOB AND EDDIE

By MARGARET REID



(Above) Robert Montgomery and Eddie Nugent in an informal moment during the making of "Shipmates." (Right) When Bob first came to Hollywood he found it an unfriendly place until he met his friend Eddie.



FRIENDSHIP" is a word about which an awful lot of eloquence has been spilled. Sentimentalists, when on this subject, just go to pieces and are as like as not to write mottoes in verse that sell, complete with frame, for seventy-five cents the motto. And the sophisticates—you and I, of course—grow inarticulate about the word, toss it off with a light laugh which unsuccessfully conceals the deep feeling underneath. We feel uncomfortable.

We have, in the last few years, managed to evolve a nice candor about love. We can talk about it, in mixed company even, without being put down as mental undergraduates, softies, or old lechers. Young men and women now get together and discuss the ways and means of love in graceful ease. But just mention friendship—and you reduce strong men to silence and weak men to bathos.

Because very few people can discuss friendship rationally—without either embarrassment or hysteria—the natural conclusion is that friendship is a rare jewel indeed, probably rarer than love, and for that reason conducive to the uneasy feeling with which we approach anything savoring of "sacred" in ordinary conversation.

Well, the natural conclusion is also an accurate one. Friendship is rare, and of a value far beyond the price of rubies—which is quite a price. And the only thing rarer than friendship anywhere is friendship in Hollywood. Don't answer back—I *live* in the place.

ALONG our palm-lined, well-paved boulevards you will, at all times, see a lot of people being awfully pally. Indeed, "pal" is of as common usage as "N. G." and "yes." Instead of "Hi, there" as popular greeting, the more accepted form is "Hi, pal." Never, probably, have there been so many pals assembled in one community. And nowhere could there be found more virulent forms of verbal vendetta, or—as it is known—knifing-in-the-

Hollywood is full of necessity friendships and political pals, and a genuine friendship is an unusual thing indeed. But here's one that is truly sincere



(Left) Eddie, the boy who made Hollywood livable for Bob. (Above) George Irving, Eddie Nugent, Joan Marsh and Robert Montgomery in a scene from "Shipmates," Bob's first picture in which he is a real star.

of studio contact and has endured despite the funny tricks which Mother Hollywood, no doubt irate at finding herself harboring this alien flower, has resorted to in an effort to pluck it out. And in all the world exist no funnier tricks than are at Hollywood's command.

THE friendship of Montgomery and Nugent began when the former was a novice, the latter his mentor, helping him over the hurdles of studio initiation. Today, the first named is a star and the second is marking time in the same place he occupied two years ago. It ought to be one of those stories about the protégé who blossomed and forgot that helping hand of sadder days. It ought to be, but it isn't. Because this is Bob and Eddie.

I remember when Bob Montgomery first came to the coast. That was about two years ago. The birth of talkies was still in progress and the whole town was in a dither. No one knew what was going to happen, and never was there a more unwanted, unloved brat than little Sound.

Also unwanted and unloved were all the adjuncts to sound. And that included Bob, imported from the New York stage to speak lines into the microphone.

back than exists in our renowned film capital. Social intercourse in Hollywood is built upon politics. The caste system of royalist countries is like one big, happy family compared to the cast system of Hollywood. "Job, job, who's got the job to give" is the first rule in selecting acquaintances. Naturally, on such a premise, some very dull people meet each other, which is just dandy. But meantime, friendship, in its purest and pleasantest sense, withers and droops under the glaring sun (arc) of Hollywood ambition.

For which reason, it is particularly refreshing to give a thought to the case of Robert Montgomery and Eddie Nugent. In the possession of these two boys is a friendship that has budded and flourished in the unlikely soil

I USED to see him, wandering disconsolately about the M-G-M lot. No one seemed to speak to him, a tall youngster with a nice, quiet voice. I asked who he was—'oh, just another actor out from New York.' With morbid curiosity, I watched the composite cold shoulder which was turned to him. As the Indian welcomed the white man, so Hollywood welcomed stage actors. This boy had the glint in his blue eyes which indicated the presence in his pocket, of a railroad ticket to be used the very moment his six-month option failed to be taken up. He had that hunted, hungry, eastbound look.

Then, in a few weeks, I noticed him again—with a difference. He was walking toward the back lot with Eddie Nugent. Their arms about each other's shoulders, they were talking volubly, laughing noisily, having a swell time. M-G-M's current Broadway importation looked as if his mind weren't on Santa Fé timetables any more. And Eddie Nugent looked as if he had found some one who talked his language. They disappeared around the corner of a stage in all the amity of old buddies.

That was two years ago, but the same scene may be observed on practically any day right now—Bob and Eddie having a swell time. Bob is a star and Eddie is the same distance from stardom he was then. But that is totally irrelevant. What does matter is that two good guys like each other.

WITH Bob you are already familiar; through the obliging pages of fan magazines. With Eddie you are acquainted only if your eye is quick enough to catch the young man who appears suddenly in the background of occasional pictures, makes one remark, and disappears again. Eddie's is one of Hollywood's standard stories, although Eddie is no standard person.

Like Bob, Eddie is well-bréd, highly intelligent, imaginative, witty. But the breaks have just not come his way. He, too, was on the stage in New York, but preceded Bob to Hollywood by nine years or so. Eddie liked movies, decided he wanted to be a director, came west to learn the trade from the ground up. After directing a few dog comedies on Poverty Row and writing a script here and a script there along the same street, he decided that the best school was a big studio. Still unaware of the little idiosyncrasies of Hollywood, he became a prop-man at M-G-M—his initial error.

Until three years ago, Eddie was still a prop-man. Officially, that is. Actually, he was one of the best gag-men on the lot. He had made a suggestion to the director of a comedy-troupe on which he was propping, which resulted in his gagging the entire picture. When the picture was released, the official gag-man on it was signed

on a new contract with a raise in salary. While Eddie enjoyed the questionable satisfaction of being sought as prop-man by every comedy director on the lot.

EVENTUALLY, the executive powers signed him, with a large gesture, on a contract which gave them his services as actor, scenarist, gag-man or director, as they saw fit. Eddie, undismayed by the minuteness of salary accompanying it, was delighted. Here was the big chance, at last. That was three years ago. And, at

present writing, Eddie is in exactly the same spot he occupied then. Five of his stories have been screened, but no credit-titles are his. He is, as the cutters who are forced to carpet the floor with his scenes know, a damned good actor, but no opportunity to reach the public is given him. It is one of those things—inexplicable, flagrantly illogical—that are peculiarly Hollywood.

Eddie, whose humor is undaunted, doesn't talk about it. But Bob, on occasion does.

"All Eddie needs," says Bob, with considerable heat, "is one chance. Just one decent break, that's all, and he'd be set. My God, he has everything it takes. He knows the business more thoroughly than ninety-nine percent of the people in it—he really understands it from every angle. He's a swell actor. One adequate chance in one picture—that's all he needs.

"And he'll get it," he adds. "You can't keep talent like that down forever."

ALTHOUGH Bob would probably sock you if you mentioned it to him, it is known that he himself has talked fast and belligerently on more than

one occasion in an effort to obtain for Eddie that one chance.

It is difficult to get them to talk about their friendship—Bob, because he is uncomfortably aware of Hollywood's interest in the story value of his own professional rise above his friend's status; Eddie, because, aware of the same thing, he can't see why he should take any bows for the fact that he was decently civil to Bob when he first came west.

"Bob," says Eddie, "is a grand egg. He's the sort of guy you want to know. Sure, people around the lot were cool to him at first—but that's natural enough. It's a clannish community, a closed business and, unless you ride in on top of the wave, it takes a while before they warm up. I liked Bob—we got along well together—and that was that. All this stuff about my helping him is a lot of nonsense."

But says Bob: "Besides making me feel like a human being again and as if there really were (Continued on page 107)



The friendship between Bob Montgomery and Eddie Nugent is a delight to find in a town where the old idea of friendship for its own sake seems to be dead.

The
MODERN
SCREEN
Magazine's

GALLERY
OF
HONOR



BEN LYON

—who has the character to “no” Hollywood and walk out of a part which he thinks unsuited to him. He did this in “Broad-minded,” giving as his reason the fact that he couldn’t play any part for which he felt no enthusiasm. Hurrah for art, Ben!



Photograph by Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY

—who, brought in from Broadway, became a pinch hitter for Clara Bow in "City Streets" and made good in an exceptionally big way for a talkie beginner. She is now on the way to stardom and is called the "Young Katherine Cornell" by Hollywood's elect. What more could one ask?



Photograph by Preston Duncan

EDMUND LOWE

—whose amazing energy deserves mention. Edmund Lowe hasn't had more than a month's vacation in three years. And three years before the kliegs is a long time. Eddie was recently all set for a good long holiday in Europe. Then they put him in another picture, so the vacation is off again.



MARY ASTOR

—whose long years of hard work and consistent display of intelligence and talent before the cameras has at last resulted in her achievement of stardom. "Nancy's Private Affair" will be her first starring part. "White Shoulders" will be her last featured rôle. She is under contract to Radio Pictures.



Photograph by Hurrell

MARION DAVIES

—for having won the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most generous and kind-hearted inhabitants. Marion is going dramatic in "Five and Ten." Irving Thalberg looked everywhere for the most effective girl to play the part and suddenly realized she was right on his own lot.

LET'S TALK ABOUT



Harriet Parsons, whose stories are so often found in MODERN SCREEN, is to be married to Edward Woods in June. Edward Woods, for some time on the stage, is now under contract to First National Pictures. They are very popular in Hollywood, these two.

International

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH II

F. W. MURNAU, director of such screen epics as "The Last Laugh," "Sunrise" and "The Four Devils," is dead. He had just returned from the South Sea Islands—his realization of Nirvana, the only real and worthwhile civilization of today, he maintained. "All else is madness," Murnau told a friend shortly after his arrival back in Hollywood.

After a two-year stay in this, his paradise, Murnau brought with him a picture depicting life among those simple, lovable and wholly natural Polynesians who inhabit one of the Islands most infrequently visited by whitemen, whom he regarded so highly. This film, entitled "Tabu," is to give the world his own picturization of life ideally lived. Murnau himself had built a \$20,000 home on the out-of-the-way island so that he might spend the remainder of his life with the people he loved.

Paramount considered this photoplay his greatest effort. It was even better than his previous great productions. This fact is explainable only in that the German artist

The Fashion Stakes are quite the thing at Agua Caliente. Kay Johnson recently crowned Sun Beau for capturing the first running at a mile and an eighth.



International

and idealist was feeling this work deeply—his efforts were abetted, no doubt, by the green blueness of the calm ocean, the verdure of jungle vegetation, the warm rain's easy tapping on a thatched roof.

Yes, Murnau had done his greatest piece of work, and he planned to visit his mother in Germany, whom he had not seen for five years, and share the fruits of his new fame with her. But Fate had other plans!

As the forty-two-year-old director was motoring near Santa Barbara on his way to confer with Gouverneur Morris, the novelist, his car rolled over a thirty-foot embankment. It seems that Murnau's chauffeur had swerved the auto to avoid hitting an oncoming machine, and Murnau was fatally injured when his car completely overturned, making a better fate impossible.

HOLLYWOOD

Exactly eight hours later he turned his dimming gaze Southward—toward the islands that had promised him so much happiness—and passed on.

Ironic, that he was killed by a product of the civilization he had no faith in.

Hail the conquering heroes! The four Marx Brothers are back in town! Harpo, who never has a word to put in edgewise. Chico, whose twinkling fingers skim the ivories. Zeppo, who vociferates. And Groucho, who admits he knows nothing.

Down at the station someone asked the boys if they had any desire to play "Hamlet."

Quick as a flash, Groucho replied: "Not unless they give us a stroke a hole!"

OUT at M-G-M we heard this one.

C. Aubrey Smith was brought out here to do a part in Marion Davies' new picture. He was bending every effort to learn American ways and movies. The other day he was introduced to Cecil B. DeMille, who as you probably know, expects people to bow low when they meet him. However, this Englishman shook hands and said: "Really, I am awfully glad to know you. Aren't you a brother of the great William DeMille?"

Cecil being Cecil, you would naturally expect him to burn up. But instead he thinks it is a great joke and tells it to everyone who will listen.

The Fox organization seems to have a mad on all of the feminine gender. First they released a picture entitled "Don't Bet On Women." Now comes announcement of "All Women Are Hungry!"

Heywood Broun, famous columnist, Edward G. Robinson, famous actor, and Louis Weitzenkorn, famous playwright, meet on the First National lot. Mr. Weitzenkorn wrote "Five Star Final." Mr. Robinson will star in it.

REMEMBER James Murray who scored tremendously in "The Crowd"? We saw him at the fights the other night with Jack Oakie, and he looks better than he has in some time.

For a while Jimmie was playing the bad boy of Hollywood—being late to sets, failing to keep appointments, etc.—but now he has reformed, and as a reward was given a leading part in Clara Bow's new picture.



What wouldn't you give to be Frieda Schmidt, my dear young lady? She is the lucky person at Paramount studios who has the enviable job of manicuring the nails of Monsieur Maurice Chevalier. What a rush there'd be if she ever gave up her job!





(Left) Irene Rich with her favorite dog, Binky. (Right) With Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."

HOW IRENE RICH STAYS SO YOUNG

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

THIRTY-EIGHT years old . . . the mother of two daughters, fourteen and twenty . . . no dieting . . . no facials . . . no "daily dozens" . . . and yet, one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood!

How does she do it?

Irene Rich is the envy of every actress who has reached the age of boudoir night-caps and hot-water bottles. It's time, the others say, for her to begin showing signs of being fair, fat and forty.

But does she?

Her eyes are big and lustrous. Her smile is bright and engaging. Her skin is as soft as velvet. Her teeth are white and perfect. The corners of her mouth curl upward. No suggestion of a wrinkle is in her neck and no "crow's feet" are beginning to gather. She has long, curling lashes. She plays a stinging game of tennis and



she swims gleefully out beyond the breakers in the ocean. She drives a motor car, digs in the garden, romps with her children and is younger looking today than she was at seventeen when she had to fight adversity.

And yet, a woman of thirty-eight!

I DON'T know whether I'm old-fashioned or just sensible," Irene said at her beautiful Hollywood home the other day. "Apparently, I do a lot of things that other women don't and I don't do a lot of things that other women do. I do not smoke and I do not drink. If I feel the need of a stimulant, which is seldom, I take a cup of

"Under fifty, age is purely mental. The state of one's mind is



ADVICE TO WOMEN PAST THIRTY

Have an interest outside the home. Maybe a garden.
 Contact with the world keeps one alive mentally.
 Exercise preserves the figure.
 Dress your age. Flapper styles show to disadvantage.
 Avoid tantrums. They put poison toxins in the blood.

(Above) Miss Rich believes in relaxing her nerves by lying flat on the ground and absorbing the coolness and serenity of Nature.



(Right) Irene Rich's perfect physical condition permits her to put up a good tennis battle with her young and vigorous children.

Although Miss Rich is thirty-eight years old there is no suggestion of a wrinkle in her neck and no "crow's feet" are gathering. She tells you how she does it.



coffee. If my nerves get taut or I feel 'all fagged out' and irritable, I have two remedies. One is to go out and lie flat on the ground, relaxing, drawing into my body the vigor of the earth, absorbing the coolness and serenity of Nature. The other is a plunge in the ocean which takes me in its arms and calms and soothes me in its play. The

ocean is Nature's vibrator for stimulating circulation. "Nothing—absolutely nothing, is more vitalizing than Mother Earth and the sea. At my former home, which I recently sold, I planted twenty trees alone—cottonwoods, eucalyptus, pines and others indigenous to California. I got nerve tonic from the ground. I had a garden in which I dug and shady places where I could stretch out all by myself and nap.

UNDER fifty, age is purely mental. The state of one's mind is reflected in the face. Motherhood keeps me young by association with young folks. When my two daughters and my two step-sons, John, seventeen, and David, nineteen, gather in the family circle, the banter back and forth, the quips and stories keep my mind moving and alert. I am trying just as hard to be worthy of my children as they are trying to be worthy of me. It keeps me 'on my toes' to follow their gaiety, but it's great fun and I love it! (Continued on page 123)

reflected in the face. Motherhood keeps me young by association"

HOLLYWOOD SLEEP

By HARRIET MARSH

IT is two o'clock in the morning, and a low-hung roadster rolls out of a driveway and onto the smooth California highway toward the sea. Ask anybody about drivers of low-hung roadsters which roll out of driveways at two o'clock of a morning, and the answer is: rum-runners.

In this case, however, the driver is Clara Bow, who doesn't have to meet rum boats for a living. Her particular business on the highway is sleep-chasing, for when Clara can't slumber she finds nothing more soothing than a turn on the open road.

"It does two things," Clara told me. "It cools feverishness and diverts the mind. It makes the bed seem warm and delightful when I get back home. Invariably, it brings rest."

Plodding along while the city sleeps, oftentimes one will encounter the slender figure of Dolores del Rio swathed in a dark coat to prevent recognition. Or the restless Dorothy Sebastian and sometimes Marlene Dietrich. On another byway you might meet Ralph Graves. They are all night-walkers when sleep refuses to come.

Oliver Hardy, comedian, member of the team Laurel and Hardy, sticks his feet out from under the covers till they get cold.

"I read in a newspaper once," he said, "that if you get up and walk around in the damp grass for a while in bare feet, sleep thereafter is certain. Yeah! I did it! I got all bedraggled in the grass, went back to bed and developed the worst cold of my life. Now, I just lie there with my bunions exposed to the naked air. It works, too!"

Jack Mulhall is a papa. When he can't sleep, he says, he harks back a few years in reminiscence to the time when floor-pacing, with infant in the arms, was more of a necessity than a hobby.

Illustrated by
Jack Welch

Then he gets up and walks and walks until he longs to get back in bed and snooze.

During the past week or two I have talked with more than fifty players about their methods of inducing sleep. To most of them it is a serious matter. Nerves go "haywire" occasionally and need attention. In all the fifty interviewed, I found only two who resorted to the old method of "counting sheep." Richard Dix uses that system and a couple of thousand sheep usually suffice to bring him rest. Joe Brown, the comedian, does it, too.

OUTSIDE of the night riders, the night walkers and the sheep counters, I find the night readers in greatest number. Here again were some unique ideas.

Betty Compson, for instance, reads the telephone directory, with a special appreciation for the Browns and Smiths and Joneses. She tries to imagine what each looks like as she dwells on their names. The fancies created in "building" characters, gives her an interesting diversion.



(Left) When sleep will not come to Clara Bow she gets out her speedy roadster and goes rushing through the California night until her brain is soothed and quiet. (Above) Bebe Daniels finds the best antidote for sleeplessness is to get up and do a few minutes' calisthenics.

CHASERS

The stars, as well as you, sometimes suffer from insomnia—and here are some remedies they offer for it



(Left) Evelyn Brent finds that the wavering flicker of a candle brings the much-sought-after slumber. (Above) Oliver Hardy heard that getting up and walking through wet grass with bare feet was a sure cure for insomnia. He tried it—once!

Richard Barthelmess has a row of books on each side of his bed and when sleep fails to come he turns on the lights and reaches for one, preferably a biography. This same system of reading something heavy or obtuse is followed by Cecil B. DeMille, Norma Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon, Charles Bickford and Lois Wilson. The necessity for concentration in assimilating heavy yet interesting matter, brings the brain back to normalcy, they say, and induces sleep.

Louise Fazenda reads a chapter from the Psalms, or, if it's fruit season, she gets up and makes jam. Jean Arthur reads anything that comes handy.

Reginald Denny gets up and goes over his fishing tackle. Ned Sparks remains in bed and pictures himself in some favorite retreat pulling in trout. He always catches several times the limit.

Then there are the calisthenics devotees. Oftentimes in the early hours of the morning Bebe Daniels in her pyjamas does her daily dozen in her boudoir till the flow of blood which has fevered her brain is drawn away and sleep comes. Lila Lee follows the same method. She explains:

"Inducing natural sleep is entirely a matter of keeping

one's self fit physically. Happily Hollywood makes this easily possible. Physical laziness keeps many persons from ready sleep. I make it a strict point of routine to do one of three things every day of my life. I play a round of tennis, take a strenuous dip in the Pacific Ocean or, either of these being impossible because of work, I adhere to a strict morning and nightly routine of calisthenics. However, I never allow any one of these to completely sap my physical energy for that would defeat my purpose. Then before retiring I take a warm bath, which I restrict rigidly to ten minutes.

"A tendency to prolong the latter defeats its purpose, and exhausts rather than putting one in a desirable state of relaxation."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Bernice Claire and also Bebe Daniels say a glass or two of hot milk often will induce sleep. Joan Bennett, Jeanette Loff and Buster Collier turn on the radio and listen to its offerings—patent soaps, two-suits-for-the-price-of-one, the Sizzlin' Sisters, real estate subdivision and all—till they slumber.

Lupe Velez turns on the lights and plays solitaire. So does Chester Morris. William (Continued on page 105)

The MODERN SCREEN

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)

First a book, then a play, later a silent cinema, and now a talkie, this Mark Twain story has lost nothing of its grand humor during all its many tellings. As ever, it is designed as a *tour de force* for its star, and the earnest, grinning Will Rogers plays his part to the hilt. Until you have seen Will in "iron pants" you don't know how loudly you can laugh.

The fantastic fable, you recall, introduces Will, a Connecticut Yankee, at the court of King Arthur. The rest is a merry *mélange* of fun in which armored knights and lovely ladies in distress are mingled with "baby" motor cars and other strictly modern contraptions, the whole stuck together with Will's chewing gum.

A good supporting cast, with Maureen O'Sullivan and Frankie Albertson, helps make this a smashing laugh hit.



DISHONORED (Paramount)

This is a picture about which there is sure to be a wide variation of opinion. Besides magnificent direction, lighting, and scenes full of intensity and color, it presents Marlene Dietrich, more glamorous and beautiful than ever, showing for the first time her true versatility.

But the story is not a popular one. It sketches the career of a Viennese harlot who is taken off the streets by the head of the Austrian secret service to serve her country as a spy. Her first task is to uncover a plot engineered by two officers. One of them (Warner Oland), whom she reveals as a traitor, kills himself. Her conflict with the other, a Russian officer, takes up the rest of the picture. Her personal interest in him is apparent—and, in the end, she allows him to escape and lays herself open to death by a firing squad.



THE FRONT PAGE (Caddo)



This is by far the fastest-moving and most sparkling bit of ribald comedy ever to reach the screen. Not for a single moment does Director Lewis Milestone allow us to forget the frantic, vividly romantic background of the reporter's life. It has suspense galore and thrills by the yard. And how it travels!

Adolphe Menjou, as the ruthless managing editor who knows only the ethics of "headlines" is excellent. Pat O'Brien brings a breezy new personality to the screen as Hildy Johnson. You'll remember Pat. And the reporters—Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Matt Moore and Frank McHugh—are absolutely perfect.

Throughout the story is woven a slight but effective theme of romance carried by Mary Brian. In the rôle of the condemned man, George E. Stone is fine.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (Radio)



A popular tale of the "woiking goil" who marries her boss is well told here by Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Ricardo Cortez and a staunch group of supporting players. It is a not too implausible variation of the romantic theme familiar in the lives of a million office workers.

Miss Astor, as private secretary to sales manager Ames, is responsible for the business success of that none too clever egotist. Her hopes for ultimate matrimonial rewards are shattered by the entrance of Catherine Dale Owen as a snobbish society *débutante*. Mary leaves and the business goes blooey. But it all paves the way for the big reconciliation, while Miss Owen and Mr. Cortez, "the other man," are left holding the bag.

Mary Astor is distinctly the star of the production.

Magazine REVIEWS

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)



Here you see a Norma Shearer, more lovely and competent than ever before, a Neil Hamilton whose true appeal and talent you have never suspected until this rôle, and a Robert Montgomery who offers a charming characterization that will gain him even more fans than he now has. Besides, there are Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich.

It's the story of a girl who is loved by two men—one a delightfully debonair two-fisted drinker still at college (Montgomery); the other, a virile, independent newspaperman who travels to the ends of the earth for copy (Hamilton). The former proposes marriage, the latter declares his love and pleads for mutual freedom.

The film is replete with glamor and excitement. All in all, a fine picture.

TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)



Don't let the title of this picture scare you away for a minute. It's *not* a sentimental yarn glorifying America's dancing hostesses. Nothing of the sort. It's a simple, poignant story of a dance hall girl who marries a weakling.

The dance hall girl is played by Barbara Stanwyck. And right here and now we want to say that this amazing girl has more dramatic power and more sheer personality than almost any other woman in pictures.

The scene in which she finally realizes what a rotter her husband is will hold you with the simple power of Barbara's emotional acting.

Ricardo Cortez and Monroe Owsley are both excellent. Great credit goes to Lionel Barrymore for his superbly natural direction.

MY PAST (Warner Brothers)

All attempts to make this screen version of the book, "Ex-Mistress," a bright, snappy picture fail to raise it above mediocrity. It manages merely to be a dull fable about a tarnished lady who hesitates between the secure love of an elderly suitor, and the passion of a youthful weakling. The weakling wins. And, as usual, Lewis Stone fails to get his woman. There may be consolation, however, in the fact that he runs away with all histrionic honors.

Aside from the presence of Mr. Stone, the most interesting item about the film is that the young lovers are portrayed by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon—Bebe Daniels to you. Each is worthy of better material than that provided in "My Past." Ben's rôle is so inconsistent that it is impossible to render a clear-cut characterization.



THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)

Ben Lyon does some of the best work of his acting career as the love-sick riveter in this amusing story based on the old "poor man-rich girl" theme. You cannot help being amused when a hot rivet having gone through a window, he finds himself gazing upon the prettiest girl he has ever seen.

The latter part of the picture in which the riveter and his friends go to the swanky country estate of the girl is not as good as the first reels. The comedy is exaggerated and the whole thing becomes somewhat overdone and impossible. But Ben Lyon manages to be convincing.

Ona Munson, a newcomer from the footlight area, has little to do as the heiress. She has a sweet but not very impressive screen personality. Bill Dugan as Ben Lyon's buddy is simply swell.



Why waste time on the wrong show—these reviews are a guide

KIKI (United Artists)

"Our Mary's" best talkie is this snappy version of the old Belasco stage play, with "America's Sweetheart" romping through the rôle created by Lenore Ulric. It's first-rate, fast moving comedy which offers as pleasant an hour as may be found in the current cinema. Miss Pickford's gay, spontaneous performance cannot fail to please her fans.

You probably know the story about the little French chorine with the farcical faculty of getting in—and out—of scrapes. Discharged from the chorus, she deliberately attaches herself to the household of the handsome producer, Reginald Denny. And despite all his protestations, she persists until the finale finds her established as mistress of his heart as well as his home.

Mary—and Mr. Denny—have never been better.



UNFAITHFUL (Paramount)

In this most English of Hollywood English pictures, Ruth Chatterton plays the part of the wronged wife who keeps quiet about her husband's philandering with another woman because the other woman happens to be the wife of the heroine's brother.

Although Ruth Chatterton is a fine dramatic actress, this story has certain sequences in which her true talent is not apparent. Ruth, unfortunately, does not shine as well as she might. She is cast as an American girl who marries an English nobleman, but Ruth's flawless English accent is somewhat disconcerting at times. It's hard to determine whether she's an American girl in London or an English girl in America.

Paul Lukas does well in a somewhat sentimental rôle as the man who loves Ruth.



BODY AND SOUL (Fox)



Elissa Landi makes her bow. And as Charlie Farrell's heroine in this drama of love and war proves herself a gallant actress not devoid of glamor. The film itself unreeals a tale of adventure revolving about the romance of a youthful aviator and a fair suspected agent of the enemy secret service. It is a bit complicated, and not too plausible.

The girl who gives herself "body and soul" that our knight of the air may snatch a moment of heaven before returning to the hell of war, is siezed as a spy. It looks like the firing squad for both of them. But then that slinky siren, Myrna Loy, enters the action, and every one knows that she will prove to be the guilty one.

Young Mr. Farrell isn't entirely at home in the rôle of the fier, so Miss Landi wins the honors.

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)



The period of this picture is way back yonder when George Washington was busy with the redcoats, and the pioneers with the redskins. The picture has three distinct stories, which make it over-plotted and slow-moving. But withal it is beautifully produced, and, once under way, sufficiently arresting.

Tale number one is devoted to the courageous hegira of Virginia settlers to the "great meadow" of Kentucky blue-grass. Their sufferings are graphically portrayed in impressive sequences. The second plot tells of the blood feud between our hero and a scalping savage, "Black Fox," while, thirdly, there is the "Enoch Arden" fable with Johnny Mack Brown, Eleanor Boardman and Gavin Gordon at the points of the triangle.

The cast is uniformly fine.



Louise Fazenda is one of those charming daughters

who doesn't need Mother's Day to remind her of the fact that she has a mother. They are inseparable companions and it is said that Mrs. Nelda Fazenda is Louise's "best pal and severest critic." Just in case you don't know, here's an interesting fact about Louise: she's one of the best jam makers in Hollywood. Her latest picture is "The Mad Parade."



The very smartest of sport accessories: a tailored bag of shantung with a neat bone monogrammed ornament, crushable (and washable!) capeskin gloves, and an intricately designed novelty necklace with bracelet and earrings to match.



In the large picture, Betty is wearing a collarless knitted sports suit of brown and yellow mixed wools, cut on very severe lines. The skirt is cleverly made to flare slightly below the hipline. A harmonizing light crêpe blouse, with a bit of pleating on the jabot, and a knitted beret complete the outfit. On the hangers are shown an open-work trimmed tennis dress of white silk and a woolen sport coat, satin lined.



Betty's tweed sport coat has a deep shawl collar of beaver, a wide belt of self material and patch pockets. On the table is shown a profusion of gay scarves.

A plain suit and a "dress up" suit—and a profusion of

WARDROBES



Accessories for the formal afternoon ensemble: a black silk moiré bag, trimmed with gold kid—white kid gloves with tricky appliques of black kid—necklace, bracelet and earrings of metal and novelty stones.



A cleverly designed spring suit, black, with white lapin collar and cuffed elbow sleeves. Betty wears a shiny black straw hat with a very shallow crown to show her blond locks.

A group of Betty's afternoon dresses are shown above. Prints predominate. The dress she is wearing has gay colored flowers on a white background. It is very long, with a flat frill around the square neck and short cape sleeves. Hanging on the door is one of those indispensable dark flowered chiffons. In the cupboard is a girlish little model, with straight top attached to a full pleated skirt, and an afternoon chiffon of a large, splashy design.

silks and filmy chiffons from Betty Compson's wardrobe

A silver evening gown that has all the romance of Summer



Is there a girl in the world who doesn't dream of some day having an ermine evening wrap? Well, perhaps we can't all have ermine wraps but this lovely one from Betty Compson's wardrobe (shown at the left, above) might give us a hint or two about a white velvet one. It's all in one piece, of circular cut, and has two flared tiers and a luxurious shawl collar. To the right, is a black velvet three-quarter-wrap—an almost indispensable part of one's evening wardrobe, even in the summer. The fur trimming on this is unusual—two bands of fox fur, one black and the other white, are attached to the neck line. This idea might be worked out in a summer wrap of satin with two tones of flying squirrel to trim it.



Above, are evening accessories for Betty's white wrap: a patterned moiré bag, piped with silver kid; shoulder length white kid gloves and pearl ornaments. Below, the same purse and ornaments, but long black suede gloves for the black wrap.



nights—and wraps for those chilly moonlit drives!



Betty's favorite evening gown (shown at the left) has a stately beauty that is very distinguished. It is fashioned of silver metal chiffon—a very supple material which drapes exquisitely. The hips are swathed snugly, with a diagonal drape in front. The butterfly décolletage (which you can see in the mirror) is becoming to almost all ages and all types. The two pieces which form that winged effect are tied in a soft knot and the ends fall to the floor. At the right is an evening wrap of the same material, swathed to the hips and then falling in charming fullness to almost the hemline. Iceland fox borders the cape. The entire ensemble is as light as gossamer.



From the MODERN SCREEN Collection

"Not that! Not that!" the heroine cries in the high voice. A caption on the back of the picture reads something like this: Leah Baird in "The Destroying Angel." Sarah Law (Leah Baird), cabaret dancer, kidnapped in her bathing costume and held prisoner on a yacht by "Strangler" Olsen (Mitchell Lewis), and her fiancé, (Noah Beery) . . . Need we say more?

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

What our busy reporter has been discovering is simply nobody's business



From the MODERN SCREEN Collection

(Above) What milady will wear (to a masquerade). Words fail us when we start to describe this creation for evening wear. The bouffant effect seems to be due to a misplaced berth. The feathers are uncurled ostrich although they may curl up any minute from sheer embarrassment. When you're tired of this sort of dress the netting can very easily be used on that next fishing trip. (Left) Ah, here indeed is drayma in its purest form. The lady with the terrible wound on her shoulder and with the seasick expression is none other than Pearl White. The horrified gentleman is Chester Barnett. The good samaritaness is, alas, unknown to us. This picture was made in the days when movies were something "that gentlefolk wouldn't condescend to notice." To be exact, January 11, 1914, is the date that it was released. And if you can remember it you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din, by about ten years or so. Wonder if they'll make it into a talkie?



From the Joseph A. Golden Collection

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD



(Left) Informal, to say the least, this shot of Charlie Farrell taken during his much-publicized honeymoon on the S. S. Augustus. (Right) Francis X. Bushman, who gives his age as forty-seven, makes the startling announcement that he will wed the first woman who offers a million or more in exchange for his "I do." Miss Lola Moynihan is going over some of the offers with him.

Acme Photographs.



FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

MARY PICKFORD was hostess to quite a brilliant group at the recent dinner-dance given at the Embassy under the auspices of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. At the Pickford table were Johnny Mack Brown and his dark-haired wife, who was lovely in turquoise blue chiffon.

Gloria Swanson and her escort, Gene Markey (this is getting to be a tradition); Gloria's new hair-dress is very unique but fetching. Humphrey Bogart was also at the table with a charming girl.

At a nearby table, Lady June Inverclyde entertained a party of twelve. She's the one who seems to be seriously interested in Lothar Mendez, who formerly was Dot Mackaill's husband. Also included in the party was Myron Selznick, and, as usual, he had a little misunderstanding.

It is said that one of Miss Pickford's guests, her cousin, in fact, was dancing with Billie Bakewell, when a bit of hot wax thrown by Selznick struck her in the eye. The husband of the injured lady is said to have declared himself a contestant against Selznick, until the latter sought to put a permanent part in his hair with a candlestick.

Mary herself would say nothing further than that Mr. Selznick had apologized immediately after the event occurred. But someone else reported that Selznick rather resented Mary's gracious acceptance of his apologies, when all the time he had been addressing her cousin. Just one of those Hollywood parties!

Read these pages and astonish your friends by your familiarity with all the latest goings-on in the film city

THAT well-known painter, photographer and author, Cecil Beaton, of London, is visiting the film colony. He took it upon himself to list Hollywood's six most beautiful women. And that's a man-sized job for anyone!

Beaton said that Marion Davies should be included among the six because she's

the perfect type of natural beauty. Then comes Norma Shearer, for the reason that she's representative of health and wholesomeness. Greta Garbo was included because, being absolutely mad, she is ethereal. (Yes, yes.)

And just to prove that Marlene Dietrich and Garbo are not the same type at all and therefore can't be rivals, Beaton lists Marlene because she's the personification of the risqué. Next comes Lilyan Tashman because of her nose and hips—just a Grecian goddess at heart. And Ina Claire typifying the acme of gaiety and youth—a gorgeous almond.

Of course, this news sort of bolstered up the girls' inferiority complexes, and Ina said she appreciated being included even if she was described as being a bit nutty!

Ooh-la-la! Up at Noah Beery's mountain resort who should we glimpse, snappily dressed in yellow sports dress, but Fifi Dorsay. She was with Danny Thomas, newspaper writer, and they seemed to be having fun.

By the way, wasn't it Danny who was rushing Barbara Kent a while back? He's a regular Dan Juan!

(Continued on page 130)



— WHY ARE YOU THROWING AWAY THAT PERFECTLY GOOD WASHBOARD?

— IT'S OLD — FASHIONED. I DON'T SCRUB MY CLOTHES ANY MORE



— YOU MUST HAVE SCRUBBED TO GET THOSE WHITE CLOTHES SO DAZZLING — THOSE COLORED CLOTHES SO BRIGHT!

— NO, INDEED! I HAVEN'T TOUCHED THAT WASHBOARD SINCE I DISCOVERED RINSO TWO YEARS AGO



ONE WEEK LATER—

— LOOK, HENRY — MRS. HART TOLD ME ABOUT A SOAP CALLED RINSO. — IT GOT MY CLOTHES SNOW-WHITE WITHOUT SCRUBBING

— THESE OLD SHIRTS LOOK GREAT — LIKE NEW

AND What a wonderful lot of praise Rinso is getting!

EVERY day letters come from delighted Rinso users. *Thousands* have written to say, "There never were such suds!"

"All I do is soak the week's wash in Rinso suds — and out it comes white and gleaming!" writes Mrs. Anna Jennings of Albany, N. Y.

"This way is easy on the clothes, and spares my hands, too," writes Mrs. Otis Claywell of Terre Haute, Ind.

"Its suds are so lively, even in our hard water," writes Mrs. C. B. McGuire of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives *twice as much suds* as light-weight, puffed-up soaps. No matter how hard the water, you need no bar soaps, chips, powders or softeners. You need no washboard or boiler. Use Rinso alone for the *whitest* linens, the *brightest* colored things you ever saw!

Great in washers, too

The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package today. You'll like its creamy, economical suds for dishwashing and all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors

TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. D. T. over the WEA F network

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning



June MacCloy, winsome Paramount player, shows you how to make the wrists flexible by curving the hands forward and back. Keep the fingers slightly arched.

Curve the hand downward with a vigorous movement so that the wrist muscles are brought into action. Piano players know the value of this exercise.



Clench the hands, then extend the fingers as far as you can. This creates suppleness in the complicated bones, muscles and ligaments of the hands and fingers.

BEAUTY ADVICE

I'VE had a perfectly grand time this month. I'm one of those people who likes to "fix up" other people—maybe that's why I'm writing about beauty problems. Anyway, my most hopeless cousin has come to live with me. I guess we all have some hopeless relative—unattractive and listless and difficult to get along with. Well, I made up my mind after the first two days that I just couldn't stand Marjorie mooning around the apartment all the time, looking sloppy and unhappy, but not knowing what to do about it. So I began a course of treatments for her.

What did she have to start with? Well, precious little! But every girl has some heritage of beauty and at last I found Marjorie's. Her eyes were brown, large and shaded with very presentable lashes. If I could only get that listless, dull look out of them! She had a nice hair line, too, if I could only make her hair bright and alive-looking. But everything else—oh dear, oh dear! She was about twenty pounds under weight. Her shoulders were round and she sagged in the middle. And yet she was so terrified of getting fat that she couldn't enjoy a meal. Her skin was sallow and pimply looking under her thick layer of—of all shades—white powder! And her clothes—well, I just wanted to put them on the dumb-

By MARY BIDDLE
Beauty hints galore
for your guidance
and delight



Place the hands, fingers curved, on a book or table. Then tap the fingers separately, bringing each one to an exaggerated arch, but don't strain the ligaments.

waiter and let the rubbish man take them home.

"Marjorie," I began, "I think we'll start having our meals at home instead of going out to a restaurant. I really should economize a little."

"All right," she said, plainly not caring a bit.

So I hunted up a cook book and eat at home we did. Fresh vegetables and cream soups began to appear in Marjorie's diet. I tried to tempt her appetite with new recipes and, gradually, she began to regard food as something to be enjoyed and not a hopeless bore.

After having added a few pounds to Marjorie's scrawny frame, I confess frankly I didn't know what to do next. So I said to myself, "I might just as well begin with that sad looking top-knot of hers and go right down to those apparently archless and ill-shod feet."

The smell of hot olive oil made Marjorie feel ill, so I couldn't give her hot oil treatments. But I scoured around the stores and at last I found an oil treatment which was just as pure as good olive oil but which had a pleasant, slightly perfumed odor. (Write for the name of it, if you like.) After rubbing the oil into her scalp, I gave it the laundering of its life and rinsed and rinsed and rinsed. The second (Continued on page 102)



Hearts
will throb—
Blood
will race—
Eyes will fill
with tears!

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements . . .
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the earth . . . and in the ears of the super-men spinning
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the
thunder of heaven defied . . . a sinister reminder that
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"
. . . or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust
. . . "angel"!

DIRIGIBLE

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LEVIATHAN
OF THE
AIR!



with
JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES
and **FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production

From the story by
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue
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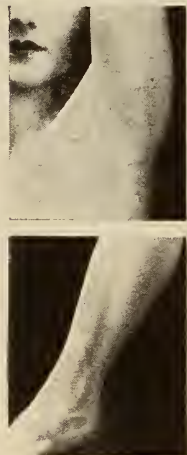
Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 100)



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HAIRS**
can never
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THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the re-growth of ugly unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—removes the hair for all time.

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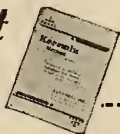
The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives permanent results. It removes the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroys the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

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of permanent
hair removal



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N-6

time I shampooed her hair, I used a very mild color rinse in the last water. The results were amazing. Now—how to arrange it?

Marjorie's face was thin, so we tried a middle part and we waved the hair in wide, slightly diagonal waves. We divided the hair at the back and twisted the two sections into two long twists, rolling toward the middle of the head and keeping the waves prettily arranged in front. We took hold of one of the twists—the right one—and turned it, once, toward the right ear, and over, toward the middle of the head. Then we picked up the left twist and rolled it in with the right one toward the other ear. The two strands now being together, it was very easy to complete the figure-eight idea which was our object. Not a hard, bullety looking figure, but a soft, graceful one—rather pulled out toward the ears to give the impression of a coil right across the nape of the neck. (It's very hard to describe coiffures in writing, but I'm so completely sold on this one for almost every type of young girl with long hair that I couldn't help making an attempt at it. You'll find it easier than it sounds, if you try it.)

WE began skin treatments. A pure cold cream was patted (not rubbed) into the skin. Then, with cotton dampened in hot water, the cream, every last vestige of it, was removed. After that, a skin freshening tonic was patted into the skin. And, finally, Marjorie went protestingly to bed with tissue cream smeared lightly around her eyes and in the crevices of her nose and chin. In the morning, she washed her face in soap and water. We tried a variety of lotions and vanishing creams until we found the one that was best for a powder base for her particular skin. (Powder bases, by the way, are very individual matters. A vanishing cream that makes one girl look lovely will make another look horribly made-up.)

Gradually, the sallow tone of Marjorie's skin disappeared. (The good food took care of the blemishes.) Her basic skin tone was naturally olive. So we chose a powder that matched the darkest—not the lightest—tone of her skin. We used a geranium shade of rouge and placed it far out on her cheek bones, to give her face the appearance of width. The lipstick was bright, too. Marjorie needed no make-up on her eyelashes, but we did use just a touch of mauve eye-shadow in the evenings.

The result was, really, a very attractive, girlish face. Oh, yes—we even went to bed nights with one of those nose-adjustors firmly clamped to our nose. You see, when Marjorie was a

little girl, she had had great difficulty in learning to use a handkerchief—she'd just sniff, as a rule, and given her nose a very unladylike budge with her fist. As a result, the cartilage in the end of her nose had a decided tendency to veer over toward the left. Faithful use of the patent adjustor seems to be doing some good.

Our final problem was Marjorie's posture. She stood—oh, so badly. Even though she was thin, her tummy stuck out. She was a lazy thing—wouldn't try to sit up straight at first and balked like a mule at the mere mention of the word exercise. She did, however, adore dancing, and I finally bribed her into doing some simple exercises by promising to give her for a birthday present a course of dancing lessons at a well known school.

THESE were the exercises that I made her do: to strengthen abdominal muscles, she would stand about a foot away from the wall and bend backwards, her hands touching the wall, and walk sidewise in this position, her hands helping her to keep her balance. Then, to stretch and make supple the muscles in the waist, I had her do this: bend her right arm, the hands clenched, over her head; reach down just as far as she possibly could with her left arm, bending to the left very, very slowly. Repeat half a dozen times. Then alternate—the left arm bent over the head, the right arm reaching down, trying to touch the knee. Another exercise I gave her (for her flat feet) was to stand, barefoot, on a big telephone directory, with the ball of the foot at the edge of the book, and try to touch the floor with her toes. She howled piteously that "it hurt"—and that was just what I wanted it to do in order to stretch and strengthen those slack tendons. I didn't make her do this too strenuously, however.

And now what do you suppose I'm doing? I'm looking for a boy friend for Marjorie! Yes, indeed. She's going to be a pretty girl and I'm going to see to it that she has some fun. She's reading newspapers and magazines and books so that she'll have something to talk about and we're going places and doing things—because being alert and interested in events and people is just as much a part of beauty-getting as applying cold cream and the right shade of lipstick.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

EVERY MONTH THIS DEPARTMENT GIVES NEW IDEAS ABOUT BEAUTY. NEXT MONTH "BEAUTY ADVICE" WILL OFFER SOME VERY DEFINITE INFORMATION ABOUT THE CARE OF VARIOUS TYPES OF SKIN AND SOME HINTS ON COLOR FOR BLONDES, BRUNETTES AND IN-BETWEENS.

Secrets of the Hollywood Stylists

(Continued from page 73)

plement. The round face demands extra breadth in the crown and a straight or diagonal brim. The oval or angular face necessitates a hat with a downward, gracefully curving line. Wide brims are for the tall lady; for the short one, hats with no brims or those that are very narrow.

"You see, in pictures the stars have to be groomed so that no matter where the cameraman cuts, they will appear to advantage. The hat, blouse, skirt and shoes must be as perfect as possible for he may take a three-quarter length close-up or one of the head only. An excellent question for a woman to ask herself before she goes out is—'If I were about to have my portrait made, could the photographer cut to any part of my ensemble and still have me look my best?' The principle thing is to wear a costume that becomes you and not one that is merely smart.

"After all, there is a ruling higher than that of Madame Fashion's—it is called the Good Sense of the Individual."

Didn't I tell you this Earl Luick is a very sage young man? He puts all his valuable information into concise phrasing so that we can readily digest it. He knows whereof he speaks!

I had heard about the pajamas he designed for Doris Kenyon to wear in "Upper Underworld" so I went on the set to see them. The pale blue satin

trousers were very, very wide at the bottom and had an overskirt of deeper blue and white chiffon that swished about her as she walked. Cornflowers headed the cowl collar and the sleeves imitated the trousers in fullness.

ON an adjoining set was Dorothy Mackaill working in "The Reckless Hour." She was laughing and joking in the manner that has made her a favorite around the studio and when she caught sight of us she tangoed over with a word of welcome. Tangoed . . . in a chiffon evening gown of a rich rose-leaf green that accented her fairness. Flounces were placed diagonally on the skirt, which barely touched the floor, and the only trimming was an enormous flower of the material that joined the ends of the décolletage in back. The cream satin wrap to go with it was generously collared and cuffed with mink.

Later I saw Dorothy lunching with Ann Harding at the Embassy club. It was one of those cool, foggy days synonymous with springtime in California and both girls wore suits. Dorothy's was of a basket weave woolen in a wood brown shade and her yellow crêpe de chine blouse had a mammoth monogram of the brown in front. Ann chose to wear a skipper blue jacket suit with bracelet length sleeves and the

detachable collar was of maize galyak.

At the table next to ours, Mary Pickford earnestly discussed a new script with an eastern writer. She kept nibbling at melba toast in the little-girl fashion of long ago as she lost herself in the story. But the room was conscious enough of her presence—of her two piece green crêpe costume trimmed with platinum fox fur.

AND now let's talk about another fascinating subject—June brides. Here's a tip for the tressou. Make one dress do in the place of two and get a better one than you originally intended. Good lines and good fabric are a saving in the long run. You can "dress up" a street frock for afternoon wear by changing your accessories. Supposing you select a simple dark green silk frock with an infinitesimal white pattern; one that has short sleeves with pleated cuffs of the reverse side of the material matching the round collar. Perhaps for morning you wear with it a sleeveless flannel coat of a still darker green, a small black hat of rough straw, black kid oxfords and a plain black leather bag. For four o'clock tea you leave off the coat and supplement the frock with high heeled black pumps having a matching green buckle, a green and white tapestry or silk bag, eight button length white gloves, and a large



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hat effectively trimmed. Then for evening wear your dress may be of chiffon and tulle in that heavenly violet-blue shade, made so that the surplice upper section continues down the skirt to a deeply wrapped flounce of the tulle. When you wish to wear it at dinner time, slip on a cape of the chiffon edged with a ruffle of the tulle.

Fashion Footnotes: The latest in ensemble ideas seen on Hollywood Boulevard is a narrow embroidered belt that matches the hat, purse, and cuffs of the gloves. Tailored chiffon street frocks are introduced by Luick. Bi-colored linen suits trimmed with large gold buttons add pleasure to June days. Sunday supper dresses of linen lace have separate jackets banded in dark fur to permit them to be worn at the theater. Handstitched linen baku hats and woven sandals glorify many a sport costume.

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

I am a school teacher, twenty-nine years old, and within a few weeks I expect to leave for my first trip to Europe. For months I have been planning this tour and I do hope something very exciting happens during it. I can't afford many new clothes but I want to take just the *right* things. What would you suggest? I am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. My hair is a nondescript brown and I have hazel eyes. I would be so grateful if you could help me plan my wardrobe.

Truly yours,

J. M.

DEAR J. M.:

I know how you feel. You want to get out of a rut on this trip and *you want your clothes to help lift you out!* Well, let's make them. (Incidentally, don't allow your hair to be "nondescript". Write Mary Biddle, in care of MODERN SCREEN, and she'll tell you how to beautify it.) You'll want a tweed coat of unusually smart lines with an interesting collar. A brown and beige mixture is good because it will permit of variety in the sport dresses you wear with it, and, if possible, get a bonnet to match it. Four daytime frocks will suffice—a yellow with brown details, a soft green with touches of yellow and a bit of black, a brown having a colorful scarf of orange, green and yellow, and a light tan.

There must, of course, be one jacket suit. Have it made on extremely youthful lines, probably with an Eton jacket, and gray-green is an excellent travel shade. If it is of the new chonga cloth it will be less likely to wrinkle. Have a hat of the same material and a knitted blouse of white with green and white tie.

For afternoons and Sundays, better select a printed chiffon and let it be ultra feminine in style. Silk lace may be folded without injuring its appearance so your evening gown might be of that in some soft, becoming shade. If you have a wardrobe trunk so that your dresses can be hung up, a ciel blue crêpe roma patterned after Grecian

design might be added. Wear satin sandals of a darker blue shade and coral and crystal antique jewelry. Bon voyage!

DEAR MISS LANE:

I am to be married on the fifteenth of June and, as I am a good dress-maker, I'm going to make my wedding gown, myself. I haven't much money to spend on it, but I'd like it to be as beautiful as though it came from Paris—or Hollywood. My height is 5 feet 4½ inches and my weight 125 pounds. I have a fair complexion. Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely,

LORRAINE W.

DEAR LORRAINE:

Earl Luick tells me this wedding gown can be had for little money and it really sounds gorgeous. The silk slip has a heart shaped bodice, while the *point d'esprit* lace bodice of the dress has a round neck and is long and very tight-fitting. On each dot of the lace is sewn a sequin; the skirt is made up of four oval panels that flare at the bottom and half way down each panel is a net ruffle. A shower of waxed camelias and gardenias hang from the left shoulder to the waist. The sleeves are puffed and the veil has a halo cap adjusted to the head with orange blossoms.



Evelyn Knapp's spring suit, showing the coat, which tones with the skirt. The sleeves have that popular flared piece at the elbow.

Sleep Chasers

(Continued from page 87)

Haines repeats the multiplication tables until he gets to the thirteens.

"Then I duck under the covers and dodge the job," he said. "I always had trouble with those multiplication tables at school."

Leila Hyams counts backwards. Raquel Torres repeats the Spanish catechism. Raquel was educated in a convent. Bessie Love does mental singing. Aileen Pringle writes letters.

Kay Johnson says she endeavors to make her mind a blank in order to induce sleep.

Robert Woolsey says:

"I, when slumber refuses to come, put an alarm clock under my pillow and count the ticks."

"And I," said Bert Wheeler, "recommend polka-dot wall paper in bedrooms so you can lie still and count the spots."

Barbara Kent gets up and darns stockings—a job she loathes. Anita Page repeats the alphabet and thinks of all the words possible which begin with each letter. Ramon Novarro tries to trace backward his present chain of thought. Joan Crawford repeats nursery rhymes, starting with Little Bo-peep, a habit she learned in childhood.

MARIE DRESSLER gives herself a mental lesson in geography. When Marie is working she pours every ounce of energy and vitality into her work. Then as soon as she has finished dinner, she goes to bed. But she can't go right to sleep. Her mental self is alert, while her physical self is tired. So she closes her eyes and starts on her geography, naming the capitals of the various states and countries.

Robert Montgomery, a student of history recalls important dates. He begins at various places in the history of the world and goes on from there. Bob says that, when he starts with 1492 he falls asleep along about 1812. He has never reached Armistice Day, 1918.

Evelyn Brent revealed something entirely new as a sleep-producer.

"I am considered notorious among my friends," she said, "for my late hours. Even when spending an evening at home, I never think of retiring until after midnight. Even then sleep sometimes refuses to come. I have a simple remedy for obtaining it.

"Like many youngsters I feared the dark. So mother would leave a candle at my bed table, removing it after I fell asleep. Remembering this, one restless night, I tried it and it worked like a charm. I cannot account for it except that its influence when I was a child may have a psychological effect still active. Anyone who tries it will find that a wavering candle flame in the darkness of the room is almost a caress."

WITH sheep counters, night riders, night walkers, hot milk drinkers, solitary players, calisthenic followers, date recallers, silent singers and the like as examples you will have no further excuse for insomnia.

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HAVE you discovered how the soft high-lights, lovely finger-wave and satiny sheen of your hair enhances the beauty of your face? Millions of women know this secret. They know how lovely hair brings out the depth of the eyes, the texture of the skin, the delicate contour of every feature. That's why so many women depend upon Jo-cur' Beauty Aids to keep their hair always looking its best. These famous preparations are so easy to use, so delightful (and inexpensive, too) that they have a permanent place on the modern dressing table. There are just four Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. First, Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment—the only product of its kind—eliminates dandruff and gives new life to the hair. Secondly, Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and leaves the hair soft, silky and easy to finger-wave.

Then, Jo-cur' Waveset—the world's premier finger-waving liquid. With it, you can set the kind of lovely, lasting finger-waves you've always wanted—and set them so easily! Finally, Jo-cur' Brilliantine brings out the full lustre of every wave. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. Remember they are easy to use at home. Remember, too, their fine, pure quality, their generous sizes and their low price.



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Jo-cur'
Beauty Aids
for The Hair

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(Continued from page 47)



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She made her stage hit into a movie, and followed it with another movie equally successful—perhaps you remember it—"Tillie's Punctured Romance," but something went haywire with Marie's luck. The name of Dressler sank into sudden and unexplainable oblivion. From \$2,000 a week, she slid to \$100 a week, and soon she found herself glad to have enough for her room rent and an occasional bite to eat.

THAT was nearly fifteen years ago. In the time that has elapsed, life has proved a bitter fight for Marie. Not once has she had a dim glimmer of hope; yet she struggled on, determined to stick it out until she dropped in her tracks from utter exhaustion. Suddenly, for the second time in her brave career, she burst forth triumphantly in the limelight to share the laurels of the stars who had done outstanding work in 1929.

Many of you who can't remember the Tillie whom Marie Dressler made so famous, supposed that the Martha in "Anna Christie" was a new find made by the talkie producers—a new genius plucked from nowhere. You didn't realize that behind that pathetic-comic character was a soul big enough to escape the hardened bitterness of years of fruitless struggle—a soul great enough to appreciate success after nearly sixty years spent in attaining it.

POLLY MORAN, so closely associated with Marie in modern screen-lore, claims that she has always—even at the very time—been able to laugh at the hardships she endured in building up her name as a monologist in Central Europe and South Africa. Sleeping in stuffy, filthy Continental day coaches, being stranded in remote African stations, where the best of food and shelter was nothing short of vile—these things were all part of the battle, endured with a stiff upper lip, a smile, a joke, for the sake of an ideal which she knew would some day materialize. But the one time Polly nearly broke under the strain was while she was playing at the Palace in New York.

"I've never known it to fail!" Polly told me indignantly. "When it's bad news, they always contrive to bring it to you just as you are standing in the wings, waiting to go on! That's where I was when they told me my father was dying. Too many people are acquainted with the hopeless heartbreak of feeling that someone dear to them is going, or has just parted from them forever—no use to describe it—I couldn't anyway . . . but to have to go out there, with my heart breaking, and act like an idiot before all those people was the toughest ordeal I ever hope to go through!"

EUGENE PALLETTE climbed the ladder to fame and fortune three times before reaching his present success. He has worked as a street car conductor, ranch hand, taken all sorts of jobs at race tracks and at circuses

—all in the seemingly mad effort to regain the success he had once tasted.

The unfortunate ill-health of his mother and sister has made his climb a tedious one to bear, but he says that without this family dependency upon him, he would probably not have strived so hard to make the grade after meeting with defeat the first time.

When he returned from the World War, Pallette found that he had lost out as a leading man, and one of his toughest battles was to educate producers to the recognition of his talent as a character player.

In 1921, the first Metro company placed him under contract at a five salary. Not long afterward, however, the company failed, and Eugene took his capital to the Texas oil fields. Within a year he had made \$140,000. Within another six months he had lost it all, together with the original investment. These reverses broke him nervously as well as financially and as a result, he spent the next thirteen months in a Los Angeles hospital. The old fighting spirit stayed with him nevertheless, and he was soon battling his way up to the high rung in the ladder of success where we find him today.

ZASU PITTS told me a tale so filled with heart-wounds at every turn, that it seemed almost too much for a lone woman to bear. Then, when she had finished, she realized that her story was so drenched in the bitterness of life that it would only serve to stir up unhappy memories for herself and those who shared them with her. She begged me to leave her out of the story. "Promise you won't print what I've told you! . . . It's all past now . . . I have my husband and my two children, and that's all I need to blot out the unpleasantness of the past. Really . . . I've never before given out that story to anybody!" With that last bit of flattery I weakened and gave her my word. I can't tell you the story, but at least now you'll be able to understand from whence comes the high plane of comedy-pathos portrayed by Zasu Pitts in any rôle she undertakes.

FATE dealt one of its cruelest blows to Skeets Gallagher while he was playing in a comedy vaudeville sketch in Vancouver, B. C., about eight years ago. The Gallagher family reunion back in Indiana at Christmas time was an event looked forward to for weeks in advance. Skeets was on his way to the theater, about two weeks before Christmas . . . happy as a youngster, for a letter from his mother that morning had filled him with joyous anticipation of the event.

When he arrived at the theater, someone gave him a telegram—his mother had died, it announced. With a five-day trip ahead of him, he resolved to finish his engagement at the theater and take a train for home that night. He was managing, considering the cir-

cumstances, to get through his party fairly well when Fate got in a final jab in the form of a jumbling of telegrams. As he stepped off-stage into the wings, awaiting his next entrance, a boy handed him another telegram—one which had been misplaced somewhere backstage since the previous day. It said, "Your mother dying. Hurry home." A mere accident; yet for a man keyed up to the restrained pitch at which Skeets had been tuned by the first sad news, this last, by this time grotesque, reminder of the unbridged gap forever between him and his mother was the final blow.

Skeets didn't break physically, but he suffered a thousand deaths before the performance was over. He had to be prompted—to this day he cannot actually remember leaving the stage. But the show went on!

Bob and Eddie

(Continued from page 76)

a place in the world for me, Eddie taught me things that have been invaluable. We made tests together—I'd find that, when we saw them, I was watching him instead of myself. Then he'd explain why. I was depending too much on my voice, whereas he was working as much for the camera as for the microphone. We'd make more tests, and I'd use his suggestions. And they worked. Why, in a few weeks, Eddie taught me things about the camera and mike it would have taken me months to learn by myself."

EDDIE and his young wife, with Bob and his, spent many evenings at each other's houses. Bob began to like Hollywood—and so did Eddie, for that matter. They were good company. They liked much the same things, had much the same opinions, laughed at the same madneses of humor.

When Bob began getting good rôles, recognition, advancement, Eddie was pleased and proud.

When Eddie continued to be shoved into inconsequential parts that were little more than bits, Bob seethed inwardly. He himself was getting along great, eh? Going to be starred soon? And the only difference between him and Eddie was that he had gotten the breaks and Eddie hadn't. Bob's soul was indignant. It wasn't fair.

Eddie is shortly to leave M-G-M where he has undeniably been held down by the stigma which a studio places on a player it has decided shall be a step-child. He has wanted to leave for a long time but, perversely, the studio retained him.

Bob is elated.

"It's only a question of time, now. When he isn't tied down, the right break is bound to come—and *because* he isn't tied down, he'll be able to take it. And then—just watch him!"

Each is probably the best press agent the other ever had. But that's the way with friends. Real friends, I mean.



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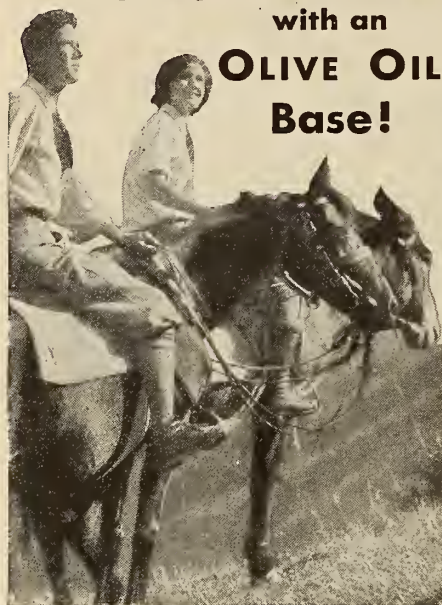
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Binky

(Continued from page 50)

Toby, but I couldn't pay it back if I borrowed it. I might never be able to pay it back. I wish you'd go now. Honestly, I do."

"Throwing me out, eh?" Toby said. He jammed his hat on, a trifle bitterly, and looked at her. She nodded.

BINKY, seeing the hat, wanted to go too. He sidled up to Toby and wagged his hind-quarters appealingly. Toby bent down and rubbed him behind the ears. "Not this time, old boy," he said. "Take care of yourself, pup, and . . . take care of Muriel." He got down on his knees and hugged Binky hard.

"I've been offered a thousand dollars for Binky," Muriel said.

Toby stood up, his eyes darkening with anger. "You're not going to sell him!" he cried.

"No," she said. "I refused the offer."

"When you decide to sell the dog I gave you," Toby said, "I'll double any offer you have." He wrenched the door open. Binky raced for it. Muriel followed and caught him up in her arms. Binky struggled and whined. She held him and they listened to Toby's footsteps pounding wrathfully down off the porch. In answer to Binky's struggles, Muriel moaned, "Oh, Binky, do you want to leave me too?"

A week of torture and loneliness followed. She dared not think of Toby. She would not think of Toby, and yet, she thought of nothing else.

THE seats for the opening of "Crashing Through" came, accompanied by a short note saying that Toby hoped she'd be there.

She wanted to go. She knew that he wanted her to see his triumph. After all, it was partly her triumph, too. She and Binky has seen him through the lean days. She had nothing to wear. There was an old black satin dress that she might be able to fix up. It would need fresh flowers and a lot of work.

She called a young camera-man she knew and invited him to accompany her, and then stayed up all one night struggling with the black satin dress, piecing here and cutting away there.

Jimmie, the camera-man, was a nice enough boy, but his gawky, angular figure looked pretty bad in evening clothes. Muriel reflected, as she pulled on her gloves, that together they were enough to humiliate Toby. She wore a single gardenia at her shoulder. She was unable to afford two, and Jimmie wasn't the sort who thought of bringing flowers except in the bunch.

Binky sat, looking expectant. "No, Binky," Muriel said, "you can't go."

Binky barked furiously.

"No, darling," Muriel said.

Binky pled. He abased himself. He promised things vociferously. He upbraided Muriel for being an unfeeling person. In spite of it all, she closed the door on him. Completely unstrung, Binky sat and looked at it, quivering with disappointment.

With a determined expression, he trotted to the casement window. It was open just a crack. Binky writhed and shoved with his nose. Sitting back, he ordered it to open. He gave that up and shoved with his nose again. Straining, he managed to shove it far enough open to twist his small body through. Then, whining victoriously, he raced for the taxi. It drew away from the curb, but nothing daunted, Binky streaked along behind it. What matter how he went, as long as he went.

He lost them at the theater, in the crowd. There were many lights and a great many voices. Binky was bewildered. He found himself a corner in the lobby and crouched in it, shivering, until the picture started and everybody went in. He knew that she would come out. He was content to wait.

MURIEL sat in the darkened theater and cried, quietly. Ahead of her, she could see the dear outline of Toby's dark head, with the blond coiffure of Jean Lester at his side.

He kept turning to look at her. Each time he turned around, Jean Lester whispered something, fiercely. A subdued quarrel started.

Muriel choked and sobbed aloud. Jean Lester rose and glared at her. Muriel fled, with the perplexed young camera-man at her heels. Jean Lester tore out of her seat and after Muriel. Toby tore after Jean and outstripped her. They all met in a breathless group on the curbstone, where Muriel was trying frantically to hail a taxicab. With a glad cry, Binky bounded over to her.

Jean Lester was screaming, "You dare to come to my opening and make a scene!"

"I wasn't making a scene. . . ."

"You want to make Toby sorry for you. . . ."

"Keep still, Jean," Toby said.

"I won't keep still! She has no right to humiliate me this way. . . ."

"I only came because Toby sent me the seats. I thought he wanted me to come!"

"I did," Toby said, putting his hand on Muriel's arm.

Jean reached out and snatched it away. Binky growled ominously. Who was this woman who dared to touch Toby that way?

"There's a taxi coming," the young camera-man said, hopefully. "No, it's full. . . ."

Jean whirled on Toby. "You said she threw you out. Haven't you any pride? She threw me out of her house, too, the cheap little. . . ."

"You tried to buy my dog!" Muriel cried. "You tried to buy Binky. . . . he was all I had. . . ."

JEAN raised her hand and brought it furiously across Muriel's cheek. With a rasping little snarl, Binky left the pavement. He had, in a split second, a pair of million dollar ankles in his teeth. Jean shrieked with pain and

kicked him loose. At that moment, the young camera-man hailed an oncoming taxi. Binky landed in its path. With one short, agonized cry, he told them that it hurt.

The taxi-driver saying, "Geez, it was so sudden . . ."

Muriel on her knees, crying. Toby on his knees, crying. Jean Lester sitting on the curbstone holding her ankle and moaning with pain. The young camera-man saying, "Better hold him farther away, Muriel. You're getting all . . . stained."

"His heart's still beating," Muriel gasped, and had him in her arms, running. Fast. She knew the veterinary two blocks down. She was dimly aware of somebody running along beside her.

Toby's voice, "Darling, let me carry him. . . ."

"It would hurt him to make any unnecessary motions," Muriel said.

Binky whined a little. Toby said, "It's going to be all right, Bink. We're hurrying."

"His heart's still beating, Toby," Muriel said. "It's still beating." She pinned to that. He would be all right, he had to be all right. But his little body felt so broken and limp!

"Muriel, I'll run ahead with him. You can't keep up this pace . . ."

"I'm all right . . ."

THEY stood on either side of the operating table while Mac, the doctor, prodded and explored with gentle hands. Binky whined, and two people winced.

Mac looked up. "He's hurt," he said, "but he's a tough little beggar. We'll get him through it."

Muriel cried out with relief. Toby said, "When can we take him home, Mac?"

"I'll bring him around to you tomorrow," Mac said.

Toby looked at Muriel and asked a question. "I'll be there?" he said.

She smiled through her tears. "You'll be there," she said.

Outside, in the shadows, he stopped her. "Muriel," he said, "I think Binky is getting tired of his present home. When he's better, could he have a new one?"

Muriel swallowed hard and went into his arms. "I'm sure . . . he'd love it," she said.

ELINOR GLYN

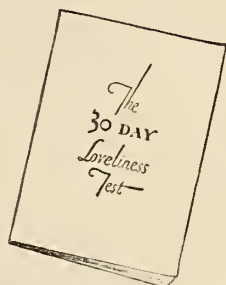
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Loretta's Own Story

(Continued from page 40)



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ways been looked upon by the whole family as the "baby." They petted and humored me—I did not realize just how much until I got away from their influence. As a bride, I'm afraid I behaved like a rather spoiled little girl at first.

WHEN I was at home with my mother and sisters I was always the one who settled the discussions. If two theaters were suggested for the evening... it was the one that I would enjoy that was attended without question. If we were dining out, I always chose the café. If I was tired everyone in the house was particularly quiet so that I might have a chance to rest.

"But I was not long in finding out that Grant was as used to being catered to as I was. We were two somewhat spoiled youngsters setting out for a very shaky matrimonial barge. At first I didn't mind. I wanted to give in to Grant. I tried to fight down what I believed to be my 'selfishness' and do the things he wanted to do. And, as a result, we *always* have done the things Grant wanted to do.

"One year of marriage has taught me the utter truth of a very old saying: *As sweethearts, we live with our loved one's virtues—but as husband and wife, we live with our mate's faults!* Believe me, every word of that adage is correct!

"One evening, after a particularly hard day at the studio, I was tired and nervous. It was then that I told Grant that I thought we should do things on a fifty-fifty basis. If I was so tired that night that I wouldn't enjoy going out for dinner—I didn't see why I should, just because he was not tired and felt like going. This started what turned out to be a long discussion... and brought on our first real difference.

"After the argument had subsided, Grant stayed home and read a book all evening and I sulked because he did not talk to me. Finally I burst out with: 'Oh, really, we should never have been married. We have nothing in the world in common'.

"Of course we made up. The next day Grant sent me flowers and that evening I cried on his shoulder and everything was all right again—for a little while.

AND then other little things began to amount into big ones. I don't think I could ever explain Grant's character. He is disarmingly gentle and sweet. He does the grandest and most thoughtful little things—and lets the big ones go. For one thing, he has not the slightest conception of the value of money. Money, to him, is just something one has in one's pockets to pass out to various people for amusements and things. One thing it is *not* to him is a source of paying bills.

"He would send me a frightfully expensive bottle of perfume when there was a two-month-old bill on his desk from a tailor for three times the amount of the perfume. He never had

money for the necessities of life—only for the luxuries.

"I had a different idea of its value. Things have not always been so comfortable for my family as they are now, and from childhood I was rigidly schooled that a dollar is one hundred cents of value. With that idea deeply instilled in me I couldn't reconcile myself to Grant's charming, spendthrift ways while the bills went begging. We continually argued about money matters.

"It isn't true what they are saying about my affection for Grant cooling considerably when his contract expired. The contract didn't make any difference. But if he had only felt the same about saving and investing money as I did! If Grant had saved, rather than spent money on me, I would have been far happier.

"I used to try to make him see my point but he would laugh and say I was foolish and go out and send me a thirty-five dollar bouquet of roses.

I WAS married to Grant for about a year, but I do not feel that I ever really knew him. I was used to life on a rather routine plan—certain things at certain times. I never knew what Grant was going to do next. One minute, he would swear that he could not accept a picture engagement that would take him on a long location trip because it would mean separation from me—even though I would beg him to do it. The next day, he was liable to leave on a six-weeks hunting trip with some of the boys—even though I asked him *not* to. He would say that he liked nothing better than a 'little dinner at home, just for two'—and a half hour later he would be on the telephone calling up three or four other young couples to come over and join us at dinner. I tried to understand him. I wanted to understand him because I was so anxious to prove to my family and the rest of the world that I had not been impulsive in my marriage. But every day I realized more deeply that understanding him was more difficult than I had thought.

"Grant's carelessness about money is the main reason why I didn't dare tell him about my decision to separate before he left on the stage tour he is now engaged in playing. I couldn't possibly have told him! That is very hard for you to understand, no doubt, but I knew that Grant needed the money that he was going to earn on the tour. He was to receive a salary of \$2,000.00 a week. Do you know what he would have done had I told him of my plans? He would have said, 'Well, darling, in that case I don't think I shall leave'. And then to cap the climax he would just as likely have gone out and bought me a box of roses costing close to fifty dollars.

JUST to prove my point a bit further: The first week he was on tour, he spent almost his entire salary calling me up long distance from Chicago! He

called on an average of once every half hour. When I told him that I would refuse to answer the phone if he continued to be so foolish, he would ask the Los Angeles operator to ring my phone until I answered it. It got so maddening that I *had* to talk to him.

"When Grant learned that I had decided to separate he asked, 'Why are you going to leave me?' I told him that I didn't love him and that I didn't think we should spoil both of our lives by a sham marriage. To this he answered in a typical Grant Withers manner: 'You don't love me any more? Well, remember this darling—I still love you, and I'm coming back some day and make you fall in love with me all over again.'"

"But Grant is wrong about my ever falling in love with him again. When a thing is over—it's *over*. Nothing in the world will ever make me fall in love with Grant to the extent that I now *know* is necessary for complete married happiness. I know this for the reason that I wasn't really in love with him when I married him at the age of seventeen . . . I haven't learned to love him in the year I was married to him . . . how can I *ever* love him with that all-consuming love which is the absolute prerequisite to marriage and children?"

"The only thing I'm gaining out of my mistake is the knowledge I should have had before I took the enormous step in the first place. I am convinced that it will be a long time—a *very* long time before I shall ever think of marriage again!"

And thus ends the most famous of all Hollywood's run-away elopements. The game is over . . . Loretta is home again!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

be the mistress of the king. Norma Talmadge, Conrad Nagel and William Farnum. *Fair—Not suitable for children*

THE EASIEST WAY (M-G-M)—The story of two sisters, one good and one bad. Constance Bennett and Robert Montgomery are in the cast. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

EAST IS WEST (Universal)—The well known story of the little oriental girl and the American boy who falls in love with her. Lupe Velez and Lew Ayres. *Fair.*

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—A talkie version of the famous old melodrama. Ann Harding is excellent and Conrad Nagel does good work. *Very good.*

FAST AND LOOSE (Paramount)—The son and daughter of a wealthy family who both fall in love with members of the poorer folk. It's taken from the stage play, "The Best People." *Very good.*

FEET FIRST (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd's latest talkie. *Very good—suitable for children.*

FIGHTING CARAVANS (Paramount)—Another epic. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita. *Fair.*

FINN AND HATTIE (Paramount)—A comedy of the adventures of an American family in Paris. Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts and Leon Errol. *Good.*

FREE LOVE (Universal)—A comedy of a young



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modern married couple. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. *Fair. Children won't like it.*

THE FRONT PAGE (Caddo)—Reviewed in this issue.

GANG BUSTER (Paramount)—The story of a boob who gets mixed up in a gang war. Jack Oakie is the boob. Somehow he's not as funny in this as he has been in some of his former efforts. *Fair.*

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT (Fox)—John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill in a typical college yarn. *Good.*

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE (Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in a cuckoo comedy. *Very good—suitable for children.*

HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo)—The famous air spectacle which took two years and four million dollars to make. *Very Good.*

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER (Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in another comedy. *Good.*

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—Reviewed in this issue.

ILLICIT (Warners)—A story of a modern girl who thinks it better to love her man than be married to him. Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie. *Very good—but not for children.*

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—A story somewhat on the Camille idea, with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery. Lewis Stone and Marjorie Rambeau. Garbo is splendid. Montgomery is unconvincing. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

JUNE MOON (Paramount)—The musical comedy in talkie form with Jack Oakie and Frances Dee. *Good.*

JUST IMAGINE (Fox)—A musical based on what New York will be like in 1980. El Brendel, Frank Albertson and others. *Excellent.*

KEPT HUSBANDS (Radio)—The poor boy who marries the rich girl—and the discontent afterwards. Joel McCrea and Dorothy Mackaill. *Good.*

KIKI (United Artists)—Reviewed in this issue.

KISMET (First National)—A fanciful tale of an Arabian beggar and his adventures. Otis Skinner, Loretta Young and David Manners, among many others. Beautiful settings. *Very Good. Fine for children.*

KISS ME AGAIN (First National)—From the famous Victor Herbert musical comedy, "Mademoiselle Modiste." *Fair.*

A LADY SURRENDERS (Universal)—A story of modern marriage, with "the other woman" being extremely charming and unusual. Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart do well. *Good—but not suitable for children.*

THE LASH (First National)—Richard Barthelmess as a bad bandit of old California. Taken from the novel, "Adios." *Good.*

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY (Warners)—The rollicking story of a gold-digger and her girl-friend who go digging in Havana. Winnie Lightner, Charles Butterworth and others do good work. *Very good.*

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—Another gang story—and a good one. Edward G. Robinson, the big gang man of the screen does some of his best work. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., also contributes his talent. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

LIGHTNIN' (Fox)—Will Rogers as the famous Lightnin' Bill. The story is a little slow at times but Rogers is excellent. *Very good.*

LONELY WIVES (RKO-Pathé)—More modern married life comedy. Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton do well. *Good.*

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO (British International)—An English crook story. You'll like it if you can forget the funny affect of the English accents. *Good.*

MAN TO MAN (Warners)—What happens between father and son when the father comes back after a jail sentence. Phillips Holmes does good work. *Very good.*

MILLIE (RKO-Pathé)—The story of the little girl who was good but knew the wrong kind of men. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Ames are excellent. *Excellent—*

but not suitable for children.

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—A story of a tough, but good-hearted woman who owns and runs a water-front rooming house. Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery will delight you. *Very good. Children will like it.*

MOBY DICK (Warners)—A thrilling story of the old whaling days. John Barrymore plays the role of the whaler in fine style. The fight with the whale is thrilling. *Excellent—suitable for children.*

MONTE CARLO (Paramount)—A delightful musical about a titled lady who falls in love with her hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are splendid. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. *Excellent.*

MOROCCO (Paramount)—A girl vaudeville player finds herself in Morocco to fill an engagement. Her adventures in that torrid atmosphere constitute the story. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are great. *Excellent—but not suitable for children.*

MOTHER'S CRY (First National)—A somewhat sentimental story of a mother's love and sacrifices for her children. *Fair.*

MY PAST (Warners)—Reviewed in this issue.

NEW MOON (M-G-M)—A romantic operetta based on the stage musical comedy of the same name. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, two real singers, make this picture well worth seeing. *Very good.*

NO LIMIT (Paramount)—A girl who is ushering in a movie theater meets a boy and marries him without knowing he's a crook. Clara Bow is the girl. Norman Foster is the boy. *Good.*

THE OFFICE WIFE (Warners)—The married man and his stenographer. Lewis Stone is the married man and Dorothy Mackaill is the stenographer. *Excellent.*

ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT (United Artists)—A romantic love story with John Boles and Evelyn Laye. *Fair.*

PAID (M-G-M)—Melodrama about crooks, with Joan Crawford playing the part of a girl seeking revenge because she goes to jail innocently. *Excellent.*

PAINTED DESERT (RKO-Pathé)—A story of love in the desert. Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees play the leading roles. *Good.*

PASSION FLOWER (M-G-M)—A story of a wealthy man's wife who fell in love with the husband of her sister. Lewis Stone, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Charles Bickford. From the Kathleen Norris story of the same title. *Very good.*

RANGO (Paramount)—Another picturization of jungle life. *Good—especially suitable for children.*

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—A Wall Street wizard who has never had time for women falls in love with amusing consequences. Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels and Edward Horton do wonderfully well. *Excellent.*

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Comedy in a beauty parlor. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another of their amusing team comedies. *Excellent.*

RESURRECTION (Universal)—A drab story of old Russia taken from Tolstoy's famous novel. Lupe Velez and John Boles do the best they can. *Fair—not suitable for children.*

THE RIGHT TO LOVE (Paramount)—A mother who has let love pass her by fights to see that her daughter is not similarly treated. Ruth Chatterton plays the parts of both mother and daughter. *Very good.*

RIVER'S END (Warners)—A story of the Northwest Mounted Police with Charles Bickford playing a dual role. *Fair.*

THE ROYAL BED (Radio)—An amusing story of a king who has never bothered about managing his kingdom until one fine day, when—Lowell Sherman, Mary Astor and Anthony Bushell do well. *Very good—but not suitable for children.*

SCANDAL SHEET (Paramount)—A newspaper editor to whom getting the news means more than anything else in the world. George Bancroft, Kay Francis and Clive Brook. *Good.*

SCOTLAND YARD (Fox)—A story of English crooks with Edmund Lowe playing one of the crooks. *Good.*

(Continued on page 115)

Find 5 out of 8 Guests...



Become Eligible ...

for this
**OPPORTUNITY
TO WIN \$2500.00**

Seven thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be \$1785.00 cash (or the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown to the right) and there is an additional prize of \$715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

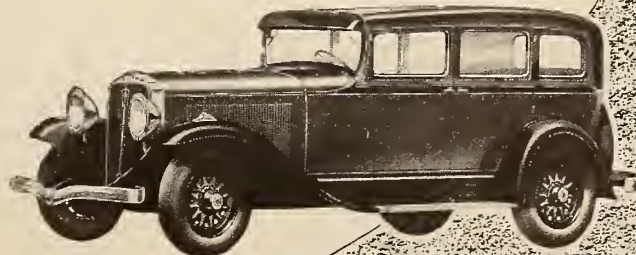
Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

T. A. HUGHES

Dept. 220 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Studebaker 8
Sedan



Genuine
MAYBELLINE



for
ALLURING EYES

If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them—use *genuine* Maybelline. *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* has been preferred by millions for over fifteen years. It will make your lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. It will not stiffen nor break the lashes, and is very easy to apply. Perfectly harmless.



NEW BOOK **SENT FREE** **Song Writers**
writers of words or music for songs may submit their work for free examination and advice. We revise, compose, arrange music and secure copyrights.
PUBLICATION CONTRACTS NEGOTIATED FOR AUTHORS & COMPOSERS *Write free day*
Mahoney & Associates 4-X E. 23rd St. New York

**GLORIA MORGAN
VANDERBILT**

Famous Social Leader, tells, through

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

the reactions of a society woman to modern Hollywood. . . . You will be both pleased and delighted at the frankness of her disclosures

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
MODERN SCREEN

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

For instance, every month you could gather up all the fashions from other books of the same month, newspapers and so on and run them as "Reviews of the Month."

NANCY PERZZIELLA,
Bristol, Connecticut.

You couldn't choose a more charming model than Ruth Chatterton, K.

Can't something be done out in Hollywood to bring Ruth Chatterton to us more often? Something as good as "Madame X" or "Sarah and Son"? (I shall never forget her in those two pictures.) I'm speaking for those thousands of people who love her and have failed to tell her and Hollywood about it. So many—*too* many—who love her just sit and wait for the other feller to write and boost her—like I did for a while, I confess. I have written to her but not *for* her in departments such as yours before now. If it would interest you, she sent me a very sweet letter of appreciation. She answers her fan mail!

I've made up my mind to try to be like her. Not an actress, but poised, charming, intelligent and understanding. I think she is a very good example for a young girl to follow in every way, don't you?

K. MEHAFFEY,
Columbus, Georgia.

We'll sneak up behind 'em

Please print a page of screen stars with their backs to the camera so that I can study the backs of their heads. My trouble is that I can get my face looking real nice (considering my face to begin with) and then I get a mirror to see how it looks in back (my head, not the mirror). Everyone knows that the movies set the styles, so please help us on the "back of the head" question.

LORENE TUCKER,
Overland, Missouri.

Perhaps we will have Colleen with us again.

What has become of our little Irish girl with the Dutch bob and cheery smile? I refer to Colleen Moore. Can't you see her in "Flaming Youth," "Naughty But Nice," "Lilac Time" and "Why Be Good?" and all the rest of those entertaining pictures she made?

In an earlier issue of this magazine, I read, in the article by Harriet Parsons, that she is "on the outside, looking in." Well, with her out, the movies are almost out for me, and a multitude of others feel the same way. So here's hoping and praying we will see Colleen on the screen in a brand new picture soon.

A DEVOTED FAN,
Springfield, Missouri.

Two fine subjects for controversy—
but the stars are generous!

There's quite a controversy over the three boys who robbed a bank in Berlin, Connecticut. The prosecuting attorney claims that the pictures were to blame.

I sincerely agree with him. We've had a great many gangster pictures lately. I have two nephews—fourteen and fifteen. They are nice, sensible lads but whenever they are allowed to go to the pictures they are so changed and effected on their return home that we don't know them. They play hold-up and go through all the motions that they have seen on the screen. . . .

Another thing—the actors of today are very much overpaid. The idea of some of them getting a salary of \$10,000 a week and even more! We read glowing accounts of their pleasures, clothes—some even spend as much as \$500 on a pair of shoes. We see pictures of all this. How do you suppose it effects the public? Besides, half of these people can't even act. All they do is pose on the screen. What good do they do with their money? Do they donate to any charities, hospitals or orphan asylums?

JEAN SATURN,
Terryville, Conn.

Have you seen "Strangers May Kiss"—
one of the best films in months?

I would like to see more pictures of Norma Shearer, especially as she was in "The Divorcée." Very seldom have I gone to a movie that I enjoyed as I did that.

A year ago, I did not like Greta Garbo—now I find myself reading every article about her and looking forward to her pictures—that is what she does to us. I do not think her voice is beautiful—it is a bit harsh for a woman—but it is suited to her type and is different.

MRS. H. ROBERTS,
Chicago, Illinois.

I agree that Alice should get a break

I have been reading the movie magazines but I've seen hardly anything of Alice White. Now, can't something be done to help this little star get back on the screen again? I read that she is free-lancing. I think that all this little girl needs is a good story to get her back on the screen where she once held reign. Now that the flapper period is passé, why not give her a good story opposite a player who is popular and watch the crowd flock back to see her. Come on, you Alice White fans, help give this little girl a great big hand. I know there are a lot of you that want her back as much as I do.

VIOLA JOHNSON,
Chicago, Illinois.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 112)

- SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathé)**—The story of the stenographer who marries for money. Constance Bennett, Basil Rathbone and Kenneth McKenna. Good. Children won't like it.
- SIT TIGHT (Warners)**—A rollicking comedy with Winnie Lightner acting as a wrestling bout promoter. Joe E. Brown also adds some comedy. Good—suitable for children.
- STOLEN HEAVEN (Paramount)**—Phillips Holmes steals twenty thousand dollars and Nancy Carroll goes to Florida with him to spend it. But after they get there—. Good.
- STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)**—Reviewed in this issue.
- TOM SAWYER (Paramount)**—The famous Mark Twain classic. Mitzi Green, Jackie Coogan and Jackie Searl all give splendid characterization. Excellent—especially suitable for children.
- TABU (Paramount)**—Another film which deals with the lives of the natives in far off places. Natives comprise the cast. Very good.
- TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)**—Reviewed in this issue.
- TRADER HORN (M-G-M)**—Adventures in the jungle of Africa. Harry Carey and Edwina Booth are excellent in the leading roles. Excellent—suitable for children.
- UNFAITHFUL (Paramount)**—Reviewed in this issue.

LIPS now stay lovely 8 full hours

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

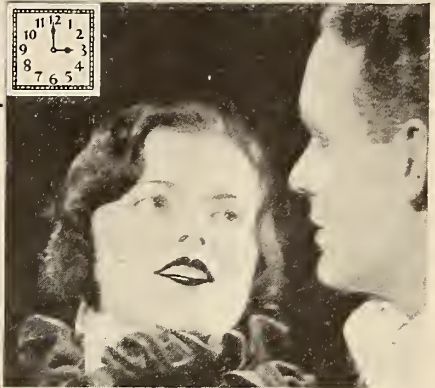
Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no



Eight hours later—lovely lips

other lipstick does or has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

The NEW
Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula

Sterilized!

You know your skin is absolutely safe when you use a Blue Bird Powder Puff! Soft and downy—and Sterilized! Sealed in a cellophane envelope for your protection. All colors—and all sizes.



Blue Bird Powder Puffs 10¢

Buy them where you bought this magazine.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of The Modern Screen Magazine, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for April, 1931. State of New York ss. County of New York ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared, Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Modern Screen Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of March, 1931. (SEAL) MAY KELLEY (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)



TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID *at our expense*

YOUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new greaseless finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft, glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

New low prices. . . 35c and 60c (Formerly 50c and \$1.00) at drug stores, department stores, hairdressers. Ask for Wildroot Wave Set by name. Beware of imitations.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Coupon brings FREE SAMPLE

THE WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. MM-6, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free sample Wildroot Wave Set.
Also a sample of your new Liquid Cleansing Cream.



Name _____

Address _____

FRECKLES

Get Rid of Those
Ugly Foes of a Fair Skin



Even the fairest-skinned woman need no longer dread the sun and winds. Though they cover her face with ugly freckles, she can easily and safely fade out these homely blemishes in the privacy of her home with Othine-double strength.

It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

sauce or a braised vegetable or a compôte of fruit, which is after all the favorite dessert of France." (And which, we added mentally, has been growing in popularity in America since it has been appreciated how close is the relationship between the diet and the figure.)

In testing recipes for these foods mentioned by Mr. Chevalier we were as impressed with their economy as with their deliciousness, but the French are a thrifty people and no doubt enjoy a dish the more for realizing that it costs little to prepare.

RECIPES CASSEROLE OF LAMB PARI- SIENNE

- 1 pound shoulder of lamb cut into 1 inch pieces.
- 2 cups dry white beans
- 2 medium onions
- ¼ lb fat salt pork
- ¼ lb link sausage
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons canned thick tomato sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper to taste.

Soak beans overnight in water to more than cover. Drain, put in saucepan. Cover with boiling water, add the salt pork, cover and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Melt the butter in a frying pan. Slice the onions and add to the butter. Cover and cook slowly until onions are transparent but not brown. Sprinkle the pieces of lamb with the flour and add to onions and brown both lamb and onions, turning the lamb so that the pieces will brown on all sides. Add 2 cups boiling water, gradually, stirring constantly. When smooth and thickened, season to taste with salt and pepper. Add bay leaf, tomato sauce and sausages cut in slices. Cook one hour.

When both beans and lamb mixture have cooked the required time, remove from fire. Into a casserole put one half the cooked beans. Add the meat mixture and cover with remaining beans. Slice the cooked salt pork and arrange the slices over the top of the beans. Pour over all the gravy from the meat pan and bake in moderate oven for one half hour.

BRAISED CELERY BONNE- FEMME

Cut tops off celery and quarter each stalk, allowing at least one stalk to each person served. Wash thoroughly and cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water. For each two stalks melt in saucepan one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour. Blend thoroughly and brown slightly, stirring constantly to prevent flour from burning. Add ½ cup undiluted canned bouillon or ½ cup boiling water in which a bouillon cube has been dissolved, stirring until smooth and thickened. (As the bouillon is flavored, no salt or pepper is required). Drain celery (reserving celery water

for cream of celery soup). Add celery to thickened bouillon. Cook in uncovered pan 20 minutes over a low flame.

We wish we had space to give you Consommé d'Été, Chicken Mousse salade de Printemps and Peach Condé, which we also tested—but we have too many other things to tell you. If, however, you will fill out and mail to us the coupon on page 10 we will be glad to send them to you—each recipe printed on an individual card, to serve as the nucleus of your collection of MODERN SCREEN tested and approved recipes.

SO far we have talked only of food—but there are many other aspects of the art of homemaking and we don't intend to let our enthusiasm over French recipes trick us into forgetting that summer is practically upon us and that the living room furniture needs slip covers!

What "flavor" is to food, "atmosphere" is to the home—and the best summer atmosphere for any home is one of orderly simplicity. It is impossible to relax and feel cool in a room which is in a state of confusion. So the first rule for summer comfort is to put away all useless ornaments and to keep the rooms scrupulously "picked up".

The second rule is to bring as much of the "garden" appearance into the house as possible. Use cool green or light flower colors in your slip covers, draperies and curtains. Gay cretonne slip covers not only lend charm to your rooms but double the life of your upholstered furniture as well.

Put away your silk lamp shades and substitute parchment or paper ones, for dust rots silk and summer sunshine fades it. For your glass curtains use simple theatrical gauze or net.

If you are fortunate enough to have a garden bring some of the flowers into the house. But if cut flowers are not procurable keep a few bulbs or small pots of growing things about. Do be sure to place the objects of your indoor horticultural undertakings in attractive jars, jugs or vases. Proving once again that good taste is not necessarily a matter of money, lovely flower containers can be purchased very inexpensively in the Kress and Kresge stores.

Somehow flowers seem to suggest candles as their natural companions. Candles, too, come in lovely flower shades and can serve to emphasize the effectiveness of the most modest bowl of blossoms.

We cannot resist the impulse to remind the homemaker that she can do much towards creating a pleasant atmosphere by making herself attractive, as well as through serving delicious meals amidst charming surroundings. Crisp colorful wash dresses are always attractive and it is a wise woman who remembers that dipping them in a dye bath will help keep her home frocks as fresh and lovely as the blossoms whose colors they have borrowed.

Charles' Love Story

(Continued from page 64)

'spite marriage', according to the gossips of Hollywood. 'Janet has married Lydell Peck to spite Charlie Farrell', was the way they put it. But during all of that time, I only heard Charlie mention Janet once. That was the time he said, 'I wish to heaven they would let Janet and Lydell alone. They could be so happy if the world would let them!'

"And that story of how Charlie and Janet spent the last afternoon before she was married, crying their love to each other and making pacts to the effect that Charlie would wait for her forever if necessary—another false rumor. How could Charlie have been crying on Janet's shoulder that afternoon when he spent it with me? Further than that, we spent most of the afternoon talking of Virginia Valli!

"Then a few weeks ago, Charlie asked for a three-month vacation so that he might go to Europe. He didn't tell them why! I was the only person in Hollywood who knew why Charlie Farrell was going on a vacation. He told me that he was going to meet Virginia in New York and after a quiet marriage they were leaving on the next boat for a long honeymoon in France. The day before he left for New York, I heard him tell the press and his own studio that he was *not* going to New York to be married. Charlie had a good reason for that . . . he wanted a quiet wedding, not a pageant!

AND now they are married! Now the world *knows* who Charlie Farrell really loves. And the happy couple will come back to Hollywood to live in Charlie's house right here at Toluca Lake. Do you know why Virginia will be perfectly satisfied with the furnishings in Charlie's home? *Because she picked the furnishings for the whole house and helped Charlie with every bit of the interior decorating over two years ago!* This is how long Charlie and Virginia have planned to get married!

"The public was sorry for Charlie when Janet married Lydell Peck. The public is sorry for Janet now that Charlie has married Virginia. But I think the real sympathy should go to Virginia and Lydell. It is they who have had to bear in silence all the sickening darts of public opinion and rumor. Especially is this true of Virginia. She has been the goat of the Gaynor-and-Farrell rumors ever since 'Seventh Heaven'.

"But Virginia and Charlie don't have to worry about the public-manufactured romances any more. I am positive of the statement when I say that I believe Charlie Farrell is the happiest man in the world today. And Virginia Valli, who waited seven years for the man she loved—just so that he could make good—is the happiest woman. And when Charlie comes back from Europe, I'm sure he'll tell the world for himself that he has married the only girl he has ever really loved!"



Oh! my vacation's ruined!

Plans all made . . . and what plans! Ticket. Reservations. Everything ready. Even her suitcase packed with all her new clothes . . . lying open, ready to be shut and locked. How could such an awkward, stupid accident occur? A bottle of ink pushed off the desk and everything in the suitcase absolutely ruined! Spotted and spoiled . . . her complete vacation wardrobe. Oh dear . . . oh darn . . . oh what to do!!

And Then, RIT to the Rescue!

White Rit and boiling water . . . and in a flash the ink spots were gone . . . gone, the spots and streaks and ruined colors, too. Everything made fresh and white ready to be tinted to its original smart shade. The situation saved, with White Rit and New Instant Rit Tints. From despair to delight . . . with Rit!

Always Keep White RIT Handy

Accidents will happen . . . when you least expect them. That is why thousands of

smart women wouldn't be without White Rit, the perfect color remover . . . and a sufficient supply of New Instant Rit Tints on hand always! When minutes count and you *can't* fail . . . Rit comes rallying to the rescue!

NEW RIT is NOT a soap

You may have used Rit for years . . . but not this New Instant Rit. This is entirely new. Rit requires no rubbing. Quick . . . the new Instant Rit dissolves completely in 40 seconds. No streaks. No spots. And White Rit removes all colors . . . even stubborn spots and stains. Harmless as boiling water . . . beware of harmful imitations. Insist on White Rit. Ask your drug store or notion counter for the 33 new Rit colors and White Rit. Only 15c a box.



NEW Instant Rit Tints

Orange Packet tints or dyes all fabrics perfectly.

Green Packet tints silks but leaves lace white.

White RIT . . . Color Remover.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A FASCINATING STORY ON POLA NEGRI (WHO, YOU KNOW, IS COMING BACK TO THE SCREEN. SEE PAGE 18 OF THIS ISSUE) BY THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

A DELIGHTFUL STORY ON JOHN BOLES BY FAITH BALDWIN. MISS BALDWIN, YOU WILL RECALL, WROTE OUR FASCINATING STORY ON CHAPLIN IN THE MAY ISSUE AND ALSO THE ONE ON WILL ROGERS IN THIS ISSUE.

ELINOR GLYN'S CHARMING STUDY OF GLORIA SWANSON—THE WOMAN.

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING STORY ON THE NEW WILLIAM HAINES BY CHARLESON GRAY.

BESIDES THESE THERE WILL BE FEATURES ON JACK HOLT, CAROLE LOMBARD, EDMUND LOWE AND OTHERS. THERE WILL ALSO BE THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF BARBARA STANWYCK'S LIFE STORY. AND, OF COURSE, THERE WILL BE OUR REGULAR DEPARTMENTS AND OUR USUAL BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Phantom Red

L I P S T I C K



TANTALIZING LIPS!

● They may refuse a thousand kisses, yet tempt as many more. Radiantly, redly warm...softly textured and subtly fragrant... the secret of their tantalizing youth is Phantom Red, the Life Color Lipstick. Twin to the Lipstick in temptation is Phantom Red Rouge. Both blend bewitchingly with your coloring.

Phantom Red Lipstick, \$1.00; Junior 50c. Rouge Compact, 75c. Sold at leading toilet goods counters.

Send 10c each for dainty vanity sizes of Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Additional 10c each brings Phantom Eye Shadow (brown or blue-gray) - Brow Liquid (brown or black). Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 260, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.



THE REAL "LIFE COLOR"

ASTOUNDING FREE OFFERS ASSURE YOUR SUCCESS

BIG PAY New merchandise plan sweeping the country. Big Cash Pay starts at once. Complete line of sample fabrics given free. Write today. This plan's a proven money-maker.

GIVING AWAY CARLTON MILLS, Dept. 79 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 602-L

Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery

WRIGLEYS THE FLAVOR

SPEARMINT LASTS

THE PERFECT GUM

MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Good and Good for You.

Are You a "Sleeping Beauty"?

(Continued from page 45)

torch of her beauty. By going forth to meet Life with both hands outstretched Mary has achieved her greatest loveliness.

Mary has met many interesting people and through them has become interested in a variety of things. This has given her enthusiasms. Mary has loved. This has touched her eyes with magic. Mary has tasted the salt of a widow's tears. This has given her understanding.

No longer is Mary merely a girl with beautiful features. People have come to be important to Mary and, by the same token, Mary has become important to people. Today there is compassion to warm her smile. Today there is maturity to enrich her hands. Today Mary has poise.

And Mary herself, considering what might be the most important thing in anyone's appearance, pointed to the importance of poise.

"The wardrobe department," said Mary, "can furnish an actress with gorgeous gowns but without poise and graceful movements the costumes are worthless."

THERE is, I'm sure, nowhere in the world a more outstanding example of a woman who has come into her greatest beauty through the measure of her mind than we find in Gloria Swanson. What a far hail Gloria is today from the bathing girl who used to cavort about the screen in the old Mack Sennett comedies and the outlandishly dressed woman who once strutted about the screen in DeMille "society" dramas, her head bound with jewelled and metallic bands, her gowns extreme and bizarre.

In the old DeMille days the critics called Gloria "a clothes horse." Justly. Then she wore clothes that dominated her. No more. Today Gloria dominates her clothes. Today she wears simple things that achieve by line and cut and color all that they lack in dangling ermine tails, glittering rhinestones or appliquéd flowers. As for her hair, it has no need of the old bands and jewelled gee gaws. Loosely waved and following the charming line of her well carried head, it is sufficiently lovely.

It was Madame Elinor Glyn, I think, who first kindled Gloria's desire for knowledge and her ambition to be a charming, sophisticated, cosmopolitan woman of the world as well as a movie star. Gloria was famous at this time and earning a fabulous salary. But she always had been so busy forging her career that she never had taken enough time to find herself.

It was, at any rate, at the time of the Swanson-Glyn friendship that Gloria began to change. It was, at any rate, at this time that crossing to Europe, Gloria remained in her cabin throughout the voyage, studying French. Not once, all dressed up, did she promenade the deck. Not once did she sit at the captain's table, the cynosure of all eyes.

Certainly during her stay in Paris when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was filmed, Gloria changed markedly. Here she met many new people, people who had sprung from old families, people as much at home in all the capitals of the world as Gloria was in Hollywood. And there's something about the background of an illustrious line and the security that money brings that shows in people's actions. I don't think there's any doubt that Gloria noted these people and came to have a great admiration for their easy manners and their assured air. And Gloria Swanson is one of the most acquisitive people I have ever known.

IT might be these contacts that thoroughly awakened the thoroughbred instincts Gloria had inherited from her own forebears. *Everyone has such forebears!* In five generations, which are as nothing in the making of a man according to the scientists, we have sixty-two ancestors. From every one of them we acquire something. And in the last few centuries of a most unstable social system it is entirely logical and safe to assume that from at least one quarter of our forebears we inherit thoroughbred characteristics. By developing this aristocratic facet of our being it is altogether likely that we should become "these charming people." Certainly a proud bearing, an instinctive feeling for beauty, sensitivity and easy manners do work together to make a person attractive.

SPEAKING of attractiveness, Gloria says: "I think the care of the hair is the most important thing I have learned. I would no more think of changing my gown without changing my coiffure than I would think of changing from an evening gown to sport clothes without removing my high heeled slippers. You can change your personality and appeal by arranging your hair in good taste with your habit."

The story of the ugly duckling that turned into the beautiful swan is more than a delightful fairy tale. And even if every duckling in the world can't turn into a ravishing swan she may, at least, find a happy-in-between place. There's no need and no excuse for anyone remaining an out and out ugly duckling. *And it doesn't take a movie star's income to perform such changes, either.* It takes study and care rather than money.

During an evening's conversation not so very long before I said pretty much what I am writing here. One girl in the group listened attentively. This girl, who for identification purposes I shall call Janice, was a sleeping beauty and the boy with whom she was in love had become interested in someone else.

Janice's hair was a curious color, half gold, half straw. It was fine and difficult to arrange. And her eyebrows and eyelashes were the pale blond color you would expect with such hair. Be-

(Continued on page 121)

American Hero

(Continued from page 37)

in the little talks he gave—certainly extemporaneously—in order to thank the various people who contributed to his fine charitable work in the devastated area. He was very generous with gratitude; he didn't take any credit himself. And he scolded, too. "I've heard," he said, in effect, "that some of you people haven't yet made your Red Cross quota. I wish you would. It may look like spring and better times here but people have to eat, you know. They won't have anything to eat until crop time and that's a long way off." And he went on scolding, tolerantly, gently, but with a real reproach in it; and a real punch. He reminded me of nothing so much as a very comprehending father taking his rather naughty kids to task. I know I turned to the friend who was listening in with me and said, sadly: "Darn him, anyway, that will cost me another ten dollars!"

It did.

DO you know, it wouldn't hurt us at all to try to exalt a little the sort of thing Will Rogers stands for, the things of, perhaps, long ago, the human things, not confined alone to America, but integral in the depth of the human heart. Decency, for instance, and tolerance, and fineness and broadness and charity. You don't think of gunmen and people put on the spot; you don't think of speakeasies and bad gin; you don't think of murder and infidelity and restless wives and cheating husbands; you don't think of sex, rampant, on a shield of dishonor; you don't think of boudoir backgrounds and rather soiled jokes when you think of Will Rogers, do you? He typifies the exact opposite of all these manifestations which we call modern and which aren't, really, modern at all. And because you don't think of them, I believe it wouldn't be a bad idea to think about him and what he stands for, for a while.

The personality of Will Rogers is his own. Or perhaps it is ancestral. I don't know. I only know that it exists and is not to be corrupted. I think he is like a wind from the prairie, a wind from the plains, a wind from the mountains, a wind from the sea, blowing through an over-heated, over-perfumed room. I think he stands for a fine reality and not a tinsel glamor. I think he'll keep on standing for it after the glamor of many others has passed.

I don't know that he's much of an actor but he sure is a home-grown philosopher. It seems to me we need a lot of philosophy nowadays. The kind that will teach us to live, the kind we can set our teeth into. Not the sort of shallow cynicism which passes for philosophy, so spiritually accurate that you can set your mental and emotional watch by it. Philosophy that will teach you, not so much how to *think*, as what to *be*. Will Rogers' kind . . . the kind that he *is*, more even than the kind he puts in print in the newspapers.

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For 12 Hours Lips and Cheeks Stay Lovely Without a Touch of Rouge

INSTEAD of having to rouge lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock. Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on . . . What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

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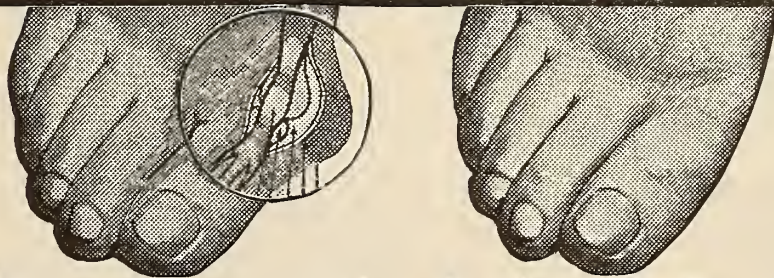
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Elinor Glyn's story on Gloria Swanson

The Princess Radziwill's fascinating revelations of Pola Negri

Faith Baldwin's brilliant pen-portrait of John Boles

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)



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"After I began to use Kotalko my hair started to grow and kept on growing until I had a splendid head of hair that has been perfect ever since."

Falling hair is due to lack of nourishment in the scalp tissues. To put new life into hair growth, massage the scalp. Keep the hair free and clear of dandruff through regular shampooing and massage. Both Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are recognized hair and scalp products.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so why not use Kotalko Soap and Kotalko to stimulate them into renewed activity? Faithful massage with Kotalko is wonderful to keep the hair roots active. This may be all you need to keep your hair from falling out excessively.

Hair roots which are being starved from lack of nourishment may regain their original power through proper encouragement. The process of hair growth depends on the stimulation the hair roots receive. Are yours getting all they need?

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere. Or you may write for a sample to Kotal Company, B-3, Station O, New York.

featured rôle in a new First National picture, temporarily titled "Chances."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Graham in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Male lead in "Stolen Heaven" and "Confessions of a Co-ed." Clyde Griffiths in "The American Tragedy," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "Subway Express," all for Columbia.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. The General in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Warden Brady in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Star of "Upper Underworld," First National.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Anne in "The Big House," Joan in "Way For a Sailor." Feminine lead in "Among the Married," all for M-G-M. Mrs. Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder," Fox. Feminine lead in "Cheri-Bebi," M-G-M.

JANIS, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Pagan" and "Overland Telegraph," both for M-G-M. Starred in "The White Captive," Universal.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doorway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father and Son."

JANNEY, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Brown in "The Pay Off," Radio. Freddie in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Gregory Brown in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia.

JANNINGS, EMIL; born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; educated in Germany. Now in Germany. Lead in "The Blue Angel," German picture now being shown here. Expected to make pictures in this country again shortly.

JOHNSON, KAY; married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," Paramount. Cassy in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Anna in "The Spy," Fox. Starred in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marilyn in "Love in the Rough," Feminine leads in "Devil May Care" and "In Old Madrid," Nancy in "Min and Bill." Ingenue lead in "Fore," all for M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Young Sinners," Fox, and "Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

KANE, HELEN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free-lance player. Title rôle in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," featured rôle in "Heads Up," both for Paramount.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys" and "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Barbara in "Feet First" and Billie in "Welcome Danger," both for Harold Lloyd. Young sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Upper Underworld," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.

KING, CHARLES; married to Lila Rhodes; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Sam Ferguson in "Remote Control," M-G-M. Skeets in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Warner Bros., and "Back Waters," World-Wide. Speed Grogan in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount.

KNAPP, EVELYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Veronia in "You and I," First National. Barbara Allen in "Ruling Passion," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Dance Hall," "Tanned Legs" and "She's My Weakness," all for Radio. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; unmarried; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul." Now working in new untitled picture for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; unmarried; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Fight," "The Command Performance" and "Hell Bound," all for Cruze-Tiffany.

LANE, LUPINO; married to Violet Blythe; born in London, Eng. Write him at Educational studio. Free lance player. Featured comedian in "The Love Parade," Paramount. Now starring in London stage revue and British pictures.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Show Boat," "The Last Warning" and "Scandal," all for Universal. Featured rôle in "Lonely Wives," Pathé. Diane Churchill in "God's Gift to Women," First National.

LA ROCQUE, ROD; married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Beau Bandit," Radio. Bob Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," M-G-M. Now in New York.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Brat," "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home," and "Be Big," all for Roach.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy," Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery." Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," all for Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; married to James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at Radio studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita," Featured rôle in "Dixiana," Annette in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Feminine lead in "Hook, Line and Sinker," Starred in "Room and Board," all for Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," and "Caught Short." Anna in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands," Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "The Gorilla," First National. Rosie in "The Unholy Three," M-G-M. Now convalescing in Prescott, Arizona, after long illness.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Toots in "Hold Everything," Flo in "Life of the Party," Winnie in "Sit Tight." Nita in "Red Hot Sinners." Starred in "Side Show," all for Warner Bros.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Mae in "Big Money," RKO-Pathé. Mabel Robinson in "God's Gift to Women," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Idol," First National.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Stellar rôles in "Speedy," "Feet First," "Welcome Danger."

LOFF, JEANETTE; divorced from non-professional; born in Orofino, Idaho. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "King of Jazz," Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat," both for Universal.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Feminine lead in "Racketeer," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Safety in Numbers," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ladies' Man," Paramount. Starred in "It Pays to Advertise," Paramount. Leading feminine rôle in "Man of the World" with William Powell, Paramount.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San José, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. David Cresson in "Good Intentions," Sir John Usher and Dakin Barrolles in "Scotland Yard," Jim Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder."

(Continued on page 122)

Are You a "Sleeping Beauty"?

(Continued from page 118)

sides, Janice was about fifteen pounds too heavy and had a perfectly frightful posture.

Over a period of four months, by a sensible diet, Janice reduced fifteen pounds. She resorted to no starvation measures. She ate as much as she desired at all times but never touched candy, cake, ice cream, pie, potatoes, bread or butter. The contour of her face changed. It became more sensitive, much lovelier. Her clothes looked much better on her.

Janice worked earnestly over her posture. Mainly she practised holding her stomach in and it proved surprising how generally her carriage benefited from this. It threw her shoulders back and caused her to carry her head better.

NEXT, Janice had her hair bobbed. By an excellent barber. It costs about fifty cents more for a first bob if you go to the best possible place. It is worth fifty dollars more. A good hair-dresser cuts you hair according to the shape of your head.

Then, after a permanent, Janice tried having her water wave set in several different ways, in several different wave widths, and her hair parted at several different places. Finally she was satisfied that a center part and a wide wave set slightly diagonal was right for her.

She had her eyebrows shaped, arched a trifle and thinned a little. She did not make the mistake of having her eyebrows thinned to that ridiculous point where they are a mere thread line. And she proceeded to mascara both eyebrows and eyelashes with exactly the right shade of brown, always being careful to apply the mascara artfully and not get it on too thick.

It takes some amount of courage to go into a beauty shop and, admitting that you have been careless about your appearance, ask them just what powder, rouge and lip-stick they think best for you. The excellent shop to which Janice went mixed several powders before they found exactly the right base and shade for her and then did the same thing with lipstick and rouge. Incidentally, all the good beauty shops and the better department stores make a speciality of this sort of thing today.

ENTIRELY transformed by this time . . . and I wish with all my heart that every sleeping beauty might see Janice and be spurred into action . . . Janice went to one of the smart department stores and consulted the buyer as to the type dress that would be most flattering to her particular type. It happened to be a black dress very simply tailored that the buyer suggested. In it Janice was lovelier than she ever had been in the frilly flowered chiffons for which she had shown previous preference.

There was, of course, a slight initial expense. But Janice has been able to use the good dress chosen for her by an expert as a guide ever since. The bob, permanent wave and cosmetics cost

something too, of course. The upkeep, however, will be slight. And Janice admits that even the initial cost was only a little more than she would have spent for the rich tea-room desserts and the candy and sodas which she now avoids.

Janice today is a different person. I say that advisedly. Not only her appearance but her entire disposition has changed. Because she is satisfied with her appearance, pleased at the attractive, chic reflection she sees in her mirror she has an easier, gayer manner. And, in case you're interested, she got her man! It's for all the world like a story I know. No wonder, having watched such a transformation, I am more than ever convinced that my theories are right about unattractive girls having the secret of beauty dormant within them.

HARRY COLLINS, the couturier, once said: "It is my belief that any woman will be well dressed and attractive if she will look at herself often enough in the mirror."

And Clara Bow, who has increased her attraction immeasurably since the first day I say her, an eager entrant in a beauty contest, agrees entirely with Mr. Collins.

"When you're on the screen," says Clara, "you simply can't help seeing yourself as others see you. You are made aware of the damage, for example, that a few extra pounds can do.

"The screen has taught me the value of the three mirrors on my vanity table. In them I appraise myself rather than merely look at myself!"

That last sentence of Clara's is well worth a long and thoughtful pause. Clara doesn't only look at herself. *She appraises herself.* If we'd all do that, if we'd all judge our own appearance half as critically as we judge the appearance of others how much more careful we would be. But we get so accustomed to looking at ourselves that we cease really seeing ourselves at all.

Furthermore, when we look in the mirror we instinctively dwell on our best angle. We want to be reassured. We want to go out among our friends thinking ourselves as attractive as possible. But the cold truth remains that others see us from all angles.

The best effect in appearance like the best effect in painting, writing, singing or anything else is generally found to be the result of study and the well-known infinite capacity for taking pains. Nothing worth having is acquired easily. And if all the sleeping beauties who sit about wishing they looked like a movie star would take half as much time and trouble with their appearance as the movie stars themselves do they could not fail to be gratified by the results.

Once upon a time it was said that movie stars were beautiful but dumb. Never was there a greater fallacy! *Movie stars are as beautiful as they are because they are not dumb!*

Some WOMEN wonder.. while others FIND OUT



what to do about this vital matter

THERE is one subject of absorbing interest to all married women. How they do wonder about this matter! How many theories they hold about it! How wrong most of these theories are!

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current beliefs regarding feminine hygiene. And it is surprising how many women actually never learn the facts!

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Mail coupon today for the booklet on feminine hygiene. The whole truth is told freely and frankly. Read this book and be among those who know the facts. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 120)



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X-Bazin is the simple and reliable way to remove unwanted hair. You spread this creamy depilatory over your legs or under arms . . . and the hair vanishes completely—leaving your skin smooth, white and hairless. No blue, shaved look—and regrowth is discouraged.

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- Starred in "More Than a Kiss." Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," and title rôle in "The Spider," all for Fox.
- LOY, MYRNA;** unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Great Divide" and "Bride of the Regiment," First National. Eleanor in "Renegades," Fox. Mary in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," Fox.
- LUKAS, PAUL;** married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Berci in "Grumpy," Gustave Saxon in "Anybody's Woman," Carl Heiden in "Unfaithful," Heavy in "City Streets." Starred in "Night Court," all for Paramount.
- LYNN, SHARON;** unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Edith Laverne in "Up the River," Feminine lead in "The Vamp." Mrs. Lowe in "Lightnin'," all for Fox. Featured rôle in "Too Many Cooks," Fox.
- LYON, BEN;** married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Jimmy in "Aloha," Tiffany. Male lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Co-starred with Bebe Daniels in "Her Past," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Night Nurse," First National.
- LYTELL, BERT;** married to Grace Menken; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "The Lone Wolf" and dual rôle in "Brothers," both for Columbia. Male lead in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.
- MACDONALD, JEANETTE;** unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo," Paramount. Carlotta in "Oh! For a Man," Fox. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "All Women Are Hungry," Fox.
- MACKAILL, DOROTHY;** divorced from Lothar Mendez; born in Hull, Eng. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Diana Barry in "Once a Sinner," and Emily in "This Modern World," both for Fox. Starred in "Kept Husbands," Radio. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour," First National.
- MANNERS, DAVID;** separated from Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Artie in "Mothers Cry," First National. Joe Copeland in "The Right to Love," Paramount. Bill Merrick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Juvenile lead in "Upper Underworld," First National.
- MARCH, FREDRIC;** married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan O'Bannon in "Manslaughter," Lockridge in "Laughter," Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," all for Paramount. Lead in "Honor Among Lovers." Now on vacation.
- MARIS, MONA;** unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Arizona Kid," "Sez You, Sez Me" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.
- MARSH, MARION;** unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. She will appear for the first time in an important rôle as Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Genius," also with John Barrymore.
- MARSHALL, EVERETT;** unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Carl Van Horn in "Dixiana," Radio. Now in New York.
- MASON, SHIRLEY;** married to non-professional; born in New York City. Retired from screen. Operating Hollywood beauty parlor.
- MEIGHAN, THOMAS;** married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returns to the screen after a long absence in "All Women Are Hungry" with Jeanette MacDonald.
- MENJOU, ADOLPHE;** married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Le Bissière in "Morocco," Paramount. Featured rôle in "New Moon," M-G-M. Villain in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Managing Editor in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.
- MERCER, BERYL;** divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Common Clay," Fox. Mary Jones in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Martha in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Mother in "The Public Enemy," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "East Lynne," Mother in "Always Goodbye," Fox.
- MILJAN, JOHN;** married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Prosecutor in "The Unholy Three," Prof. Kruger in "Remote Control," Inspector Burke in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Iron Man," Universal.
- MONTGOMERY, ROBERT;** married to non-professional; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Wally in "War Nurse," André in "Inspiration." Male lead in "The Easiest Way." Starred in "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.
- MOORE, GRACE;** unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Leading rôle in "A Lady's Morals." Princess Lanya in "New Moon," both M-G-M.
- MORAN, LOIS;** unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "True Heaven," Diana in "Play Called Life." Starred in "Blondes," all for Fox. Now in New York.
- MORAN, POLLY;** unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Polly in "Way For a Sailor." Polly in "Remote Control," Polly in "Reducing," maid in "The Bachelor Father," and Polly in "Politics," all for M-G-M.
- MORENO, ANTONIO;** married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-director. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "Careers," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount. Now directing Spanish pictures for M-G-M.
- MORLEY, KAREN;** unmarried; born in Ottunwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Liane in "Inspiration" and featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."
- MORRIS, CHESTER;** married to Luc Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," both United Artists.
- MORTON, CHARLES;** unmarried; born in Vallejo, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Christina," Fox. "Caught Short," M-G-M. Mert in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia. Richard Williams in "Check and Double Check," Radio.
- MULHALL, JACK;** married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy," Radio. Comedy lead in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Male lead in "Waiting at the Church," Radio.
- MUNSON, ONA;** separated from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress," "Broadminded," all First National.
- MURRAY, CHARLES;** married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany.
- MURRAY, J. HAROLD;** married to non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Featured rôles in "Tonight and You" and "Women Everywhere," both for Fox.
- McAVOY, MAY;** married to non-professional; born in Davenport, Iowa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "No Defense" and "Stolen Kisses," Warner Bros. Off screen for several months.
- McCREA, JOEL;** unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at Radio studio. Contract player. Boyd Emerson in "The Silver Horde" and Dick in "Kept Husbands."
- McKENNA, KENNETH;** married to Kay Francis; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player-director. Victor in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Gaylord Stanton in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé. Capt. Traselau in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox.
- McLAGLEN, VICTOR;** married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Hot for Paris," "Painted Women," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," all for Fox. Russian spy in "Dishonored," Paramount.
- NAGEL, CONRAD;** married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Divorcée," M-G-M. Winthrop Beauvel in "A Lady Surrenders," Universal. Stephen Ferrier in "Free Love," Universal. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National.
- NIXON, MARIAN;** married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Muriel in "Courage," Warner Bros. Romantic lead in "The Lash," First National. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty.

(Continued on page 124)

How Irene Rich Stays Young

(Continued from page 85)

"They come to me with their lessons and I get a second education recalling things long forgotten. The contact keeps me mentally alive. Above all is the star of hope, the greatest thing in life, the belief that ahead still lie the finest accomplishments.

"The care of my body offers no great problem. I get eight hours' sleep each night. If I'm at the town house, I take a bath in tepid water the first thing in the morning and rub myself thoroughly to start the circulation. If I'm at the beach house, I dash into the ocean to get the tang of the salt water. For breakfast I have a cup of tea without milk or sugar and a glass of orange juice. I drink a glass of buttermilk around 10:30 in the morning but do not nibble anything between meals. This is harmful to the digestion. I eat luncheon and dinner. One must have food to make blood. I have never dieted and am convinced that many of women's ills are caused by dieting. When not working in the studio I swim, play tennis and lie on the ground or on the sand, relaxing. I use face cream when removing make-up or after returning from a long motor trip in the wind and this is followed by a thorough soap and water cleansing. I use only soap and water to wash my face and it's non-scented soap at that. I never had a facial massage in all my life, nor the work of a hair-dresser. I brush, brush, brush my hair myself and massage my scalp alone. I wash my eyes in a solution of salt water and visit the dentist twice a year to see that there are no cavities appearing in my teeth.

"So, you see, I may seem a bit old-fashioned but I merely take care of myself.

IT sounds so simple. But on close study it will be seen that Miss Rich follows a thorough system of exercising, of keeping face and body cleanly and of getting vigor from the greatest of all sources—the earth. In this probably lies her principal secret. I know a newspaper editor whose vacation each year is spent on a farm where he goes out into the cornfield and lies down flat in the furrows of the plowed ground. He says it's the greatest strength-giver in the world.

"It's all right for women to get massages if they want to," she adds, "but I do not need them. And it's all right for them to dye their hair. Sometimes it makes them look ten years younger. That's their privilege. It isn't a bad idea for them to have a good cry occasionally, because a cry relaxes their nerves and the tears wash and strengthens their eyes. The most devastating thing they can do is to fly into rages, get the tantrums and let their tempers go haywire. This puts toxins in their blood which are poison."

Serenity, Miss Rich believes, is what a woman most needs to acquire and retain her health and beauty. She should have some interest outside of her home

even if it be only a garden, and she should work in it. Busy women, she says, do not grow old mentally. They should live so that when their working day is done, they may go to bed and promptly sleep.

IF I find myself in that condition we describe as 'too tired to sleep,' she says, "I take a little time in getting ready for bed. I brush my hair, lay out fresh clothing and dally about the room. I try to get my mind on something far away, far removed from my work—something pleasant to think about. I take a glass of milk and crackers. Then, when I feel my muscles relaxing and my brain becoming quiet, I say to the Great Master:

"'Here I am. Take my two hands and lead me for I know not the way.' Before long I am slumbering."

Does this beautiful mother at thirty-eight get everything that life has to offer? She will tell you, "Yes! I do, now." There were two other marriages and two divorces before she became—in 1927—the bride of David Blankenhorn, a wealthy Pasadenan. The heartaches and defeats she suffered in those other days, followed by the happy, successful turning now, developed her philosophy that "nothing can down you if you keep smiling and keep working."

"I do not believe that one must always be happy to maintain or preserve whatever beauty God has given," she says. "Sadness or troubles sometime bring a wistful look to a woman's face which is beautiful to see. And certainly, adversities tend to develop thoughtfulness and poise. It is experience with life which makes women attractive. Youth is beautiful but seldom intriguing and it must be very difficult for a girl who never suffered heartaches to depict emotions on the screen."

THE "dangerous age" for women, she believes, comes after thirty. The styles of clothing and modes of living may change but women who dress their age and do not try to ape the flappers do not lose their attractiveness and individuality. Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were not young girls, she pointed out, when they changed the map of the universe.

"Our bodies deserve the finest attention," she asserts. "It is through them that we explain ourselves to the world. It is our debt to the universe to keep young and vibrate health and good will. Life is good and we can get so much out of it when we try."

That is her philosophy. Miss Rich's daughter, Frances, a student at Smith College, was elected president of that school's House of Representatives last October. Jane, the younger daughter, attends a private school at Santa Barbara, California. While Miss Rich answers call after call from the motion picture studios,

She is one of the most remarkable women in Hollywood.

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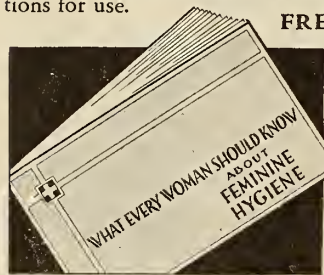


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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 122)

- NORTON, BARRY**; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount.
- NOVARRO, RAMON**; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "The Student Prince," and "Daybreak."
- NUGENT, ELLIOT**; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Three" and "Romance," M-G-M. Sandy in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.
- OAKIE, JACK**; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Littleton Looney in "The Sap From Syracuse." Searchlight O'Brien in "Sea Legs." Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount.
- OLAND, WARNER**; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Fu Manchu, in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," and featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount. Villain in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany.
- O'BRIEN, GEORGE**; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "Rainbow Trail," and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox. Now vacationing in the Orient.
- O'NEIL, SALLY**; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Molly O'Day in "Sisters," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Salvation Nell."
- O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN**; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "So This is London" and "Song o' My Heart." Princess Louise in "The Princess and the Plumber," LN-16 in "Just Imagine," feminine lead in "The Connecticut Yankee," all for Fox. Now vacationing in Ireland.
- PAGE, ANITA**; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Isabelle in "The Little Accident," Universal. Joy in "War Nurse," Vivian in "Reducing" and featured rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate" and "The Easiest Way," all for M-G-M.
- PAGE, PAUL**; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward in "The Naughty Flirt," First National.
- PALETTE, EUGENE**; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Doc Brady in "Santa Fé Trail." Hyacinth Ni-touche in "Sea Legs." Seth in "Fighting Caravans," all for Paramount.
- PICKFORD, MARY**; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.
- POWELL, WILLIAM**; divorced from non-professional; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law." William Foster in "For the Defense." Hero of "Man of the World," all for Paramount. Vacationing in South America before starting "Heat Wave" under new Warner contract.
- PRINGLE, AILEEN**; married to non-professional; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Dream of Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Joaquin Murietta," Columbia.
- QUILLAN, EDDIE**; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Up and At 'Em." Will Musher in "Night Work," Eddie Martin in "Big Money," all for Pathé.
- RAMBEAU, MARJORIE**; divorced; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Belle in "Min and Bill," Lulu in "Inspiration," and featured rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "Imposter," "The Secret Six" and "The Torch Song," all for M-G-M.
- REVIEW, DOROTHY**; married; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Flight," "Ladies of Leisure" and "Submarine," all for Columbia.
- RICH, IRENE**; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Beau Ideal," Radio. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty.
- ROBINSON, EDWARD G.**; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dominic in "The Widow from Chicago," Rico Bandello in "Little Caesar." Russian ballet master in "The Idol," all for First National.
- ROGERS, CHARLES**; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Jerry Downs in "Follow Thru." Stellar rôle in "Heads Up." Larry Brooks in "Along Came Youth." Star of "Manhattan Musketeers," and "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.
- ROGERS, GINGER**; unmarried; born in Independence, Kan. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan." Polly Rockwell in "Queen High." Ellen Saunders in "The Sap From Syracuse." Mary in "Manhattan Mary." Now on New York stage in "Girl Crazy."
- ROGERS, WILL**; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "They Had to See Paris," "So This is London," "Lightnin'," and "The Connecticut Yankee," and "Cure for Blues," all for Fox.
- ROLLINS, DAVID**; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.
- ROTH, LILLIAN**; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount studio. Cora Faulkner in "Honey." Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers." Adrienne in "Sea Legs," all for Paramount.
- SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY**; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M, "Officer O'Brien," Pathé, and "The Utah Kid," Tiffany.
- SEGAL, VIVIENNE**; divorced; born in White Plains, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Prima donna rôle in "Song of the West." Featured rôles in "Bride of the Regiment," and "Golden Dawn," First National, and "Viennese Nights," Warner Bros.
- SHEARER, NORMA**; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Jerry in "The Divorcee." Betty in "Let Us Be Gay." Starring rôle in "Strangers May Kiss."
- SIDNEY, GEORGE**; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany.
- SILLS, MILTON**; died September, 1930. His last pictures were "Man Trouble" and "The Sea Wolf," both for Fox.
- SMITH, STANLEY**; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Jones in "Queen High." Featured rôle in "Mahattan Mary," all for Paramount. Now on New York stage.
- SKINNER, OTIS**; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at First National. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Kismet."
- STANWYCK, BARBARA**; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "Ladies of Leisure," "Illicit," Warner Bros., and "Ten Cents a Dance," Columbia.
- STONE, LEWIS**; married to Hazel Wood; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Morado in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Male lead in "Office Wife," Warner Bros. Deval in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Maitland White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox.
- SUMMERVILLE, SLIM**; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Troopers Three" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Co-starred in "See America Thirst," Universal. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," Universal.
- SWANSON, GLORIA**; separated from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" and "Indiscreet," and "Rockabye," all for United Artists.
- SWEET, BLANCHE**; divorced from Marshall Neilan; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gonny Harris in "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National. Queenie in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Now on vaudeville tour.
- SYDNEY, SYLVIA**; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Featured player. Formerly with the Theater Guild. Now working in "City Streets" opposite Gary Cooper.
- TALMADGE, NORMA**; married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Woman Disputed,"

(Continued on page 126)

Lew Ayres' Future

(Continued from page 58)

mean any more during a lifetime of traveling around the heavens making aspects to the natal Sun than it did at the moment of birth. This is an important point here, for we have also noted that Neptune rules the movies.

NEPTUNE has been responsible for many big successes in the films, but not all of those who have enjoyed their flash across the firmament of stardom have remained before us as entertainers as long as some of them may have wished. Neptune helped them for the time being, at the height of their careers, and then moved on to elevate somebody else, by means of its conjunction and two trines.

Those who are at present under these favorable rays from the ruling planet of the movies are the sons and daughters of April 23 to May 2, August 26 to September 4, and December 25 to January 2 (in this last mentioned group is to be found the birthdate of Mr. Ayres—December 28). That is, of course, if Neptune showed some promise in your natal chart (birth horoscope) of bringing you success before the camera and microphone, otherwise, this doesn't mean much. You've got to have it to start with, which is a point that can be determined only by a study of your own personal chart of the heavens as they were when you drew your first breath on this planet. Assuming, therefore, that you are one who has Neptune favorably placed for artistic and dramatic success, if you were born into any of these groups, now and during the balance of 1931 and during most of 1932, you would be justified in accepting any studio's offers for the period mentioned. But, let me warn you, there is also another side to the influence of Neptune. It can do much more than elevate you into screen prominence. It is usually the planet that is behind the intense emotional items you read in the papers—it brings a strong ray of desire and feeling into the people it rests on.

THOSE in the April-May group I mentioned are apt to be the pursuers in any present love affair, seeking in somebody else the solution of their emotional problems. Those of the August-September dates that are now under Neptune's ray are apt to be seeing life through a pair of colored glasses that make things seem more rosy than they really are. This is the highly imaginative side of Neptune and a ray that is extremely difficult to translate into anything personally satisfactory on the Earth plane of existence. Ask any person who is at present married and whose birthday falls in this August-September group.

Natives of the December-January set of dates are more apt to be those who are being pursued at present and during the interval till the end of next year. This is the case with Lew Ayres, and I wouldn't be alarmed if the

big bulk of voters who put his name on top of the list in a recent popularity contest were girls and women who would be glad if they had the opportunity to personally shake his hand and give him the vote with their eyes and hearts, at least temporarily. In other words, this aspect of Neptune, coming from just the particular part of the heavens it is in at present (Neptune moves so slowly that it takes a year to go two little degrees of the circle of the Zodiac), give comrade Ayres a mighty powerful pull with those of the opposite sex.

But this isn't going to last forever.

THAT is what I was talking about at the outset. I want to see a great deal more of friend Lew on the screen, for he has more than an emotional appeal with women, even if that is the big part of his success up to the present writing.

In order to do this, if he would last past the middle of 1933 as a top spot attraction on the screen, he must look seriously within himself and get ready to drag out some of those more mature qualities that I can see in his horoscope, but which have not yet become apparent in his vehicles. It will be necessary to rebuild a goodly portion of your appeal, Lew. This will have to come through the co-operation of your preceptors and the stories they select for you. You can do it, I know, for you have that old tinge in your soul that I spoke about.

You see, Lew, I figure your present success is due to the favorable transit of Neptune, and I know only too well, through the sad stories of film celebrities of not so long ago, that it won't do you any good to think you don't have to work to maintain the position you have already gained.

It isn't everyone on the screen who has your problem. Most of your movie confreres are trying so hard to keep the marks of age from showing too much; they are staggering around from one beauty rejuvenation shop to another, paying great sums to the face-kneaders and skin pullers for just a few more months of youth, hoping to fool the dear old public a little longer.

But you, who are so young in years, have the problem of trying to get older as soon as you can, more in actions and spirit, however, in order that you may have something to give the audiences when this present period of your success has faded out.

You have all the necessary equipment, but you must use it; and you must keep in mind the need for doing it soon. Don't judge your own case by that of some of the older performers in the cinema circus. You are different. And, above all, don't let the sweet perfume of Hollywood's present praise lull you into dreamland. Keep constantly on your mental toes and you will come through with your banners flying. Perfume, you know, is to be sniffed, not swallowed. Beware of flattery.



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Clopay Shades attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools. Every shade is perfect and FULL SIZE . . . 36 inches wide and 6 feet long. America's greatest housekeeping value for 10¢!

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DEUBENER'S
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**Make Shopping and
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A Deubener Shopping Bag should be part of every shopping trip. Learn the convenience of the large, beautiful Leatherlyke Finish, 10c. The Lucky Four-Leaf Clover Design, 5c. Ideal for picnics, moving day and every day in the home. The genuine Deubener has a continuous, double cord handle running around the bottom for extra strength. Look for Deubener Display at your favorite store.



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For snapshots, pictures of family friends or stars. In four sizes. Now at your favorite store for only 10c.



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STAR OF THE WEEK!



Here is the newest, easiest, and cheapest way to collect photographs of movie stars. Each week you receive a distinctive pose 8"x10", with an artistic, durable finish of that star whose performance was the best of the week. Send \$1.00 for a seven weeks subscription, or 50c for three issues of "Star of the Week." Subscription begins upon receipt of proper amount. No Charge for postage. **509 5th Ave. New York City**

FOUR STAR STUDIO



**AN EASY WAY TO
SHAPE <<<
your NOSE**

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for **FREE BOOKLET**

ANITA INSTITUTE, F-97, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 124)

- "New York Nights" and "Du Barry," all for United Artists.
- TASHMAN, LILYAN**; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Cicily in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Fritzie in "Queen of Scandal," Sam Goldwyn. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty.
- TAYLOR, ESTELLE**; married to Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Liliom," Fox. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," Radio.
- TIBBETT, LAWRENCE**; married to Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "New Moon," Farrady in "The Southerner," all for M-G-M. Now in New York.
- TOBIN, GENEVIEVE**; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth" and "Seed," all for Universal.
- TREVOR, HUGH**; divorced; born in Yonkers, N. Yr. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance player. Gregory Shoan in "The Midnight Mystery," Lieut. Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise," The prince in "The Royal Bed," all for Radio.
- TWELVETREES, HELEN**; divorced from Clark Twelvetrees; born in New York City. Write her at Radio studio. Contract star. Annabelle West in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Mary Ellen in "The Painted Desert," Pathé. Starred in "Millie," Radio. Starred in "The Registered Woman," RKO-Pathé.
- VALLI, VIRGINIA**; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio," Starred in "Guilty," Columbia.
- VARCONI, VICTOR**; married to non-professional; born in Kisvard, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Doctor's Wives," Fox. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.
- VELEZ, LUPE**; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Starred in "Hell Harbor," United Artists. "The Storm" and "East is West," Universal, and co-starred with John Boles in "Resurrection," Universal. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.
- WHEELER, BERT**; married to non-professional; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star, Sparrow in "The Cuckoos," Peewee in "Dixiana," Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Too Many Cooks," all for Radio.
- WHITE, ALICE**; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Off the screen for several months.
- WHITE, MARJORIE**; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Totsy in "Stolen Thunder," D-6 in "Just Imagine," both for Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.
- WHITING, JACK**; married to the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "Top Speed" and "Men of the Sky," all First National.
- WILSON, LOIS**; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest" and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros., "Once a Gentleman," Cruze-Tiffany, and "Temptation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Universal.
- WITHERS, GRANT**; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros. Now on vaudeville tour.
- WOLHEIM, LOUIS**; died February, 1931. His last rôle was in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M.
- WOOLSEY, ROBERT**; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at Radio studio. Contract star. Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos," Ginger in "Dixiana," Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," and "Too Many Cooks," all for Radio.
- WRAY, FAY**; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Anastasia in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount. Caroline Walker in "The Finger Points," First National. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.
- YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL**; married; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. She returns to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands."
- YOUNG, LORETTA**; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Dorothy in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Feminine lead in "Beau Ideal," Radio. Feminine lead in "Three Girls Lost," Fox. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Co-starred in "We Three" and feminine lead in "Upper Underworld," First National.



While Marlene Dietrich was in Europe she visited the Paramount French studios and met Conrad Veidt and Olga Tschetchova who were making a German version of "The Virtuous Sin."

Harold Lloyd, Jr.

(Continued from page 29)

life—"We want a son—a son."

Did it mean that life, a jade however prodigal, was withholding the ultimate desire lest Paradise be here and now?

And then, on that tense night of January 25, at 8:35 o'clock, a tiny baby weighing less than three pounds—the baby boy.

The doctors said to Mildred and Harold, "He has a fifty-fifty chance." And the potential tragedy, the potential heaven of their hopes lay in those words.

He was born, Harold Lloyd, Junior, six weeks too soon. This tiny heir to millions, this heir to the man who has created laughter for the nations of the earth, this small scion of Arcadian acres had the smallest possible grip on the fullest possible life. *A fifty-fifty chance.*

And a nation put its ear to the ground and listened for the tiny heart-beat daily growing stronger. Mothers of premature babies, remembering their own anguished fear, fathers, grandmothers, college professors, actors, made kin by this common tie, sent thousands of letters, thousands of telegrams expressing their hope and their wish to help. Mothers sent tiny medallions of the Virgin Mary and of saints with the virtue to increase the life force. Bits of sacred metal held next to their own babies' feeble hearts came to Mildred and Harold "in the hope that this will do for your dear baby what it did for mine." One poor mother offered her own breast milk. . . .

MILDRED is dry-eyed when she tells of the baby's fight for life. But her soft blue eyes fill with unashamed tears when she tells of the people who prayed for her baby's life.

"I feel," she said, "I feel like kissing the whole world. I don't know how we can ever thank them. There isn't any way. Only I do wish that you would tell how I feel about it in your story, how much it has meant to us. It has been the most revealing, the most sacred experience Harold and I have ever had. I never really knew before how good the world is, how kind. To think that so many people cared so much. I feel now that if I ever did a bad thing I wouldn't want to go on living . . ."

And Harold, "It is so sacred to me that I can't speak about it at all."

MILDRED began at the very beginning. For the little blonde girl, looking no more than a child herself, was woman-eager to talk about the most profound experience that comes to any woman whether dwelling on Arcadian acres or on farmstead fields.

She told me how she felt when she knew that she was to have another baby. She never for one instant thought that this baby would be anything but a boy. She never bought anything but baby-boy clothes for him. Tiny scraps of dresses with turn down collars. Tiny scraps of *crepe-de-chine* coats, midget-masculine in their tailoring. And oh, the dozens and dozens of tiny scraps

there are! The fine handkerchief linen sheets, the bassinet lined with pale peach pink and covered with *point d'esprit*. The squarish little bootees. The plain, exquisite caps. *Mildred knew that this baby was Harold Lloyd, Junior.* A dream-come-true growing within her.

She was so careful of that tiny life. She didn't give parties. She didn't go to parties. She rested. She dieted. She walked the requisite amount. She did, lovingly and carefully, everything she was told to do. The House of Lloyd stood still, hushed and on tiptoe, while it's tiny heir attained his being.

The slow months went by and the day came—frighteningly too soon—when Mildred knew that her baby would be born. The doctor was summoned and there followed a day of fighting to forestall the too-early event. When, at last, there wasn't a minute to spare, Mildred was driven to the hospital in a pink wadded dressing gown and bedroom slippers. No time even for a hat.

Through the early hours of the night a race took place such as a woman seldom took before. Harold sat on the front seat with the chauffeur. Mildred and the doctor on the back. At every turn of the wheel Harold would turn back asking, "Are you all right, honey?" And Mildred would answer, "All right, dear." A gallant answer in the face of imminent birth.

MILDRED herself, astoundingly cool and competent, cut the red tape of hospital preliminaries. There was no time, she told them, for pre-operating room details. There was no time for anything. The merciful anesthetic cone was clamped over her face. The world went dark and—a baby cried.

Ten minutes after Mildred Lloyd stepped from her car into the hospital, Harold Lloyd, Junior, was born.

Out of the dark Mildred heard her own voice asking the old, old question—"What is it?"

And a doctor's voice replying absently, "It's a girl."
"Ohhhh . . ."

In that operating room such a fight for a tiny life was being waged that the white-gowned men waging it had no time, no coherent thought for details of sex. In one corner of the room, whiter than the white mask he wore, Harold Lloyd stood watching. Mildred had called for him. He was there. But the famous fun-maker was helpless where fun does not ever come.

Back in her own room, wheeled there at her own dictate and left alone for the space of a minute or two Mildred Lloyd phoned her home and the household she had left dissolved in tears. She felt as well as she had ever felt. And in her own room, a few minutes later on, the doctor said, laughing nervously, "I could have sworn it was a girl. I guess I didn't think what I was saying—"

"You mean it's a boy?" Mildred cried excitedly.

And the doctor said the words that

Fight Fat As Millions Do It



Thin Beauties Tell The Way

All about you see a new condition as regards obesity. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Abnormal figures are nowhere near so common as they were. A great reason lies in a new discovery made by modern science. It is used by doctors the world over.

A greater reason lies in the fact that multitudes of men and women are exhibiting and telling the results. They are met in every circle. Women with new youth, new beauty, new vivacity. Men with new vigor.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate. So all modern physicians are feeding the system this gland substance which it lacks.

A Popular Way

Marmola prescription tablets present this right way at its best. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory, and adapted to the average case. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, by users telling others. The results are seen wherever you look. Ask your slender friends about them.

Many men and women still retain their fat, to their vast detriment. Many are trying hard and harmful methods to reduce. Many are misled by fakers in this field.

We urge all of you to try Marmola. It embodies the factors which modern doctors use. It is doing more than all other methods combined to create the slender figures which you see today.

Don't waste your time and effort. Adopt the scientific method which all doctors now advise. Do it through your doctor, or with Marmola tablets. Watch the results, and decide.

Marmola costs \$1 a box at drug stores. A book in each box gives the formula and explains results. Go order it today.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce



YOU CAN'T PRINT IT!

- "Please, don't print that story!" she begged. "If you do, it will mean the life of the only man I've ever loved!" Torn between duty and love, the star reporter looked longingly at her. Could he forget his paper for this woman?
- You don't want to miss the complete novelette, illustrated with actual scenes from the photoplay, "The Finger Points" which stars Richard Barthelmess. Fay Wray is the girl.
- Read this exciting newspaper yarn in the June issue of Screen Romances, on sale May first. This particular issue is overflowing with stars. Other complete stories include Constance Bennett in "Born to Love" . . . Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak" . . . George Arliss in "The Millionaire" . . . Robert Montgomery in "Shipmates" . . . Gary Cooper in "City Streets" and others. Remember the magazine is

**Screen
Romances**

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

are to ring in the Lloydian ears their lives long—"Yes, it's a boy."

MILDRED looked at Harold, limp against the surgically clean white wall. Here was the moment for laughter. No laughter came. His face was white. He tried to smile. He who has made so many millions laugh could not, now, help himself. He tried to change the subject. The doctor attempted some diversion. Never was birth of long desired heir greeted so solemnly, so sadly.

And then Mildred asked, very low, "He isn't going—to live?"

"He has a fifty-fifty chance."

Mothers and fathers all over the world listening so kindly, so anxiously for this little baby's heart-beats can breathe easily again—the fight is won. Unless something very untoward occurs, Harold Lloyd, Junior, will grow as lustily as your little Tom, or Dick or Harry. The heir to the famous horn-rimmed spectacles will wear them yet!

HE looks" Mildred said, "exactly the way Gloria did when she was born. He has blue eyes and a down of dark hair. He'll probably be a blond. He has a perfect head and darling ears and he was born with finger nails and eyebrows and all the appurtenances of a full-time baby. He was, we calculate, six weeks premature. He was fed from a dropper at first and now he takes a bottle and wants every drop of it.

"The newspapers named him. Of course that would be his name but he was named for us before we got around to thinking about it.

"He's going to be brought up just like any other little American boy in an American family. He is not going to be spoiled, hard though it will be to prevent it. I asked Harold yesterday, when we were at the hospital looking at him, whether he thought that he would ever

spank him. He looked at me with horror in his eyes! He is, of course, going to have plenty of what Gloria and Peggy have—*loving*. Which isn't the same thing at all as being spoiled.

"He's going to public school. He's going to be trained to fight his own battles. When he is old enough he's going to get himself a job. Even if it's a ten dollar a week job he'll *have* to have one. I will never allow money to rob him of his initiative which is his birthright.

"Harold and I haven't talked much about what we hope he will be. It's too soon. It's been too precarious. But I know that whatever he wants to be will meet with our approval. So long as he is a *doer*. I know, too, that Harold would have no objections whatever to his going on the screen if he ever shows that tendency. In fact Harold has often said that he'd rather like to have a comic in the family! We know that Gloria will be on the screen. She certainly has every ear-mark of it now.

"Oh, we're going to be practical with the baby. We know what is so today may not be so tomorrow. That's the way of things. And we have been practical always with Gloria and with Peggy. They are being taught to sew and cook and make beds and dust. They are being taught the value of things. If they destroy anything they do not go unpunished or un-talked to."

A wise man once said of his son, "I pray that no man will be the poorer, no woman the sadder, for his having lived."

I believe that this may be said today of Harold Lloyd, Senior. As kindly, as genuine a gentleman as ever lived. I believe that, one day, it may be said of his son. For Harold Lloyd, Junior, has inherited more than millions, he has inherited two hearts who will love him wisely and well. Who know the difference between "loving" and "spoiling."

Garbo—Woman Without Love

(Continued from page 32)

being married to a world-symbol—to a man who was known as the world's lover.

BUT there was something deeper than the thought of Stiller, more fundamental than her fear of publicity that shattered Garbo's nearest approach to a romance. The thing that made Garbo run away on the eve of her marriage to John Gilbert was the same thing that makes her walk suddenly out of the home of a friend. The same thing that makes her grow suddenly aloof and unapproachable in the midst of her most congenial moods. A sudden profound sense of the inadequacy of human companionship; a sudden desperate need to keep herself to herself. Garbo, in spite of the many childlike qualities of her nature, knows with a grim unhappy certitude the fundamental oneness of the human soul. Knows that in the last analysis we all walk through life alone and blindfolded. Knows that we may

reach out gropingly to touch other human beings and seek to draw them to us—but that we can never, try as we may, make them part of us. Garbo knows—knows it instinctively, I think, and has always known it—that the illusion of the oneness of two beings which is created by physical love is an illusion and nothing more; that in reality those two must remain separate beings forever, however deep their love, however great their desire to partake of the essence of one another's souls.

And so even love—the common denominator to which all women can be reduced, has failed to bring Greta Garbo to the level of ordinary everyday existence. Whether she wills it or not she remains apart—lovely, mysterious and eternally the Unknown. Perhaps it is this fact, that she has never been in love, which is at the very heart of her mystery. The mystery which millions will worship and adore forever.

Win... \$ 3,750.00! or Buick 8 Sedan and \$2,500.00 Cash



Can You Find 5 Faces?

Sensational money-making opportunity for everybody! You may win \$3,700 if you prefer all cash or handsome latest model Buick 8 Sedan and \$2,500 in cash. **This offer is made by a prominent business house for advertising purposes. Someone is going to win \$3,700—why not you?**

I want to send you this prize. Act quick! Send your answer today and qualify for an opportunity to win.

All you do to qualify in this great cash prize advertising plan is to find five faces in picture.

The artist has hidden faces in the clouds, and in odd places about the girl in the moon. Some faces are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. If you can pick five or more faces, mark them. Clip the picture and send to me together with your name and address in coupon. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

Easy To Win - \$12,960 in 103 Cash Prizes

We will give away \$12,960 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given. You get \$3,700 if you win first grand prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. Second grand prize \$1,000 in

cash. Third grand prize \$500 in cash. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

Send No Money The main thing is—send in your answer today. You can share in this advertising cash distribution. Hurry! and take no chance of losing the extra reward of

\$1,000.00

FOR PROMPTNESS

Send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for \$1,000 extra given for promptness if you win the Buick Sedan—a total of \$3,700 if you prefer all cash.

\$1,000 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find five faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

SEND COUPON TODAY

THOMAS LEE, Mgr.
427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 881, Chicago, Ill.

I have found five faces in the \$3,700.00 prize picture and am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name

Address

Town..... State.....



Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

This is a picture of Mr. C. H. Essig, Argos, Ind., taken on his farm. He writes: "Wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands. It is indeed a fortune to me."

Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be Prompt! Answer today!

Film Gossip of the Month

(Continued from page 98)

NORMA SHEARER certainly is being kept busy at the studio. The day she was finishing her last picture she was rushing back and forth from set to wardrobe department to dressing room, fitting and selecting her clothes for her next, "A Free Soul."

Although Norma is about the biggest star on the lot, she still keeps the same old dressing room she's had for several years. She says no elaborate studio bungalows for her. Her explanation is "I am superstitious!"

How about a gang picture to end all gang pictures with a theme song entitled, "Climb Capone Knee, Gummy Boy?" The credit (?) for this goes to Troy Orr.

WE wonder if you realize the extent of the popularity that Robert Montgomery is enjoying. The studio told us that his fan mail is topped only by one other star on the lot—and Bob's comparatively a newcomer.

Right now, Bob is taking a much needed vacation. He and his wife are spending it seeing the shows and sights of New York, leaving baby Montgomery in care of Grandma. Combining a little business with all this pleasure, Bob is viewing several stage productions that he may do later on.

Out of the fan magazines advertised: "Now twenty-four great screen stars

teach you how to make love absolutely free."

Which Harrison Carroll supplemented with: "It isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep!"

HOOT GIBSON is back in town following a vaudeville tour of the country. And maybe you think wife Sally Eilers isn't happy! She was at the railroad station half an hour before Hoot's train pulled in. While he was gone, Sally went out very little, and only then with her chum, Marian Nixon, and Marian's husband.

The day following Hoot's arrival, he was given a rousing welcome when he went to the Brown Derby for lunch. He was accompanied by a pretty, dark-haired young woman. But you may be sure it was Sally!

Ronnie Colman, Hollywood's most conservative "man-about-town," still refuses to install a telephone at his bachelor cabin in Malibu Beach. Very exclusive, don't you think?

LOOKS like Mae Murray is back in pictures to stay a while this time. She made quite a hit in her first comeback picture, and she's going to play in Lowell Sherman's latest, "High Stakes." For a while it looked like Mae's only public appearances would be

made via the courtrooms—she's been in so many legal battles lately. Mae has been doing quite well with the oil business down at Venice Beach, too, but once an actress—!

Mae Clarke's romance with John McCormick (Colleen Moore's "ex") seems to be sputtering out. John and Mae announced their engagement at the time that Colleen obtained an interlocutory degree. But now we hardly ever see them together.

Mae is an ex-Broadway showgirl, and she and Barbara Stanwyck were steady pals on the Great White Way.

DOLORES DEL RIO is completely recovered from the very severe illness that kept her from the screen for the past year and a half. We caught a glimpse of her on the lawn of her new and secluded beach place the other day and she looks more beautiful than she ever did before. It is whispered about that she will sign with Sam Goldwyn—if Fox doesn't beat him to it!

At least those of us who have missed her on the screen will soon have our beautiful Mexican lady back again.

For no reason at all Harry Brand, publicity agent, tells the story about the Scotchman who was told his wife needed salt air, so he fanned her with a herring

OH YEAH?

By NATE COLLIER



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. while an art student in Paris made a lifesize copy of September Morn which was so realistic that whenever the temperature went down to zero she climbed down from the canvas and wiped his coat and pants.

George Bancroft started a walking trip around the world in four different directions at the same time in 1904. In 1913 he met himself simultaneously in Tibet, Greenland and Madagascar, and never recognized himself.

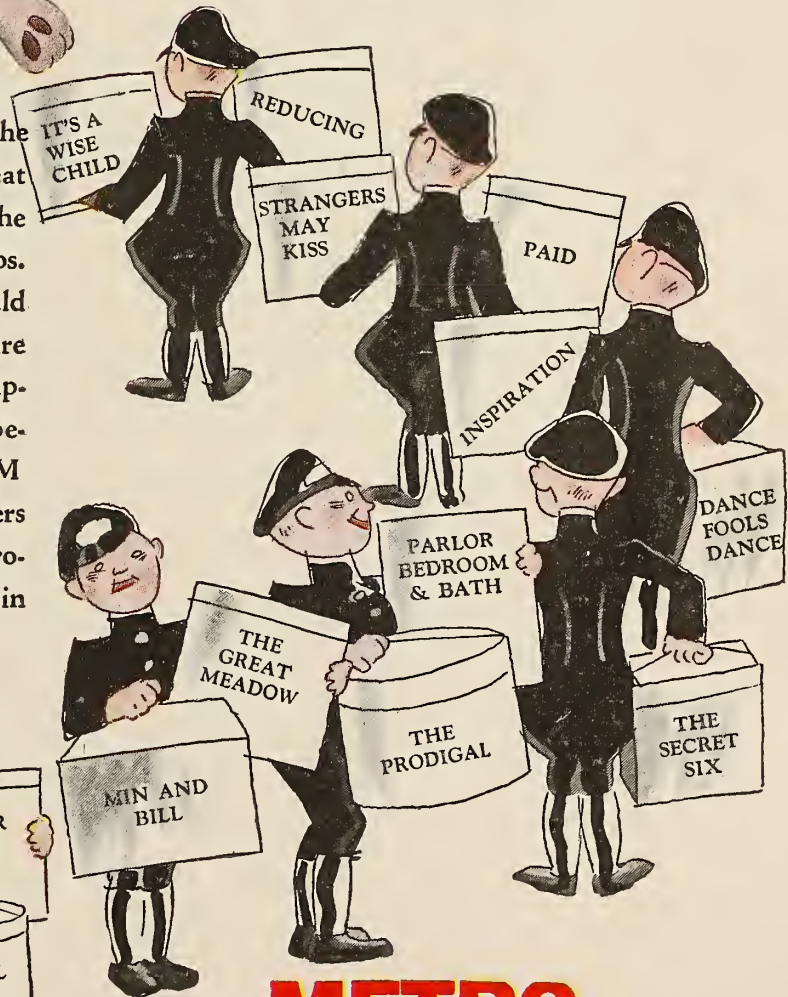
"BOWWOWSER" A COCK-EYED SPANIEL OWNED BY RONALD COLMAN HAS SEVEN TAILS, ONE FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK. MONDAY'S TAIL WAGS ON MONDAY, TUESDAY'S TAIL ON TUESDAY, AND SO ON, BUT THE SEVENTH TAIL IS SUNDAY, THE TAIL OF REST. IT DOES NOT WAG.

Miss
1931



"I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!"

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



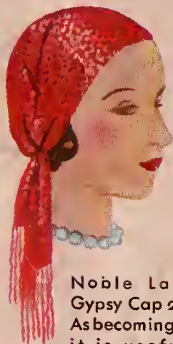
METRO GOLDWYN MAYER



WEAR A NOBLE LADY HAIR NET WHILE YOU SLEEP
It will make your wave last twice as long!



Noble Lady Water Wave Net with Chin Ribbon . 10c
Slip it over your hair when you water-wave it, and know that it will "set" just right. All colors.



Noble Lady Gypsy Cap 20c
As becoming as it is useful. Ideal for all active sports. In lovely colors, and two-tone shades.



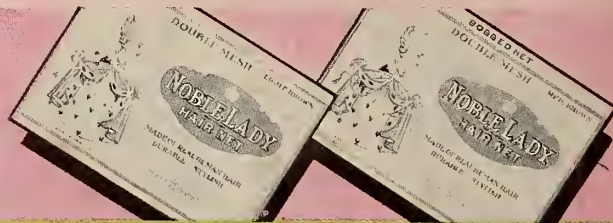
IN THE KITCHEN—OR WHILE SERVING
Neat, of course...but sanitary, too...with a Noble Lady Hair Net!



Noble Lady Spanish Bandeau . 10c
Cloisonné buckle . 10c
Sold separately. Gay and charming—for outdoor sports. All colors.



Noble Lady Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic . 10c
To set your wave or to train your hair. Wear it, too, while cold-creaming your face. In pastel colors and hair shades. Made in France.



Noble Lady Hair Nets come in all colors, including Grey and White.

Two sizes: — for long hair — for bobby hair.

NOBLE LADY HAIR NETS

3 FOR 25¢

KRESS STORES

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10¢

15 Cents in Canada

Norma Shearer

HOW CONNIE
BENNETT SPENDS
HER MONEY

HOLLYWOOD'S WITTIEST MAN

By Achmed Abdullah

Beech-Nut

FRUIT DROPS



More enjoyable than ever,
these new *smooth* drops

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Beech-Nut
Gum



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THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.



FOX

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor **Walter Ramsey, Western Representative**

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She thought:
 "You'd be the most attractive man
 at the hotel if you weren't in-
 excusably guilty of 'B.O.'"
Yet, to be polite,

She said:
 "I'd better go in and write my
 postals if I want to catch the mail."

Good looking... agreeable

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Don't trifle with "B.O." It's so easy for *anyone* to offend and not know it—especially these hot days when we perspire more freely. We quickly became used to an ever-present odor—don't notice it *in ourselves*—never dream it is annoying others. But it is!

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stops body odor

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM, BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
 Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
 First National Studios, Burbank, California.
 Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
 Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
 Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
 RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
 RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
 Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
 Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
 Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
 United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
 Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ADOREÉ, RENÉE; divorced from William Gill, born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Now recovering from illness at Prescott, Arizona.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Jerry Keene in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," for Fox. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Clarence in "The Connecticut Yankee," Fox. Featured rôle "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Shep Lambert in "Spent Bullets," First National. Starred in "The Brat," Fox.

ALLEN, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. He has played a bit in "Big Business Girl" and a featured rôle in "The Reckless Hour."

ALVARADO, DON; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Juan in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Love o' Lil," Columbia. Ramon in "Beau Ideal," RKO-Radio.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Norton in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Male lead in "Waiting at the Church," RKO-Radio and "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde." Star of "Gun Smoke," second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and co-starred in "Rose of the Rancho," all for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Larry Doyle in "Dancer Lights," RKO-Radio. Ace Carter in "Paid," M-G-M. Regan in "The Iron Man," and male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," both Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for RKO-Radio release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Ancker; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Sylvia Martin in "Gang Buster," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Cavalier of the Streets" for Paramount. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; widow of Kenneth Hawks, born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Princess in "The Royal Bed," RKO-Radio. Kitty in "Sheep's Clothing," RKO-

Radio. Starred in "White Shoulders" and "Nancy's Private Affair," both for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellcott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Louis Ricarno in "Doorway to Hell," Warner Bros. Billy Benson in "East is West," Jerry in "Many a Slip," star of "Fires of Youth," and the Kid in "The Iron Man," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Carney in "Paid," Tommy in "Reducing," Rodney in "Dance, Fools, Dance," and Otto in "Daybreak," all for M-G-M. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Bill Rafferty in "Derelict," Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. For the last eight years she has been on the stage in England. First American picture, "Tarnished Lady," for Paramount.

BARNES, Carman; unmarried; born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. To make her, talkie debut in "Confessions of a Debutante."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick," Title rôle in "Svengali," Russian ballet master in "The Mad Genius," all for Warner Bros.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," and the father in "Five and Ten," both for M-G-M. Lawyer in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol," El Puma in "The Lash," Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," star of "Spent Bullets," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Esteban in "This Modern World," Dr. Penning in "Doctors' Wives," for Fox. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. French officer in "I Surrender," and Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free-lance player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Machwirth in "Renegades," Fox. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tripod in "Way for a Sailor," Bill in "Min and Bill," Gangster in "The Secret Six," Aviator in "Sea Eagles," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Free lance player. Male lead in "Disappearing Enemies," RKO-Pathé. Now secretary to Clara Bow.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plant; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star for both RKO-Pathé and Warner Bros. Sylvia in "Sin Takes a Holiday," RKO-Pathé. Starred in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Star of "Bought!" Warner Bros.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "Doctors' Wives," and "Hush Money," Fox.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dan in "Fassion Flower," M-G-M. Starred in "River's End," Warner Bros. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," and star of "Tampico," both M-G-M. Co-starred in "East of Borneo," Universal.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mothers Cry," Paul

(Continued on page 8)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JULY AND AUGUST—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

John Gilbert	July 10	Glenn Tryon	August 2
Sidney Blackmer	July 13	Dolores Del Rio	August 3
Richard Dix	July 18	Dorothy Jordan	August 9
Lila Lee	July 25	Charles Farrell	August 9
Lawrence Gray	July 27	Norma Shearer	August 10
Aileen Pringle	July 27	Charles Rogers	August 13
Joe E. Brown	July 28	Regis Toomey	August 13
Helen Wright	July 28	June Collyer	August 19
Catherine Dale Owen	July 28	George Fawcett	August 25
William Powell	July 29	Alice White	August 28

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"FRONTIER"
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

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The Glamour ... Ecstasy ... Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

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Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives ... Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.



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TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today! For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle... entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it... and blends perfectly with your natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head.

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THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO., DEPT. K-7
417 Fifth Avenue New York
Name _____
Address _____

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

- de Sergy in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National. Lawyer in "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M.
- BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Kick," and "God's Gift to Women," all Warner Bros. Feminine lead in "Lillies of Broadway," Universal.
- BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Women Love Once," Paramount.
- BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Count Mirko in "One Heavenly Night," Samuel Goldwyn. Prince in "Resurrection," Universal. Bart Carter in "Seed," Universal.
- BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," starred in "Kick In," all for Paramount. Now in sanitarium.
- BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," and "Suicide Fleet," all for RKO-Pathé.
- BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gun Smoke," with Richard Arlen, and "City Streets," with Gary Cooper, both for Paramount.
- BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Egan; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Comedy leads in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party," Single-O in "Just Imagine," title rôle in "Mr. Lemon of Orange," comedy lead in "Women of All Nations," janitor in "Riding for a Fall," all for Fox.
- BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. May in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, and "Consolation Husband," RKO-Radio. "Pagan Lady," Independent.
- BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Gwen in "The Royal Family," feminine lead in "Gun Smoke," for Paramount. Heroine in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.
- BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Noel Adam in "Scandal Sheet," featured rôles in "East Lynne," Fox, and "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead, Paramount.
- BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kans. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women," and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.
- BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrath; born in Edgemoor, Pa. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," all First National.
- BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Billy the Kid," Berk in "The Great Meadow," featured rôle in "The Secret Six," Football hero in "Spent Bullets," First National.
- CAGNEY, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Doorway to Hell," "Other Men's Women," "The Millionaire," and "The Public Enemy."
- CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stars in "Whoopee" and "Palme Days," for Sam. Goldwyn.
- CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Jean Blair in "Check and Double Check," Now on vaudeville tour.
- CARROLL, MARY; married to James Kirkland; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angels" and "Personal Maid," all for Paramount.
- CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Daybreak," M-G-M; "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; "Spent Bullets," and "Five Star Final," First National.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights." Now vacationing in Europe.
- CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star, making two-reel comedies.
- CHARLTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pansy in "Anybody's Woman," star of "The Right to Love," "Unfaithful" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," all for Paramount.
- CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox.
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," for Paramount.
- CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Mabel in "Red Hot Sinners," Warner Bros. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National.
- CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Trail," "The Spider," "Mr. Lemon of Orange," "Charley Chan Carries On," "Over the Hill," "Skyline," and "Sugar-Daddies," all for Fox.
- CLARKE, MAE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Gangster's moll in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia.
- CLAIRE, INA; separated from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.
- CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Rôle in "Dishonored," Paramount. Ace Beaudry in "Not Quite a Gentleman" and William Marriott in "Three Girls Lost," Fox. Philip Lord in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia. Male lead in "The Common Law" and Capt. von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience."
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers," and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Secrets of a Secretary" and star of "Street of Women," all for Paramount.
- COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National. Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M.
- COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Betty Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Feminine lead in "Manhattan Musketiers," rôle in "Dude Ranch," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.
- COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden," and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.
- COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mahyna in "She Got What She Wanted," Cruze-Tiffany. Vamp in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Star of "Helga," RKO-Radio Now appearing on Pacific Coast stage.
- COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Tom Sawyer," featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.
- COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Featured rôle in "Skippy," title rôle in "Sooky," now in production.
- COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco," Clint Belmont in "Fighting Caravans," Starred in "City Streets" and "I Take This Woman," all for Paramount.
- CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Illucit," "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros. and "Big Business Girl," First National star of "Dance, Gigolo, Dance," RKO-Radio.
- COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Expensive Women," First National.
- CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid" star of "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Torch Song" and "Girls Together," all for M-G-M.
- DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio.
- DANE, KATE; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Darnour studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Darnour-Radio.
- DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "My Past," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "A Woman of the World," Warner Bros. Leading rôle in "The Honor of the Family," First National.
- DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," and "Five and Ten," all for M-G-M.
- DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," Universal.
- DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Elinor Farrington in "Along Came a Lady," Yvonne in "Playboy of Paris," feminine leads in "June Moon" and "Confessions of a Co-ed" and featured rôle in "Caught," all Paramount.
- DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Rôle in "High River," RKO-Radio.
- DEL RÍO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. "Rose of the Rancho," Paramount, "The Dove" and "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.
- DELROY, IRENE; unmarried; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends" and "Men of the Sky," Warners.
- DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steffel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Paul "Along Came a Lady's" "Morals," M-G-M. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bed-

room and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to non-professional; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel." Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," and "Indiscretion," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Donovan's Kid" and star of "Marcheta," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Dolores in "Mr. Lemon of Orange." Featured rôle in "Young As You Feel," "Women of All Nations," and star of "Champagne," all for Fox.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Rôle in "Five and Ten."

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Starred in "The Night Watch," First National. Now starring in "The Age for Love," United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightning," Fox. Mother in "Caught," Paramount.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Cobourg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marie in "Reducing," title rôle in "Politics," both for M-G-M.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; married to Clyde E. Great-house; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.

DUNNE, IRENE; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Starred in "Should Wives Work?" RKO-Radio.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from non-professional; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Cosy in "The Prodigal," comedy leads in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Stepping Out," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Skyline," "Quick Millions," "Thoroughbreds" and "Bad Girl," all for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Paul in "Playboy of Paris," Oscar in "Only Saps Work," Ambrose in "Along Came Youth," Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch" and "Manhattan Musketeers," all for Paramount.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Juvenile lead in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Joe Mascara in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Now on world tour.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Charlie Peters in "The Princess and the Plumber," co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back," co-star of "Body and Soul," and star of "The Plutocrat," all for Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "God's Gift to Women" and "Hercules, Esquire," Warners.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount, "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National. Rôle in "The Queen of Hollywood," Paramount.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thyner in "No Limit" and male lead opposite Carole Lombard in "It Pays to Advertise."

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Heaven and Earth" and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Riding For a Fall," Fox.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract player. Dulcie in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Edith Flint in "Scandal Sheet." Featured rôle in "City Streets," and "Ladies Man," Paramount. Starred in "The Hungry Wife," Warners.

CARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration" and "Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Lucky Star," co-starred in "The Man Who Came Back," starred in "Daddy Long-Legs," and "Angel Face," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takamah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Contract star. Allied productions. Starred in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs" for Universal and "Clearing the Range," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; separated from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "One Glorious Night," "Redemption," "Way For a Sailor," "A Gentleman's Fate" and "Cheri-Bebi," all for M-G-M.



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(Continued on page 100)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

This page is for the readers and the editor of MODERN SCREEN—a page for frank discussion of the talkies and the stars

Dear Friends:

What is your idea about editors? Come, now—don't be afraid of hurting my feelings—haven't you often pictured them as rather cantankerous, mean old things who take a fiendish delight in rejecting starving (but, oh, so brilliant) authors' manuscripts and in running a blue pencil through the best paragraphs in those few stories they accept?

Well, I'm going to spoil that picture for you right now. I'm an editor who is positively bursting with pride in my contributors. There's Madame Elinor Glyn, for example—have you seen her very fine novel "Glorious Flame," which is running in one of the biggest fiction magazines? And did you know that Hagar Wilde, who has been writing those charming little fiction stories for MODERN SCREEN, has just published a brilliant novel called "Break-Up" which Paramount is going to make into a picture? Also, perhaps you would be interested to learn that Miss Wilde has just recently returned from Hollywood, whither she went, under contract to Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" and "The Front Page" fame.

There's Faith Baldwin, too, whose latest novel, "Skyscraper," has been purchased as picture material by M-G-M. The picturization will be called "Skyscraper Souls." And young Charleson Gray, whose articles appear from time to time in this magazine, recently wrote a very vivid novel about Hollywood called "Spotlight Madness." And he's doing another now.

Well—I don't want to be too boastful about my writers. But I am rather proud of them and I thought you'd like to know about some of the activities of the talented people whose articles and stories you find in MODERN SCREEN.

The Editor

There seems to be a rallying of
Pola Negri fans

I admired the big way in which you announced Pola Negri's return to the screen. Please give us the latest news of her in every issue, or at least a photograph, won't you?

L. D. FACKLER,
Roanoke, Virginia.

Are we glad Pola Negri is back! Foolish question. There's only one Pola! Won't you wish her the best of luck for us?

SOME POLA NEGRI FANS,
Chicago, Illinois.

I had just about given up all hope of ever seeing Pola in a talkie and now that I will it seems too good to be true. . . . Pola should be good—she's an accomplished linguist and she has the beauty and charm necessary for a successful actress. . . .

HELEN MANNING,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Perhaps Pola isn't as pretty as Anita Page or Dolores Costello, but she has something finer. Her beauty is from the soul of a woman who has known the fullness of life, the tragedy and happiness of the world.

ROY B. McALONEY,
South Easton, Massachusetts.

I'll be glad that Pola Negri is back, if only to see how she compares with our new charmers. Her come-back is a risky thing, but, having seen Pola at her best in the past, I think she'll come through.

MARY A. CUMMINGS,
Rio Nido, California.

A word or two about Mae Murray
(See Page 62, this issue)

Did Mae Murray make a hit in her latest rôle—and how! It takes a princess to show the new ones some new tricks.

JOSEPH T. KILLEA,
Albany, N. Y.

Although I have always been an ardent admirer of Mae in the past, I am not reluctant to say I was forced to have a change of heart about her upon viewing her revived "Peacock Alley." Her efforts to display her charms seemed positively futile; I have always been sorry I saw the picture, for I would have liked to remember Mae as she was in the old days when her romantic beauty dominated the silent screen. However, you can pass the word on to Mae that her feet and legs are as beautiful as ever.

MRS. MARY D. FRENTZEL,
Portland, Oregon.

Readers speak their minds about
stories and departments

I . . . sure did enjoy the article, "Rudolph Valentino as I Knew Him," by Elinor Glyn. . . . Madame Glyn is my favorite author and she brought Valentino's personality to life so vividly.

MISS ALASKA GUTHRIE,
Huntington, West Virginia.

I was much disappointed in not finding the "Screen Loves" idea carried out in the June issue. I suggest that Ramon Novarro be the victim for this department next month.

PHOEBE,
Evansville, Indiana.

I think mothers should appreciate your telling (in your directory of pictures) what productions are suitable for children and those that aren't.

A DEVOTED FAN,
Newark, Ohio.
(Continued on page 98)

The MODERN SCREEN Directory

(PICTURES)



Ben Lyon and Gloria Swanson in a scene from Gloria's latest film, "Indiscreet." This talkie permits the lovely Swanson to sing and wear stunning clothes and deliver some cute dialogue.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)—Reviewed in this issue.

BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BACHELOR FATHER (M-G-M)—A rollicking story with a great deal of sophistication and Marion Davies in great form as the leading character. **Good**—but not suitable for children.

BAD SISTER (Universal)—Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville in a Booth Tarkington story. **Good**.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (RKO-Radio)—It's the old story about the working gal who marries her boss, but it is entertaining. Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez are in it. **Very good**—but children will not care for it much.

THE BIG TRAIL (Fox)—Another epic of the old pioneering days with John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill, El Brendel, Tully Marshall and several thousand extra players. **Excellent**—suitable for children.

THE BLUE ANGEL (Paramount)—A well-told, but sordid tale of love in a drab vaudeville troupe. Emil Jannings will surprise you in his first talkie. Marlene Dietrich is excellent as the singer. **Very good**—but not suitable for children.

BODY AND SOUL (Fox)—Another war story with Charles Farrell this time, and Elissa Landi, the new Fox importation, in the leading roles. Charles is not quite as good in this as he has been in other films, but Elissa is excellent. **Good**.

BORN TO LOVE (RKO-Pathé)—It's the old story about the nurse in the war, the two officers and the baby. Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea have the leading roles. **Good**—but not for children.

CAPTAIN THUNDER (Warner)—The famous stage whimsy—known on the boards as "Captain Applejack"—in talkie form. **Fair**.

CHANCES—(First National)—Reviewed in this issue.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON (Fox)—The famous Chinese detective—created by the well known author, Earl Derr Biggers—continues with his hair-raising exploits. Warner Oland again plays the detective. **Very good**.

CIMARRON (RKO-Radio)—A saga of American life from the land-rush days right up until the present time. Taken from Edna Ferber's famous novel, this film is a very faithful reproduction of the book. Richard Dix does remarkably well as Yancey Cravat. **Excellent**—suitable for children.

CITY LIGHTS (United Artists)—Charlie Chaplin's latest. **Excellent**—especially suitable for children.

. . . . **WE** are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

THE COMMON LAW (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed in this issue.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)—The famous story of the famous author, Mark Twain, in talkie form with Will Rogers in the title role. Rogers as the modern American who finds himself running around in historical times will delight you. **Excellent**—suitable for children.

THE CONQUERING HORDE (Paramount)—Another wild Western with Richard Arlen in the leading rôle—as usual. **Very good**—suitable for children.

CRACKED NUTS (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in another of their cuckoo comedies which have made them famous. **Good**.

DADDY LONG-LEGS (Fox)—Reviewed in this issue.

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE (M-G-M)—A girl whose father loses his money becomes a reporter and is put on the trail of a gangster murderer. What she discovers is a surprise. Joan Crawford is the girl. Clark Gable, a newcomer, plays the gangster. Watch this chap—he'll be a star soon. **Good**.

DANGER LIGHTS (RKO-Radio)—The late Louis Wolheim, Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong in a drama of the railroad. The love element is pretty weak but the railroad sequences are great. **Good**—suitable for children.

THE DEVIL TO PAY (United Artists)—A fluffy little story with Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and a competent cast. Ronnie is a ne'er-do-well whom everybody finds very charming. **Excellent**.

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—A story of airplanes, dirigibles and the South Pole with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Hobart Bosworth. Some thrilling air scenes but gruesome toward the end of the picture. **Very good**.

DISHONORED (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's acting makes this film worth seeing although the story is somewhat weak. The direction, however, is interesting in its treatment of the modern method. **Good**—but children won't like it.

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS (Warner)—Another of those married life comedies. James Hall, Lew Cody, Natalie Moorhead and Irene Delroy do the emoting. **Fair**—children won't like it.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN (Fox)—A woman-hater, a young married couple who are his best friends, and a wager constitute this story. Jeanette MacDonald, Edmund Lowe and Roland Young. **Good**.

DRACULA (Universal)—A story of the souls who are dead yet not dead—"undead," they are called. They prey upon the living. A creepy and chill-

(Continued on page 116)

BEAUTY ADVICE

During summer days, your hair needs extra care. Here's splendid advice



Winsome Mary Brian shows you in the four pictures at the left how to make those fascinating little flat curls over the ears. First, moisten the hair with perfume or waveset lotion. Then wrap the thin strands around your fingers and fasten them with hairpins. Spray with brilliantine, if you like. In the bottom picture, you see the results.

By MARY BIDDLE

WHEN I saw Clarine at a house party in Connecticut in April she looked lovelier than I had ever seen her—and Clarine is quite the most beautiful girl I have ever known. Tall, cool and slim. A halo of taffy-colored hair that clung to her neck in an entrancing bob at the Saturday night dance and which was neatly coiffed in tiny flat rolls on Sunday afternoon when we were playing tennis. Her skin was peaches and cream. Every now and then some man could be heard saying, "Who is that girl with the grand hair—the one in the green dress?"

When I saw Clarine at Nantucket last week-end, she looked—a sight! Oh, she was still tall and slim and her eyes were just as lovely as they had ever been. But she didn't look cool—she looked as if she had been put out in the sun to bake! And her hair—! I nearly wept when I saw it. It had turned straw-color, as taffy-blond hair will if it is not treated considerably in the summer time.

"You look terrible, Clarine," I said, with the candor of an old school friend. "What in the name of all that's holy have you done to your hair?" Yes, I was vehement.

"My hair? Why, nothing!" answered Clarine.

And that was precisely it. She had done nothing about her hair during those summer days and weeks in which she had sat in the sun on beaches and swung rackets on tennis courts and gone tearing over the country in somebody's good-looking roadster. So, when she said that she simply had to come to New York for a few days to buy a couple of things, I asked her to make my apartment her headquarters—and I determined that her topknot was going to receive some kind and tender treatment.

The summer is the hardest season of all for the hair. A shampoo and thorough drying after every swim is hardly possible, yet continued dampness *does* injure the hair. Sun scorches it, and dries out all the natural oils. Let alone the fact that sea breezes ruin your best finger-wave and make neatness a problem for Einstein to wrestle with. However, there are various ways and means of keeping one's hair in good condition during the summer—ways and means that will retain all the natural color and gloss and beauty of the hair. There are even ways of getting around the problem of neatness.

Therefore, when Clarine came to New York, I began by giving her an oil shampoo. A lot of people think that oil shampoos are exclusive to beauty parlors. Not at all—any girl can give herself one. I have recently been using a well-known prepared oil treatment which I have mentioned before and which I find very good. It is very easy to use and has a rather pleasant odor and it is a sure cure for dandruff and dry scalp. I usually heat a couple of tablespoonfuls, pour it into an egg-cup and then, in my oldest smock, proceed to massage my scalp firmly with fingertips dipped into the warm oil. Then I wrap a hot towel (*Continued on page 96*)

"Thin sandwiches are only an aggravation to a healthy, hungry man," says Richard Dix. "They irritate me unspeakably." In this article Mr. Dix tells what sandwiches he prefers—and just why.



Sandwiches are an important item on the summer menu. Follow Mr. Dix's taste and earn some real compliments from your men folk

THE MODERN HOSTESS

IMAGINE trying to get through a summer without benefit of sandwiches! But once upon a time there were no sandwiches in the world! Simply because no one had thought of inventing them! Then one day the Earl of Sandwich, having a good run of luck at the gaming table and being unwilling to leave it even for the sake of nourishment, instructed a servant to encase a chunk of meat between two pieces of bread. This being done, the Earl continued his game.

Well, the idea caught on; sandwiches, named after their inventor, of course, came to be quite the rage. And they certainly have retained their popularity, though we doubt very strongly if the good Earl would recognize, in some of the delicate slivers of bread and some of the fillings which are served to-day, the lineal descendants of his own husky innovation. Nor do we think he would approve of these emaciated descendants any more than do most men who are confronted with them. It has always been one of our favorite theories that men like sandwiches which are *filling* as well as filled—and as sandwiches assume such an important rôle in our national diet during the summer, we decided it was high time to find out for sure about them.

Since seeing Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat, the very masculine hero of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," we have

felt that Mr. Dix would be an ideal person to epitomize the masculine viewpoint on *any* subject; so we hastened to find out from him how men really do like their sandwiches.

"I agree with you perfectly," said Mr. Dix. "Thin sandwiches are only an aggravation to a healthy, hungry man. They irritate me unspeakably and if possible I protect myself against them and get a good thick substantial variety. Among my favorite sandwiches are chicken, club and bacon, and I think that these are best when toasted, though in the case of chicken sandwiches, toasting is not so essential. As I am very fond of leafy vegetables I think lettuce is practically half the sandwich and should be included whenever possible.

"The bread for sandwiches," Richard Dix continued, "should always be buttered (I am very fond of butter, particularly the good, fresh, unsalted kind). I think mayonnaise or other salad dressing or condiments should be used sparingly in sandwiches, just enough being added to emphasize the natural flavors of the fillings."

NOW you know that men are much alike and you will do well to be guided by the counsel of Mr. Dix in preparing sandwiches for your men folks. We have the recipes for four of Mr. Dix's favorite sandwiches—an open bacon, a chicken supreme, a tuna club, and a three-decker sandwich—all of them practically meals in themselves. Fill out the coupon on this page and they will be sent to you on separate cards, ready to be added to your collection of Modern Hostess recipes. We feel sure they will be popular with the men, and are so delicious that the women will eat them too, even at the risk of losing their figures.

In making up sandwiches of *any* type, there are a few general rules to follow. The bread should be cut in slices of uniform thickness. If the crusts are to come off, they should be removed (Continued on page 94)

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
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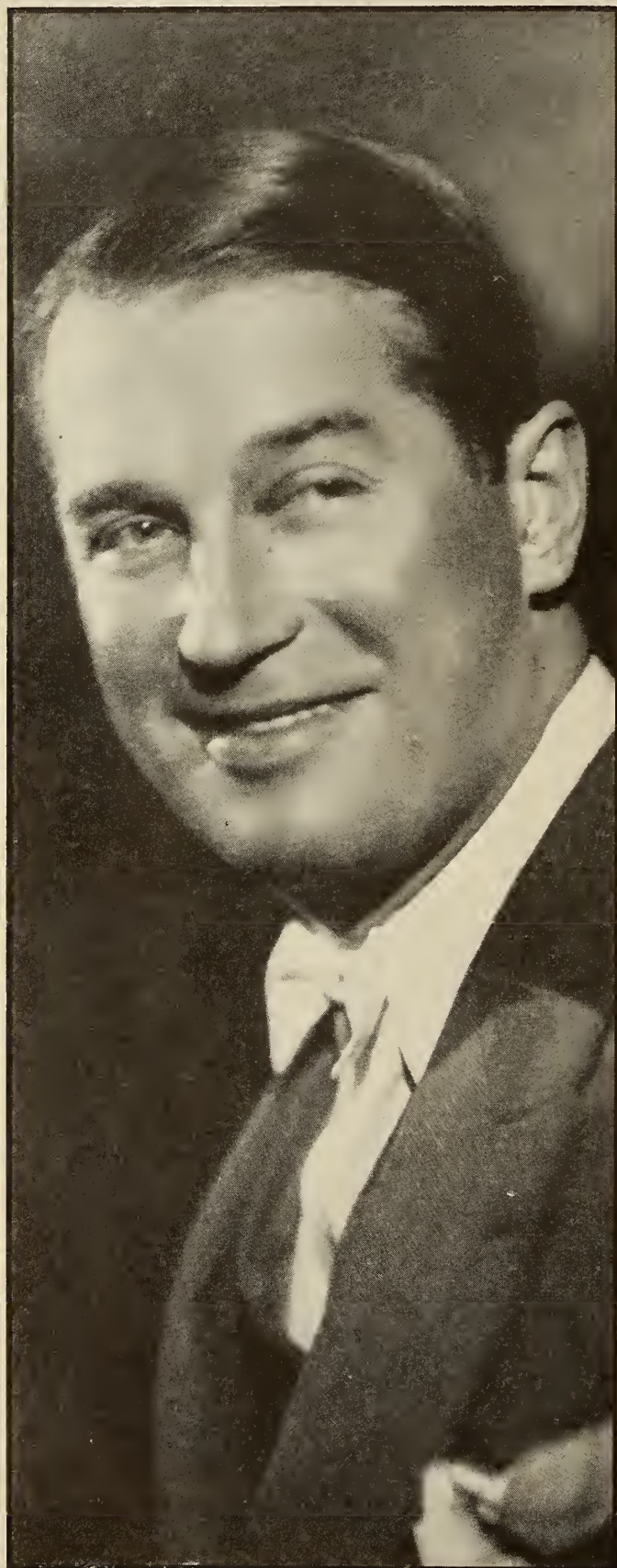
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MODERN SCREEN

WHY IS MAURICE GOING HOME?



IT IS SAID THAT CHEVALIER'S HEALTH MAY SERIOUSLY HINDER—OR EVEN HALT—HIS CAREER

According to some very insistent rumors, Maurice Chevalier may not make another picture for a long time! In fact, the rumors have it, he may not make another picture at all!

Everybody has been expecting that Chevalier would begin his new picture called, "Life Is Beautiful." The schedule had him down to start immediately. Now comes the announcement that he will sail for France for an indefinite stay—at least, until September.

MODERN SCREEN has learned that Chevalier and his wife will sail July 1 on the Paris.

Why this sudden decision to take a vacation when schedules demand his presence at the studio? It must be important, for Paramount officials to let him go. According to Maurice himself, he is making the trip for a visit to his tailor.

But rumor has it decidedly otherwise. Rumor—and rumor with strong foundation—has it that Maurice is suffering from some sort of throat trouble which is affecting his voice and which not only will prevent his singing temporarily but may permanently impair his voice.

Furthermore, there have been many current reports around the studio that Chevalier's condition has been causing him great concern and it is understood that he insisted upon this leave. His post-war illness left him in such a weakened physical state that the doctors have forbidden strenuous exercise and have warned him that overwork should not only be avoided but that, if indulged in, might be positively dangerous.

Efforts to verify these rumors have met with denials or silence from both the Paramount Studio executives and Chevalier's personal manager. But—rumors go right on, regardless.

Maurice says that after buying the needed clothes at his particular tailor in Bond Street, he will go, with Mrs. Chevalier, to their villa in Cannes where he will enjoy a long rest. Paramount may send over a cameraman who will commence filming parts of the picture which Chevalier was to have started here. In it he is scheduled to play the part of a hobo.

Chevalier is under contract to Paramount for two more pictures. His salary for his services in these pictures is said to be enormous.

If these rumors are true—and everyone earnestly hopes they are not—we pray that Maurice Chevalier will soon recover from this illness which has settled like a blight upon his life. Maurice must keep his rôle of idol of the American screen.

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

OF course, everyone who could crowd into the M-G-M studio the day that Prince Takamatsu was there wanted to get a good glimpse of the royal son of the Japanese people. But the huge mob weren't accorded the same opportunity of seeing the Prince as they were of seeing President Coolidge when he visited the same studio.

You see, almost all of the inside studio buildings are equipped with iron balconies . . . and it was here that the crowd gathered the day the former president arrived for luncheon. But it seems that it is against the Japanese Royal ethics for anyone to view the Prince from *above* . . . so the studio had all the balconies policed by armed guards to keep them on a level with the blooded visitor. The Prince was accorded quite an honor at lunch when he found that the studio had hired a corps of his countrymen to prepare a Japanese mid-day meal. By the way, this was the only "home-cooked" food he received on his whole tour of the United States. All the big studios have research departments for just such occasions in pictures . . . so it must have been the real McCoy!

Bob Montgomery is saving a little out of his weekly allowance so that he may take a trip to Europe in the fall. Quaint?

LEAVE it to Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht (co-authors of "The Front Page") to think up the original costume for a fancy dress ball. They came with sheets over their bodies and ropes around their necks. On the sheets were printed the names of two very famous convicted murderers in California: Hickman and Northcott.

Some of the guests were really scared at the picture these two presented . . . red make-up on the neck, and what not. Some fun?

WHAT'S this story we just heard about Clara Bow? Can it be really true that the reason she is in the sanitarium is because she attempted to commit suicide?

Hard to believe about our red-head, isn't it?

But just the same, it is an underground story that has a lot of backing! It seems that a certain newspaper woman from the East is supposed to have got the information from an interne at the hospital where Clara is now staying. Of course, we realize that an attaché of the Sanitarium would be in a position to have the real low-down on the facts, but it all seems a bit incredible.

When any girl of Clara's age is spunky enough to stand up and take the gaff from a scandal sheet—right on the chin—without a whimper for weeks, just so the authorities will have an opportunity of getting sufficient evidence to convict the blackmailer who is trying to ruin her reputation, we say that she isn't quite the type that gives in to suicide when the whole affair is over. Why break down now when the man who was trying to get money out of her by means of extortion is behind the bars!

Still . . . the story goes on to say that Clara may be seen walking about the grounds of the sanitarium *with a heavy muffler around her neck!*

Harrison Carroll says he has found out why Marlene Dietrich's little girl looks so much like her. Marlene has all her gowns copied in exact duplicates for the tiny young lady!

LATE NEWS ITEMS

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell will formally announce their engagement this summer.

Bebe Daniels' baby will be born in September.

Ramon Novarro is reported to be greatly interested in Madge Evans, his leading lady. He has written the story for his next picture, "The Truthful Liar." He will adapt it while on a four-months' trip abroad and direct it when he returns to Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper, famous for his Skippy characterization, has signed a contract with M-G-M at \$1500.00 a week. His first picture under the new contract will probably be "Oliver Twist."

Daisy De Voe is suing the publisher of the scandal sheet who used her name as the person who had furnished sworn material to back up the blackmail plot for \$100,000.00. The De Voe girl is also said to be planning a goodwill tour in defense of Clara Bow.

Johnny Mack Brown is now making "Rio Grande," for which he was loaned to Universal by M-G-M. Although he may do a serial for Universal, too, it is rumored that M-G-M will not take up his option.

Mae Clarke (see page 86) has signed a long-term Universal contract. She will replace Rose Hobart in "Waterloo Bridge."

Nancy Carroll has filed suit—at Nogales, Mexico—for divorce from her husband, Jack Kirkland.

NOW that the secret is out, we won't be breaking a confidence if we tell you! Bebe Daniels is, as Will Hays' clean-up squad would put it, "expecting a blessed event." We'll confess that we knew about it four months ago—but Bebe and Ben asked us to keep it quiet—and we couldn't give them away.

The stork is anticipated at the Daniels-Lyon home about the first of September! We're sorry we couldn't tell you sooner—but a promise is a promise—even in Hollywood!

NOW it's the Robert Armstrongs who have come to the parting of the ways. We were all so sure that Bob and Ethel were happy that we allowed Ethel to be gone from town a whole week before even thinking of checking up on her!

But there is one person in town who has known it all the time

(we promised we wouldn't tell who). From her we learned that Ethel Armstrong (once an actress under the name of Jeanne Kent) has been in Reno for a week. She may *still* be there. But thus far the papers haven't even got wise to what is actually going on. We're sorry it had to be Ethel and Bob.

*Is this a romance between John Gilbert and Joan Bennett? They're going places together—and having a lot of fun doing it! But then, as we've often said before—*one never can tell about these things.

You simply must know your Hollywood if you are a real fan

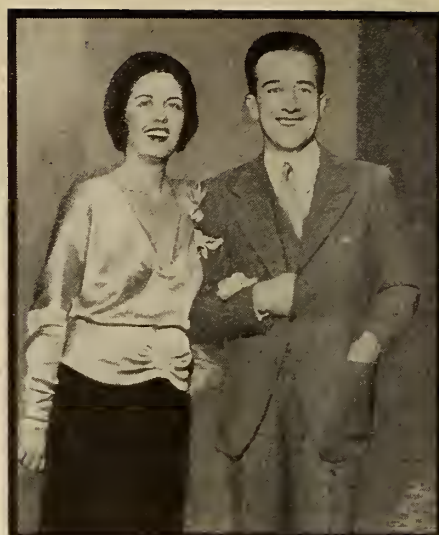


Robert Montgomery recently took a health-giving vacation at his friend Reginald Denny's ranch up in the beautiful Sierras.



Acme

Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll (Amos 'n' Andy) at the camp of Lawrence Richey, President Hoover's secretary.



International

Jack Mulhall and Mrs. Jack Mulhall sailed recently on the S. S. Paris for one of those popular European vacations.

SPEAKING of romances, none other than Marie Dressler and Wallie Beery were having lunch *tête-à-tête* the other day. And if we can believe our eyes—Min and Bill were making goo-goo eyes at each other.

And they're old enough to know better, too! !

All of Hollywood is bringing its golf troubles to Bobby Jones. The champion is out here making short features, and incidentally, refuses to use any make-up before the camera.

One actor was complaining to Bobby about his slicing. "Do you slice with all your clubs?" helpfully asked the champion.

"All but the putter!" retorted the other.

WE hate to tell you, but it looks as if the Betty Compson-Hugh Trevor romance has gone on the rocks! The break-up between these two followed a spat which was the result of Hugh's "stepping out"—and Miss Compson isn't backward about telling people the whyfore of it all.

And although Betty is being quite attentive to an old flame, Grant Withers, a good friend of hers told us that her real romance is with a local business man—who has lots and lots of money. Now Hugh is going about with the same blond lady that Grant squired around just after he returned from New York recently!

JOSEF VON STERNBERG has gone in for portrait painting. And his first "masterpiece" has the place of honor in Marlene Dietrich's gorgeous dressing room—which Josef himself paid to have decorated.

This painting of Marlene, which hangs so conspicuously in her dressing room, looked more like a group of vivid flowers under which somebody had put a lighted firecracker than a portrait of the beautiful Dietrich! But we guess it depends on the way that you look at it.

ALTHOUGH a grand passion between Connie and the Marquis is a thing of yesterday and each of them is finding enjoyment in the company of others—here's some news that may surprise you. When Connie finishes

her next picture for Warners, she's scheduled for a nice, long vacation in Europe.

And the Marquis is planning a European jaunt at about the same time.

Then, too, Carole Lombard and Bill "Junior" Powell are planning a trip abroad in the early fall. That sounds like wedding bells to us!

MAYBE you didn't know it—but almost all the stars in Hollywood have a morality clause in their contract. It's the usual thing, just like cream in the coffee.

Nevertheless, the blond Connie Bennett is one of the very few who refused the morality addition to her agreement . . . and got away with it! Connie says that she has a mind of her own—and she doesn't want anyone else using it!

POLA NEGRI has been very mysterious about a certain big business man whom she plans to marry. But you simply can't keep secrets in Hollywood. Now it's out that the big business man is none other than Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury! I say!

Everybody on the M-G-M lot is anxiously awaiting the first post card from the Thalbergs—Irving and Norma Shearer. These two, with their young son, are enjoying a real rest in Germany—as Norma puts it—"Taking rest with a vengeance."

LITTLE SYDNEY FOX is fast becoming one of Hollywood's most successful heartbreakers. One day she's practically engaged to Junior Laemmle. The next, Sydney's having lunch at the Embassy with John Considine (who is supposed to have broken with Joan Bennett so that he could become re-engaged to Carmen Pantages). Sounds like a Chinese puzzle, doesn't it?

The following noon, we were flabbergasted to see her chatting gaily over a luncheon table with Gene Markey. Gene is the boy who convinced Gloria Swanson to say "yes." And that's some record for such a tiny brunette. Pretty Fox-y, what?

Isn't that wonderful news about our old favorite, Bebe Daniels?



International

Princess Takamatsu, Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Prince Takamatsu, at the M-G-M studios recently. The Japanese royal couple were given a luncheon of their real native food by M-G-M.



Acme

Gloria Swanson visited the Leviathan to say "bon voyage" to Corinne Griffith when Corinne recently sailed for Europe.

GEORGE ARLISS, the grand English actor who has so many successful pictures to his credit, is rivaling Greta Garbo for the record of being Hollywood's most consistent hiker. Arliss takes long walks across Cahuenga Pass. The other day a studio employee, not recognizing the star, stopped to offer him a lift. "No thanks," Arliss answered, "I'm walking for my own enjoyment—and you're the tenth man who has offered me a ride."

To you who go in for figures, the walk over the Pass is four miles long.

BILL BOYD, who is the husband of Dorothy Sebastian, is having a hard time of it. It seems as if William Boyd (of stage fame and now under contract to Paramount) is always being reported seen here and there in company with a very lovely blonde.

And, believe it or not, Dot's hubby gets hundreds of letters every week reprimanding him for these goings-on. Fans call him down for two-timing such a beautiful wife as Miss Sebastian. The facts of the matter are that Bill and Dot are one of Hollywood's most happily married couples, and they're getting fed up with these wild rumors. The public can't seem to realize that there are two Boyds—William, who came to pictures from the stage and who *does* take a certain beautiful blonde to parties and such—and Bill, who is Dot Sebastian's devoted husband!

We had dinner the other evening out at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Farrell—it's Virginia's old home which is just back of Gloria Swanson's. And believe it or not, Virginia's bedroom is the only room in the house which hasn't a profusion of Janet Gaynor pictures!

DOWN at the amusement pier at the beach we happened on Jobyna Ralston—having a grand time on the shoot-the-shoots—and looking very *collegiate*. By the way, who was the gentleman we saw you with last night, Joby?

Some friends were trying to coax Oliver Hardy into the roller coaster—but he said he'd need a shoe horn.

"With all the gals wearing pajamas on the street," remarks Bob Woolsey, "we men will have to wear pink lace night shirts, so that in case we walk in our sleep we won't look sissified!"

ARE our old pals, Nick and Sue, really going to separate? Some people have it that the Stuart and Carol marriage isn't so happy these days.

But as for your correspondent, it's very hard to believe. Certainly there was no sign of any break-up (apologies to Hagar Wilde) the last time we saw them. Sure, it's news . . . we'll always give you *that*.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN and her director husband, King Vidor, have just launched their new fifty-two-foot cruiser, "The Runaway," up at Seattle. And they're planning a trip on it in British Columbia waters.

As their guest on the jaunt, Eleanor and King invited Paul Lukas. And since Paul was an aviator in Austria during the war, he climbed into his airplane and flew up to Seattle to meet the Vidors.

THEY'VE started a federal investigation out in Hollywood to find out if all the movie stars who endorse certain well known soaps, really use them! The government is checking up—and if an actress sees someone pop out at her as she's preparing to scrub the much-photographed neck—it's probably only a federal agent.

Speaking of romances, we'll stake last year's tin ear-phone that Thelma Todd will wed Abe Lyman.

And the Dorothy Jordan-Don Dillway team is still going strong.

THERE seems to be no possibility of a reconciliation between Grant Withers and Loretta Young. Loretta is living with her mother and sisters.

In the meantime Grant is stepping out with Aileen Pringle. How times change in this town is a riot. Withers is right back where he started some years ago.

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 74 AND 92

Are Wallie and Marie really Min-and-Bill and cooing?

KNOW THEM?



Drawn by Carreno



Drawn by Carreno

The lady above is one of the screen's most famous brunettes. Not so very long ago she married a man in the profession whose initials are K. M. Yes, she's a Paramount player. We've made it too easy.



Drawn by O'Brian

The young person above recently became a star. She is a widow and has been playing on the screen for quite a while. The two chaps at the left are one of our funniest teams. Any fan should guess who they are.

Get a laugh from this month's group of caricatures

WHAT ABOUT JOHNNY?

When "Laughing Sinners" was seen by studio executives they ordered the film re-made with Clark Gable in place of Johnny Mack Brown. Is Johnny through?

By CARTER BRUCE



Johnny is the type of chap who prefers a quiet home to the noise and acclamation of fame. But Hollywood took him and made him a movie star. And, now—is Hollywood going to discard him?

AND so, Johnny Mack Brown has been removed from the cast of 'Laughing Sinners.' The last half of the picture will be re-made with Clark Gable in the rôle of the Salvation Army boy. . ."

The above quotation is from the statement given out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the day after the first preview of the picture which stars Joan Crawford. But it doesn't tell the story. It doesn't even hint at the tragedy and the heartbreak behind it.

Those who know the story behind the statement are not at all taken back by the fact that these few words may mean the end of Johnny's motion picture career. They all knew it was coming sooner or later.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN was born in the small town of Dotham, Alabama. His father, the late J. H. Brown, was a merchant in town and able to make a fair living for his family. Besides Johnny, there were five other boys; and three sisters. The Browns were a normal, happy southern family—and Johnny was a normal happy boy, like thousands of others in small southern towns.

Although there was always a sufficiency of the necessities of life in the Brown household, Johnny Mack helped along by doing little odds and ends after school and during vacations and in that way earned his spending money. His only ambition at that time was to get enough saved to enable him to go through the University of Alabama.

Never once during his boyhood did he have the slightest ambition to be an actor . . . and certainly "being a movie star" was the farthest thing from his mind.

Came the time when he was to go to the University. Already he was in possession of a promised job in a small men's furnishing store near the school.

Then came a new love . . . football. Johnny wanted to be a big football player for two reasons: he thought the game the best he had ever played; and he wanted to help Alabama be the finest football team in the country.

The case of Johnny Mack is without doubt the most unique in the annals of football—it gave him the chance for one of the most heralded bits of success that the game has ever known . . . and it gave him the chance for the greatest possible failure he will ever have to surmount. Because it was through his brilliant part in the

East vs. West game in Pasadena in 1924 that he met Hollywood.

It was only natural that Hollywood should interest itself in this new owner of limelight honors. Johnny was not only a famous football star . . . he was one of the few handsome boys who had ever reached football heights. Hollywood is ever on the lookout for a handsome face in any line of endeavor. They invited Johnny and the rest of the team over to the studios and gave them a wonderful time. He was even approached with a proposition of staying on to work in pictures. But Johnny had a sweetheart waiting for him down in Alabama—and pictures didn't interest him at all.

HE had no desire to stay in Hollywood; he had no ambition to become an actor.

When he went back to Alabama, he quit the University so that he could start in business. He had to make enough money so he could marry in the spring. He went into the insurance business; worked hard, just as he always had done in everything he had ever undertaken. In the spring he was married. Doesn't that sound like the story of a lot of perfectly normal and human boys that you yourself know? That is really the pitiful side of Johnny Mack Brown in Hollywood. He is too normal . . . too natural.

But being an insurance salesman didn't make for much happiness. His friends and even his pretty young bride kept his mind continually on his Alma Mater . . . on football. And so, it was quite natural that Johnny should find himself working at the University as assistant coach of the football team.

So we find him headed West again for the Rose Bowl Game on New Year's Day of 1926. That was the year that southern strategy saved Alabama once more. I don't know whether Johnny was responsible for the play or not, but during the last five minutes of the game Alabama scored against a much heavier team from Stanford to tie the game.

THIS time, just as before, Hollywood called for a visit. Johnny had made the acquaintance of George Fawcett, one of our much-beloved old character men, and it was Fawcett who wanted Johnny to (Continued on page 101)

ANY WOMAN WHO WANTS

"I have quite a number of girl friends and they all use Jo-cur' now. There is no shampoo or wave-set like it."—MISS MARTHA MURPHY, Cincinnati, Ohio.



JO-CUR' SHAMPOO, 10c

You can shampoo your own hair easily and quickly with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate. It lathers luxuriously and removes that film of dust which hides the natural beauty of your hair. Notice too, how easily Jo-cur' lather rinses and how soft, silky, and beautiful your hair is after one shampoo. Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrates makes the hair easier to finger-wave—the waves last longer. Try this modern way of shampooing your own hair. Generous size bottle contains enough for several shampoos.



"I found it left my hair more beautiful than ever before."—MISS KATHRYN WIEDENHAFT, Chicago, Ill.



JO-CUR' HOT OIL TREATMENT, 10c

Instantly removes every trace of dandruff and prevents falling hair. Expensive scalp treatments are no longer necessary, for Jo-cur' Hot Oil treatment is prepared for your use at home. And it's so easy to use! Just apply it generously to the scalp as it comes from the bottle, then wrap a hot towel around the head and in a few minutes the treatment is finished. The new health and vitality of your scalp and the beauty of your hair will delight you. Use Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment before every shampoo.

THESE PRODUCTS ARE

S.H. KRESS STORES

BEAUTIFUL HAIR CAN HAVE IT



JO-CUR' WAVESET, 10c

The original popular finger waving liquid prepared for you to use at home. With Jo-cur' Wave-Set, you can set those soft, natural looking finger waves you've always wanted—set them quickly and just as easy as combing your hair. Jo-cur' waves will stay in for days—even in damp weather. No matter how straight your hair may be, you can train it to fall into lovely, soft waves with Jo-cur'. Give yourself a Jo-cur' finger wave—you will be surprised how easy it is, and how beautiful your hair will look.

"Jo-cur' Shampoo and Jo-cur' Wave-Set are just grand. The wave-set makes finger-waving so easy."—MISS ALICE YENDREK, Dardenella, Ark.



Jo-cur' Shampoo and Jo-cur' Wave-Set are the sure way of having beautiful hair." —MISS DOROTHY Z. EGGERDING, Indianapolis, Ind.



JO-CUR' BRILLIANTINE, 10c

Use Jo-cur' Brilliantine as a finishing touch to your complete hair beauty treatment. Brush just a little of it lightly over the new waves. Jo-cur' Brilliantine adds a delightful sheen to the hair and brings out the full beauty of every wave. It is pleasantly perfumed and gives your hair a lustre that is envied by every woman. Use a little each day and your hair will look as lovely in the evening as it did when dressed in the morning.

APPROVED AND SOLD BY
S.S. KRESGE STORES

THESE PROVEN ACCESSORIES

THE WELL GROOMED WOMAN ALWAYS HAS BEAUTIFUL HAIR AND THE WELL GROOMED WOMAN WILL GIVE ANY WOMAN THE ABILITY TO

THESE AIDS TO HAIR BEAUTY WILL GIVE ANY WOMAN THE ABILITY TO

THESE PRODUCTS ARE



Noble Lady Hair Nets— are guaranteed to be perfect! Wear them and know you are looking your best. Two sizes: For long hair; for the bob. All shades including GREY and WHITE. **10c—3 for 25c**



Kress Silk Net with elastic edge — keeps the hair firmly in place. **5c each**



Kressent Gypsy Cap— 20c. As becoming as it is useful. Ideal for all active sports. In lovely colors, and two-tone shades.

Kressent Water Wave Net with Chin Ribbon— 10c. Slip it over your hair when you water-wave it, and know that it will "set" just right. All colors.



Kressent Spanish Bandeau — 10c
Cloisonné Buckle — 10c
 Sold separately. Gay and charming — for outdoor sports. All colors.



Genuine Hard Rubber Combs. There is no need to pay more, when you can buy these fine combs at **10c.** For men and women—for the pocket, the purse or the dressing table.



Kressent Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic— 10c. To set your wave or to train your hair. Wear it, too, while cold-creaming your face. In pastel colors and hair shades. Made in France.



••• THESE PRODUCTS ON SALE AT KRESS STORES •••

S.H. KRESS STORES

MAKE HAIR-CARE INEXPENSIVE



Jean Hair Nets—in full size, or special size for the bob. Guaranteed! At home, at work or at play, they keep you trim and smart—and they save your Wave! Grey and white, too. **10c**, 3 for **25c**.

INFORMED WOMAN MAKES HER OWN HAIR BEAUTIFUL AT SMALL COST

Jean Gypsy Cap — **20c**. For Sports and all outdoor activities, there is nothing so becoming and colorful as the Gypsy cap. Get one to match every sports costume!



Jean Water Wave Net with Chin Ribbon—**10c**. When you set your water-wave, use one of these nets, just as the hair dresser does. It will give you perfect results. All colors.



Jean Silk Nets — with elastic edge. Strong and durable—**5c** each

DRESS HER HAIR BECOMINGLY AND TO CREATE A CHARMING COIFFURE



Cameo Hard Rubber Combs. A real value. Made of smoothly molded rubber. In four styles, for pocket or for home use. For men and women. **10c**.

Jean Spanish Bandeau—**10c**; **Buckle**—**10c**. Sold separately. Knot one of these gay bandeaux about your head, and you'll look "just right" whether you're dancing or driving. All colors.



Jean Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic—**10c**. These French silk nets are ideal to wear at night, to set your wave, or to preserve it. In lovely pastel colors and hair shades.



APPROVED AND SOLD BY

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••• THESE PRODUCTS ON SALE AT KRESGE STORES •••

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Rose Hobart's childhood was closely associated with music, her mother being an operatic singer and her father a concert 'cellist, so it is natural that Rose should be a brilliant pianist besides an excellent actress. Between scenes on the set she reads biographies and novels to get herself in the mood for her characterization. She has finished "East of Borneo" and her next will probably be "Back Streets."



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Ricardo Cortez' chief relaxation is horseback riding. Frequently Mary Astor accompanies him on these jaunts. For keeping fit he does a daily workout in the RKO gymnasium and for excitement goes in for hunting and fishing. He has finished "The Next Corner" and is now working on "Folly," in which Ina Claire will play opposite him.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Jean Harlow, the blondest blonde, recently started a Hollywood fad by appearing on the street in bright green pajamas. Her particular pash is French fried potatoes but she admits she has to curb this desire for the great god Diet. "Goldie" is the name of her most recent completed picture. Her next effort will be a rôle in "The Greeks Had a Name For It."



A chap who is over six feet, usually goes around in old sport clothes and yet plays the piano with superb delicacy. Ralph Graves prefers writing to acting and has an M-G-M contract which allows him to do both. He wrote the story and played the lead in "Below the Surface," for Columbia. He goes in quite a good deal for both golf and tennis—and loves them.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Although almost everyone in Hollywood knows where Greta Garbo lives, the Swedish star hasn't moved for some time. Perhaps she's getting used to inquisitive fans peering through the hedges. She takes a long hike every day at sunset and is usually accompanied by a woman companion. She is now at work on "Susan Lennox—Her Fall and Rise," with Clark Gable playing opposite.



This story tells you in fascinating detail just how and where the enormous income of Constance Bennett goes

Constance does not own a fleet of Rolls-Royces. She only has one car and trades it in for a new one about every two years. She figures that her automobile costs her about \$5,000 yearly.

HOW CONSTANCE REALLY SPENDS HER MONEY

By WALTER RAMSEY

BREATHES there a girl with soul so dead who never to herself has said: "If I had a movie star's salary . . . !"

The very mention of those thousands per week conjures up a veritable strawberry-ice-cream-soda nightmare of shining town cars with uniformed chauffeurs and even footmen; a pink stucco palace in Beverly Hills with a marble swimming pool and tile tennis courts; a yearly trip to Europe in the royal suite of the largest liner; and as for clothes, well, closets and closets full of them. There's no doubt but what you and I and the other fellow could have a lot of fun with the average movie

star's salary. It's fun to think of it, anyway.

But even in our wildest imaginings I doubt if we've ever played very seriously with the idea of spending the amount of Constance Bennett's salary. It is one thing to imagine one's self spending from two to five thousand a week—but \$30,000! Now there is a sum that takes a really first-class imagination to even start day-dreaming about. On top of that, when you stop to figure that the beautiful Constance was a million-dollar heiress before she began her career . . . and besides her amazing ten-week Warner Brothers' contract which pays her the \$30,000 every seven days, she also holds a Pathé contract

If anyone imagines Constance Bennett spends money like the proverbial drunken sailor he has another—in fact, several—guesses coming.



(Right) Connie's gowns seldom cost her more than \$350 each, and usually less. Connie points out, in this article, the absurdity of anyone believing that she could spend \$250,000 a year on the clothes she wears.

said to net her several thousands more weekly . . . it makes you stop and wonder what this twenty-four-year-old girl does with so much money.

I KNOW you've read the wildest stories of the Bennett extravagance. For instance, that fabulous yarn to the effect that she spends \$250,000 yearly on clothes alone. The very mention of that story makes Constance fighting mad! In an earlier issue of MODERN SCREEN she has already told us how that silly yarn got started. Someone walked up to her in a hotel lobby, you remember, and asked her how much money she spent on her clothes. "Plenty," was Connie's answer. Whereupon the ambitious and very imaginative reporter decided that \$250,000 annually might be considered "plenty"—and quoted Connie's wardrobe expense at that figure. The svelte Bennett spent the next six months fighting down the bad reactions on that story. "How could I possibly spend \$250,000 yearly on clothes?" she wailed. "They would have to be diamond-studded to cost that much money."

Because this and similar stories of her extravagance have been so far flung through print it was decided to really thrash out the question of her expenditures. What does she actually spend for her clothes? The upkeep of



Miss Bennett figures her California homes, one at Malibu and one at Beverly Hills (below), cost about \$15,000 a year.



her homes? Her servants? Her vacations? What does it actually cost her to keep up the prestige of her stardom? Working on the idea that no one should know those answers better than Constance herself, the questions were put to her one afternoon as she rested in her bungalow on the Pathé lot between scenes of "The Common Law."

"I once swore," said Constance with a little frown, "that I would never mention the subject of money again for the press. The exaggerations of my extravagance are aggravating, to say the least."

"But if you settled the matter once and for all," we interposed hopefully, "if you really told just how you *do* budget your large income, there might not *be* any more of those exaggerated stories."

Constance smiled the smile that means so much at the box office. "Of course, that's one way of looking at it," she agreed. "But if I do talk about it this time, it will actually be the *first time* and the *last time* I shall ever speak of money and how I *really* spend it!"

Here was the psychological moment to bring out the pencil—before Connie had a chance to change her mind.

FOR one who is accused of so much extravagance," she began, "it may surprise you to know that I am

EVERY YEAR CONNIE BENNETT SPENDS:

- \$15,000 for the upkeep of her homes.
- \$15,000—not \$250,000—for clothes.
- \$10,000 for a vacation in Europe.
- \$6,000 for servants.
- \$5,000 for her automobile.
- \$5,000 for pin money.

budgeted down to the final cent of my income. Three-quarters of what I earn I never see. Of this sum (three-quarters of my total income) I use two-thirds for sound investments in either seasoned stocks or in bonds. The other third is used for careful speculation on the stock market or in other ventures which I feel to be sensible.

"That leaves me one-fourth of my total income to be spread over all the expenses I may incur, including the luxuries and the necessities of life. I'll not quote a figure of my annual expenditures, but let me tell you that I consider it quite a good deal of money. And let me impress upon you right here that the amount is no more nor less than I would use if I were living in New York and not a part of the motion picture colony!

"While in Hollywood, I maintain two homes. One at the beach and one in town. Neither of them are large places. To the contrary . . . they are really small as compared to the homes of many others in the profession. The upkeep, food, insurance and incidentals of my two homes require about \$15,000 a year.

"I have four servants in my employ—a chauffeur, cook, two maids—and a secretary. Their total salaries amount to about \$500 a month—or \$6,000 a year. \$21,000 for homes and (Continued on page 108)

THE WITTIEST MAN

That's what this famous author, known for his fine stories, says of Lowell Sherman—and offers evidence

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

LOWELL SHERMAN is one of my best friends. So, when I write about him or talk about him, I am at an advantage as well as a disadvantage. Our friendship dates back quite a few years. It dates back to a first night in Baltimore when he was being starred in a comedy of mine which shall be nameless, produced by a Broadway manager who shall also be nameless—unless you want to compromise on the monicker of Alf Stone.

The comedy was a flop. Oh—what a flop!

Therefore, by all the rules of the theatrical game, it should have been pistols for two and coffee for one. Lowell and I should have been at each other's throats, gouging, biting, kicking; the star accusing the playwright of being a wretched, incompetent scribbler; and the latter returning the compliment with interest.

But Lowell and I missed that particular cue. We did not live up—or down—to the ethics of our profession. For, instead of flying at each other's throats, we were in each other's arms. Instead of blaming and abusing each other, we combined forces—and vocabulary—and blamed and abused, very unjustly, our producer, Alf Stone. Instead of crying salty tears, we laughed.

SUCCESS would have meant a party. We decided that failure deserved a series of parties. And so, during the try-out week, we gave nightly entertainments of which conservative, aristocratic Baltimore speaks to this day with admiration, awe and envy.

These parties, which were celebrated with the enthusiastic support of George Dorsch, star reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*, and Stanley Logan, that witty Irish actor who is now in charge of productions for the Shuberts, would break up around half past five in the morning—a time of day when the blues are abroad, when a sensitive soul feels morose and a sensitive tongue tastes like the bottom of a parrot's cage, and when Lowell and I would count our lost chickens: he regretting the fifteen hundred dollars and percentage on the net which, the play being a failure, he would *not* receive every Saturday; I ruing my own thousand dollars or so weekly royalty.

And who was at fault?
Alf Stone. Who else?

Achmed Abdullah says that Lowell Sherman, in speaking of the theater, never mentions his own successes, but speaks of the stage itself, of acting as an art. He believes in the theater.



IN HOLLYWOOD



At the left is Achmed Abdullah, the author of this article, and at the right, Lowell Sherman, his friend and comrade of the theater. Among other things, Achmed Abdullah says of Sherman that he is not as famous as he ought to be because he is independent and refuses to go in for cheap, paid publicity.

THUS, each and every morning at half past five, we would telephone long distance to New York, to the house of the eminent producer, and get him out of bed, and call him names. And, incidentally, in this calling of names, Lowell plays a very poor second to me. He has a certain gift in that direction, I grant you. But I have the jump on him—and he knows it. After all, I spent many, many years in the British army, the old regulars, and a few in the Turkish. I have learned how to deal with recruits—and mules—and Greeks . . .

That Saturday night the play closed up. Over the hills to the storehouse! And, in New York, Lowell and I picked up gossip. We heard Alf Stone's point of view . . . Alf Stone, who would buttonhole acquaintances and complete strangers on Broadway, at the Friars', the Lambs', the Green Room Club, and in the Astor Grill, and complain bitterly:

"Say, listen baby! I didn't mind them two boids—Lowell Sherman and that Toik, Achmed Abdullah—ringin' me up long distance every mornin'—callin' me foul names—coisin' me out—givin' me the woiks. Sure I didn't mind. But—would yer believe it, baby?—them two crooks revoised the telephone charges on me!"

DURING the following months I saw a good deal of Lowell Sherman. We spent many happy hours together—he and the late Arnold Daly and Jean Wick, my wife, and I.

If Lowell did most of the talking, it was not his fault,

but ours. We made him talk because we wanted to listen. The man is so witty, so keen, so well informed on many subjects; and he does know the theater.

He is inspired when he is on the subject. Nor is his conversation the selfish, boring bilge of the ham actor: the man who, at the slightest provocation or with no provocation at all, will dust his laurel leaves, gather the folds of his moth-eaten toga about him, produce his book of age-yellowed clippings, and prate about his glory and his fame.

Lowell Sherman never mentions his own successes—and there have been many in the past and will be many in the future—in connection with his chosen profession. He speaks of the stage itself; of acting as an art. For he believes—sincerely and wisely—in the theater, its artistic and educational mission.

IN the course of that winter we discussed other plays; I discussed collaboration. We plotted and discarded; plotted and discarded. But nothing came of it. Perhaps, after all, our Baltimore experience had discouraged us a little. And so, presently, Lowell hied himself to Hollywood to make screen history there, while I returned to the comparative safety of my muttons, the writing of novels, of magazine serials and short stories, of an occasional high-brow tome.

Then, early last year, I, in my turn, went to Hollywood to write "The Son of India" for Ramon Novarro; and, naturally, since old friends (*Continued on page 119*)

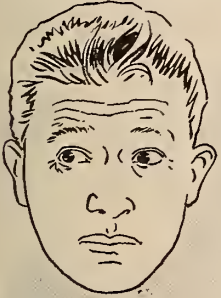


Photograph by Otto Dyar.

Carole Lombard has the honor of having been chosen to play in the talkie version of the famous stage play, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." Incidentally, the movie title will be, "The Greeks Had a Name for It."

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

IN HIS STAGE DÉBUT
STUART ERWIN HAD FIVE
DISTINCT PARTS —



STRAIGHT



BEARDED



GERMAN



IRISH



AND NEGRO



SIDNEY FOX WROTE A
NEWSPAPER COLUMN OF
LOVELORN ADVICE WHEN
SHE WAS 15



ERIC VON STROHEIM
ONCE WORKED AS
A LIFE GUARD

POLLY MORAN WON
A BATHING BEAUTY
CONTEST (WHEN
SHE WAS 18)

J. WELCH



MARIE DRESSLER
ONCE RAN A
PEANUT STAND
AT CONEY ISLAND

IF YOU MET BOB MONTGOMERY

This feature, written by one of America's foremost authors, will bring this star as close to you as your best friend

By FAITH BALDWIN

BEFORE I met Robert Montgomery I was told that he was "shy." I was definitely astonished. What to do? I asked myself anxiously, tearing out a handful of my scanty locks, and consulting my mirror for an answer. My experience with shy young men has been rather limited. And I am at the wrong age to deal with them. I am not young enough to enable them to feel protective and superior, and I am not old enough, thank fortune, to adopt successfully the maternal attitude which would set them at their ease.

Therefore, all the way to the hotel at which Mr. Montgomery and I were to lunch, I took counsel with myself. I hastily reviewed my contacts with this young man and that, whom I had encountered backstage, at football games, over teacups or what have you, in my own home, at dances. "Shy?" I said, loudly, to the consternation of a taxi driver, "there ain't no such animal!"

But I was worried.

My preoccupation with this matter fled, never to return, when I looked up at Mr. Montgomery from my disadvantage of five foot two, and discovered during the first sentences which passed between us that we had mutual friends and that if he were shy he wasn't, at least, shy of—or with—me.

REGARDING him over tomato juice, I discovered first, that he is older than he looks; and younger than his mental processes.

Living in a world in which everything is illuminated by a hot, white, and sometimes cruel light, Robert Montgomery's shyness springs, I daresay, from something I would rather call fastidiousness, if the word is not too old-fashioned for 1931 usage. Perfectly aware of the demands and exigencies of his profession, he admits, gracefully, the necessity of what we term publicity. He is quite cognizant of its value, he knows that at certain times a too obvious reticence defeats itself. And if, on occasion, he resents the Paul Pry attitude of the world in which he lives, he is far too clever to display it openly. But I have a very strong idea that, asked a question he did not like, and could not consider anything but impertinent, he would take refuge in a very charming silence, and if that passes for shyness, let it pass.

In an era where The Wisecrack is King and Court Jester, Mr. Montgomery does not wisecrack. He makes an occasional remark which is wise enough, almost too wise, and not a crack at all. I suspect him of irony, which is

a gift in itself. And a rare gift in young men.

We talked of a number of things. If our topics did not include cabbages and kings they included at least such allied or differing subjects as Palm Beach, tennis, first nights, parts, poetry, photographers, vitamins, and writers. I asked very few questions because, I confess it without shame, my mind is not geared to the technique of cross examination.

During the two hours which I spent with Mr. Montgomery I contented myself by being a sort of feminine Sherlock Holmes in very dark disguise, endeavoring to make my own deductions.

If I tell you what they were, neither you, nor he, must blame me for I am not psychic, neither am I Solomon in all his wisdom, and I haven't a trace of Philo Vance, who, from the cigarette which Mr. Montgomery smokes, could doubtless deduce his preference in colors, flowers, soup and sports.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a trace of what, in the days of the "beautiful guardsmen," of whom Ouida wrote, would have been called "disdain" or even "languor." Such terms, applied to masculine heroes of today are obsolete. But he possesses something definitely remote; and gives one the impression that he is not one young man but two, one of whom stands, a little apart, and observes the other, and life as well, with something of the detachment of a spectator.

This detachment, this dual quality has sharpened his judgment and permitted him to regard everything, even himself, dispassionately. He is even able to smile at himself occasionally, which is a rare and quite modern achievement.

I think that Robert Montgomery is as modern, not as today, but as tomorrow. His outlook upon life and people is modern, it is keen and concise and clear cut; his observations upon life and people are spiced with a quiet and sardonic flavor; and lest he be accused of malice, I hasten to add that his observations concerning himself betrayed the same amount of disillusion.

It has been my pleasure to watch him on the screen not once but many times. I have seen him play bad parts exceptionally well; and have seen him get more out of good parts than was in them. He is, in my opinion, a very accomplished actor and to a natural talent or gift he adds the necessary, but not at all usual, accompaniment of intelligence.

As an actor, especially as a screen actor, he is unusually versatile. I'd readily take issue with any critic who,



at any time, would speak of him as "miscast." I do not feel it would be possible to miscast him, except in externals, such as exhibiting him with a limp and a long gray beard. I think, merely, that he may have good parts or bad parts. But bad parts, while they may both annoy and afflict him will not mark him as miscast for he will get all there is to get out of them, and a little bit more. It is going to be rather hard to "type" Robert Montgomery, for he is certainly not a one-part actor. I am thinking at the moment of the contrast between his casual and modern young-man-about-town part in "The Divorcée" and his more recent part in "Inspiration," in which, far from being casual, and about-town, he portrayed the difficult rôle of a youngster who was, at one and the same time, an ardent lover and a consummate prig.

Young men in plays or pictures who depict heroes who judge, and very harshly, beautiful, if weak, women, and who permit themselves to be "sacrificed for their soul's sake," are not popular—and not probable. Such a part in less capable hands would have caused me, for one, a slight nausea and a very definite dislike. But Robert Montgomery, to my way of thinking, invested the young lover of "Inspiration" with charm, a veracity which doesn't, really, exist, and a certain understanding, so that one came away rather liking this puritanical boy who, as far as the story went, was much more fortunate than he realized.

FROM time to time, on stage and screen as well as in novels, the Young-Man-Led-Astray-Who-Wakes-To-Better-Things, usually through the dotting fondness of some siren, appears to us. Such a part is never happy, and an actor has to be a very good one in order to elicit from his audience any sympathy whatever. No matter how puritanical are our roots, something in us rebels against the so-called prig. Goodness or innocence, or whatever you may call it, is so much more difficult to create in any medium than the humanity of human weakness. I do not think that Mr. Montgomery felt either happy or at home in this part. He is far too intelligent, and much too adult. But happy or not, he gave to my mind an excellent performance and took the curse off the rôle in an entirely capable manner.

In speaking to me of his future as he saw it, he said that some day he would like to do the things he wanted to do. He added, quickly, "not of course the things I want to do now; but the things I shall want to do *then*. I am quite aware that they won't be the same."

That, if you must have a concrete example, is intelligence. Most of us still believe that the things we desire now will be the things we will desire in, say, five years. And most of us are wrong. Robert Montgomery knows that.

HERE is a young man whom I term modern. I call him modern because, in the first place he is excessively alive and alert under a manner which is too controlled to be anything but acquired. That is modern, also. I suspect him strongly of being sensitive. Not in the usual sense; but sensitive to opinion, sensitive to life, sensitive to his own reactions. He is modern because he is detached and clear-sighted. He is modern because he knows how and why he has arrived where he has; because he knows, definitely, where he is going; because he has no illusions about his knowledge; and because he is not unmindful of the pitfalls in his path, of the volatile fancy of the public and of the (Continued on page 95)

Among other things, Faith Baldwin declares that Robert Montgomery observes life and people, indeed, everything—including his own doings—with the detachment of a spectator.





"When Norman is coming over for the evening," says Claudette Colbert, Norman's wife, "it's quite as exciting as if we were engaged." (Right) The two of them aboard the freighter on which they spent their vacation.

Claudette Colbert—and her amazing plan for happiness in her marriage

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Norman Foster have been married three years. Throughout that time Claudette has lived in a small apartment and Norman has stopped at the Lambs' Club. Not because they don't love each other enough to live in the conventional way, sharing the same home. Rather because they love each other too much; too much to risk glamor being dulled by monotony; too much to permit Claudette's good-by kisses to become habit, offered in a perfunctory way, while she telephones the grocer.

It would be a girl like Claudette, dark and vital, like a Goya painting, who would fling traditions and conventions to the wind and live as she wanted to live.

But let us go back to the beginning for Claudette and Norman, to the time when they met during rehearsals of that successful stage play, "The Barker." It's really necessary to do this if we're going to understand the exciting, modern plan by which they live their lives.

MARRIAGE À LA COLBERT



It was three years ago, perhaps a little more, that "The Barker" was ready to go into production and the cast called for a first reading. The company was almost entirely assembled on the stage, seated in a semi-circle in the usual variety of decrepit chairs and stools available in an empty theater. Straddling an old ladder chair, his arms resting on the back, was Walter Huston, the star. Squatted on an ottoman that was rapidly oozing its stuffing was Norman Foster, the juvenile. The best seat of the lot, an upholstered and half-way respectable chair, remained empty. It was for Claudette Colbert, the leading lady.

THE call had been for two o'clock. It was twenty minutes past two before Claudette arrived, flushed from hurrying and from her embarrassment. She smiled her apology and the directorial frown became less ominous, entirely disappeared. She slipped quietly into

(Right) Although she has made her name as one of the smartest women on the screen, Claudette Colbert has inveigled Paramount executives to give her the rôle of a cabaret dancer in "Twenty-four Hours." (Below) The young man whom Madame Chauchoin, Claudette's mother, discovered had charm.



the vacant chair. She threw back her smart coat. She opened her manuscript to the first page and, like a dutiful child, waited for the reading to begin.

During the reading, Claudette managed polite glances at the juvenile. She felt it would be better for the love scenes if he were taller than she. But because of the way he squatted on the ottoman it was practically impossible to tell a thing about him.

If Norman Foster was conscious of Claudette's dark eyes upon him he gave no sign. He appeared to be entirely absorbed with his 'script. He read his lines beautifully.

At last the reading was concluded. Everybody stood up and as Norman Foster reached his full height Claudette Colbert breathed a little sigh of relief. He was sufficiently tall to hold her in the circle of his arms and tower above her. Claudette knows the importance of love scenes.

Weeks of rehearsals and then the play opened to score an immediate success. The company settled down for a long run.

Often after the evening performance one gentleman or another—a banker, perhaps, or a famous novelist, a king of industry or an artist—would stand at the Colbert dressing-room door, his flowers inside, his chauffeured cabriolet outside, waiting to take Claudette to supper.

IT'S nothing to wonder at that men always have sought her out. She has a smiling mouth and brilliant eyes. She has humor and a Gallic gaiety. However, in spite of all the charming gentlemen who peopled her life, Claudette insists that not until she met Norman did the thought of any man keep her awake at night. Then, suddenly, after "The Barker" had been playing about a month, no matter how hard she danced or how late the reading lamp burned beside her bed, it still would be a long time before she got

to sleep. It was as if she had so much to think about that she couldn't bear to slip into unconsciousness.

Norman Foster hadn't gone out of his way to be pleasant. On the contrary, he was positively grouchy. But Claudette didn't let that worry her. She had been about, you see. She had read dozens of books on psychology. And she interpreted the gruff way in which Norman Foster treated her to her own glory and satisfaction. Had he been casual she would have been piqued, if not actually alarmed. But he wasn't casual, he was gruff. In this she found consolation, for it showed her very clearly that he was thinking about her more than he found comfortable. His grouchiness she saw to be defensive.

THEN Norman began writing poetry about black hair and laughing eyes, leaving it about where Claudette would be certain to see it. She was entirely satisfied it was her hair and her eyes he meant. No false modesty about Claudette. She's too modern for that.

"Finally," she told me, "Norman up and asked me to dinner. I knew he was going to. You know, he fumed and hedged and even talked about the war debt and the salt question of India before he came to the point.

"Now he insists he would have asked me much sooner except that he felt I was ritzing him. He says I spoke with an English accent and used frightfully broad A's. He's probably quite right at that. I'd been playing with an English company previously and I'm one of those awful unconscious mimics."

Claudette and Norman must have had a wonderful time over that first dinner table. With the orchestra playing the new love songs. With the headwaiter bending solicitously over them, aware of their importance on Broadway, sensing their budding romance. And then the hurry back to the theater because they had lost all track of time. The rush to get into make-up. It's quite possible they played their love scenes a little differently that night, a little self-consciously.

Norman asked Claudette to dine with him again and again. Together they began to discover how wonderful is New York. They found the old Egyptian tomb in the Metropolitan Museum. All lovers do. They discovered the hansom cabs at the Plaza and drove through Central Park in the mad starlight. They searched the most dimly lit cafés and restaurants until they found the most secluded tables.

"Ah, this is wisdom—to love, to live. . . ."

CLAUDETTE knew right from the start that the secret happiness that sang inside of her was this thing called love. And she tells of the day when, jubilant, she was satisfied that Norman loved her too. He didn't tell her so, or even hint at it. He simply suggested that she use a little less mascara and perhaps just a trifle less lipstick. And her dresses maybe just a bit longer.

"After that," she told me, "his proposal was anti-climactic. Whenever a man suggests less make-up or longer skirts it's obvious he's in love with you. Even though he may not realize it at the time.

"There's something about men that makes them want to temper, change, make more conservative if not less attractive, the woman they love.

"Of course, I didn't give in to Norman. I was smarter than that. If he'd been good enough to fall in love with me as I was I wasn't going to be foolhardy enough to risk any change."

Theirs was true love. And it didn't run smooth.

Claudette's mother, Madame Chauchoin, held up her hands in horror at the very thought of Claudette marrying an actor.

"C'est impossible!" bonne maman Chauchoin insisted. *"Impossible! Un acteur pour ma petite fille!"*

Claudette didn't know what to do. Her father was dead. She hardly could go off and leave her mother to live alone, miserable over what had come to pass. And she couldn't give up Norman. She realized she was only half alive now with Norman away from her. Life without Norman would be such a dreadful waste, a desperate business of marking time. The sound of his voice on the telephone brought that divine choking sensation to her throat. The touch of his hand . . . ah, she made up her mind, once and for all, never would she give up Norman.

So one day the two of them ran off somewhere—where is their secret—and under their real names of Chauchoin and Hoefler, they were married.



The best things in life come easily to Claudette Colbert. One of them was the honor of playing opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant." Don't miss seeing it.

THE weeks spun around. Never were there such love scenes on any stage as Norman and Claudette enacted—of course that's not the right word at all—in "The Barker."

And then, gradually, in spite of the deeply rooted prejudices of a whole lifetime, Madame Chauchoin began to change her mind about the dark young man who was always calling for Claudette and bringing her home after the theater. He had charm, that young man. And once she had admitted this, even to herself, there was nothing for Madame Chauchoin's prejudices to do but vanish. For no one places a greater importance on charm than ladies born and bred in Paris.

Claudette admits she had counted on this very thing. Inevitably, she felt, in the face of such graciousness and sympathy and humor, her mother's foolish prejudices must give way. Because of no other man had Claudette ever walked the streets not knowing where she was going or what she was doing. Because of no other man had she ever felt that if the telephone didn't ring soon she must stop breathing.

However, even after Madame Chauchoin had entirely capitulated and Norman and Claudette had told her of their marriage and received her (*Continued on page 114*)



As Earl Williams, the fear-crazed, persecuted little Communist in Lewis Milestone's hit, "The Front Page."

No wonder George E. Stone can portray suffering so realistically on the screen—his early life was full of it.

As Sol Levy, the poor little down-trodden Hebrew of "Cimarron," Mr. Stone insisted on a faithful portrayal.

THIS MAN HAS KNOWN TERROR

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

HOLLYWOOD is filled with stories of those who have struggled upward from obscurity to fame but none of them more vivid, more poignant and more dramatic than that of the mild, unobtrusive little man who has recently given the screen two of its finest

and most memorable characterizations: George E. Stone. As Sol Levy, the unforgettable little peddler of "Cimarron," and as Earl Williams, the wild-eyed, hunted creature of "The Front Page," he has established himself forever as one of the screen's finest character actors. Never have two characters been more sympathetically and poignantly portrayed. But if George E. Stone is ably capable in such parts, it is because he, too, from earliest childhood, has known suffering and persecution. To understand, we must turn back some twenty years to the snow-swept streets of Lodze, in Russian Poland, and the raw grey twilight of a northern winter day.

Among those who struggle homeward from their work is a ragged urchin, not yet six years old. Clutched in his tiny fist are a few coins, equivalent to five cents, a

Only a man of George E. Stone's nature could survive the strife and struggle and horror of his early life

week's wages in the silk mills. At home, where they all live in a crowded tenement room, his mother and four sisters wait for him. Pitifully small, that weekly wage, but so abject is their poverty that it means much to them.

Suddenly from up the street comes the crack of a pistol shot, then another—and another!

The hoarse cries of men and the shrill screams of women and children mingle with the thud of galloping hoofs. Above it all rises the wild blood-curdling yell of those demons of the steppes, the Cossacks! A pogrom! The crowds scatter, seeking shelter, for once more those fierce riders who serve the "Little Father," the Czar, are at their favorite sport of Jew killing.

THE child looks back. Standing in their stirrups, sabers swinging, the riders thunder down on him. Behind them the snow is dotted with the slain and wounded. He struggles to reach a sheltering doorway but too late. A giant Cossack spurs his horse, his sword flashes down and the ruffian rides on, leaving behind him another small dark heap (Continued on page 103)

Priscilla's father just didn't seem to know what it was all about—but it was really Priscilla who didn't know

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME

By HAGAR WILDE



FRANK CARMODY was a long, rangy man of fifty-six years. His eyebrows were of the bushy variety, and his mouth curled up at one corner. That corner said perkily, "I've lived a good and exciting life." The other corner, curling down, said, "But there's been the other side, too. It hasn't been too easy. There's Priscilla, for instance."

Priscilla was his daughter.

Carmody's life had been balanced nicely, what with good luck bouncing on one end of the see-saw and bad luck holding down the other end. When Priscilla was given a contract for pictures, good luck had hopped off her end, and Frank Carmody had hit the ground with bad

luck's foot in his eye. Priscilla had been the fairly important part of their act, and old Frank wasn't as young as he had been. His tap dancing creaked just a little. He'd carried on, though, until his booking had been cancelled in a small southwestern town.

At that point, he had decided to go and see Priscilla. She was making a mild sensation in Hollywood. He hadn't heard from her in six months. She'd been very busy, of course.

Frank made friends with a traveling salesman on the train who was getting off at Salt Lake City. Frank was always making friends on trains. He showed the sales-



Priscilla stopped short and stared at the blond bundle that raised itself from the davenport to glare at her . . . "Business," Priscilla said, looking hard at Joe.

man Priscilla's picture, and the salesman was properly impressed.

"And," Frank said, "she's just as sweet as she is pretty. I brought her up after her mother died. We're pretty close, Pris and I. I'm awfully anxious to see her. Six months is a long time when you've never been separated before."

THE salesman allowed that six months *was* a long time. Why, when he'd been separated from his wife for three weeks . . .

Frank heard him through with a gentle, vacant smile, and then continued his conversation. Frank was very

dogged about his conversations, though polite when interrupted.

"See," he said, "she had this offer from Supreme, and I didn't feel as though I ought to stand in her way, so I told her to go ahead."

"But didn't she feel bad, pulling out of the act that way? Didn't it leave you kind of . . . kind of . . . well . . ."

"Oh, I wangled things," Frank said. "I sort of made her think it would be better for me, and all that. You know how it is. Kids should have their chance."

"I'll bet she'll be glad to see you," the salesman said, "being the only person she's got, and all."

A contented smile played around the up-corner of Frank's mouth. Priscilla would be glad to see him, all right. He could just see her jumping into his arms, squealing, "Frank!"

TWO days later, Frank rang the doorbell marked *Priscilla Carmody* in a swanky Hollywood apartment house. After ringing the bell, he struck an attitude and waited. His heart thumped. He felt a little silly about that thumping heart, and tried to look unconcerned. Wouldn't do to let Priscilla know how much he'd wanted to see her.

A maid answered the ring, and Frank felt a little dashed. He twisted his hat around and around in his hands. "Is Miss Carmody in?" he said.

"Yes, sir," the maid said. "What name shall I give her?"

"Uh . . . Carmody," said Frank. He followed her in and stood in the subdued light of the inner hall, still twisting his hat. "I'm her father," he said then, and laughed nervously. Wait until Priscilla saw him! That maid would feel pretty sore about the way she'd turned her nose up when she saw Priscilla kissing him.

He followed the girl into the living room. Priscilla stood across the room, staring at the door. Frank's arms went half out, and then dropped back to his sides. Priscilla was moving toward him, slowly. She had changed. Maybe it was the dress. No, it was her eyes. It was something, anyway. He laughed nervously again. Funny how that laugh came out in spite of him.

"Why, father!" Priscilla said.

Frank felt as though he were a balloon with the air suddenly let out. "Hello, Pris," he said awkwardly.

She came up and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Why didn't you let me know?" she said.

"I . . . I thought I'd surprise you," Frank said.

"I'm just going out to a party with Mr. Devon," she said, gesturing to a tall, dark man standing by the mantel. "Joe, this is my father. Larry . . ."

A lanky, fierce-looking young male hoisted himself from a chair and plunged across the room. Frank breathed easier. He knew that lanky, fierce sort better than the Devon breed. Larry Seville gripped his hand and mumbled, "Nice to meet you, sir," and Devon came over to offer a limp handclasp. They all stood around uneasily. The maid brought Priscilla's wrap and Joe helped her put it on. She patted Frank's arm. "Awfully sorry, Frank," she said, "but we're late now. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," Frank said wistfully. "Think maybe you'll be home early?"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid not. You see, we promised to go on . . ."

"Well, tomorrow will do as well," Frank said, with assumed jauntiness.

"Tomorrow evening, perhaps?" she said. "I've an appointment at ten, and then I have to go to the studio, and after that . . ."

"Sure, make it tomorrow night," Frank said.

LARRY had gathered up his hat, too, prepared to make a departure. Priscilla paused in the doorway and looked back at Frank. "Oh," she said, "I almost forgot. Where are you stopping? I'll call you."

Frank twisted his hat again and looked down at his shoes. He hadn't stopped to get a shine because he'd been so anxious to see her. Now, his shoes felt big and awkward and dirty. "Why, I don't know," he said hesitantly. "Where do you think I should?"

"Why not the Roosevelt?"

"All right," Frank said, "I'll be at the Roosevelt."

Priscilla blew him a kiss and floated out on a cloud of

chiffon and lace. Larry stood there beside Frank. "Come on," Larry said, in a fierce undertone, "let's be going. I'll walk over to the Roosevelt with you, sir, if you like."

"That's mighty nice of you," Frank said. Slowly and silently the two rangy figures ambled down the street. Frank said, after a moment, "That looked like a big apartment."

Larry didn't look at him. "It's big enough," he said.

"Oh," Frank said. "I just wondered."

"Look," said Larry, pausing in the act of kicking a tin can clear to New York, "if you came out here expecting to find Priscilla like she was when she first came, you might as well get over it right now. That guys a Greek, and he's got the high-sign on her."

"He's got the what?"

"The high-sign. She's crazy about him."

"Devon," Frank said. "That's not Greek."

"Did I say it was? I said he was. People change their names out here, you know."

"Oh," Frank said. They walked along silently for a few minutes more. Frank said then, "You like Priscilla a little, don't you?"

"I've been making a damned ass of myself over her for six months," Larry said savagely, "and if you want to know, I'm getting fed up. That guy is the . . ." he paused.

"Is the what?" Frank said.

"Never mind. Here's your hotel."

"What is he?" Frank persisted gently.

"Nothing," said Larry.

"Oh," Frank said. He held out his hand. Larry took it. "Hope I'll be seeing you again."

"Hope so, sir. I'll give you a ring. Maybe we can have lunch together or something."

"Fine," Frank said. He went in and registered. That Devon guy was something. All night long, he wondered what it was. He shrugged, along toward dawn. "It's all Greek to me," he said, and then smiled like a naughty child. "That's a pun," he said, "or almost one. It's all Greek to me. He's a Greek . . ."

LARRY called him the following morning and took him out for lunch. Larry was bottled up. He slammed his fork down on the table and said, "Well, Priscilla and I are washed up. I'm through making a fool of myself."

Frank fooled with *his* fork and said, "What's the matter?"

"Well, see, Priscilla and I were engaged, and then this guy comes along . . . he's a director, and I'm nothing but a cheap camera-man, and he knows how to sling words, and I feel as though it oughtn't to be necessary, and there you are."

"Where?" Frank said.

"Right there," said Larry. "I'm through. I've been sticking around hoping that she'd see what she's getting into . . . come to her senses, (Continued on page 115)"



LARRY

THE TRUE STORY OF NORMA SHEARER

The real story of this brilliant actress gives you a vivid picture of her life, personality and character

By WALTER RAMSEY

NORMA SHEARER should have been born an American.

She looks American, she acts American, and the story of her life is as typically Yankee as those up-from-nowhere-go-get-'em articles that fill the pages of America's success magazines.

As a matter of biographical data she is a Canadian, born on August 10, 1903, in the town of Westmount, a suburban garden that lies between two portions of the city of Montreal. Her birthplace at 507 Grosvenor Avenue, a two-story stone dwelling, is much the same as the average family residence in Keokuk or Birmingham.

Her family was of a cultured, scholarly background, not well off in a monetary sense of the word, but Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer stood for something solid and respected in the church and social life of the little suburb.

NORMA'S first remembrances are of following in the wake of her mother and father in the Sunday church brigade . . . the three children, Athole, Douglas and little Norma, spick and span in their Sunday-best clothes, patent leather shoes squeaking, nickels for the Sunday school box clutched firmly in moist, childish fists.

Norma liked Sunday school, the beautiful colored post-cards that told such gentle, kind stories, and the books that were passed around and opened and sung out of at the top of one's piping lungs. Norma never wriggled in Sunday school—even then, she had that Shearer poise.

After Sunday school there were always the exciting Sunday activities of a big family dinner in the middle of the day, with aunts and uncles and little cousins gathered around the large table in the dining room. "Norma is such a pretty little girl" was not an infrequent remark



Amazing, that the Norma Shearer we know, poised and the epitome of smartness and beauty, was once told by Florenz Ziegfeld that she wasn't the type who photographed well.

made on these occasions. Norma would always reply, "Athole is pretty, too." For Athole, her sister, was Norma's idol, her chum and constant companion.

When Norma and Athole were old enough to be entered in school, they were so close that they actually seemed to act and speak in unison. If Athole had a red cap and red mittens to wear with her winter coat—Norma wanted nothing but red cap and mittens. If Norma wanted peanut butter sandwiches in her lunch box, nothing but peanut butter sandwiches would satisfy Athole. They played, studied, cut out paper dolls, read from the same story book, stood up and sat down—together. Once Athole asked Norma, during a lull in the building of a snow man, what she wanted to be when she grew up. "An actress," answered Norma who was entranced by the pictures of ladies on billboards. "So do I," responded Athole, who hadn't thought of it before. At that time Athole was a dark, sparkling-eyed little girl with brown curls that fell to her shoulders. Norma was a delicately-featured, blond child, immaculately dainty, with an angelic appearance that hardly matched her love of fun and pranks. The games Norma and Athole liked best were skipping rope, playing in sandpiles, and in winter, skating or exciting snow-ball fights with the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

In view of her reputation as a perfectly gowned woman now, it is amusing to recall how much Norma used to hate "new" clothes. Nothing short of bribery would get her into a new dress, hat or coat, and above all things she hated new shoes.

ON one occasion Mrs. Shearer finally managed to array the young Norma in an entirely new outfit for the purpose of a friendly neighborhood visit. The little girl fairly radiated with what she considered a terrible shiny newness. Thirty minutes later when her mother emerged from the house a very beaming and satisfied Norma was waiting to greet her. She had deliberately rolled around in the sand pile so that she could get the *newness* off her garments.

Except in imagination or make-believe, any display of



At the tender age of three years. First nights meant little to Norma Shearer in the days when this was taken. She was chiefly concerned in adoring her sister, Athole.



As she appeared in "The Squealers," the first picture in which she received screen credit. It was made by the Robertson-Cole company and was released in the dim days of 1920.

violence or cruelty would turn Norma from a sensitive child into a whirlwind avenger. Once she turned in and personally dealt a barrage of flying fists and kicking feet to a group of neighborhood boys who were torturing a little squirrel. Athole stood by squealing and yelling as the enraged Norma rolled in the dust, first on top, and then kicking from beneath!

Even as a child Norma believed that when direct action was needed, direct action should be taken—even though it necessitated drastic measures.

At the age of fourteen Norma had blossomed into an ethereally beautiful girl and was the belle of her neighborhood. She loved life and laughter and good times and young beaux with boxes of candy under their arms. Norma and Athole were considered too young to go out with boys at this time, but the young sixteen and seventeen-year-old blades were welcome to drop up to the Shearer home in the evenings. Of this group of young admirers, Norma had no particular beau. Athole, on the other hand, was constantly in a state of poetic reverie over some downy youth, and this amused Norma considerably. She used to lead Athole into exhibiting some of the romantic (Continued on page 111)



This star revolts at last against the idiotic character he has been forced to play both on and off screen



Across the top of the page is the well-remembered "Buddy" Rogers, now extinct. At the left is Charles Rogers as he appears with Clive Brook in "The Lawyer's Secret."

BUDDY ROGERS IS DEAD —LONG LIVE CHARLES ROGERS!

By CARTER BRUCE

I DIDN'T want to interview "Buddy" Rogers. Of the two hundred or more stories that I've written over the last few years, not *one* has ever been on the subject of "Buddy."

But I have enjoyed reading about him. Most of the stories were done by feminine writers who invariably developed a "mother complex" after the first paragraph and gushed at great length. I say I enjoyed reading about him . . . the enjoyment came in seeing them picture him more and more of a namby-pamby at each start.

First: America's Boy Friend.

Then: "A cute young man with dark curly hair and such eyes."

Later: "Unspoiled . . . unsophisticated . . . a *sweet* young man."

My first reaction to him came from his marvelous performance in "Wings." He did a swell job. I saw in Buddy Rogers a fine example of a young man. Poised, sincere, real and alive.

But I've never seen that same young man since!

I believe I stood in line at the box office at least four

or five times in the months that followed "Wings" to see another of his pictures that would give me the same reaction that I got from that picture. Then I gave up! All I saw in those last four or five was a silly, overdressed excuse for the flyer who went to his death in a German plane.

Then someone tacked on the handle "Buddy" . . . and that was the last straw. There was something about the name "Buddy"—especially on a grown man—that caused a disturbance in the pit of my stomach. I quit going to see him on the screen. And my dislike for him was not merely a negative dislike—it amounted to an aversion!

That's the reason why—when the editor asked for a story on "Buddy"—I revolted. I had a strong feeling that if I were to write the truth of what I should "most certainly" find, that I would be sued for defamation of character.

Suddenly I thought of "Wings." And it was easy to recall the marvelous method in which he characterized a real, sincere human being. (Continued on page 105)



(Left) Joan Crawford shows you her latest bob. It is so distinctive that it will probably be known as "The Crawford Curl." The article describes how to achieve this charming ringletted hairdress—and cautions imitators that it is suitable only for formal or semi-formal occasions. (Right) The water-waved, wind-swept bob Joan has worn up to the present.



YOUR HAIR CAN

From the talkie stars you can learn the secret of the most becomingly arranged hair for your type—the first step toward looking your very best



(Above) Kay Francis' present coiffure: wide waves from a center part—soft curls turned up at the neck. (Below) The slick, chic bob she used to wear. Kay likes the new way best.



WE all want to look our best. That is a perfectly obvious statement, of course. But not half of us really succeed in this. Looking our best is, after all, something of an art. It takes perspective. Cleverness, too. And more time and energy than we are likely to have left over from our school or our work.

There is, however, a short cut to this altogether desirable end. And it lies, simply enough, in a study of the screen stars. Looking their best is an important part of the stars' jobs. In all the world no group of women make a greater study of themselves. They are constantly experimenting with different types of clothes, different make-ups, and different coiffures. And in these experiments they often are advised by the greatest experts.

It is, of course, vitally important that we recognize the star we most resemble—that lovely lady who is, basically, our type. Greta Garbo may appeal most to our imagination and it may be Greta we'd like to look like, but if we have the delicate features of Norma Shearer, Garboisms are taboo. *We must exercise every care never to become*

so blinded by what we want to be that we fail to see what we really are.

IN this article I am going to tell of the chic coiffures that twelve stars of widely different types find most becoming. For there is, after all, nothing of more importance to our appearance than our hair. I have seen girls with large heads and short necks whose so-called crowning glory turned out to be anything but that when they affected a long bob.

Out of the thousands who read this article and wish they were the Greta Garbo type, there will be perhaps a few dozen who really are fundamentally like this golden Viking—girls whose features are clearly cut though not small and whose heads are set proudly on fairly large frames. Let all such listen carefully!

Greta very definitely prefers her hair, golden brown and of a very fine texture, parted on the left side. Not too far down—about over the center of her left eye. The ends, which fall just below the nape of her neck, she usually has curled with an iron in soft, loose curls. *However, even when the character*



(Left) the famous, sleek Shearer bob: water-waved and brushed slickly back to show Norma's lovely hairline, delicate features and perfect ears. The back hair is curled tightly up into the neck. (Right) the slightly careless and thoroughly engaging manner which Norma sometimes adopts for evening. A lock of hair is allowed to droop over the left eye.



MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Greta is playing makes some other treatment of the lower part of her hair necessary, she has the hair around the top of her head brushed slickly down so that the shape of her head is definitely outlined.

And, as a rule, she prefers her hair brushed back so that her ears show.

When Greta wears her famous beret, she tucks her hair back under the beret so that the ends form a fringe at the neckline.

To give her hair the desirable sheen where she wears it so very sleek and smooth, she brushes it religiously.

Marcel waves she particularly dislikes, feeling they are wooden and artificial and likely to detract from any individuality.

THERE will, perhaps, be some readers who are not only the same type as Kay Francis—with nicely shaped ears well placed on their head, with a smooth, well proportioned forehead and eyebrows, very slightly arched, that grow fairly close to the eyes—but who, like Kay, are just learning the joys of long hair. Kay's hair is now almost shoulder length.

Kay has dressed her hair any number of ways but best of all she likes it as she wore it in "Ladies' Man" and in "The Vice Squad." Remember?

She parted it in the center and waved it off the ears in low, large ridges. Then, in the back, she had it curled upward and combed out. She pinned it back of her ears, allowing it to curl and fall as it

would. Waved and dressed in this way the hair should come just below the ear lobes.

And now for those girls with small, delicate features—girls like Norma Shearer. Norma is convinced that she looks her best when her bob is disguised in a close-fitting coiffure and drawn away from the face instead of falling at the sides in curtains. As you readily can see, curtains of hair would have a tendency to submerge rather than set off the delicacy of small features.

Since Norma's hair has a natural curl, she has it water-waved. The ends she curls up in order to achieve a softening, feminine touch. But the front is brushed severely backward and behind the ears in order to reveal the line of her forehead.

Unless Norma happens to be playing a gay young thing, in which case she allows one side of her hair to fall carelessly over one eye, she brushes both sides back. Her part is on the left and, like Greta Garbo's, placed approximately over the center of the left eye.

THEN there's Ruth Chatterton. After experimenting with long hair and very short hair and the shoulder length bob, Ruth has come to a happy decision about the arrangement of her hair that is most becoming.

"Now," says Ruth, "I dress my hair off the forehead in two large waves. I part it on the side of my head with a slightly slanting part but have the wave put in on a straight rather than on a diagonal line. As I wore it in 'Unfaithful.'



Gloria Swanson changes her hairdress with each type of costume—but she always insists that the hair have a "sculptured look" in back. Above and below, two of the favorite—and loveliest—Swanson coiffures.





The world-famous Garbo bob (left) which so many girls have copied. It's lovely on the right person, but pretty terrible for those who don't possess Greta's clear-cut features and splendidly set head. To achieve that gloss, Greta brushes her hair religiously.

For a long time Nancy Carroll (right) has been trying to find a new way to wear her pretty red hair. Her round youthful face just seemed to insist upon soft curls. But don't you like the pompadour effect she has adopted lately?



"I intend to keep it short, but not closely clipped. I don't use any hairpins but permit the hair to fall softly into natural contours."

Joan Crawford, on the other hand, feels that it is by doing your hair in many different ways that you can best remain varied and interesting. It's a good idea if you can find several arrangements which suit you equally well. Joan has. Leave it to Joan!

Off the screen, as a general thing, Joan wears her hair parted fairly near the center and back from her face in a wind-swept (via a water-wave) line ending in a shoulder length bob.

In "This Modern Age," however, she introduces what undoubtedly will be known as the "Crawford Curl." And listen attentively, for I should not be surprised if this new coiffure became something of a rage. Certainly it is eminently suited to the romantic looking clothes we have taken to wearing evenings. It would be decidedly out of place in a business office, however.

To achieve this "Crawford Curl," Joan parts the front of her hair on the side and brushes it down smoothly with a soft water-wave to break what otherwise might be a too-severe line. Then in the back and at the lower part of the sides the hair is worn in loose ringlet curls which are piled high from the top of her head—where the smoothly brushed water-wave ends—to the neck.

However, a word of warning: don't attempt this halo effect unless you're a Crawford type or quite positive it suits you. It is the sort of

thing that could be very dreadful.

Joan's hair is very fine and of a silky texture. She gives it twenty strokes twice a day so it always will have a lovely sheen.

And when her hair is dressed she sprinkles brilliantine over it—*very, very lightly*—with an atomizer.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT favors the long bob, preferring her hair as she wore it in "Honor Among Lovers." She has it waved in about a two-inch curl and the ends rolled up with the finger.

Claudette says she has her hair thinned frequently because it has a tendency to become thick. And to the Colbert mind there is nothing worse than hair that disguises the shape of the head and causes it to seem half again its actual size.

There's no doubt about it, it is only those who seek to make the most of what they are and do not waste time or energy futilely attempting to change themselves into something else who achieve their greatest charm, personality, or beauty.

Dolores Del Rio is an excellent example of what I mean. She remains faithful to the simple coiffure which she is convinced most enhances her particular type.

"For generations," Dolores explained, "women from the southern countries have worn their hair as I wear mine. They learned from their mothers and from their grandmothers that, generally speaking, this was the hair arrangement for them, that it suited their personality, the (Continued on page 96)



Ruth Chatterton (left) has definitely decided upon the rather short (but not closely clipped) bob, parted on the side in a slightly diagonal line, and loosely waved. Its very simplicity just seems to belong to Miss Chatterton's type. No hairpins are used.

The perfect coiffure for the Latin type—and for that type only (right). Dolores Del Rio parts her long black hair in the center, smooths it down just over the tips of her ears, and arranges it in a small knot in back. It suits her best.



HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW NIGHT

One of those important previews held in some out-of-the-way place

You are the FIRST audience to see the picture previewed tonight. The Paramount Publix Corporation would value and appreciate your opinion of it before making final alterations for general release.

This card is self-addressed — Please mail it promptly.

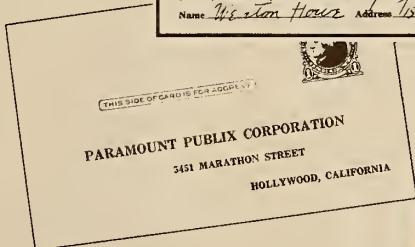
Name of Picture UP POPS THE DEVIL 1

General Comments Best comedy of the year. Candy Lombard in a bit of a heavy one. Jack Mason and Delphia are comedians. Thomas Hester very good.

Name W. J. Tom Haver Address 1520 N. Pine St.



At the right is the postcard which Paramount distributed to the audience at the preview. (Below) the Alexander Theater, in Glendale, a small town near Hollywood, where the preview of "Up Pops the Devil" took place. Note the lone spotlight—how different from an opening!



This picture tells its own story. That's Skeets Gallagher and his wife. Skeets played one of the leading rôles in the picture.





These pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by William Grimes.

A rare picture of William Powell and Carole Lombard together! Swell, eh? They were at the preview and the cameraman caught them. Quite a scoop for MODERN SCREEN.

Far more important than an opening night in Hollywood—



Somehow or other the fans always get wind of these previews and when "Up Pops the Devil" was previewed at the Alexander Theater in Glendale quite a little crowd was on hand to see the movie people "in the flesh." And they got their money's worth, too, judging by these pictures.



Hollywood's famous matrimonial couple, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, were there (left)—Lilyan plays a rôle in the production—and with them appear Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Levee, Paramount executive manager and his wife. (Above) Sam Jaffe, Paramount production manager, Mrs. Schulberg, Mr. B. P. Schulberg, managing director of production, and Mrs. Jaffe.



these previews which take place in some small town



(Above) After the preview is over, the stars pose for some pictures. In that group in the foreground you will find Lillian Tashman and Eddie Sutherland. As you know, she had a leading rôle in the picture and he was the director. (Right) A close-up of Eddie Sutherland, director. He has handled the megaphone for many of Paramount's successes.



Look over these pictures carefully. Maybe you can find



(Above, left) Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck come to see the new picture. Lydell is a Paramount executive, you know. (Above) Pretty June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, who are said to be that way about each other, dropped in to see their co-workers' work. (Left) And Helen Johnson, another Paramount player, also dropped in although she was not in the cast of "Up Pops the Devil."

your favorite star in the informal preview atmosphere

SECRETS OF THE



Left, above, is Connie Bennett's gown of silver sequins. The original Wakeling sketch of it is shown at the extreme left. Right, above, a delightful summer dinner gown of embroidered batiste over a silver cloth slip, worn by Marion Shilling. The other small sketches are also Wakeling originals.

AUGUST STYLE HINTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Square necklines, pointed seamings and pleats find favor with the stars.

White is still supreme for evening—but an added note of chic is offered by the black satin slippers and short black suede gloves worn with it.

Cotton mesh in delicate sweet pea shades creates novel sport frocks.

As the season advances, pale yellow and apple green lead in color combinations.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S every woman's job to be beautiful. Her *real* job, you understand, that takes precedence over even home or office work. I don't mean that she is to neglect her other duties and to be self-centered. Heaven forbid! *But her biggest task is to fit pleasingly into the picture we call Life.*"

Gwen Wakeling quite evidently practices what she preaches. She is smart with the smartness you expect to find at Aiken or at Palm Beach. She is tall and lithe and blond with very blue eyes that appraise you in one quick glance. She designs clothes for the Pathé studio.

A quotation from Gwen Wakeling's style manual: "One

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS



Above, left: a moulded-to-the-figure evening gown of flesh chiffon for Ina Claire; right: a simple black lace dinner gown for Ann Harding. The small sketches show (left to right) a chonga cloth suit, a "different" yachting costume, an informal suit and a brown flannel sport coat.



VI. GWEN WAKELING

I'VE discovered from my experience in helping women that it's easier to be beautiful than it is to be unattractive. It's merely a matter of a little thought, a little perseverance and *the will to be lovely*.

There are a thousand ways to be beautiful. It doesn't necessitate a perfect nose and a bewitching mouth. Nor money. The soft-voiced, smooth-browed young business woman with her well-groomed body and trained mind is one of the finest derivatives of the modern age. Being wise, she takes stock of herself, physically and temperamentally, and then seeks to enhance her charm *as*

an individual. Not as a conformist to any set type.

"Let me explain. Ann Harding has always appealed to me as being a princess out of a Hans Andersen fairy tale. It's because there is something so innately sweet and dignified about her . . . and because she has never cut off her magnificent pale gold hair. If she had bobbed it like the rest of us did she would have lost something distinctly *Ann*.

SHE doesn't know about clothes for she has never studied them but she is instantly aware when they become her. If there is a line wrong she is vaguely unhappy without being sure which one it is. Long flowing skirts suit her best because they accent her born-to-a-great-position

false note in a costume is like a jarring discord in music."



Angel blue satin fashions these pajamas for Ina Claire. Note that the trousers are of normal width and length. A blue chiffon scarf, a girdle of metal links, and a corsage of forget-me-nots trim these pajamas.

A Wakeling adaptation of the "middy and skirt" idea for Marion Shilling. The dress is oyster white crêpe, trimmed at the hips with intricate bands of red and navy. The scarf tie combines the three colors.

Helen Twelvetrees likes this casual sport outfit which Gwen Wakeling designed for her because the frock with its pleated skirt is suitable for tennis, while the green flannel coat is just the thing for summer motoring.

look. She needs long waists, too, to offset her square shoulders. A high, tight waist would make her seem slightly 'dumpy.'

"Ann appears well in either strictly tailored garments or soft, feminine things, the reason being that her charm is so illusive and delicate she requires one extreme or the other to frame it. You may recall that in 'Holiday' she looked as interesting in a tweed sport suit as in a dinner gown of alençon lace with a trailing skirt.

"The simpler her hats are the more becoming they are. With her finely shaped head and chiselled features she doesn't need to be flattered by wide brims. Invariably I design snug, plain little hats for her that depend on line rather than on trimming for their chic. And right here I'd like to bring out a point: *Hats should be bought not because they're pretty in themselves but because they improve your looks.* See what they do to you in back—whether they go with your collar. Do they cut you off? Short people with round faces should avoid these new shallow-crowned hats. Hats have the power to make or unmake a costume and ought to be purchased with a definite idea of which suit or dress they are to complement.

"Strong colors are not adapted to Ann. Black, white, water green, delf blue, aquamarine, faded pinks and pastel shades serve to emphasize her daintiness. Ash blondes



Miss Gwen Wakeling, head designer for Pathé, who this month contributes her secrets to this department. Here is one of Miss Wakeling's first rules for smartness: "It is far better to be underdressed than overdressed."

like Ann must pay particular attention to the hues they select—otherwise they'll be eclipsed. For instance, I wouldn't want to see Ann in a gown of silver sequins because it would submerge her. She's too much the country lady for anything so conspicuously dazzling.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, on the other hand, is a cosmopolitan and has the ability to surmount any clothes one might put on her. In 'The Common Law' she wears a silver sequin dress and cap (shown on page 56) that reflect a myriad lights but you never lose sight of the fact that it's *Connie* wearing them. That's chiefly because she is a *moderne* with a captivating personality that makes itself felt the moment you speak with her, and because she has an expert knowledge of dress. Her figure is perfect so that styles bother her not at all. Being an individualist, she sets styles and commands fashions with the ease of an Empress Eugénie.

"Of course, she has her preferences. Connie loves soft materials, soft lines and soft colors. There are certain brilliant tints she could wear, like a bright peacock blue, for her eyes are so intensely blue, but she refuses. Her favorite shades are powder blue, powder pink and rose beige. She always adopts a natural waistline and wears a belt with her formal as (Continued on page 109)



The boy who stood on the Atlantic shore and watched the roaring sea. (Right) With Sue on the deck of the M. V. Oakland where they spent their unusual vacation.

THE RIGHT TO DREAM

Mrs. Chester Morris dreamed of a gorgeous European vacation with her husband—but reality proved to be amazingly different

By CURTIS MITCHELL

HAS a woman who is also the wife of a talkie star the right to dream?

When Chester Morris led lovely, blond Sue Kilbourne to the altar, he promised to share with her all the things he possessed.

Neither Chester nor Sue knew what that meant—then.

Most of us still remember Morris' explosive march to fame. I'll tell you more about that presently. There was the crashing success of "Alibi" and a procession of other gang world pictures, each adding to the stature of the smooth young actor from the East.

Fame touched him, claimed him, and finally absorbed him in the business of making talking pictures. It was then that Sue Kilbourne began to dream.

Her dream was a simple one. Its realization would bring much that was needed into her husband's life. Mostly, it would bring rest.

She dreamed of visiting Europe where there were Alps and fiords and crumbling castles; where the need for hurry had vanished with the centuries and a man could steep himself in tranquillity. There would be an opulent ship and seven days of sunshine across the Atlantic, then Paris and the Riviera or the Lido. She imagined blue water

and white sand and the cleansing rays of Mediterranean air. Then, when their Hollywood nerves were calmed, they would come home.

She dreamed and planned that, and Chester Morris agreed. Together, they read travel folders and brilliantly illustrated booklets. They filled their minds with the glamor of a luxurious cruise abroad and awaited the precious day.

Sue Kilbourne made just one mistake, and it was not a mistake of judgment so much as one of ignorance. She had no way of knowing that her husband, many, many years before, had dreamed of a holiday, too.

HE had stood, that windy day, with his feet braced against the uneasy footing of a sand dune on the New Jersey coast and faced the (Continued on page 117)





This astrologer says that Joan Bennett has the possibilities of becoming one of the screen's greatest actresses. (Below) In "Hush Money," with Hardie Albright. This is Joan's latest film and is not yet released.



JOAN BENNETT'S FUTURE

SOMETIMES it's a handicap to be born with a big reputation.

On every hand we hear about the youngest of the Bennett girls, Joan. But what we hear has to do with her illustrious father, the great Richard; and her sister, the "sophisticated Constance." There was Barbara, too, but she decided against the profession of her father, married and settled down.

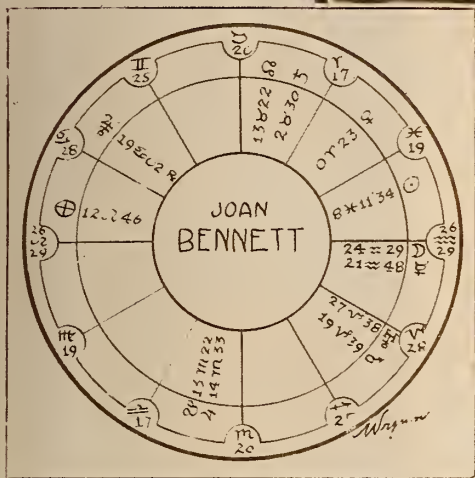
But remember, when you are speculating about Joan Bennett, that she has an independent nature, as shown by her four planets, Mars, Uranus, Venus and Neptune, in signs of the Leading group. They make her a good executive, one who has ideas about what her career should and should not be. She also has four more planets, Jupiter, Mercury, Moon and Saturn, in Fixed signs, making her set and sometimes a bit stubborn. You may put it down in your notebook right now that Joan is not a girl who in any way likes to shine by reflected glory. It isn't her way to trade on the successes that her father and her sister have made on the stage and screen. She is perfectly willing to let them have their laurels. I can't imagine that she wants any part of them for herself.

SHE is interested in what she can do by herself; and I am certain, after studying this horoscope, that she is quite definite about it. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some interviewer were to come in with a story about her in which she said, "I want my portrayals to be rated on their own merits. If I need criticism, give it to me—don't try to spare me because of fear of offending me or my family."

Look at that third house, ruled by Venus, which is also the planet ruling her mid-heaven (occupation). The third is where we find the relationships with brothers and sisters, and Joan has Jupiter in this division, indicating that she has a sister who is very well regarded as an actress—for Jupiter is the ruler of her fifth, the house of drama and entertainment.

This has more than one interpretation, however, for it shows that Joan herself can do well (as she has already demonstrated in "Many a Slip" and "Doctors' Wives") without borrowing a reputation from anyone. Before she

According to the planets, Joan Bennett, if she marries again, will need the sort of a man who is more or less a prototype of herself. A man who sees life from the same angle that she does and likes the same things that she likes.



With his accustomed precision, this famous astrologer tells what life has to offer for this famous player

BY WYNN

is through, which I hope will not be for many, many more years, she will be giving others something to shoot at, for she has the capacity to render extremely valuable contributions to the talking screen, with her Sun in the fifth-house trine to Jupiter; and with Jupiter in the fifth-house trine to Neptune, the ruler of the movies.

Every person born to this Earth has problems to face. You are no exception, as you probably know. And Joan Bennett's horoscope doesn't promise her an undiluted string of successes and a career unmarked by its low spots. For hers is a life that shows at least three great personal lessons for her to learn during her sojourn on this planet.

HER ruler is the Sun, with Leo, the natural fifth (drama, amusement, children, creative abilities) house of the Zodiac on her Ascendant. She would have been an actress of high merit, no matter whose family she was born into, with this horoscope. If this chart had been brought to me without my knowing whose it was, I

would have selected an artistic career for its own, designating acting as the best branch of art for her to follow. But right here, in an analysis of her ruler we find a conflict within her own nature, for her Ascendant is a Fire sign and her Sun is in a Water sign, Pisces. Add to this the fact that it is in the seventh house, that of marriage and partnership, it means there will be plenty of problems in her life. This one subject alone could easily fill the article I am here writing—and unless she finds out in time a lot more than I have space with which to tell her, there will be plenty of articles written in the magazines about her private affairs with those of the opposite sex.

Joan must realize that part of her artistic nature comes from the sign Pisces, although it is only secondarily related to her acting ability. At the same time, Pisces makes her sensitive—she feels very keenly any slight or adverse word, even when she doesn't show that she does. She has a great deal of Fixed sign pride, too. Joan is a sincere and earnest young woman and can be counted on to be trying to do the right thing all the time. But we all make mistakes and that seventh division of hers holds warning of a complicated set (Continued on page 107)

THE TRAGEDY OF MAE MURRAY

Sad, indeed, is the story of this woman who has perpetually refused to face facts as they are

By HARRIET PARSONS



People will tell you that Mae Murray is temperamental and hard to get along with, says this author, but they forget some of the fine things that Mae has done.

As she appeared in "Jazzmania," in the days when Mae Murray's name in lights meant a successful picture. It was during this period that she practically saved the old Metro company.



MAE MURRAY has figured on stage and screen for almost twenty-five years, been married four times, been involved in over twenty lawsuits—and apparently hasn't learned a thing. I do not say this with any intent to be cruel. I say it wonderingly, sympathetically, and pityingly. To me it is the pathos of the woman.

Hollywood tells many stories about Mae Murray—and most of them with intent to be humorous. Her lawsuits, her squabbles, her regal manner (she is married to Prince David Mdivani), her fanatical clinging to youth, and her persistent Pollyanna attitude are standing jokes. No one seems to see the underlying tragedy. No one seems to realize that the spectacle of an aging actress with the splendid body of a sixteen-year-old girl and the face of a woman in her forties is not funny. Hollywood seems to have missed the pathetic import of the fact that Mae Murray has lived an extraordinarily full and colorful life without seemingly learning one thing from experience.

Take, for example, that first marriage of hers. Few

people know about it. Born Marie Koenig, the child of humble German parents, she had had to make her own way in the world while she was still in her 'teens'. Blessed with a crown of blond hair, a pouting red mouth, an exquisite figure and a flair for dancing, she had turned naturally to the chorus. Success had come rapidly and in the "Follies of 1909" she had conquered Broadway with her impersonation of "The Brinkley Girl." Nell Brinkley's drawings of fluffy, exaggeratedly pretty and feminine damsels were in high favor at the time—and Mae looked like one of them come to life. While she was tasting the fruits of this first success she met William Schwenker, Jr., son of a millionaire dealer in brewers' supplies. They were married ten days later. Young Schwenker, confident that papa would provide, gave a swanky wedding breakfast at Rector's and invited Mae's friends and his own. Mae's girl friends were envious and admiring—Willie Schwenker was a catch—Mae was a lucky lady—she would never have to lift a finger again. It was a brilliant moment for the former Marie Koenig. She was leaving the stage in a blaze of glory and the future looked like Paradise on earth. It never occurred to her that anything might go wrong.

BROADWAY forgot about Mae Murray—until six months later when Willie Schwenker was sued for \$561, the price of that magnificent splurge at Rector's. The papers unearthed a story which revealed that the famous wedding breakfast, instead of being a glorious beginning had been a spectacular ending. For the elder Schwenker had disinherited his son, and Mae and Willie were destitute. They were living in an eight-dollar-a-week furnished room, cooking over a gas range. For two weeks they had existed on \$15 borrowed from Willie's sister. And their wedding breakfast was still



With Lowell Sherman in "Bachelor Apartment," the picture in which Mae Murray made her screen come-back recently.

unpaid for. Willie could not get a job—so Mae went back to the stage at \$30 a week to support them both.

Most girls would have been permanently embittered—or at least permanently warned by such an experience. But not Mae. She was taken aback for the moment—but her amazing optimism and faith in the goodness of life promptly reasserted itself. Poor, trusting Mae—she had honestly believed that Willie Schwenker was her Prince Charming and that he, and she would live happily and luxuriously ever after in true story-book manner. Mae always expects life to be serene and splendid, is always shocked and hurt when cold facts prove the contrary, and always promptly forgets her disillusionment.

When Mae went back to the stage she told the press that poor Willie was totally unsuited by his upbringing to make his own way in the world and that girls should

always marry self-made men. Yet she chose for her fourth husband a penniless prince, equally unsuited for work. In other words, seventeen years found her right back where she started—except that in 1926 the prince charming was really a prince and Mae was able to afford the luxury.

Coupled with her incorrigible optimism and in reality growing out of it, she has a terrific and unfortunate persecution complex which has made Mae's life one long wrangle. In the past seven years she has been involved in twenty lawsuits—not to mention numberless quarrels without benefit of jury. One gets the impression that she is always on the defensive—always looking for trouble. The truth of the matter is that she is always idealizing events and people, always expecting life to be a fairy tale with a happy ending—and getting mad when it isn't.

People will tell you that Mae Murray is temperamental, that she is impossible to get along with. They will remind you that she quarrelled with her second husband, J. J. O'Brien, rich sportsman, on their wedding night. And that she divorced genial, easy-going Bob Leonard after he had directed her in a series of successful pictures. They will regale you with anecdotes concerning her classic battle with Von Stroheim during the making of "The Merry Widow." They forget that O'Brien is supposed to have beaten her in a jealous rage; that her marriage with Leonard lasted nine years—which is, after all, nine years; that Von Stroheim is not exactly the embodiment of placidity himself. They forget, too, some of the really fine and generous gestures which Mae has made.

THE late Marcus Loew, kindly old pioneer of the film industry, was grateful to Mae Murray until the day he died. When the old Metro company, of which he was the head, was on its last legs and Loew was facing bankruptcy, it was Mae Murray who saved the day. She made "Fascination" and "Peacock Alley" without hope of repayment; worked like a trouper to make them a success; gave the best she had. The two pictures were box-office riots and put Metro back in the running. That is the reason that Mae Murray was queen of the M-G-M lot for so long. For even after Metro became the powerful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Loew never forgot Mae Murray's kindness.

I have said that Mae is a tragic figure because forty odd years of living have taught her nothing, and because she suffers from a persecution complex. I have pointed out that these continual battles of hers are pathetic rather than funny. There is another aspect of Mae which has been equally the subject of jokes and which is in reality even more pitiful. And that is the desperate manner in which she clings to youth and (Continued on page 118)

With her husband, the Prince David Mdivani. It is said that the Prince has made a good deal of money for his famous wife.



International

"YOU MUST TAKE CARE

With the best intentions in the world, Marie Dressler's many friends continually tax her strength with solicitude

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

MARIE DRESSLER'S friends are legion and they all agree, whether they pronounce it "Maw-ree" or "Mah-rie," that Marie Dressler should take care of herself. That this God-given gift for comedy—and tragedy—that she has, must be protected. That this great body that for fifty-nine years has brought a giggle to the world's tired face must be kept strong and vigorous so that it can continue to



(Above) While she is being given a face massage one of her friends shakes an admonishing finger at Marie and warns her to take care of herself. At the left is the exterior of Marie's lovely Beverly Hills home and at the extreme left are Jerry and Mamie Cox who have looked after and protected Marie for seventeen years.



bring us laughs and tears and happiness and pity.

"Some men were born to invent labor-saving devices, others to write books. Some women were born to sing, to bear children. I was born to make people laugh." To that effect is Marie Dressler's philosophy.

There are those of her friends, her intimate friends, who see the terrible tiredness in Marie's face when she comes home from the studio after a day of intense work. The lines that come from fatigue and are not etched by her smiles, nor the beauty of her thoughts.

THESE are the friends who caution her to take care of herself; not to give herself so completely to her friends; not to worry about their financial troubles, their domestic embroilments, nor the countless difficulties that they bring for her wise counsel.

"Unanimity is the watchword of success," is the creed by which Marie Dressler lives. And once she said to me: "Never be alone. Always have someone on the plank with you, for some day he or she may be your pillar in a dark hour." Her eyes were full of wisdom.

It is this life rule that is inundating Marie today.

Her friends, alarmed by the readiness with which she succumbs to fatigue, are smothering her with cautions. They love her.

Not only her intimate friends, but her acquaintances, her well-wishers, her admirers, are crowding in on her, solicitously. Telling her to guard her health, not to tax her strength, not to give herself to social affairs, nor go to teas, dinners, premières, and to, by all means, rest—rest—rest.

But even the response to this pampering, which she loves, is fatiguing to Queen Marie.

They telephone, they drop in at the English house on the Beverly Hills' corner where she makes her home, well protected by Mamie and Jerry Cox, who have been with her for seventeen years.

"You must take care of yourself, Marie!" buzzes in her ears each hour of her waking day, and into the jade and gold nights when she is wooing rest in her Chinese bedroom.

Mamie, watchful, guards her mistress; protects her, if

OF YOURSELF, MARIE!"

she can, from friends who are trying, earnestly, to protect their Marie from other friends who might tax her precious strength.

In Honolulu, where Marie fled to sample the island's far-famed peace, she met nothing but a full social calendar. She was driven back to the noisy, bustling studio for rest. And as she lunched on the broad veranda of the commissary, her meal was punctuated with greetings from bus-boys, waitresses, actresses, actors, executives, writers, the press, assistant directors. Little mumbled greetings, hearty handshakes—sincere, every one of them, cautioning her to take care of herself, and stealing that much of her strength to tell her. But Marie hasn't the heart not to give her time and energy.

Marie gave a tired smile, her hands relaxed:

"Why should all this happiness exhaust me so?"



Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN

I don't know. But I am as tired now as if I had done a big scene. . . ."

Nor at home is she entirely immune, despite Mamie.

"You must take care of yourself, Marie!" is the chorus that is drummed into her ears.

"Don't give so much of yourself to your friends," said one, perched on the edge of the bathtub, from where she watched the progress of a bran scalp treatment; and, before that, sitting on the edge of the bed, she had watched, chattering, the progress of a massage, administered for the relaxation of "Queen Marie."

"Good-by, my dear," she said at last, "Remember . . . you must take care of yourself!"

"Good-by," sighed Marie, weakly.

In the middle of a relaxing manicure some moments later, there entered Marie's good friend, May Robson.

"Marie, my dear!" breathed May. "How are you? Do take care of yourself. Guard yourself for us. We all love you so. And we don't want to see you tired and ill. Conserve your strength. . . . Marie, what do you think of these stills from my new picture? Look at them, dear, and give me your opinion. There are only about a hundred and forty."

From downstairs, after May left and Marie was propped up among the cushions of the chaise lounge, came the sounds of ice tinkling in tall glasses, teaspoons against delicate china and the radio.

"It's Ethel Levy and her husband, Mr. Grahame-White, and John Roche and Newell vander Hoef, Miss Dressler," said Mamie, at the boudoir door.

"Tell them I'll be down, Mamie. I'll see them downstairs," murmured Queen Marie, clutching her negligée, struggling to her feet and giving a regretful look to her peaceful room.

She slowly descended the stairs.

"My dear Marie!" her guests chorused at the bottom, "we've come to tell you to take care of yourself. Darling, don't give so much of yourself to your friends. . . ."

"I know, I know," said Marie, smiling softly, because—after all—she loves this doting clamor.

(Left) Just a crowd of Marie's many friends saying the sentence which Marie knows so well: "You must take care of yourself, Marie!" (Below) A friend comes in to tell Marie to take care of herself and in the same breath asks her to look over some stills—only a hundred and forty of them. Marie looks at them without complaining while being manicured.



JOHN BARRYMORE

With utter sincerity
and freedom from
bunk, this star tells—



According to this author, John Barrymore, who has led a pretty feverish life, believes chastity is the best thing a young person can possess. (Above) In "The Mad Genius."

By
WILBUR MORSE, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE recently granted me a few hours of his . . . and the Warner Brothers' . . . time. At the close of the interview Barrymore said: "When you've written your story let me see it. A paragraph here or there may open the flood gates and suggest other stuff I've not already told you."

This story, then, is a "flood" of John Barrymore's personality. It is a story about a man who holds a unique position in the maddest town in the world, Hollywood.

Here are some of the characteristics I learned first hand from the youngest of a family they've called royal in the theater:

John Barrymore has lived a pro-



TELLS THE WORLD

—a few truths which
will surprise and
delight you all



Mae Costello (above) brought up her daughters with a formula the most important item of which was, "be honest." (Left) Judging by Dolores' character, her mother's teaching was practically perfect.

miscuous life. He's been a heavy drinker and played courtier to many women. Yet he believes chastity is the most "exciting" attribute a young person can possess.

He's mimicked a quixotic rogue on the stage, on the screen and in real life. Yet he admires honesty above all other virtues.

He detests chaperonage in any form yet he believes foreign governments have a perfect right to protest—and censor—insults to their intelligence and national pride circulated by certain of our less important movie moguls.

He believes the screen is the greatest medium the world has ever known for disseminating education along with entertainment and yet he's always "out for the day" when studio fuss-bussers start holding conferences on important matters of policy or production problems.

He's a friend of, and a reader of, Aldous Huxley, yet he knows most of America's ga-ga cartoonists by their first names and respects their work.

He has the dignity of an Indian poobah and the vulgarity of a pair of Siamese twins with Rabelaisian senses of humor.

HIS own sense of humor is evident in the following story.

"Tell me, Mr. Barrymore," gushed a chatterer once, shortly after Al Jolson made his first talkie, "now that we are to have talkies, would you be willing to play 'Hamlet' in modern dress?"

"No, madam," replied Barrymore—very seriously. "But if I'm propositioned, I'll play 'King Lear' in the nude."

A book could be filled with the likes and dislikes of Barrymore, the odd ambiguities of his keen intelligence. Personally, this writer would rather report than editorialize. I'll quote, then, to the best of my ability, what John Barrymore told me one rainy day.

The day before I was to see him I asked a dignitary of Hollywood what he thought would be the most interesting story a writer could get on the elusive subject . . . this man Barrymore who, Hollywood gossips, pretends to be intoxicated or makes fearful faces when fat old ladies ask him for stories of his love life.

The picture man said: "The fact that John Barrymore, the playboy, has become John Barrymore, Esquire, a proud papa, is the story everyone is eager to read."

John Barrymore volunteered a great deal of very intimate, tender details about his domestic life so I didn't ask him some of the questions a chiseling columnist might have offered the actor. I didn't inquire as to whether he personally paced the floor with his baby at nights. I didn't ask him how often he kissed his wife each day or the color scheme of his bathroom. I did ask some personal questions along with queries on subjects of general interest and I learned a little that was well known and a great deal that was new.

His mind works like a machine gun. It spits ideas. His voice, as he talked that day, was so quiet that I doubt if the sensitive microphone nearby could have caught the calm, cultured flow of words. But his wise eyes spoke with a raciness, a boldness and a crispness.

WHEN John Barrymore talks for publication—and that is almost as rarely as Garbo—he neither minces words nor is dainty with his ideas. I learned three new oaths and—a lot of common sense.

"Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore is only nine months old now," said her father, "so I haven't yet entered her at Miss Spence's select school for girls or hired a duenna for her first trip to France. I haven't anything written on her birth certificate about the possibilities of her becoming an actress, either. She'll choose her own career, I hope.

"If she wants to go on the stage when she's old enough, fine. If she wants to take in tating or blow smoke

through her ears at church socials, that'll be her affair. Whatever she does, I'll try and help her to success if I'm still around to be of any use.

"But the only problem the child has at present is how often she's fed and the only pedantic idea I have on bringing up children is to deal with them as human beings, be honest, lend what help my own experience offers and then give them their heads.

"The youngsters of today have an inherent honesty, a saneness of point of view and a healthiness of attitude on every subject. I've no fear about my daughter's future if she's always told the truth."

Despite what the crystal gazers of Venice may be predicting for the daughter of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, the child's parents haven't begun "guiding" her career except to push the handle of her baby carriage.

Love of truth was a characteristic which marked another forbear of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore . . . the gracious, honest-minded lady who was her grandmother and the mother of Dolores Costello.

I asked Barrymore for whom the child was named Mae.

I'M glad you mention that," he said. "It's a story you'll enjoy, a story that proves what a myth this mother-in-law business is.

"Mae Costello, mother of Dolores, was one of the grandest persons I've ever known and one of the dearest friends I've ever had. Before I married Dolores, Mae and I talked many a night through. We used to put the kids to bed and sit up and bicker until dawn about old times in the theater, old friends we'd shared, old tales we enjoyed, old experiences we could relive in the telling. We were gay pals.

"Once Dolores asked me: 'Are you sure it is I whom you want to marry and not Mother?'

"This is a question I'll have to give serious consideration," I told her. "But it seems to me if I marry you, I'll be able to see a great deal of both of you."

Mae Costello must have been one of those really fine women. There are so few. They usually come only once in every four or five generations of a family but Mae and Dolores Costello are of the same mold.

Barrymore has a special corner of his heart reserved for the memory of Mae Costello. He speaks the third of his baby's names very tenderly. Mae Costello did such a good job in bringing up her daughters and Barrymore feels he can do no better than duplicate her formula and the first of Mae Costello's rules was "be honest."

Dolores Ethel Mae will have many careers to choose from out of her ancestors' pasts. Her father was an art student, a testimonial salesman, a cartoonist and a newspaper reporter at various stages of his colorful life.

OF his newspaper experience, Barrymore said: "You can't tell me publishers aren't charitable employers. Arthur Brisbane kept me on salary two years after he knew he ought to have fired me."

Barrymore still talks with the directness of the press room on the subject of romance.

"Sex is an overrated bugaboo," is the opinion of the man who has been called one of the theater's romantic lovers.

"Nothing that is honest can harm anyone," Barrymore believes. "You can't injure the mind of a child, or an adult for that matter, with anything, be it book, picture or music, if it presents its message or its entertainment honestly.

"The Bible, aside from being (Continued on page 93)



John and Dolores are bringing up Dolores Ethel Mae on sane and modern ideas. They intend to interfere with her life as little as possible.

MASQUERADE AT MARION'S

When Marion Davies gives a costume party, Hollywood's most famous people come arrayed in the finest of the fine. A gorgeous display of movie stars for your delight

These pictures especially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by William Grimes.

What ho for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a dashing Austrian officer with medals and braid and everything. Yes, even to the neat military moustache. And wife Joan Crawford in the Empire ensemble is quite something to wire home about. And isn't her new shade of hair becoming?





Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Robert Montgomery (above) made a charming picture of the Victorian era. This is one of the few pictures of Bob's wife ever published. William Haines (right) as an undertaker, Ruth Selwyn and Director Edgar Selwyn seem to know pretty well what it's all about.



(Above) Harpo Marx won the prize for the best disguise as Kaiser Bill. Marie Dressler's costume looks familiar. Remember her in that outfit in "Anna Christie?" (Left) Kent Douglass, Leslie Howard, Marion Davies, a non-professional, Buster Collier, George K. Arthur, Ramon Novarro and Eileen Percy.

MY HOLLYWOOD



The Browne boy says that one of his grandest mistakes was the disregarding of a news scoop which concerned Mabel Normand when he was a reporter.

This chap has been written about by other authors—now he writes about himself for a change

By EDWIN ANTHONY BROWNE

Who is said to be "Whitey" of the famous novels, "Queer People" and "Whitey"

IT'S nine years now since my "Comedy of Errors in Hollywood" made its ludicrous, but none the less sensational, debut. Nine years; long enough for the Warner Brothers to go from no place to way up there—and back again; long enough for hundreds of screen luminaries to arrive at fame and fortune and even long enough for Eric von Stroheim to finish two pictures. But my first and only self-conceived and self-directed production continues serenely and blithely on its way. "Abie's Irish Rose" should step out and get itself a reputation.

It is asserted that one profits by one's mistakes. If so, I am the exception that proves the rule. If there was one-half of one per cent profit in mistakes, I wouldn't be writing this. I would be at ease on my palatial yacht, ordering another of those long cool somethings from my man Burtis. Does this sound like a complaint? It is not. I have had a swell time in being the most successful failure on the Pacific Coast. I even enjoy it when from time to time some ambitious rival threatens. That merely spurns me onward to bigger and better mistakes. Even now instead of basking in my well-deserved glory, I have a half-formed plan for an error that will hit every front page in the country. But to begin at the beginning:

MY first few years in Hollywood were spent as a newspaper reporter. I had at that time never seen a movie, let alone a studio, and didn't know William S. Hart from Carl Laemmle. That lack of knowledge was,

so to speak, an accessory before the fact to my first mistake. My first half hundred.

At seven-thirty one typical sunshiny morning I accompanied a detective who had been called to investigate a death on Alvarado Street.

Sure enough we found a dead man. He was lying face down on the floor of the living room of his home. There were no signs of violence. The officer asked a few perfunctory questions of somebody or other. The dead man, it seems, was named Taylor. The detective hadn't had any breakfast yet and neither had I so we didn't go into any great detail.

We mutually agreed that Mr. Taylor had passed in his checks from heart failure. I picked up a phone (later the finger-print experts complained bitterly about that) and called my city editor. I assured him that nothing of importance had happened and went to breakfast.

Two hours later, the newspapers (all except mine) announced in startling headlines that William Desmond Taylor, the famous movie director, had been found murdered; that his intimate friends, Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand, were the last to see him alive. For days, while looking for work, I kept wishing I had been the victim instead of Taylor. It would have been less humiliating.

TIME, as only time will, along with other mistakes put that mistake into the background and I was, I believe, on the verge of falling into the rut of a common-

MISTAKES

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH



Among others whom Mr. Browne advised to leave Hollywood were Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Gulliver (second, third and fourth from right). He considers this one of his best mistakes.

place blunderer, when out of a clear sky another situation arose that handed me an outlet to my abilities.

This time it was a New Year's Eve. I had enjoyed the festive occasion in my childish way and was taking a deserved nap, comfortably curled on a desk in police headquarters when I was hauled rudely from my sleep and tossed into a police "flying squad" car. "Shooting scrape on Vermont Street," explained a detective, as we sped in that direction at sixty miles an hour.

Arriving at our destination, I graciously allowed the officers to discover what had happened while I resumed my interrupted nap on the rear seat. Soon I was made to sit up while the car was filled with crying women and stern policemen. I was only half awake, but couldn't help hearing one of the crying women repeating over and over: "I hope this won't get in the papers."

As I have said, it was New Year's Eve and I was tired.

"Lady," I rebuked, "will you quit that sobbing. Don't you think papers have anything to print but family squabbles? If you were pretty or famous we might use a picture. As it is you should consider yourself lucky if you get a line." The sobbing subsided and I went back to sleep.

It was not until the next day that the world was informed that a dashing young blood from Denver by the name of Courtland Dines had been shot while entertaining Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance and that the two celebrities had been taken to headquarters for questioning.

Dines managed to survive and so did I, but neither one of us has had anything to do with the newspaper pro- (Continued on page 91)

LET'S TALK ABOUT FILM GOSSIP OF



(Left) Peggy Shannon, the lucky girl who got Clara Bow's part in "The Secret Call" when Clara broke down on the set. (Right) Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton with their newly adopted baby, Patricia. We mentioned it last month. Remember?



LEW AYRES has borne the brunt of a lot of stories lately telling of how high-hat he has become. Until yesterday we refused to believe them because we have known Lew a long time. Now it all comes to light:

Between pictures, every star in the business is expected to be on call for pictures and interviews with the press. Lew is only too well aware of this. Well, he has got to the point where he doesn't want to be disturbed. When the publicity department called him the other day, the phone wasn't answered.

It was found out later that Lew has installed a new gadget on the instrument that won't allow the phone to ring until Mister Ayres gets good and ready to get out of bed and detach it!

NORMA SHEARER has changed—she's gone sex-appeal. She is quite a changed young lady around the wardrobe department when she is being fitted out for a picture. In place of the very dignified and smart creations she wore in the great hit, "The Divorcée," we now find her asking the fitters to "cut it down here" and "don't forget the sex-appeal."

And Norma a mother, too . . . tsch . . . tsch.

When Mary Pickford visited the King of Siam in New York recently, she was asked for credentials by the gate-keeper. "My face is my only card of identification," our Mary answered.

ALL the gang in the M-G-M publicity department are bicycle conscious. About half of the personnel rides bikes to work, and others keep them at the studio to ride during the noon hour. We all got a huge laugh the other day when they dared Adolphe Menjou to try his luck. But luck wasn't with him that day. You should have seen Menjou with spats and wing collar struggling to keep the bicycle upright.

Someone wanted to see Mayer and Thalberg do their

stuff—but then, executives have a certain prestige to maintain, you know.

Bill Oliver, newspaper man about Hollywood, remarks: "I see by the papers that all the studios are going to make athletic shorts. Does this mean the producers are returning to the clothing business?"

STRANGE as it seems, Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur are being dropped from the Paramount roster of players. The girls' contracts were running into the fifth year—and that means tremendous salaries. Mary has been there ever since doing Wendy in "Peter Pan."

Paramount without the little Brian girl will be like a hen without a baby chick.

It didn't do Joan Crawford much good to have a second set of passport pictures taken. For months her sailing date was postponed on account of retakes—and now Joan and Doug Jr. won't even see Europe this year. Likewise Bill Haines. He phoned his antique buyers over in London that he couldn't get away from the studio.

THE story is that Lil Tashman happened to be out on the Fox lot around lunch time and decided to drop in

Are you Hollywood-conscious? Read these pages and

HOLLYWOOD

THE MONTH II



(Left) Lil Dagover, the German actress, who is being signed by Warner-First National. No, they will not make her imitate Carbo. (Right) Remember Johnny Hines? He's back again with a part in "Waiting at the Church," for RKO-Radio.



and see husband Eddie Lowe. But whom should she find in his dressing room but a very comely young lady, Alona Marlowe . . . quite alone.

Lil immediately read the riot act to the visitor and, it is said, then proceeded to knock her for a loop. Even though the young lady explained ". . . she had been standing in the sun outside the dressing room when Eddie came out and asked her if she didn't want to step in where it was cool!"

Can this be true? A tiff, no matter how slight, between such a happily married pair has us all a-dither.

And this, as the newspaper editor would say, is News! When Charlotte Greenwood's pet Peke bit Bob Montgomery the other day—Bob bit the dog for revenge!

REMEMBER Jerome Storm who used to direct Charles Ray, and was one of the biggest directors in Hollywood? At that time he was making one of the largest salaries in the film colony . . . and spending it. Today he's working as a day laborer at the same studio where he directed some of his most successful pictures. But he hasn't lost faith in himself. At night he writes, and he'll probably be riding the top of the wave again. Others have been known to do it in the past, you know. Hollywood's that way!

EVEN when Cliff Edwards was appearing in court to try and cut down the alimony he is paying his wife (which is a *very* serious thing to a man who has paid alimony) he just couldn't keep from cuttin' up. When the boys from the newspapers came to take his picture in the courtroom, he "mugged" all over the place and even had one pose where he pretended to be asleep!

But you have to forgive Cliff—after all, he's a ukelele player.

THE Pauline Starke-Jack White marriage certainly has fallen with a dull thud. After three years of wedded life the Whites decided to part ways—and Pauline filed suit for separate maintenance, asking division of \$100,000 community property and \$750 monthly.

Then Jack came forth with a full-fledged divorce complaint that "tells all." Among other things, Pauline seems to have called Jack a name or two.

GUESS who met over in Paris quite accidentally? Aimee McPherson and our own Charlie Chaplin! It seems that they had registered at the same hotel, and they had a grand time talking about Hollywood, etc.

Now probably all the newspaper scribes will come forth with the astounding discovery that Charlie's next leading lady will be a French red-head named Aimee!

AT the Burbank studio commissary of Warner Brothers-First National, four prices are charged for the same luncheon. The prices range from 45c to \$1.25. It all depends upon the service you choose.

Your meal at a table without a cloth covering is 45 cents; with a table cloth, it's 65 cents; in the Green Room, the same food is 75 cents; and in the executives' corner, it is \$1.25. The laugh is that the directors and stars flock to the 45c tables while studio underlings eat at the more expensive ones.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 15 AND 92

astonish your friends with your knowledge of cinema town

HOLLYWOOD

MARY ASTOR



At the left are three of Mary Astor's coats—light enough for cool days in summer. She is wearing a severe, double-breasted one of green and gray tweed mixture with a beret, equally severe, to match. The light coat is beige, flecked with red and green, and the shawl collar, of course, is lapin. The dark coat next to it is of light-weight green wool, and is completely collarless. Directly below are the shoes she is wearing with the tweed coat: black calf and grey lizard. The other shoe models (reading clockwise) are embroidered beige linen pumps, plain grey crêpe pumps, and a stunning pair of black shantung walking pumps.



Not many frills in Mary Astor's wardrobe—but there's smart simplicity

WARDROBES

Mary Astor at her own dressing table which has all the gay, cosmeticky clutter dear to every girl's heart. She is wearing a simple pair of lounging pajamas. Note that the trousers are not abnormally wide—just comfortably full. The green leaf print gives an air of coolness. The bolero jacket, in plain green, piped in the print, is complemented by a plain green sash. Below, some more shoes: top, light beige suede and dark beige kid; middle left, frivolous black satin cut-out pumps; middle right, brown and white woven leather sport shoes; and bottom, two-tone mules in gold and silver kid. Mary always stuffs her shoes with tissue paper—it's often better than shoe-trees.



Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Robert W. Coburn

Mary's pet pash is shoes—here are eight good-looking models. Size? Five B

There are important hints here for that important vacation wardrobe

The large picture in the center of these two pages shows one of Mary's simplest and most becoming chiffons. The black background is scattered with silver flowers, large and small and medium-sized. That's all there is to the dress, except for the knot of black and silver ribbon at the neckline. The cutting looks very simple, but it's very expert, for all that. Notice that the hem clears the floor by at least three inches. Below, Mary is wearing a simple little black velvet throw-wrap.



These models would
suit almost every tall,
modern young girl

Below, an adorable "spectator" sport dress of white silk crêpe, beautifully embroidered in pastel flowers. The blouse has the popular cowl neck. With this frock Mary wears a tight little turban of straw cloth and a deep cream polo coat. The two dresses on the hangers are, left, a white crêpe frock worn with a navy tie and navy jacket and, right, a light-weight woven wool suit with a mannish blouse in beige crêpe. Just severe enough pour le sport without overdoing it.





Mitzi Green makes a batch of her favorite peanut butter fudge. You'll find the recipe for it in this article.

Anita Page knows how to get up a poultry dinner in proper style. In the picture at the right she is shredding stale bread for a turkey dressing.



In spite of servants galore and four-figure salaries, these stars know how to cook—and frequently do

THERE are cooks and chefs in Hollywood drawing salaries in four figures every week. They ride around in chauffeured Rolls-Royces, and wear imported French gowns and ermine coats. Diamonds weighing many carats tire their fingers; and many are courted ardently by the screen's most glamorous lovers. Now, before any girl with a domestic science diploma, or a lad with a Boy Scout's knack for tossing up flapjacks, throws an apron and a measuring cup into a knapsack and makes tracks toward Cinemaland, let me hastily explain that this is a story about the off-screen cooks of Hollywood—about the famous stars who have a natural flair and wholesome liking for cooking.

If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave an annual culinary cup of honor as well as other trophies of achievement, that cup should unquestionably be awarded to Louise Fazenda, filmdom's foremost oven artist. Oddly, my first meeting was with the cook, not the comedienne. It was on a set at the First National

studios, in one of the years B. T. (Before Talkies). Everyone was standing around "between shots" and everyone from prop boy to leading lady was lavishly supplied with cookies, which were being devoured with an off-screen gusto and an on-screen smile.

"Why the refreshments?" I snooped. "Oh," someone explained, "Louise brought down another batch of her favorite cookies today. She made 'em after she went home from work last night. Want some? She always brings plenty. She's the best cook in Hollywood—and maybe she's not popular!"

NOT long ago an electric cake mixer came to take its place in Louise's kitchen. There's an amusing—and rather touching—story behind this gift. A youngster living next door is one of the comedienne's greatest admirers. He likes her acting, he likes her delightful off-screen sense of humor and kindness; and he very particularly likes her cakes. He is her most ardent kitchen



Tuesday night in the Bannister household is cook's night out. Ann Harding always broils a nice big steak on these occasions.

Louise Fazenda is one of the best cooks in Hollywood. With her is her most devoted admirer and official taster.

James Gleason is real handy at doughnut making. Even Mrs. G. (no mean cook herself) steps gracefully aside when Jim gets busy.

critic, and in this capacity, naturally, has to sample all her pastries. One day, noticing that Louise seemed tired from beating a mixture of dough, he begged to be allowed to help. Well, it sure was hard work! Gee, what she needed was an electric mixer! He would buy one for her! But he found that the retail price of a mixer was too steep for his allowance. However, he persuaded his dad, an electrician, to get him the parts wholesale and help him assemble them. It was a generous thought; and if the electric mixer helps Louise make bigger, better, and more cakes for her official sampler—well, isn't that fair compensation?

LUISE'S favorite cookie recipe is made of two cups of butter and one cup of sugar, creamed. Two unbeaten egg yolks are stirred in; and two teaspoons of vanilla, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, and one cup of chopped almonds are added. One teaspoon of baking powder and five cups of pastry flour—more if necessary—complete the recipe. These cookies are baked thin in a moderate oven.

Warner Baxter seems to be the candidate for Chief Chef of Cinemaland. He enjoys few things more than fussing around a stove, and to have friends drop in of an evening gives him a great excuse to roll up his sleeves, tie a towel around his chest, and make—well, among other things, *chili con carne*. Into one and one-half cups of hot olive oil he puts three medium-sized onions, chopped. After simmering them ten minutes, he adds two pounds of ground round steak and one pound of ground lean pork. When this has simmered for twenty minutes, he next adds two cans of tomato sauce, two cups of boiling water, one cup of chili powder, six pods of grated garlic, and salt to taste. For extra flavor he adds three tablespoonfuls of pulverized aregano and the same quantity of kumis seed, tied in a cheesecloth bag and not mixed in with the other ingredients. This recipe must simmer very slowly for another two hours, after which are added a pound and a half of Mexican beans that have been soaked overnight and cooked until tender. If there is not sufficient meat flavor, Warner adds one of the beef extracts. Sometimes, if he has guests who like particularly "hot"

dishes, he adds some chili *capenos*, either while the mixture is cooking, or afterwards to the individual services.

SIX days Lupe Velez labors, and on the Day of Rest she gets up very early to prepare breakfast. It is an elaborate meal, the most substantial repast of the day, and she usually has several guests to help her eat it. The breakfast consists of something *à la Lupe*, prepared with eggs and lots of mushrooms. It takes Lupe a couple of hours, at least, to eat her breakfast. Oh, it's a grand meal! Incidentally, Sunday is servants' day off in the Velez ménage.

It wouldn't take a clairvoyant to tell that little Mitzi Green's own special recipe is for fudge! It's very easy—two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of milk, brought to a boil and cooked until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. The syrup is removed from the fire, and to it are added four tablespoons of peanut butter, one teaspoon of vanilla, and a few grains of salt. It's the brisk beating until the mixture is creamy that takes real work, but Mitzi usually decides it's worth it when her candy is ready to eat. No wonder Mitzi is a plump little youngster! She can make drop muffins, too, but somehow her heart's not in them much!

Elissa Landi learned cooking as part of a well-bred girl's education. Among the dishes she cooks for intimate friends is the famous dish of her country—Hungarian goulash. When I asked for her recipe, she replied in dismay, "I don't cook by measures, but by instinct." For example, she takes some stock, in which she has boiled every possible vegetable except potatoes. She fries some onions over a very hot flame and immediately adds the stock, stewing it. Veal chunks, pounded, are next added, with salt and pepper to taste. When the meat is tender Elissa adds enough flour to thicken it a bit, and paprika to give the goulash color. When she wants to make it extra-rich, she adds a tablespoon of sour cream. Friends who have tasted her goulash pronounce it simply delicious.

YOU'D be surprised how many men in Hollywood have their own pet recipes. There's Jimmy Gleason, for example, who is ready to (Continued on page 99)

MODERN SCREEN

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)

ANOTHER smashing melodrama for Norma Shearer! And to assure thorough-going entertainment, they've given Norma such favorites as Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Jimmie Gleason to assist her.

Norma is the daughter of a brilliant, dissipated lawyer who has reared his child to be "a free soul," untrammelled by conventions. Circumstances make her the mistress of a notorious gambler, and to free her from this liaison, her father promises to drink no more if she will cease her relationship. Both fail. But returning to her lover she sees him in his true character of a miserable black-leg. He attempts to intimidate her and is killed by the boy who really loves her. In a tense court room scene the dissipated father takes the blame.



THE COMMON LAW (RKO-Radio)

CONSTANCE BENNETT is fascinating as ever in this lavish picture production of the one-time sensational seller by Robert W. Chambers. The star and an excellent cast imbue the old tale of artists and models with an up-to-date flavor, and the problem presented is one that will ever hold popular appeal.

This time it is the girl who objects to, and scoffs at matrimony. While Joel McCrea, as hero, is a stickler for the conventions. When you know that Lew Cody is in the picture, it isn't difficult to guess that a third party menaces the love of the principals. But after running the gamut of emotions, to say nothing of the gauntlet of experience, Constance changes her ideas and ideals. Among others, Paul Ellis, Marion Shilling and Hedda Hopper are prominently cast.



BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)



WHEN Lowell Sherman invites the ladies to his "Bachelor Apartment," they always return for more of his hospitality. Which makes it very nice for Lowell, and also renders snappy farce comedy for the paying guests at movie theatres. But when the one-and-only girl enters the story, complications begin. For Lowell's girl friends just won't take the air.

There's Mae Murray, for instance. You might think she had no home, that is, until her husband calls at the "Bachelor Apartment" for her. And there are Claudia Dell, Noël Francis, Kitty Kelly—talk about your bebies of beauties! But in the end, Lowell, who also directed this picture by the way, convinces Irene Dunne that his wild oats are all sown. And so the perfume of orange-blossoms clings to the final sequences.

CHANCES (First National)



IT seems there was a War. Good old War! What would Hollywood have done without it? For one thing, it has provided a pretty good excuse for the artillery fire which dominates the battle sequences of "Chances." And makes the triangular romance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart, a matter of rather minor moment.

In this one, Doug and Tony are brothers. Doug is quite a lion among ladies. But Mr. Bushell has known only one love. And that with his boyhood sweetheart, Rose. But all the same, practice makes perfect. And when it comes to lovin' Doug is a cinch at winning the girl. His rôle robs him of sympathy, which is thrown to Anthony. Both the boys do well—better than Miss Hobart. But the battle scenes are the biggest thrill.

REVIEWS

The finest guide
to current talkies

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)



IT'S been a score of years since this vehicle brought Ruth Chatterton stage fame. And almost as long since Mary Pickford played in a silent screen version of the theatrical hit. But the story's appeal remains and endows little Janet Gaynor with a greater glory.

It is the best thing she has given the screen since the memorable "Seventh Heaven."

The plot holds all the tears and laughter which made the play a success when Miss Chatterton was the pig-tailed girl and Henry Miller the older man whom she adored. The present Daddy Long Legs is Warner Baxter, and following a succession of excessively fictional rôles, it is pleasant to see this actor in such a part. You'll simply love Janet, and Warner, too. And you'll have nice things to say about Una Merkel as well.

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)



JOHN BARRYMORE'S frightening the children again. Fie, fie, John. We're being deprived of the Barrymore who once created the illusion of romance upon the screen. And given in "The Mad Genius" a Barrymore who gallumphs about as a club-footed maestro of the Ballet Russe.

There's very little action in the picture, and a deal of talk, all of which leads to a nice ghoulish finale in which Barrymore's pate is split with a fire-axe by a rival. Bright spots are provided by Marion Marsh as the feminine half of the young love interest, and the inimitable Charles Butterworth, the drollest Dromio in pictures. Come out from behind those disguises, John! We know you! You're "Don Juan" and "General Crack." Be romantic! We like you better that way.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (Paramount)

HERE'S Buddy Rogers in his first dramatic rôle since "Wings." They cast America's Boy Friend in a mere featured part, second in importance to that played by Clive Brook. But Buddy makes good by stealing the picture despite an unsympathetic part which portrays a wastrel weakling.

Dick Arlen, a stranded sailor, sells his revolver to the wealthy waster, Buddy. In a gambling dive mix-up, a man is killed by a shot from this very gun. Dick is sentenced to die for murder, and Buddy, the weakling, keeps silent. In the end, of course, there's regeneration. Rogers makes a clean breast of his part in the affair and the real killer is apprehended. Clive Brook is excellent as the lawyer, and both Jean Arthur and Francis McDonald deserve mention. But Buddy is best.



FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)

WHILE the presence of the ace comedienne, Marion Davies, as star of this drama of the chain-stores, guarantees a leavening of laughter, you'll be surprised to find the charming hoyden of the cinema appearing in an absorbing, exciting, society melodrama. And you'll be surprised at her dramatic talent.

Here she is the daughter of Richard Bennett, wealthy owner of five and ten cent stores. Mary Duncan is a particularly obnoxious society bud, who misses no chance to humiliate Marion. Both are in love with the same man. There are some terrific complications and more than one tragedy before the story ends with the promise of future happiness for its heroine. Miss Davies is superb, and besides those mentioned, Leslie Howard, Irene Rich and Kent Douglass lend staunch support.



These reviews will save you wasting money on the wrong show

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)

NOW here's a film-farce that's good fun all the way through. Originally it was a stage hit called "Good Gracious Annabelle." Since then it has been titled many things—even "She Wears the Pants." But by any name it's Hollywood humor at its best, charmingly played by Jeanette MacDonald, Vic McLaglen and Roland Young.

The fable doesn't mean so much. It's one of those light, laughable *mélanges* in which the heroine poses as cook in the home of a millionaire in order to secure the missing papers. Naturally enough, there is a merry mix-up all along the line. Thus Jeanette is provided with the opportunity to prove herself one of the first farceurs in filmdom, while Roland Young plays an extraordinary inebriate in a manner showing there is something new under the sun—even in portraying drunks.



THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)

NOT that Joan Crawford isn't one of our favorite movie mimes, and not that she isn't perfectly grand in "This Modern Age." But we do wish they'd give our Joan a different story. All that they change is the title. And so we have her again as the modern maiden misunderstood by a snooty boy friend.

Neil Hamilton is the goody-goody who jilts Joan just because a few of the girls and boys get to whooping it up before his parents. The young folks are very, very *Paree*, you see. So that oo-la-la stuff comes natural to them. But, shucks, the picture needs surprises. Anyone can tell that Monroe Owsley is going to reform and prove himself worthy of Joan's love before the end. And that's just what happens. Joan is best. Then Marjorie Rambeau. And after them Messrs. Owsley and Hamilton.



THE GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)



ANY really and truly film fan is an authority on gangs and gunmen by now. But—ah—what about the woman's angle on the underworld? Well, here you have it. For Mae Clarke is a gangster's gal who exchanges a rod for a ring, and quits Gunman Bob Ellis for honest Jimmy Hall. But wedding bells have scarcely quit chiming when the ex-sweetie demands a mighty sacrifice. Mae must provide an alibi in swearing that she spent the night of the crime with him.

Mae refuses. The gunman goes to jail. The bridegroom's parents discover all. And the bride goes into the darkness and the storm alone. Then the convict escapes and seeks vengeance against Mae. It's all pretty thrilling. There is cause to shed a few tears, too. And you're sure to laugh long and loud at Marie Prevost.

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)



IT was naughtier as a stage play. But it's nicer in the movies. Carole Lombard helps to make it so. Carole, you see, is the chic and charming wife of that rising young writer, Norman Foster. And when Norman insists that his nassy ol' job is preventing the completion of the "great American novel," friend wife suggests that she foot the bills while hubby authors.

Neither is happy under the regime, and both develop an unreasoning jealousy of intruding third parties. In fact, the green-eyed-monster leads the couple perilously near to Reno. But when it turns out that the bride will soon be a-sewing those tiny garments so popular in pictures, the path is paved for a happy ending. Carole and Norman are better than ever. And Skeets Gallagher helps Stuart Erwin endow the film with lots more fun.

MODERN
SCREEN'S
GALLERY
OF
HONOR

LESLIE HOWARD

—whose work adds so much to the artistry of "Five and Ten" and to the drama of "A Free Soul." He became an actor because business conditions were so bad following the war. His favorite hobby is taking amateur movies of his friends.



Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by William A. Fraker

MAE
CLARKE

—who deserves a place among the big names of film-dom and will get it before long—watch her! Mae Clarke is the name and she gave a great performance in "The Front Page," and also in "Good Bad Girl." Mae has been out in Hollywood since 1929 playing bits in a number of Fox films but it wasn't until recently that she got her break.



JAMES
KIRKWOOD

—whose work as the father in "Young Sinners" is so convincing. James seems to have made a real comeback and now has a Fox contract. He worships James Jr., the child of his and Lila Lee's marriage. He wanted to be a priest until he started reading Shakespeare as a boy—from then on it was acting. His next is "Over the Hill."



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL

—who is one of the best portrayers of the modern girl in pictures today. Her "Party Husband" is doing well in the theaters right now and she is preparing to make "As Good As New." Dorothy's pet delight is rushing off to Honolulu. Whenever the Mackaill girl is missing from Hollywood you'll probably find her lying on the beach in Waikiki.



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

RICHARD
ARLEN

—who has had the courage to revolt against the everlasting Western hero types and now appears in the dramatic "The Lawyer's Secret," opposite his old friend, Charles Rogers. Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, live quietly and save their money. He calls her "Ma" and she calls him "Pa." Joby looks after the family finances.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



From the Harold Seton collection

(Above) This was one of those imaginative little things which had to do with the sea and Neptune's daughters and love and sea-weed. The gentleman with the sea-laurel around his head is Jack Mulhall. Yes, really! The girl who is looking into his eyes so adoringly is Louise Lovely. Kindly note the cute method the young man has of carrying spare tire chains on his arm. (Right) This very smart ensemble, worn by Rosemary Theby, can be used for formal evening wear, a masquerade—even swimming—if you don't mind people staring at you.



If you're tired of this weary old world take a look at these here scoops and die laughing

Mistakes

(Continued from page 73)

fession since. With Dines it has been a case of his own discretion. With me it has been a case of the editors'.

Realizing I needed a larger and more fertile field for my peculiar abilities, I became a movie press agent. I felt, also, that I should begin to learn, by sight at least, these queer people who were giving me such sterling boosts toward my goal of complete failure.

The studio, for which I was assiduously turning out press books, staged a nation-wide beauty contest and brought ten of the so-called winners to Hollywood for a six-weeks' trial. I was young and had an eye for beauty that has never deserted me although it plays me false every so often.

I haunted the dressing rooms of these cute little contest winners and cheered them up considerably when day after day went by without anyone higher than a property boy speaking to them. That is, I was on friendly terms with nine of the girls. The tenth spent her time foolishly learning something about pictures. One by one, my nine protégées took trains back home. The tenth was Dorothy Gulliver.

THIS episode in my career made me just a trifle cautious. Whenever I would see a newcomer on the lot I would be very careful to advise her that the movies was no bed of roses.

"A good home and a good husband beats struggling around in this business," I would tell them, "particularly when there isn't a chance in nine thousand of your getting any place."

I am proud to say that not a few took my well meant advice. In fact, there are only two that were so foolish as to disregard it. They are Janet Gaynor and Fay Wray.

I might go on and on like this; how I went to Santa Barbara to put over a dandy publicity stunt for a company on location from my studio and exceeded my fondest expectations only to discover I had joined up with a company from a rival studio; how I once cashed a rubber check and gave the money to Grant Withers on his promise to go back to Colorado and forget pictures and how I helped a Follies girl turn Russian over night and then escorted her to a banquet where she attempted her accent on two former room mates.

But I will not go on. I will end this with my greatest mistake to date. A mistake that will take time and pains to top, although I have plans.

I met up with two authors, seeking data for a novel on Hollywood. They didn't look like authors and didn't act like it either. I was seen with them, ate their meals and drank their gin.

Their book came out and was a great success. So great a success, in fact, that I am still in hiding. You see it is a story of a guy that comes to Hollywood and makes a shambles of the movie industry at the expense of the film folk—and the film folk think I am that guy because of my few mistakes.

ROUNDED SLIMNESS

in every smart C O S T U M E



LEILA HYAMS, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket for tennis. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodhpurs.

THE new costumes are getting more involved. We must be slender, ah yes! But rounded. We must glow with health while we grope with calories!

And after all, what's the good of losing your health to regain your figure? So simple a thing as the addition of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to an adequate reducing diet will work wonders. ALL-BRAN itself isn't the least fattening. But it adds the "bulk" your system needs to keep it regular and healthy.

Nothing causes more unpleasantness than improper elimination. Pimples, sallow skins, headaches, wrinkles, backaches, dizziness—are only a few of the most common symptoms.

Why not prevent them by enjoying Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day? It is so much wiser than taking dangerous pills or drugs. For ALL-BRAN not only adds bulk—it also contains iron which brings rosy color to the complexion.

Many attractive recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



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MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

Usually around three o'clock, if you happen to be in the M-G-M commissary, you will have the thrill of seeing Joan Crawford feeding her dog. Woggles is the name of the animile.



THE Life of Carl Laemmle," the biography by John Drinkwater, the famous English writer, proves to be a fascinating life story of the great movie producer. It is delightfully free from the usual hokum present in this kind of thing, being a pretty straightforward account of the manner in which Mr. Laemmle became the great figure in the movie industry which he is today. If you're a movie fan you'll get a lot of enjoyment out of this book.

Hagar Wilde, that well known writer and novelist, who has been writing those delightful short stories for MODERN SCREEN, has "gone Hollywood." Her novel, "Break-Up," will soon be a Paramount picture. Miss Wilde has just returned from Hollywood where she has been writing dialogue for Billie Dove's new picture, "The Age For Love," which (in case you didn't know it) Howard Hughes will produce.

IN the Italian Hospital in London there is a ward which was presented by the Valentino Association—a gathering of English fans who want Valentino's name to live forever. The ward is named after Valentino. Every year these fans make gifts to the hospital and give outings for the children at various times. It's an excellent idea

and if you are interested in joining just write to the Valentino Association, 4 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England.

Well, well, a brand new romance. Wesley Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron" and who recently recovered from a nervous breakdown, has fallen hard for little Arline Judge. She's a little New York girl who is trying to make good out in Hollywood in a big way.

THE Jack Warners gave a Sunday afternoon party—and everyone had a swell time. Before the barbecue supper was served, the guests played golf or tennis, and went in swimming. Then, after eating—bridge, backgammon and other games held sway.

The highspot of the evening was when Papa Warner won at cards from his son, Jack. The old gentleman hadn't been so elated in weeks!

Eddie Cantor and his wife were there. Also Zeppo and Chico Marx—with their better halves. Marian Marx, the wife of Chico, is not only a very attractive girl—but none of the Marx family has anything on her when it comes to funny gags. She's a riot.

Ricardo Cortez arrived late in the afternoon, alone. Cortez has the habit of "staggering it" to parties around

Hollywood—just a lonesome cavalier.

"Going to the dogs" in Hollywood pays! Jules White, who has been directing the all-barkie out at M-G-M, has been assigned Buster Keaton's new picture. In it, Jules will use a couple of his talkie-trained hounds to add to the merriment!

IRENE RICH went back to Smith College to see her young daughter, Frances, graduate—despite the fact that in so doing she lost approximately \$20,000 in salaries. Irene was offered the rôle of Will Rogers' wife in his new picture—and when she turned it down, Will and Fox were all upset about it! They couldn't believe it!

But Irene retorted that she expects to work in pictures until she's eighty—but Frances will only graduate once—and it's a mother's place to be at her daughter's graduation exercises!

THE little Filmarte Theater on Vine Street draws some of Hollywood's most prominent to the first night showings of foreign versions. The other evening when the English picture, "Atlantic," opened, there were many celebrities in the audience who never venture to a formal première. In the

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Barrymore

(Continued from page 68)

grand literature, is a valuable book because it doesn't evade any issue. It comes right out and discusses every phase of life as it is, truthfully."

To illustrate how he feels about realism and honesty, Barrymore cited the case of a Pennsylvania censor board, comprised of the sort of elderly gentlemen who, one imagines, must get their sex vicariously.

Lionel Barrymore made a picture called "The Devil's Garden."

"The heroine," explained Lionel's young brother, "was a country girl, married to the postmaster. The villain was the head man of the village. The heroine was offered the choice of yielding to the villain or seeing her husband kicked out of his job. She kept her husband working.

"But the virtuous gentlemen of the censor board said: 'Oh, no. This must never be shown. You can have the girl say she'll give in to the villain and then, after the postmaster has been assured of another four years, tell the politician she was only fooling!'"

John Barrymore spat at a grasshopper which passed his camp stool. The grasshopper spat back.

"That sort of morality stinks," said the father of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore. "That sort of dishonest point of view, that sort of quibbling poisons the mind and does more harm than a realistic picture of a disorderly house.

EVERYONE knows there's sex in the world and it's only by pussy-footing and penny morality that kids are ever soiled. It's only by suggestiveness or lies about the facts of life that their curiosity is ever excited in a way that's dangerous."

John Barrymore is married now to a girl who symbolizes sweetness and fineness in all the pictures she has ever made: Dolores Costello. I don't know what generalities about women Jack Barrymore used to mouth when he was a cartoonist on the *New York Evening Journal*. Today he likes chaste women.

"Chastity is like a bank balance," he says. "It's something marvelous to treasure until you're ready to give it all in one grand gift to the person you really love. It may be fun to spend your virtue in small lots and promiscuously give away your life to a variety of people. Personally, as I look at it now after a pretty wild life, I think the youngsters who save up their virtue sacredly and yet gladly . . . guard every bit of it with pride 'til they're ready to give their whole life to one person . . . are not only happier but also living more adventurously.

"It's exciting to be chaste."

John Barrymore has no desire to take Bob Shuler's place as the guardian of California's morals. Lest quotes like those above should lead anyone who has ever heard Barrymore tell a story, to think he's becoming a doddering old Dominie preaching purity, let me inter-

(Continued on page 115)

Smart Women Ensemble their Toiletries

BLUE WALTZ PARFUM
Irresistible charm can be yours!

The smart modern vogue is to have all your toiletries bear the fragrance of Blue Waltz . . . for Blue Waltz alone breathes the spirit of sophistication, charm, and youth.

BRILLIANTINE
Imparts exquisite lustre to any hair — non-greasy

TOILET WATER
Exquisite summer deodorant and body freshener.

TALC
Charmingly Scented
Delightful after the bath

FACE POUFRE
Perfect silky texture — clings, but does not clog the pores

BLUE WALTZ

Joubert Cie . . . Parfumeur to the Elite . . . 71 Fifth Avenue . . . New York City

Nestle COLO RINSE

NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH

10c
Small sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor.

Restore the GLOWING GLORY of your HAIR

ALLURING in its sheen of natural, radiant silkiness is the hair that is washed with Colo Rinse. There is a tone and tint, a soft, shimmering loveliness, that is youthful and entrancing. Colo Rinse is just a harmless vegetable color—twelve shades to choose from—you can use it with complete confidence. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.



"Spent Bullets," the new First National production of the war, will have some famous names. Johnny Mack Brown, Elliot Nugent, Frank Albertson, Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler rehearsing their lines.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

before the sandwiches are buttered and filled, to avoid waste. The butter should be creamed until very soft and easy to spread. When the sandwiches are made, if they are not to be served at once, they should be packed into a bowl, covered with a damp towel and stored in the refrigerator. In this way they will stay fresh and attractive for hours.

There are two ways in which to give your sandwiches the charm of novelty—one is by using unusual fillings, the other is by varying the breads. This latter method is too often neglected, and the possibilities of developing distinctive sandwiches by means of using nut, Boston brown, graham, rye, raisin or orange breads are passed over. Use some of these delicious breads in making your sandwiches, and only the simplest of fillings need be used.

Except in the case of sweet sandwiches most men, as Mr. Dix says, prefer their sandwiches toasted. The first principle of a successful toasted sandwich is to have the toast crisp (but not *too* crisp!) hot and freshly made. To this end we suggest cutting the bread about three-eighths of an inch thick, removing the crusts, and making the toast on an electric toaster right at the table. Fresh bread is not necessary, in fact, it is not even especially desirable. As fast as the bread toasts, make the sandwiches up from bowls of softened

butter, prepared fillings and crisp dry lettuce leaves.

IF you prefer to make your sandwiches up ahead of time, and to toast them complete, filling and all, select some type of filling which is improved by being heated. Cheese or chopped ham are two such fillings. Sandwiches which are to be toasted whole may be buttered either on the inside or on the outside. If on the inside, they are toasted as usual in the electric toaster or underneath the broiler flame of the oven. If they are buttered on the outside the butter may be softened and spread on with a knife or melted and brushed on with a pastry brush (whichever method you use, don't forget what Mr. Dix says, "Use plenty of butter.")

Sandwiches of this type must be toasted either in one of the new electric sandwich toasters or in a frying pan on the range. The sandwich toasters hold the sandwiches in a horizontal position, toast the sandwiches on both sides at once, and have an adjustable hinge which makes them do a perfect job on sandwiches of any thickness. If you prefer to use the frying pan do not have the heat too high under it, so the butter will have time to fry into the bread, turning it a delightful shade of golden brown. This method of toasting gives you what are known as "Dixie Style

Sandwiches." Either the sandwich toaster or frying pan method will reward you with sandwiches of a very different and decidedly delicious flavor.

WHILE sandwiches are delicious served at luncheon, tea, supper or when-will-you, they really reach the heights of their glory when they are eaten on a picnic. The success of any picnic meal will stand or fall by the excellence of its sandwiches. If you prefer to make up your sandwiches at home, do not make them of too moist fillings, cut them at least in halves, and wrap each sandwich separately in waxed paper. Or if you choose you may simply take along with you sliced bread, jars of mayonnaise, butter, lettuce, peanut butter, cheese, devilled ham and other desired sandwich fillings and let every one make up his own sandwiches on the spot. This latter method is especially recommended for "spur-of-the-moment" picnics or when one is too busy to prepare the sandwiches beforehand. It might be mentioned that this is a very popular plan with the men. We suggest to you in passing that your picnic meals can be served more attractively if you take with you lots of paper utensils—plates, cups, napkins, forks, spoons and tablecloth and so on. These will help the picknickers to keep both the food and their fingers clean. So varied are the paper picnic things offered one nowadays that it is even possible to decide on a color scheme and carry it out in its entirety—a little touch that adds definitely to the charm of the occasion. The paper shopping bags with string handles which sell for 10c make excellent containers for both food and accessories. You will find that the Kress and Kresge stores carry a splendid line of picnic accessories.

Whether sandwiches are eaten under the sky or at the dining room table they must be accompanied by something to drink. This something may be simply iced tea or coffee, one of the bottled carbonated beverages, grape juice or a more elaborate concoction. Don't forget that there are other garnishes than lemon slices for beverages—slices of orange, banana or fresh pineapple, cherries, berries, mint leaves and such are more unusual and very attractive. And *please*, if there is much fruit included in the drink, serve a spoon with it. It's very depressing to have to leave a lot of very delicious-looking fruit in the bottom of the glass. Ice cream is good added to lots of drinks, vanilla being usually the safest choice unless you are sure that some other flavor will blend satisfactorily.

For sweetening drinks we recommend that you have in the refrigerator a bottle of plain sugar and water syrup. Two cups of sugar and two cups of water boiled together for a few minutes make a good proportion, and should be used for dilution purposes, too. When intended exclusively for sweetening, the syrup should be made much heavier.

WE have left ourselves very little room for general home making hints, but we must mention two items. One is a new 10c paper shade which



**In Home and
Wardrobe
Color Greet
The Summer!**

**● Tintex Colors Brighten
Everything From
Dresses to Drapes**

One simply *must* be colorful this summer to be in the mode!

Bright, gay color contrasts mark every smart wardrobe and home! All feminine fabrics—from dresses to drapes must bloom like June gardens to be fashionable.

Do you know that there are 33 smart Tintex Colors? That they can give new color-beauty to any washable fabric in a few minutes' time? Or that Tintex will, if you prefer, restore *original* color to any faded fabrics?

Drop into any Drug Store or Notion Counter today... see the Tintex Color Card showing silk samples colored with Tintex...

The rest is easier than reading about it!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

attaches to the rollers of any standard window shade. It is very durable and we recommend it for use in summer the windows are open. These shades, from the ravages of the summer sun and those unexpected thunderstorms which have a gift for coming up when the windows are open. These shades, which come in several colors, are so inexpensive that they may be thrown away without a qualm when they become torn or soiled.

As unsightly as frayed shades and a constant source of irritation are trailing electric light, radio or telephone wires. To keep these off the floor there is a small but effective device known as the "push-clip." This slips down between the baseboard or moulding and the wall, and holds the wires up out of harm's way. Such little details as these improve your home amazingly.

**If You Met Bob
Montgomery**

(Continued from page 37)

grave importance, to self esteem and success, of holding that fancy.

When I left him I did permit myself to ask him if the legendary shyness were a fact. But all he had for me in answer was a very slight smile which was concentrated for the most part in his eyes. But that other young man who made a third in our pleasant party, and to whom I must refer, if only because he is both amiable and charming, replied, with a slight snort: "Shy! Well, he's human, that's all!"

Human—and modern. That about sums him up, if we add talented and clever. And if you stop to think about it you must realize that shyness, which is merely reticence and an unwillingness to give one's self away, is a normal and human characteristic of practically every thinking person who walks this good, but bewildering, earth of ours.

I find that I have not added that Robert Montgomery is exceedingly attractive. But that's hardly necessary. You've all seen him on the screen and he is, off the screen, not disappointing.

I liked him. I like anyone who knows where he or she is going and who is working to get there. I like anyone who has the wit to discern the difference between the dream and the reality, between expectancy and arrival. And I found myself, leaving the hotel, very satisfied with the assignments your editor has given to me. They're stimulating—and a lot of fun. If I were ten or fifteen years younger...

But I'm not. And it is a curious quirk of fate that such encounters should fall to the lot of comparatively ancient and allegedly hard-boiled persons, such as myself.

By the way, if I were ten or fifteen years younger I would say that Robert Montgomery, as a person, is not only modern and human but—a little bit dangerous.

I think I'll say it, anyway!



**Change It from
Drab Darkness
to a Cheerful
Light Color!**

**● Even Black Fabrics Can
Be Made Light With
Tintex Color Remover!**

Dark colors are out of place in this summer's wardrobes and in this summer's homes, too!

All dark fabrics, from dresses to drapes, can be *easily* made gay and bright and beautiful with color.

First use Tintex Color Remover to take out the dark color.

After that you can re-tint or re-dye the fabric to suit yourself—either light or dark!

There are 33 Tintex Colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to dark gem colors.

Just ask for Tintex Color Remover and your choice of Tintex Colors at any Drug Store or Notion Counter... and the rest is *easy!*

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

Your Hair Can Make You Beautiful

(Continued from page 50)

contour of their typical Latin faces, and their smooth black hair itself."

You never see Dolores influenced or even slightly swayed by any of the gay modern modes, by boyish bobs or by long bobs. Often she must admire the unusual way Joan Crawford is doing her hair or that chic, crisp look Norma Shearer achieves. But she is wise enough to realize that these coiffures are for Joan and Norma and not for her.

Always Dolores wears her lovely hair the same way. It is straight and long. She parts it carefully in the center, smooths it down over her head, covering her ears, and pins it in a small knot low in her neck.

The pity is that others, besides the Dolores Del Rio type, so admire the way she does her hair that they must imitate it. Some months ago I talked with Fred, the hair-dresser at the Paramount studios. He deplored the round-faced, young blondes who for some insane reason insist upon wearing their hair like Dolores.

"It just isn't for them," I remember Fred saying. "It is foreign to their personalities. Why, why do they do it?"

GLORIA SWANSON is another star who feels that no matter how she arranges the ends of her hair, her coiffure must follow the lines of her head.

"In the back, especially," explained Gloria, "I like the hair to have that sculptured look. On the sides it may be a little fuller. But not too full, for fear it will seem untidy."

Gloria prefers a marcel that is not

set on a diagonal line but which follows the lines of the part she wears on the left side.

Gloria's face, you'll remember, is not wide. And it has curious, nicely modeled planes to it. Where a face has a tendency to be broad, a diagonal wave is, of course, preferable.

Then there's Hollywood's charming sophisticate, Hedda Hopper, who wears her hair as simply as a school-girl—in a softly waved line with the ends turned in a round curl at the neckline. Parted on the side. And of a length to cover the ears.

Miss Hopper prefers a water-wave, feeling it is looser looking than a marcel. And even after a water-wave, she always brushes her hair vigorously so it never will have a stiff, tight look.

The Hopper hair is dark brown and very soft. Every night Hedda rubs a liquid vaseline into the scalp. This, she insists, gives the hair a lovely, glossy sheen.

Another type for ringlets—Nancy Carroll! Nancy likes her hair best as she wore it in "The Night Angel." Her entire head was covered in ringlets. Then she combed her hair off her face, pompadour fashion. The back, however, was allowed to remain particularly fluffy. For this coiffure to be most successful the length of the hair over the head should not exceed seven inches.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, wisely enough, arranges her hair to stress her widow's peak. And certainly anybody with such a charming little dip in her hair would be very foolish indeed not to make the most of it.

Constance parts her hair very low on the right side. Then she combs the heavier portion of her hair back from her forehead. This, you see, reveals the widow's peak in the center. She has no wave placed in the top portion of her hair, the first dip appearing at a level with the part on the right side. On the right side, however, the first wave is placed a little lower than the first wave on the left side. This gives a slight swirl at the back where they meet. There are exactly three waves on the left side and two waves on the right. The ends are brought back and made into flat curls.

Ann Harding is able to wear her hair as simply as she does because she has regular and well-defined features—and, *most important of all, because her hair naturally falls in curly little tendrils about her face.* Without these tendrils, beyond a doubt, the Harding coiffures would seem overly severe and lose much of their charm.

So long as her hair is simply arranged Ann says it suits her. However, in lieu of the details of a favorite coiffure she stressed the details of the care of her hair. She has it washed with pure Castile soap and dried in the sun; never by artificial methods. Believes in massage. But never brushes her hair unless it is badly tangled. Ordinarily a comb with both coarse and fine teeth suffices. The coarse end, of course, is to remove snarls and the fine end to achieve a smooth effect. Combing the hair vigorously, Ann says, will stimulate both the scalp and the roots.

Which type are you? That's the question you must settle.

THIS WRITER GIVES ADVICE ABOUT INFERIORITY COMPLEXES IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 12)

around my head and relax for ten minutes or so. That's what I did to Clarine, in spite of her protests that New York was hot enough in the summer time without hot Turkish towels being wrapped around the head.

Dry the hair in the open air whenever you can—it adds brilliancy and lustre.

NOW, coming to the subject of waving—Clarine's hair was the type which will dip prettily around the face but which needs assistance to actually wave. Very few girls have absolutely straight hair, you know. But very few girls seem to realize that a little bit of waviness will go a long way—if it is properly complemented with finger-waving, water-waving, and the use of a waveset lotion. I have nothing against permanents—I think they're a splendid

thing and a boon to the feminine world. But I do think that many girls recklessly spend money on a permanent when they could wave their own hair less expensively and more attractively.

I waved Clarine's hair with water-wave combs (one doesn't need to pay a lot for them, you know) and a good waveset lotion. I found a lotion which is absolutely greaseless and does *not* make the hair sticky. I applied it liberally with the palm of my hand, then combed the hair flat down to the head before putting in the combs.

MANY girls who write to me say that they would like to wave their own hair with combs but that they cannot get good results. They say that they don't get waves at all—just a series of unattractive bumps. I admit that it takes a bit of practice, but every

girl with ten fingers and perseverance can learn. Here is the way I do it: I part the hair and comb it straight down the side of the head from the part. Now, waving the right side first (it's easier)—I take one of the combs firmly and draw it through the hair from the part to the temple—then stop. I insert the teeth of the comb well into the hair and give it a push, forward and up. That is my first wave—rather far from the part in order to look most attractive and natural. Then, I pick up the second comb and set *it* just the opposite way: teeth pointing away from the part and toward the teeth of the first comb; right close to the first comb; and firmly placed, so that the teeth of the two combs interlace or overlap. Now I proceed with the other combs: third one pushed back, fourth

(Continued on page 101)



Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver. Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?

More Than

\$12,960.00 IN PRIZES

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over \$12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away \$12,960.00 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. You get \$3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. Grand second prize \$1,000 in cash. Grand third prize \$500 in cash. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Thomas Lee, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 883, Chicago, Ill.



Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Won \$650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote, "I was more than pleased to receive the \$650.00 prize check. I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."



South Carolina Minister Wins



Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C., won a cash prize recently.

Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be prompt! Answer today!

Won \$525

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Ill., wrote: "It is impossible to express my sincere appreciation for your check for \$525.00 prize. It came when I was out of work, which makes it 'look like a million dollars.'"



Thomas Lee, Mgr., Dept. 883
427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Twin Pirates" are numbers . . . and . . . I want to win in your \$12,960.00 Prize Campaign. Send me full information.

My Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....



In "Young Sinners," the new Fox picture, some snow scenes were essential so the company went on location to Lake Tahoe to get them. Edmund Breese, Dorothy Jordan, Thomas Meighan, Cecilia Loftus and James Kirkwood waiting for the camera call. John Blystone directed.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 10)

We enjoy tremendously your "Scoops of the Month." But you forgot to tell us who the lady in the upper right hand picture on page 97 of the June issue is. We think it's Geraldine Farrar. Can you tell us?

MARGARET AND RUTH KOPPENHAVER,
Fargo, North Dakota.

(That's right, girls. Geraldine Farrar as Zaza.—*The Editor*.)

I have just read an article entitled "Secrets of the Hollywood Stylists" in your magazine. I enjoyed it, but I have a complaint to make. Haven't any of these stylists any consideration for tall girls? I mean extremely tall girls? Five feet, seven and a half, like myself.

MISS JOAN LOHMBARD,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

(Why not write about your particular problems to Miss Virginia T. Lane, in care of MODERN SCREEN, Joan. She will be glad to help you.—*The Editor*.)

Here are three cheers for Elinor Glyn and the beautiful little story she wrote about Clara Bow. It really was wonderful.

KATHLEEN H. HOPKINS,
A Clara Bow Fan,
Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

I have read the article, "Joan Crawford Rebels," in your magazine. . . . I, for one, enjoyed it immensely. I absolutely gobble up every article on Joan Crawford and I heartily agree with her in so far as rebelling is concerned. It is my personal opinion that if any

changing has been done it has been Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who has changed—and who could be a better influence on him than our own dear Joan.

MRS. H. E. HANSON,
Chicago, Illinois.

More about our Joan

It just slays me—the way they keep throwing up to her that she was a chorus girl. . . . The chorus is the best place on earth to find out if you are a dancer. . . . I hope Joan never changes—and I'm sure Douglas Junior doesn't want her to. That's why he fell in love with her.

MADGE H.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Joan likes Greta Garbo, does she? Well, I don't—I like Joan. She has more real, honest-to-goodness acting ability in her ear drum than Greta will ever have in her entire body. Sure, I'll say it again. Yes, I'll meet you in front of the town drugstore if you want to fight it out. . . . Take it from me, you people who say rude things about Joan Crawford, that gal has just started her motor—she's got far to go yet.

CLARA CORLEY,
Atlanta, Georgia.

And more about Greta—and lovely Marlene

Now, I am one of those who do not believe that there is much of a mystery about Garbo—save her fine talent, which, after all, is unanalyzable, untranslatable into words. She is a hu-

man being like the rest of us, but a much finer person, morally, mentally and physically. . . .

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,
Media, Pennsylvania.

I know you won't print this—perhaps not read it—but I have got to say it: why not let Greta Garbo go and give beautiful Joan Crawford a chance?

IDILLA ALLISON,
Detroit, Michigan.

In my estimation, all this publicity that is being centered around Garbo and Dietrich is . . . bunk. . . . It is true they are great actresses, but why not be content to accept their performances in a sane and respectful manner. . . . And I can't understand why we, the American public, seem indifferent to our domestic talent.

LEO BURKE,
Mason City, Iowa.

Please, oh please—isn't there anything to Dietrich's acting but legs and garters and lace panties? . . . Trying to attach a Garbo personality to a pair of chorus girl legs is a bit incongruous, don't you think?

ELIZABETH SMITH,
Washington, D. C.

Oh, yes—folks ask funny questions up here, too, Mrs. Pinkert

I used to be a cashier in a theatre and I wonder if you ever get such funny questions asked you as I did. Fans and patrons seemed to think I had an intimate acquaintance with the whole movie colony. Why, I've only seen four stars in the flesh—Thomas Meighan, Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore and Lupe Velez—and they wouldn't know me from Adam's house cat!

MRS. MARIE PINKERT,
Tampa, Florida.

We're glad to print a fan letter about a director

When it comes to psychological representation of characters, Von Sternberg is unique. He is a genius and will create great things in the cinema art. I can hardly await his "American Tragedy."

DIANE T. SCHROEDER,
Houston, Texas.

Did you read "Up From Heroism" in the July MODERN SCREEN?

Why are not more pictures of Edmund Lowe shown? He is in my estimation the best actor and the handsomest. And he is not conceited.

MRS. ELIZABETH FALKENSTEIN,
Louisville, Kentucky.

There'll be a Phillips Holmes story in the September issue, Mildred, I promise

I'm disappointed! In your May issue you said that there was a marvelous Phillips Holmes story coming—and when I bought the June issue, expecting it, it wasn't there. . . . Phillips is one popular boy with everyone I know.

MILDRED H. THOMAS,
San Francisco, California.

They Really Can Cook

(Continued from page 81)

hold a doughnut championship match with all comers! He learned the knack of cooking "holes with frames around 'em" when he served with the army in the Philippines. Even his wife, an excellent cook and a former domestic science teacher, isn't inclined to challenge Jimmy. She sticks to her own specialty, the famous Gleason Hash.

Ken Maynard, the Western star, has a "chuck wagon," which goes with him on location. He is an ace broiler of steaks. He makes delicious spaghetti, too; but every off-screen chef in film-dom swears that *his* spaghetti would put all the other cooks to culinary shame. If I gave one player's recipe for the dish, I'd have a score of supercilious young amateur chefs mentioning that of course *they* add a bit of mouse cheese or a *souçon* of spices to give it *real* individuality! So will my readers please buy their spaghetti in cans and save me an argument?

At the "Keaton Kennel," a shack on the M-G-M lot where Buster dons his make-up, he often entertains friends in his off-hours. Here he concocts his famous chop suey—a mixture far too complicated for the average off-screen cook. It starts with peanut oil, flirts with bamboo shoots, salted almonds,

bean sprouts, and a dozen other amazing ingredients; adds such things as corn starch and soy sauce; and casually ends by dropping in a whole roast chicken, diced!

LOIS MORAN is the Fox kitchen champion. She is a very enthusiastic cook, who learned the art from that very practical woman—her mother. When she knows company is coming in for even such a negligible repast as afternoon tea, Lois rises very early and starts "making things." One of her most successful dishes is Baked Pineapple Tomatoes. First she scoops the centers out of six medium-sized tomatoes, and mixes the pulps with three slices of crispy fried, chopped bacon. One cup of crushed pineapple and one-half cup of bread crumbs are added to the mixture, which is used to stuff the tomato shells. Buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese are sprinkled on top, and the tomatoes are baked in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

It is seldom that Ann Harding interferes with the routine of her kitchen; however, Tuesday is the cook's night out—and the night Ann personally prepares her husband, Harry Bannister's, favorite dish—broiled steak with French

fried potatoes. On holidays she always prepares her own special chestnut dressing for the fowls.

Irene Rich stuffs her turkeys, too; but her real delight is in cooking boxes of goodies for her two daughters.

Marie Dressler, one of Hollywood's best cooks, can make lots of Boston Cook Book folderols. But she has built her culinary reputation on such folksy things as ham 'n' eggs and toast, served to guests after the theatre when the cook has retired.

Oh, there are cooks galore in Hollywood—Richard Arlen, who has made buttermilk griddle-cakes a by-word to guests aboard his yacht; Janet Gaynor, who can make only one thing, her favorite between-meals treat—ice box cookies; Charles Rogers, who has an astounding recipe for eggs *chasseur* (which no self-respecting hen would ever recognize!). Bill Haines makes his own coffee; Lawrence Grant, his tea, in the real English manner. Ramon Navarro cooks *à la Mexicano*, and Fifi Dorsay does it *à la France*.

Even the irrepressible Jack Oakie shouts for honors in the kitchen: Why, he's the champion can-and-bottle opener of Hollywood! And what's more, he'll prove it for you any time.

OUR LEW AYRES STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE WILL THRILL YOU WITH ITS WARMTH

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Harry Bannister, Ann Harding and Lee Miles, the pilot, and the new Bellanca in which Miss Harding flew from Detroit to Hollywood. It's her own plane, you know. She's a licensed air pilot.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Jim in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Cook Kelley in "It's a Wise Child" and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Russell in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicora, Miss. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Flight," "Submarine" and "Dirigible," Columbia, and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

GRAY, LAWRENCE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tom Warren in "Sunny," First National.

GREEN, HARRY; divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Herman in "The Spoilers," Maxie Mindell in "No Limit," Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch" and "Skippy," all for Paramount.

GRIFFITH, CORINNE; married to Walter Morosco; born in Texas, Texas. Write her at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance player. Temporarily retired from screen.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Brennon in "Remote Control," stellar rôle

in "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Just a Gigolo," all for M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Dan in "The Third Alarm," Tiffany. George in "Divorce Among Friends," Warner Bros. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal and "Good Bad Girl," Columbia.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Network," Fox. Ivan in "The Spy," Fox. Male lead in "Strangers May Kiss," M-G-M. Business man in "The Torch Song," M-G-M. Bob in "Girls Together," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. The wife in "East Lynne," Fox. Starred in "The Dark Flame" and "The Little Flat in the Temple," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home to Roost" and "Be Big," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Feminine lead in "The Secret Six," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox and "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio, Contract player. Herr Schnabel in "Daybreak," and Herman in "Cheri-Bibi," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox.

HOBERT, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Lillom" and featured rôle in

"Chances," First National and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Graham in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Male lead in "Stolen Heaven" and "Confessions of a Co-ed," Clyde Griffiths in "The American Tragedy," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," "The Mad Parade" and "Subway Express," all for Columbia.

HOWARD, LESLIE; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul," Dan in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and Berry in "Five and Ten," M-G-M.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "The Great Air Robbery," Columbia.

HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Comedian in "Kick In," Paramount, Mezotski in "The Secret Six," M-G-M, Bartender in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. The General in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Warden Brady in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Star of "Upper Underworld," First National.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Cheri-Bibi," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doodway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father's Son," Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.

JANNEY, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Brown in "The Pay Off," RKO-Radio. Freddie in "Gas Demand Excitement," Fox. Gregory Brown in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia.

JANNINGS, EMIL; born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; educated in Germany. Now in Germany. Lead in "The Blue Angel," German picture now being shown here. Expected to make pictures in this country again shortly.

JOHNSON, KAY; married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," Paramount. Cassy in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Anna in "The Spy," Fox. Starred in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nancy in "Min and Bill," Ingenu lead in "Fore," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Young Sinners," Fox, "Shipmates" and "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickaw, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys" and "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gaadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Barbara in "Feet First" and Billie in "Welcome Danger," both for Harold Lloyd. Young sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "Fame," First National. Featured rôle in "The Menace," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.

KERR, GLOREY; unmarried; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who will make his talkie debut in "Waiting at the Church," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Warner Bros., and "Back Waters," World Wide. Speed Grogan in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount.

KNAPP, EVELYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Veronia in "Fame," First National. Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; unmarried; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul," Lila in "Always Goodbye," both for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; unmarried; born in Indiana, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Big Fight," "The Command Performance" and "Hell Bound," all for Cruze-Tiffany.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Selter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Lonely Wives," RKO-Pathé. Diane Churchill in "God's Gift to Women," First National. Gertrude Lennox in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia. Feminine lead in "Arizona," Columbia.

LA ROCQUE, ROD; married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Beau Bandit," RKO-Radio. Bob Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," M-G-M. Now in New York.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Brat," "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home," "Be Big," and "Pardon Us," all for Roach.

LEBEDEF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy," Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery," Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," star of "The Spy," all for RKO-Radio.

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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 96)

one pushed forward, and so on. The left side is the same—a little more difficult to do, that's all. The water-wave and the finger-wave (done without the aid of combs) are very attractive and natural-looking. For the girl whose hair has naturally very-nearly-perfect waves, finger-waving with a good wave-set lotion is simple and most flattering as to results.

Clarine stayed with me over a week and, since I wasn't satisfied that her hair had regained its natural lovely color, I gave her a second shampoo (following the oil treatment again) and finished her off with a mild color rinse—one of the best color-brighteners that I could find. A color rinse is *not* a dye, remember! It should be used discreetly, as all cosmetics should, and so used, it will not change the actual color of your hair. But it will bring out all the lights and tints that your hair naturally possesses.

CLARINE went back to Nantucket with her hair looking civilized again and promised to be a good girl and give herself careful shampoos once a week. Ordinarily, one should not shampoo the hair that often, but in the summer time, it is essential.

By the way, here's a tip for girls with long hair. When you coil your hair in back, twist in with it a fringe hairnet—you'll be surprised what an aid to neatness this is. All those little stray ends will be kept where they belong. And here's a tip for the girl whose hair "comes out of curl the minute she leaves the house." Apply brilliantine or your favorite perfume to those little ends around the ears. Wrap the hair round your finger. Fasten them with pins. Stand in front of an electric fan for a few minutes. Remove the pins. And—*voilà!* You have those fashionable little side curls—and they'll stay for a surprisingly long time.

Another aid to neatness for long and bobbed heads—try one of those bannanas made in cap and bandeau and scarf models. There are many gay colors to choose from. They're a great convenience on the beach, in a car, or in a boat.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

What About Johnny?

(Continued from page 19)

have a career in pictures.

A few days later Johnny was surprised to find himself out at M-G-M taking a "test" to see if he photographed well enough for a chance in the movies. *Unfortunately*, he did. The studio offered him a contract. Johnny was so overcome with the amount of money that could be made in Hollywood (more in one year than he could hope to make in Alabama in five) that he signed up. Not because he wanted to be an actor, but because he couldn't afford to pass up so much money.

First, he was given a small bit in "The Bugle Sounds." Then followed parts in "Fair Co-Ed" and "A Lady of Chance." Johnny's performances were called "adequate" but never anything more. Then he was chosen to play opposite Mary Pickford in "Coquette." It was the worst break he could have had. The reason I call it a "bad break" is because it gave Johnny and the rest of the world a false impression of his worth as an actor. All he had to do in "Coquette" was to play Johnny Mack Brown! All he had to do in the way of talking was to speak like Johnny Mack Brown.

THE studio was so pleased with his "acting" in this production that they shoved Johnny from one picture to another. First with Garbo, then with Crawford. They even decided to star Johnny as soon as he was able to carry a picture. They thought he could make

his first starring picture out of "The Great Meadow," inasmuch as he played the part of a boy from Kentucky, with a southern accent. But after the picture was completed—Johnny hadn't carried the picture—and Eleanor Boardman was given top billing. Then came "Billy the Kid," with Johnny in the title rôle. He was to have been starred in this picture, but Wallace Beery was much easier to remember after seeing it—so again Johnny wasn't starred. Next, they handed him the part of a reporter in "The Secret Six." There was another reporter in the picture . . . not so important as Johnny . . . played by Clark Gable. Johnny's rôle was supposed to be quite a bit bigger than the one played by Gable, but the audiences remember Clark.

And so it was, that when "Laughing Sinners" was finished and previewed, Johnny (who played the part of the Salvation Army boy who was to gain the sympathy of the audience) hadn't gained the sympathy of the audience at all. As a matter of fact, the audience's heart went to the very person for whom the author wanted the least sympathy. It was then decided that Johnny would have to step out of the part and make way for Clark Gable (who had overshadowed Johnny Mack in "The Secret Six"). Now, while another actor is making something of the rôle that was too much for him, Johnny Mack Brown is being loaned out to First National

(Continued on page 103)

GIRLS—this new kind of Face Powder restores youthful beauty to sun-parched skins!



Made with a soothing OLIVE OIL base to soften the skin and keep it supple!

YOUR MIRROR is quick to tell you when the sun and wind have made your skin too dry . . . How coarse and "leathery" your face looks, with tiny lines showing themselves around your mouth, under your eyes . . . How taut and drawn it appears—like a mask of brown parchment!

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Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and \$1.00, together with other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful makeup. Crystal Laboratories, 130 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

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Skins in the
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Eight Paramount stars all in a row. But Jack Oakie changed his lot and then there were seven. Groucho Marx, Stuart Erwin, Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher, Eugene Pallette, Jack Oakie, Carole Lombard and Mitzie Green.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 100)

LEE, DOROTHY; married to James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita." Featured rôle in "Dixiana." Annette in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Feminine lead in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Laugh and Get Rich." all for RKO-Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," and "Caught Short." Anna in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands." RKO-Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "The Gorilla," First National. Rosie in "The Unholy Three," M-G-M. Now back in Hollywood after long illness. Featured rôle in "Misbehaving Ladies," First National.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Toots in "Hold Everything." Flo in "Life of the Party." Winnie in "Sit Tight." Nita in "Red Hot Sinners." Starred in "Side Show." Title rôle in "Gold Dust Gertie," all Warner Bros.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Mae in "Big Money," RKO-Pathé. Mabel Robinson in "God's Gift to Women," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Smart Money," First National.

LLOYD, Harold; married to Mildred Davis, born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer star. Stellar rôles in "Speedy," "Feet First," "Welcome Danger." Soon to appear in new adventure comedy.

LOFF, JEANETTE; divorced from Harry Rosebloom; born in Orofino, Idaho. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat," Universal.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Racketeer," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Ladies' Man," Paramount. Starred in "It Pays to Advertise," Paramount. Leading feminine rôle in "Man of the World" with William Powell, Paramount. Second lead in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawkes; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thrust." Universal. Now on the Los Angeles stage.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. David Cresson in "Good Intentions." Sir John Usher and Dakin Barrolles in "Scotland Yard." Jim Murdock in "The Shep-

per Newfounder." Starred in "Don't Bet on Women." Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title rôle in "The Spider" and Monty Greer in "Transatlantic," all for Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Mary in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Alice Lester in "Body and Soul," Queen Morgan in "The Connecticut Yankee," and Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," all for Fox. Evie in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Dracula," Universal. Tarneverro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Berci in "Crumpy." Gustave Saxon in "Anybody's Woman." Carl Heiden in "Unfaithful." Heavy in "City Streets." Male lead in "Women Love Once," Paramount.

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Edith Laverne in "Up the River." Feminine lead in "The Vamp." Mrs. Lowe in "Lightnin'," all for Fox. Featured rôle in "Laugh and Get Rich," RKO-Radio.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Co-starred with Bebe Daniels in "Her Past," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Night Nurse," First National, and "Bought!" Warner Bros.

LYTELL, BERT; married to Grace Menken; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "The Lone Wolf" and dual rôle in "Brothers" both for Columbia. Male lead in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo," Paramount. Carlotta in "Oh! For a Man," Fox. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Two Can Play," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced from Lothar Mendez; born in Hull, Eng. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Diana Barry in "Once a Sinner," and Emily in "This Modern World," both for Fox. Starred in "Kent Husbands," RKO-Radio. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour" and "As Good As New," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Artie in "Mother's Cry," First National. Joe Copeland in "The Right to Love," Paramount. Bill Merrick

in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Juvenile lead in "Upper Underworld" and "Spent Bullets," First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan O'Bannon in "Man-slaughter." Lockridge in "Laughter," Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," all for Paramount. Lead in "Honor Among Lovers" and "The Night Angel," Paramount.

MARIS, MONA; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Arizona Kid," "Sez You, Sez Me" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARION; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. She appeared for the first time in an important rôle as Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore and "Co-Respondent," all Warner Bros.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returns to the screen, after a long absence, in "Two Can Play," with Jeannette MacDonald.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Lee Bissière in "Morocco," Paramount. Featured rôle in "New Moon," M-G-M. Villain in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Managing Editor in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Martha in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Mother in "The Public Enemy," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "East Lynne." Mother in "Always Goodbye," Fox.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Prosecutor in "The Unholy Three." Prof. Kruger in "Remote Control." Inspector Burke in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Iron Man," Universal. Colimo in "The Secret Six" and Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARYLYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Sally" and "Sunny," First National.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at

(Continued on page 104)

What About Johnny?

(Continued from page 101)

Studio for a rôle with Dick Barthelme in "Spent Bullets." And after that, to Universal for the second lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande." Then, where?

IT is the hope of those in Hollywood who love Johnny that he will take his sweet little wife and their darling baby and leave for home the day that M-G-M decides not take up his option. Johnny isn't for Hollywood . . . and Hollywood isn't for Johnny. He never had any desire for a dramatic career. He never had the self-confidence of a born actor. Johnny still drives the dilapidated little car that he had when he first came to Hollywood! Until very recently, he lived in a very small house, just as he would have done, had he stayed in Alabama! He still loves to eat green onions and southern-fried chicken. He gets a huge kick out of knocking down those little clay pigeons

in the shooting galleries at the beach. He is continually bringing home "mut" dogs and keeping them as long as they will stay . . . just as he would have done in Alabama. He, unlike most persons in pictures today, loves to have the studio take publicity pictures of his wife and baby. His idea of an exciting evening is to go over to George Fawcett's house and have a quiet game of checkers with his old friend! Not exactly a wild Hollywoodite.

There is not one characteristic in Johnny's entire make-up that stamps him as a part of Hollywood. Will there ever be another picture like "Coquette" for the boy who has a rich southern accent but little innate acting ability? Probably not.

Alabama is the place for Johnny . . . the place where he can be normal and happy . . . may he go there and find contentment. Here's luck to the boy who never should have come to Hollywood.

This Man Has Known Terror

(Continued from page 41)

on the trampled snow.

That child was George E. Stone! "When I regained consciousness," says Georgie, "I was in a dungeon. I don't know how I got there. There was a great wound on my head, the scar of which I still carry. Sick, cold and hungry I lay on the bare stone floor for three days. I don't know how I kept alive. It was dark, too, and I was frightened, of course. When a jailor at last let me out, I was so weak I could hardly walk but somehow I managed to make my way home to my mother and sisters who thought, of course, that I had been killed in the pogrom."

Driven out by the constant persecution, the father had gone to America to make a home for them. Saving all he could for their passage, there was little to send home to Poland. When at last the money came, they were overjoyed, but their troubles were not yet over. Unable to secure passports from Poland, they were smuggled into Germany to take the boat.

"First we were put in a wagon, beneath a load of hay," Mr. Stone's eyes seemed to be far away. "Then we walked for hours through the snow and twice we waded streams, my mother carrying me through the icy water which reached above her waist."

Arriving in America they were turned back at Ellis Island because of an affliction of the eyes suffered by a younger sister!

THE heartbroken journey back to Poland and again the long wait. Again they were smuggled through and again turned back as happiness was in sight. The hardships of long poverty and those two desperate and cruel trips was too much for the mother. She

died soon after their return.

"People in America don't know what poverty is," George smiled at the memory. "In Poland, even the most ordinary luxuries were unknown to us. Once my father sent a pineapple from America, the first we had ever seen. It was so great a treat that we kept it for months, each of us children being given a small piece, the size of a finger, every Sunday."

Again—traveling alone this time—the children started for America. They landed on Decoration Day. The bands were playing, the flags flying, the people marching. They thought that every day in the new land was like that, a fête day. When the father met them, he brought a bag of fruit and gave little Georgie his first banana. He tried to eat it, skin and all!

"It had taken us more than a month to make the passage. Conditions were terrible in the steerage. We were crowded in filth with the sick lying on the floor. Our food was thrown to us as if we had been animals."

THEN came George E. Stone's first public appearance. Able to sing, he induced a sailor who owned an accordion to accompany him and on the upper decks they entertained the first class passengers, with the money which they tossed to him, he bought better food for himself and his sisters.

"But for that," he admits, "I think two of them would have died."

A few months in America, a smattering of English and of new ways and customs. A cruel step-mother made life at home unbearable.

"I thought it was an easy day when I wasn't kicked and beaten before bed time!" He spoke without rancor.

(Continued on page 105)

3 summertime BATHS



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 102)

M-G-M studio. Contract star. Wally in "War Nurse," André in "Inspiration." Male lead in "The Easiest Way" and a leading rôle in "Strangers May Kiss." Starred in "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, GRACE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Leading rôle in "A Lady's Morals." Princess Tanya in "New Moon," both for M-G-M.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Character part in "Coquette," "United Artists." Male lead in "The Squealer," Columbia. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, MICKIE; child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy rôles in "Passion Flower" and "The Squawman," M-G-M, "Aloha," Tiffany, "Seed," Universal, and "Helga," Radio.

MOORE, OWEN; married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal. Featured rôle in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "True Heaven," Diana in "Play Called Life." Starred in "Blondes" and "Transatlantic," Fox.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player; Polly in "Remote Control," Polly in "Reducing," maid in "The Bachelor Father," and Polly in "Politics," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-director. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "Careers," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Liane in "Inspiration" and featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," Both United Artists.

MORTON, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Vallejo, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Christina," Fox, "Caught Short," M-G-M. Mert in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia. Richard Williams in "Check and Double Check," RKO-Radio.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy," RKO-Radio. Comedy lead in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Male lead in "Waiting at the Church," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Love Come Back," Columbia.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finkle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Gangster in "Scarface," United Artists.

MUNSON, ONA; separated from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress," "Broadminded," all First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens

and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now starring in series of two-reelers for Universal.

MURRAY, HAROLD; married to non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Featured rôles in "Tonight and You" and "Women Everywhere," both for Fox.

MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Boyd Emmerson in "The Silver Horde" and Dick in "Kept Husbands," RKO-Radio. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

McKENNA, KENNETH; married to Kay Francis; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Gaylord Stanton in "Sin Takes a Holiday," RKO-Pathé. Capt. Traselau in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Hot for Paris," "Painted Women," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite A Gentleman," all for Fox. Russian spy in "Dishonored," Paramount.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "The Virtuous Universal. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Helga," RKO-Radio.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations" and Sigrid Carline in "Transatlantic," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Muriel in "Courage," Warner Bros. Romantic lead in "The Lash," First National. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case," featured rôle in "Dishonored," and male lead in "The Comedian," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Devil May Care," in "Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "The Student Prince," and "Daybreak."

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Three" and "Romance," M-G-M. Sandy in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Featured rôle in "Spent Bullets," First National.

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Those Three French Girls" and "Remote Control," M-G-M. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and

"Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Title rôle in "Mr. Noodle," Paramount.

OLAND, WAREER; married to Edith Shearn, born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Fu Manchu, in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," and featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount. Villain in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and leading rôle in "The Black Camel," Fox.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "Rainbow Trail," and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddy, contract player. Middy Johnson in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "So This Is London" and "Princess o' My Heart," Princess Louise in "The Princess and the Plumber," L.N. in "Just Imagine," feminine rôle in "The Connecticut Yankee," all for Fox.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Isabelle in "The Little Accident," Universal. Joy in "War Nurse," Vivian in "Reducing" and featured rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate" and "The Easy Way," all for Fox.

PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allen; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward in "The Naughty Flirt," First National. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. M. Doc Brady in "Santa Fe Trail," Hycinth Nitouche in "Sea Legs," "Seth in Fighting Caravans," and comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," all for Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Coquette," Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; divorced from Eileen Wilson; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law," William Foster in "For the Defense," Hero of "Man of the World," all for Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Co-Respondent," Warner Bros.

PRINGLE, AILEEN; married to non-professional; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Dream of Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Subway Express," Columbia.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Up and At 'Em." Will in "Merch in the Night Work," Eddie Martin in "Big Money," all for RKO-Pathé. Title rôle in "The Whoop-De-Do Kid," RKO-Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Belle in "Min and Bill," Lulu in "Inspiration," and featured rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "Imposter," "The Secret Six" and "Torch Song," and Diane in "Girls Together," all for M-G-M.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Eight," "Ladies of Letsum," "Submarine," and "The Avenger," all for Columbia.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Check and Double Check," RKO-Radio. Mother in "Mad Ideal," RKO-Radio. Mother in "The Mac Parade," Liberty. Cella in "Strangers May Kiss," and Jenny in "Five and Ten," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dominic in "The Widow from Chicago," Rico Bandoello in "Little Caesar," Russian ballet master in "Smart Money," and leading rôle in "Five Star Final," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kas. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Jerry Downs in "Follow Thru," Stellar rôle in "Heads Up," Larry Brooks in "Along Came Youth," Star of "Manhattan Musketeers," and "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan," Polly Rockwell in "Queen High," Ellen Saunders in "The Sap From Syracuse," Mary in "Manhattan Mary," Comedienne in "Honor Among Lovers," Paramount. Now on New York stage in "Girl Crazy,"

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "They Had to See Paris," "So This Is London," "Lightnin'," "The Connecticut Yankee," and "Young As You Feel," and the title rôle in "The Ambassador for U. S.," all for Fox.

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

ROTH, LILLIAN; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount studio. Cora Faulkner in "Honey," Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers," Adrienne in "Sea Legs," all for Paramount.

SCOTT, FRED; unmarried; born in Fresno, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Gerry in "Swing High," Featured rôle in "Beyond Victory," both for RKO-Pathé.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M, "Officer O'Brien," RKO-Pathé and "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia.



Pola Negri and Tade Styka, the famous artist, with the portrait of Miss Negri which he recently painted. The Negri fans are still anxiously awaiting the title of her come-back picture.

(Continued on page 106)

This Man Has Known Terror

(Continued from page 103)

He ran away to New York and there obtained a place in a hat factory at a wage of \$5.00 a week. Two dollars of this went for a room and out of the remaining three he saved a little each week. Always he was on the alert to improve his English and to take a step upward. One day while making a delivery on Sixth Avenue, he passed a labor agency which advertised for a page.

"I thought a page was a bell-boy," he smiles, "and I had heard they got good tips."

He applied, paid a fee of five dollars and was sent to the Lamb's Club as a page.

I WAS so ignorant that I almost lost my job but they let me stay. I was thrilled to serve the many famous actors who came there, but William Farnum was my favorite. One morning when sent to his room with a breakfast tray, I was so nervous that I shook most of the coffee from his cup. He laughed, talked to me and soon afterward got me a job as an extra in the old Fort Lee studios. The seven dollars a day was wealth beyond dreams to me."

From that time on, George E. Stone has followed a professional career. A while in pictures as an extra, then into vaudeville and then musical comedy. He came to Hollywood in 1927 as master of ceremonies for "The Plantation," a supper club near the film capital. His re-entrance into pictures came with "Seventh Heaven."

That picture proved to be the hit of the year but it was nine months before Mr. Stone obtained another part. Since then he has appeared in many pictures; as "Sparrow" in "Tenderloin," as "Slinky" in "State Street Sadie," "Monkey Face" in "The Redeeming Sin" and "Orto" in "Little Caesar."

I THOUGHT I was going to play gangsters always," he confesses, "when one night I happened to attend a bridge party at which Wesley Ruggles was present. Again an unexpected break."

"I saw Mr. Ruggles watching me narrowly and as I had been kidding with the girl who was with him, I

wondered if I had made him angry. When he suddenly threw down his cards and walked over to my table I didn't know what to expect.

"I want you to come over and make a test for the part of 'Sol Levy' in 'Cimarron' he said, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"As soon as I read the part I knew I wanted it more than anything in the world. I could 'feel' the rôle of the little Jewish peddler and was overjoyed when it was given to me, but then the trouble began. They wanted me to make him a 'sheeny' Jew with a comic dialect, hand waving and all of that. I knew 'Sol Levy' was not that type of character and refused. I thought for awhile that they would replace me but when we shot the first scene, where I break away from 'Lon Yontis' and fall across the scales, I knew I had won. When the rushes were shown, Mr. Ruggles, Richard Dix and the others put their arms around my shoulders and told me to go ahead with my own 'Sol Levy'."

FOR those who know the gentleness, the sweetness and the quiet humor of the man, it is difficult to say when "Sol Levy" began and "Georgie" Stone ended, for they are much the same. Millions who see the picture will rejoice in the little Jewish peddler of "Cimarron" as Georgie Stone saw him.

Casting "The Front Page," Lewis Milestone was quick to see that no other man in Hollywood could so well portray the fear-crazed, persecuted little communist, "Earl Williams." The performance which Georgie turned in more than justified Milestone's judgment for every heart in the audience went out in sympathy to the bewildered little wretch, caught in the grasp of a law he did not understand.

It is a far cry from the snow covered streets of Lodze and the thunder of Cossack hoofs to the palm shaded vistas of Hollywood and from a tenement crust to luncheon at the Brown Derby, and the marks of that long and perilous climb are etched deep upon the sensitive soul that looks out from the gentle eyes of Georgie Stone. Perhaps it explains "Sol Levy" and "Earl Williams"—two perfect characterizations.

Long Live Charles Rogers

(Continued from page 47)

Was that the real Rogers? Had I been right in thinking him to be a fine example of young America? Were these later "cute young boys" with the smiling pans and weak backs only a mistake? I couldn't answer the questions . . . so I decided to see for myself.

"Hello," he said, as I walked in the door of his Beverly Hills home. "Haven't seen you since that time we were first introduced over at the studio. Must have been at least two years ago,

wasn't it? Why haven't you been around to see me since then?"

And then I did it. I told him exactly why I hadn't been to see him . . . and I used the same words that I've just used in telling you. "Buddy" took it standing up. When I'd finished my little speech, he looked real hard at my face and then looked away.

"Sit down, will you," he managed, indicating a chair.

(Continued on page 114)



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A couple of free-lance players sandwiching in a few days' rest between pictures by getting some of that healthful air at Malibu Beach. Lloyd Hughes and Laura La Plante. Lloyd's latest is "The Great Air Robbery." Laura's is "Arizona."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 104)

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. "The Divorcée." Betty in "Let Us Be Gay." Starring rôle in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul." M-G-M. Now vacationing in Europe.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa." for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two reels for Universal.

SKINNER, OTIS; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at First National. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Kismet." Soon to do an original story.

SMITH, STANLEY; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Jones in "Queen High." Featured rôle in "Manhattan Mary," all for Paramount. Now on New York stage.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "Ladies of Leisure," "Illicit," Warner Bros., and "Ten Cents a Dance," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wood; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Morado in "Passion Flower." M-G-M. Male lead in "Office Wife," Warner Bros. Deval in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Maitland White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Costaud in "Cheri-Behi," M-G-M.

STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox and "Grandma's Girl" and "Television," Mack Sennett. Now on vaudeville tour.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Con-

tract player. Featured rôles in "Troopers Three" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Co-starred in "See America Thirst," Universal. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; divorced from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" "Indiscreet," "Rockabye" and "Love Goes Past," all for United Artists.

SWEET, BLANCHE; divorced from Marshall Neilan; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Tommy Harris in "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National. Queenie in "The Silver Horde," RKO-Radio. Now on vaudeville tour.

SYDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Featured player. Formerly with the Theatre Guild. Feminine lead in "City Streets" opposite Gary Cooper. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy" and "Shop Girl," Paramount.

TALMADGE, NORMA; married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Woman Disputed," "New York Nights" and "Du Barry," all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Cicily in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Fritzie in "Queen of Scandal," Sam Goldwyn. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Featured rôle in "Women Love Once," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; separated from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Lilium," Fox. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

TEARLE, CONWAY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles

in "Evidence" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Bros. and "The Truth About Youth," First National. Now appearing on London stage.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song." Lieutenant in "New Moon." Farady in "The Prodigal," all for M-G-M. Now in New York.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôle in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring rôle in "Boulevard," all for Universal.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Bob Drexler in "Light of Western Stars," Tom in "The Shadow of the Law," Regan in "Scandal Sheet," all for Paramount. Breezy Russell in "The Finger Points," First National. Featured rôle in "Kick In," and "Twenty-Four Hours," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Singing teacher in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Bill Jackson in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Deproy in "Riding for a Fall" and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," Caddo-United Artists. Featured rôle in "Quick Millions," Fox.

TREVOR HUGH; divorced; born in Yonkers, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Gregory Sloan in "The Midnight Mystery," Lieut Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise." The prince in "The Royal Bed," at for RKO Radio.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Annabelle West in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Mary Ellen in "The Painted Desert," RKO-Pathé. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Registered Woman," and "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Doctors' Wives," Fox. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man," Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Starred in "Hell Harbor," United Artists. "The Storm" and "East is West," Universal, and co-starred with John Boles in "Resurrection," Universal. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Expensive Women," First National. Major Schmidt in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

WHEELER, BERT; married to non-professional; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Sparrow in "The Cuckoos." Pewee in "Dixiana." Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Too Many Cooks" and "If I Were Rich," all for RKO-Radio.

WHAY, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow from Chicago," both for First National.

WHITE, MARJORIE; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Totsy in "Stolen Thunder," D-6 in "Just Imagine," both for Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.

WHITING, JACK; married to the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "College Lovers," "Top Speed" and "Men of the Sky," all First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Aitken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who will make his talkie debut opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest" and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros., "Once a Gentleman," "Cruz-Tiffany," and "Empatation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Lead," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade." Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages." Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros. Male lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists.

WOODS, EDWARD; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Mothers Cry" and "The Public Enemy."

WOOLEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos." Ginger in "Dixiana." Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," and "Too Many Cooks." Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Anastasia in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount. Caroline Walker in "The Finger Points," First National. Feminine lead in "The Law and the Lady," Paramount.

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. She returned to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands," an RKO-Radio production.

YOUNG, BETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Feminine lead in "Upper Underworld," and "I Like Your Nerve," First National.

Joan Bennett's Future

(Continued from page 61)

of conditions surrounding her in married life when she takes that important step again.

HER ruler in her house of marriage indicates more, for it shows that she needs a husband who will in many ways be a repeat of herself; seeing things from the same slant and appreciating the same qualities and values in all their then mutual surroundings. Uranus is the ruler of her seventh, and Uranus is a shifting and changeable influence; indicating that she wouldn't have much use for a man who didn't keep up with the times in his chosen line, which would probably be something along aviation, invention, transportation or some other mechanical calling. Because Uranus is in Capricorn, its twelfth house-sign, it would be better for Joan if he were in some confidential position, especially if connected with the picture business in some way. He might also be a man who had previously been through a divorce with a former wife, for such is the personal indication of those typified by Uranus when they are related to one's seventh division, as is the case with her. A remote possibility is that he would be a medical man or one who had at some time had leanings that way. Her motive for marrying him would not be an ordinary one and the circumstances surrounding her wedding could well be expected to be other than the conventional. There, that looks like about enough qualifications for a husband to make Joan think it over seriously; for they certainly don't fit very many of the men she meets.

SHE has Neptune in the eleventh house at birth; this is the location of friends and throughout her entire span it will bring her many valuable acquaintances and a few real companions who will prove of great help to her, particularly in the film profession. Neptune is always an emotional influence in all our horoscopes, no matter where it is placed and no matter in what sign it was at birth; but in her case it is more so than usual, for it is in an emotional house, it rules an emotional house and it is in an emotional sign, Cancer. All this makes Joan one who can be more than a good actress, for she has the equipment with which to make herself a great actress, ranking with the top four or five of the present and the best ten in the history of the screen. But don't think it will be easy, or that she can coast to fame on the labors of any but herself. And she is right now on the threshold of the first big test of her career, for there are celestial forces swinging into action at present that will do everything they can to make her defeat her own best interests. I am glad that she has a contract, for it will carry her through some business and legal mistakes that she might otherwise make. Nevertheless, this influence of which I speak,

which is mostly that of Neptune in Virgo, where it will be for some years to come, must be guarded against by controlling the feelings and emotions at their source.

NEPTUNE is now coming into the opposition aspect with her Sun position, and this is always a temptation to get married or to get a divorce, according to which situation you are in. It is an upsetting influence, for it beclouds the mental connection between the feelings and the ordinary good judgment that folks possess. In Joan's case, as we have already seen, it is a friendship influence in the natal chart; now this has come around to the point where it is psychologically a desire to marry, all the more so because the Sun in any woman's life represents men in close relationship. All of which leads me to the opinion that she will want to make an alliance with a man who will not mean enough to her in the long run, for he will be one of her good friends instead of the real lover, companion and partner that she ought to have as a husband.

For the benefit of other readers, let me mention the influence of Neptune in this regard for all born in Pisces—all who now have the opposition of this emotional planet, as well as those who will have it in the years to come.

Generally speaking, without getting down to the finer points of months and days for each degree and date, those born in the first third of Pisces, from February 19 to 28, which includes Joan Bennett's birthday, must be careful not to act impulsively on hunches and emotional problems between now and the middle of 1936.

Those in the second third of Pisces, born between March 1 and 10, must use caution in the same type of affairs from now till the middle of 1941. Those of the last third, born between March 11 and 21, should heed the same warning from 1937 to 1944. These are long stretches and full of temptation, because Neptune is the slowest moving planet of which we know anything definite—but any common sense you can bring to bear on the matters that arise at these times will be well repaid in comfort and happiness.

GETTING back to Joan in a more personal way, she must pay attention to that elevated position of Saturn in the ninth house, the house of philosophy and religion. It is in Taurus, its fifth house-sign, again showing that she can act and also promising success in a big way at the end of her journey through life if she does the right things. But it is also a warning not to take externals as the real things; she mustn't make the mistake of thinking physical possessions are more valuable than mental possessions. This is important for her to master, for, while she is one who can make a great deal of money with her talents, she is not one who instinc-



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32x4 1/2	3.40	30x5.00	3.05
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tively saves. She may want to put aside something regularly, but there is usually something attractive that she wants to own and she is more apt to make it hers than not, putting off till later the systematic saving plans that she occasionally hopes to carry out. Mars ruling her fourth, the house of accumulations and estate, is located in the fifth, and occupies its own third and tenth House-sign. This makes her very sure of herself in an occupational way and will probably bring her to a resolution to produce for herself at some stage of

her development. I must earnestly register a dissenting voice on anything like that for her, for, in this respect she is situated in some ways like Gloria Swanson, whose ventures have brought perhaps valuable experience but not much comfort.

Joan, if you aren't particularly impressed by my remarks here today, do yourself the favor of tucking them away where you can look them over at least once a year. They will mean more and more to you as you develop in both your personal and your professional careers.

How Constance Spends

(Continued from page 31)

servants takes care of about one-third of my yearly budget. Isn't that a percentage recommended by our leading economists?

"For personal spending money I allow myself \$100 per week. Ever since the time I was living with my family, before my marriage, I have allowed myself \$100 for pocket money. I still do! If I had the income of millions, I would not increase this amount I have allotted myself. Out of this sum I take care of such incidental expenses as luncheons, theater or small café parties, tips to waiters, manicures and bridge debts. If I foolishly spend too much of my pocket money the first part of the week, I economize until the next 'pay day.' In other words, I don't borrow from myself beyond that figure. When it's gone . . . I'm broke!"

CAN you imagine Constance Bennett making a luncheon date at the Embassy Club with sister Joan and then having to cancel it because she had run out of money? "I'd do it," insisted Connie, "really I would. Or else I'd get her to take me."

And I believe she would . . . Connie's Scotch, you know!

We had worked down to the subject of automobiles by now. I had always thought she owned about a dozen of them in all sizes and colors.

"Not at all," she explained. "I buy a new motor car on an average of one every two years . . . and turn the old one in, of course. Figuring the cost, depreciation and upkeep I would say that this item costs me about \$5,000 yearly. I also keep a car in Paris to be used while I am in Europe, but it is kept in 'dead storage' at a cost of about ten dollars a year."

Connie, who had been counting off the items on the fingers of one hand that peeked from the wide sleeve of a pair of pale-green lounging pajamas, said "clothes" . . . touched the fourth finger tip . . . and made a wry little face.

I'M sure modistes must have been more shocked than anyone else to read that I spend "\$250,000 yearly on clothes" she laughed. "They must have wondered where in the world I was getting them. As a matter of real, honest-to-goodness truth, my clothes run about \$1,000 monthly. That would

be \$12,000 yearly . . . not \$250,000! It is difficult to put an actual figure on one's wardrobe, for certain years it will run less than others. Shall we compromise and say that I spend between \$10,000 and \$15,000 for my clothes? And as I said before . . . that's plenty!

"The other day I purchased a very plain little sport ensemble. And while it cost \$150, it maintained simple lines throughout. It could easily have been copied by a clever seamstress for about \$17.50 . . . but as I am not a clever seamstress, I could never have remembered its lines well enough to enable me to tell a dressmaker how to duplicate it. However, once I have purchased such an item for my wardrobe, I very often have it copied in other colors for a fraction of the original cost. Thus from one expensive model, I may have three or four outfits.

"Of course, in comparing my budget for clothes with that of another, one must bear in mind several things. Women in both the social and theatrical worlds are often placed in the position of setting the styles . . . not following them. And whereas I have never had any particular desire to set the styles, it has always been my custom to wear original models. I buy almost all in Paris . . . and if other women like them, and want to copy them, all well and good. If no one copies them I am still satisfied . . . because I wear them merely to please myself.

"But, you say, original models cost a great deal of money . . . how do I do it even on \$15,000 a year? That is a fair question and an easy one to answer. I buy nearly all my clothes in Europe. I am of the opinion that French designers are the finest in the world. Contrary to general opinion, gowns bought in France are not priced exorbitantly. Even original models are purchased at a figure far below their cost of purchase in America. One may buy a beautiful original evening gown in Paris for \$350 and even lower. The duty brings the cost up . . . but here again one may use the seamstress to advantage. Copies may be made in varying colors and the average cost of the gowns so obtained is really quite reasonable.

The highest price I ever paid for an evening gown was \$500. And the one time I spent that much was in New

York! Each time I wore the gown I felt terrific remorse. I never really liked it. In order to cost that much money, a dress generally has a fur trimming or is heavily beaded. It is usually so unique that it can be worn but once or twice . . . after that it becomes a total loss, hanging in the wardrobe. Sometimes, however, a very simple gown costs quite a great deal . . . this is because of its new and clever lines. Personally, I would rather pay more for lines and less for beads and fur trimming . . . simplicity in line makes for the greatest smartness in my opinion.

"To the girl who has less money to spend on clothes, I can think of nothing better than 'looking around' in the smarter shops, remembering the details of the styles and having them copied by a dressmaker. *No girl earns so little that she need shop from the 'uniform styles' on the bargain counters!*

"Shoes, hats and bags have always been little pet extravagances of mine. I very often buy as many as three hats and as many pairs of shoes and bags to go with one ensemble. But the added accessories change the appearance of the ensemble and allow its use for a longer period . . . so they become a sort of an economy rather than a luxury."

Now that the subject of clothes was covered, Connie was holding up the last, the little finger, for what was supposed to signify travel expenses and incidental spending.

"I like one grand vacation every year," she went on, "usually a European holiday. It's a pretty expensive jaunt," she laughed, "but then I think we should all get away from Hollywood once in a while to get our perspective back. I usually set the \$10,000 it costs me to travel ten weeks in Europe

down as one of the necessities of keeping one's balance. It costs almost the entire ten thousand for actual traveling expenses. I have a villa in Biarritz—a gift from my former husband, which is usually my headquarters while I am in Europe. If I should stay there during my sojourn, the cost is figured in the ten thousand used for the entire trip. If I do not, then it costs but \$40 a month for a caretaker for the villa. The apartment I own in Paris is closed during the time I am in America and costs nothing except for care and taxes. Of course, insurance and income taxes come in for quite heavy amounts, but one could hardly call the money so used as 'spent.'

AS for jewelry—I have all of it I shall ever want—also gifts from my former husband. Occasionally I have a piece re-set in a more modern style, but jewelry is a very incidental luxury with me."

"There's one more item," I said as Connie tapped off the little finger signifying she had come to the end of her list—"and that is charity."

Connie shook her hand. "There are certain things I love to do that I don't care to talk about at all," she said firmly. "Of all the facts and figures I've given you—surely you'll let me keep that one little secret to myself." Just between ourselves, I happen to know that the "secret item" in Connie's budget would be a swell yearly salary for most of us!

So now . . . if we knew what Connie spent for insurance and income taxes, we might be able to figure out what she actually spends! If we knew *that*, we could multiply the total of all she spends—and get the approximate amount she *saves!*

Beautiful and dumb? Not *this* lady!

Secrets of the Stylists

(Continued from page 58)

well as her daytime frocks to give a little loose effect to the bodice.

"The two taboos with Connie are severely tailored clothes and an excessive amount of jewelry. She has a small silver bracelet on her wrist constantly, but she rarely appears in diamonds. If she uses jewelry at all, pearls are her choice. I have never seen her with earrings; she says they broaden the face. She likes pins and shoulder clips and real flowers, especially gardenias.

"In 'The Common Law,' Connie wears a cheery suit of cream chonga cloth that has a voluminous red fox collar. It's the kind of suit that says, 'Hello! I'm glad to know you!' while you're still a half block away. Another of her costumes is of apple green wool crêpe, trimmed with silver buttons set in black buttonholes. It has a detachable scarf of black and white and a narrow black leather belt.

"Blue and white are, naturally, the fitting colors for a yachting outfit and Connie appears in one of these, too, in 'The Common Law.' The dress is of white *crêpe de chine* bordered in blue,

and the four-button jacket of blue flannel has wide white revers. It's the unexpected note of red in the scarf and cap which gives it character." (Sketches of these three costumes are shown on page 57.)

IN the way of footwear, Connie prefers pumps with a medium vamp and sandals with a T-strap. Personally, I think plain pumps are the most becoming sort of slipper a person can adopt. They slenderize the foot without drawing notice to it the way fancy shoes do, and there are so many varieties now, they can be made to blend in with any kind of costume.

"Really, accessories should be chosen with as much care as the dress itself. They can so easily add to or spoil one's appearance. Take gloves alone. Those with elaborate backs are enough to mar any smart ensemble. Gloves should supplement a costume in a quiet, effective way instead of detracting from it by their obviousness. Stitching or buttons are the only trimmings on gloves a truly clever woman permits herself. It is chic at present to let the hand look large

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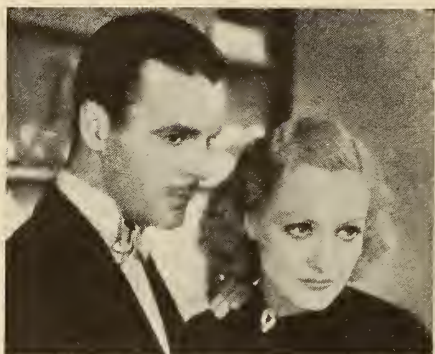
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In this issue you also will find a complete novelette—"Night Angel," starring Nancy Carroll, "The Maltese Falcon," a great mystery story, starring Bebe Daniels, "The Lawyer's Secret," which has an all-star cast, "Big Business Girl," starring Loretta Young, "Just a Gigolo," a brilliantly clever story starring William Haines, "A Woman of Experience," starring Helen Twelvetrees, and "Always Goodbye," which stars Elissa Landi. And in addition to these fascinating stories; many other interesting features.

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in mannish stitched gloves which are far cooler than tight fitting ones. I do not like those of silk because of their high sheen.

"One can, you know, be too painstaking in selecting color combinations for dress accessories. If you have a black and white suit and purchase a black and white bag, a black and white hat, black and white gloves, and black shoes combined with white . . . it'll be just a bit too much! Rather have an all black hat, white gloves, a black bag with perhaps a green clasp, and black slippers with just a thin piping of white.

"But one cannot be too painstaking in tidiness! It is perfect grooming that lifts the stars out of mediocrity and makes them the most envied women in the world. Their hands are cared for, stray wisps of hair are tucked into place, their clothes are brushed and have the look of being put on hangers correctly when taken off.

"Too many of us strive for outstanding effects—and forget to wear the right shade of stocking!

THAT is one of the things which causes Constance to be looked upon as a fashion model—this thought she gives to the small details of her dress. She told me that even as a little girl in a French convent she made them sponge and press her uniforms twice a week! Hers is the golden blond type with warm golden skin while Helen Twelvetrees is a reddish blonde. They are both five feet five inches tall and very slender, but there the similarity ends.

"Helen is like an old master's interpretation of the Madonna. She is extremely young and innocent looking. Fragile. As yet she is in a potential state, undeveloped. She has a heart-shaped face and most remarkable eyes. She is one of the very few people I know who graces a ruffled crinoline costume as well as an abbreviated bathing suit, and she can wear any color with the exception of orange. Dashing colors such as skipper blue, emerald green and flame red make her a glamorous creature; pastels change her into an ethereal sprite. She is at home in sports clothes and chiffons, trailing skirts and 'shorts.' I usually give her long lines because they're more graceful. The majority of her picture wardrobes have been 'character' stuff like the one she had for 'Milly'; however, I hope to put her in modern clothes before long for they are vastly becoming to her.

WE say of some women that they are born with intuition about style and Ina Claire is foremost among them. She has cultivated that sense during her years on the stage until there is very little she doesn't know about the art of dressing. Watch her on the screen—the way she wears her clothes. She's a model worth imitating. In 'Rebound' she dons a flesh-colored chiffon, unornamented, that molds her figure and then breaks into tiers on the lower part of the skirt (see page 57). She reminds you of a pale Greuze lady who stepped into moonlight in it.

Of course, it is a gown for only the slender and rather tall type.

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DEAR MISS LANE:

Clothes are so beautiful now, but if you're only an \$18-a-week clerk as I am, all you can do is admire them!

The stars can afford to buy anything they want, so naturally they look nice. The average girl hasn't a chance to compete with them. Take me, for instance. I'm five feet, three inches in height, weigh 114 pounds, and have light brown hair and gray eyes. But what does it matter *how* I look if I can't buy the right clothes? Oh, I admit I'm discouraged about this dress problem. That's my reason for writing you. I'm in hopes you will be able to help me.

Sincerely,

AGATHA S.
New York City.

DEAR AGATHA:

It seems to me you haven't the right viewpoint on clothes. If you have read this series of fashion articles I'm afraid you've missed the whole point of them, my dear. It isn't the *money* you put into your wardrobe that counts. It's the *taste* you use in selecting each outfit. Motion picture stars appear well not because they have unlimited means, but because they give careful thought to their clothes.

I have known girls living on your income who dressed with as much chic as a fashionable debutante. They did it by watching for bargains in the better stores and by cooperating with a clever dressmaker. Often they picked up very attractive frocks for as low as a sixth of their original price in the basements of large stores. You can do the same—especially in New York where you're living.

If you don't sew for yourself you can get a good seamstress for five dollars a day or less and in that time she will be able to make you a smart summer frock. The popular dotted swiss, silk rayons, batiste and voile may be had for about eighty-five cents a yard and you would need only three yards unless you want an exceptionally full skirt. Bargain hunt for your accessories, too. There are several young screen players who make a game of it. One of them—and she is considered extremely chic—boasts that she never spends more than fifteen dollars on any dress.

As Miss Wakeling points out in the above article, half the battle in being smart and attractive is *the will to be*. A slender purse won't hinder you.

Good luck, Agatha, and don't be discouraged!

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm going to the seashore the latter part of August on a vacation for which I've saved during the entire year. I am having all my clothes made at home and I do so want to look my best. Won't you help me?

I am a redhead, the kind with waxy skin and green eyes and I'm five feet, six inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. Thank you!

ELIZABETH T.

DEAR ELIZABETH:

For a vacation at the shore I think

I'd concentrate on very good-looking beach pajamas and evening clothes. You'll be living in one or the other most of the time.

Linen overalls that have white polka dots on a yellow background and a huge muslin frill are extremely popular. Wear a gay green scarf with them.

For evening, a white crêpe Elizabeth combined with black lace would be stunning on you. The lace should be placed in wide bands on stiffly laid tiers in the lower skirt and the dress should

follow a princess line. Complete it with long black gloves and black satin sandals.

Another evening frock that would become you greatly is of brown lace worn over a foundation of which the bodice top and deep hem are bright green and the center section brown. The full lace skirt and the section of the slip are set on in points.

A white dress worn with a billiard green coat and black hat is excellent for luncheon and street wear.

The True Story of Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 46)

poems she had either written or received and then hold her sides with the laughter inspired by the tender sentimental verses that sometimes failed to rhyme.

"But everybody falls in love," Athole would protest, rescuing her poetry from the scoffing gaze of her sister.

"Not I," Norma would reply cockily, "I'm going to be too busy."

"Doing what?" from Athole.

"Why, becoming a movie actress, of course."

AS Norma grew older the talent that had first exhibited itself in imaginative games turned her interest to amateur school theatricals. Norma never did the leads in the school plays but no matter how small or large her part, she devoted as much study to it as she does now to the scripts of her new starring pictures. Athole would cue her in her lines, and very often Norma learned parts which she was not to play, just for the practice.

"Just imagine," she would breathe to Athole, "how wonderful it must be to be a real actress—in a real show on Broadway. Or being a movie actress would be even more wonderful."

During this stage of her life Norma became an avid reader of movie magazines and devoured the Cinderella stories of girls who were picture stars, hour upon hour. Her eyes glistened as she imagined herself in their place—with furs, and jewels and maids. It was her firm belief that one became a movie actress like Norma Talmadge or Lillian Gish by merely presenting oneself at the studio, signifying an intention of becoming a star—and then stepping into the rôles.

"Movie actresses are much richer than stage actresses," Norma would advise Athole in their frequent girl-to-girl talks in their room. "Movie actresses have jewels and limousines and houses with twenty-four rooms and lots of servants. Imagine how wonderful it would be to have all the clothes you wanted and lots of maids to take care of them for you and plenty of money to travel and meet kings and princes and crowds of people." It is strange that the girl who is now known as the hardest worker in the picture business never contemplated the idea of hard work in

her first dreams of the movies.

For the next three years Norma nursed the luxurious ambitions of a career as a movie queen. At first her family laughed at her proposed plan of journeying to New York as soon as her high school days were finished, so that she could be in a position to storm the movie portals of New York and New Jersey. But as time drew on and Norma's pleas began to shape into determined plans for her future, her family became more sympathetic.

Her father promised, "I will give you enough money for a fair chance at this, Norma—when that is gone I shall expect you to come home like a sensible girl." Norma said she would—but then and there she realized that she was not coming back home—she knew she could make a success.

And so, on a certain summer morning in the year 1920, Mrs. Shearer, Athole and the seventeen-year-old Norma arrived in New York—magic home of Cinderella stories—portal of luxurious dreams!

FROM the start New York was a broken dream to the idealistic Norma Shearer. Her little family was unknown in the great metropolis; had neither friends, relatives nor any means of gaining *entrée* to the studios. There was no one to offer advice. No one to make the way just a little smoother. The telephone directory was their only guide to the magic and well-guarded doors of filmdom.

The Shearers settled in a bleak, brownstone rooming house in the Sixties near Ninth Avenue. After the comfortable, spacious rooms of the family home in Canada, life for three of them in one crowded room was almost unbearable. And as the residential district that borders on Ninth Avenue in the Sixties is hardly known for its rambling garden plots, or lazy river banks—this adventuring little trio missed the greenness and coolness of the country in which they had been raised.

THEIR poundings on studio doors proved no open-sesame. Cross casting directors wearily shooed them away with the bleak promise: "Nothing today—maybe something tomorrow."



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NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-8
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For six months Norma and Athole visited the studios every day without managing a single day's work as extras. For six months the daily expense of three meals a day and a roof over their heads eked away the small capital in Mrs. Shearer's purse. At last when the money was so low that she considered the situation dangerous she suggested they go back home. Even Athole had lost confidence in Norma's glamorous career. Norma, however, was adamant—a characteristic trait often evidenced in subsequent crises. "I'm going to stay," she would cry. "Nothing in the world could make me go home!" She would rather starve in New York than go back home to Montreal a failure. Mrs. Shearer sighed. Athole cried a little bit. But they stayed in New York. A second triumph for the determined Norma, who was going to be a movie star!

THEIR heavily reduced finances made it necessary to take an even cheaper room. They finally found themselves living in a cubicle hall-bedroom, cooking eggs over the gas jet, doing their laundry in the general bath tub.

Day in and day out Norma and Athole tramped from studio to studio, hoping for a chance to get a day's work. Rain or shine, sleet or storm, they walked from one casting office to another. By this time they couldn't afford rubbers and the paper-like soles of their slippers became thinner and less combative to the winter chill and wet. The girls devised the idea of slipping cardboard into their shoes to protect the worn soles.

But through all the weary days and the many disappointments Norma was never too tired to press her blue serge suit when she came home at night, to launder her trim white blouse, to rinse out her stockings and polish her "soleless" shoes. An actor's agent who met Norma Shearer during this stage of her battle for a career once told me: "Even when I knew Norma Shearer had no more than a thin dime in her pocket-book, she was always a picture of trimness and style. There was something in the way she wore her clothes that made you stop to look at her the second time. Of the two girls I thought Athole the prettier—but Norma had more distinction."

ONE of the many things Norma Shearer learned during her six jobless months in New York, was the existence of actors' agents. She found that even extra players sent from an agency had a far better chance at a day's work than a novice at the studio gates. It lessened her carfare and ferry boat expenses quite a good deal. All of the agencies were in the heart of New York and she switched her daily visits from the studios to the agencies. One day there came a magic call from one of these agents that Norma and Athole might expect a day's work by presenting themselves at a certain comedy studio to see the assistant director. It was like manna from heaven. Norma and Athole fairly flew to the designated address.

Twelve girls were needed for the "call." Sixty had reported.

"Athole and I were jammed behind the others and I knew the assistant director wouldn't even see us," Norma relates. "Eleven girls were picked and we still were crowded into the back-ground. I said to myself: 'Norma, think fast! Think fast!' So in desperation I coughed loudly—I coughed so loudly that it sounded almost like a bark—and the assistant's attention was turned in my direction. I smiled in my best apologetic manner and he nodded his head, 'All right, sister—you'll do,' he said. I was selected but Athole wasn't."

"We waited around until the other girls were gone and then I cornered the assistant and persuaded him he really needed thirteen girls. When we finally left the assistant, he said to me, 'You should be a saleswoman, sister, not an extra.' That job, our very first, lasted three days!"

FOLLOWING this slight break, things began to look up for Norma Shearer. From her frequent visits the New York agencies were beginning to know her, and they admired her courage and determination in making the rounds. She had often stopped to talk with the girls in the outer offices at the desks and they liked her well enough to let her in on some "calls" that came through the offices. Norma and Athole began to average three or four days of extra work per week and often their mother was called. They all three wore blue evening gowns on the "dress sets" and many directors and assistants began to refer to them as "the three little girls in blue." The youthful appearing Mrs. Shearer was never believed to be the mother of the two girls who accompanied her. At first Athole was considered to be the best bet of the two girls. Her type of beauty was considered more photographic than Norma's. Once, during an interview for a small part with D. W. Griffith, the famous director told Norma, "You're wasting your time on a career in the movies. You haven't a photographic face." Florenz Ziegfeld was another impresario who turned down Norma Shearer because he did not believe her to be up to his beauty standards! When I met Ziegfeld last year in Hollywood he laughed about that story. "I must have been blind," he chided himself. "I think Norma Shearer is one of the loveliest women on the screen today."

EVEN in the face of these discouragements, Norma's inexhaustible pluck was not to be downed. She worked like a Trojan for every little bit that came her way. Soon it began to be known about the studios that one of those little girls in blue was a very good trouper. Once she bounded into a leading lady part in a Western picture at a salary of \$100 weekly. The "weekly" lasted for one week—then extra work again.

As a result of extra parts, bits and meager rôles in various films, Norma finally managed to get fairly good feminine leads with established companies, having made the discovery that it is

better to pay a booking agent ten per cent of your earnings than have no earnings to share with anyone, including a testy landlady.

Her first two pictures with screen credit were "The Stealers," produced by Robertson-Cole, and "Channing of the Northwest," which was filmed by Selznick. In the meantime, Athole's interest in pictures had waned considerably. She had accepted an engagement in a musical comedy and before the first year of their New York venture was over, was married.

Norma was neither starred nor featured in the above mentioned pictures—but they were to play a very important part in her professional and private life—they brought about the connection through which she climbed to stardom. They also brought her to the attention of Irving G. Thalberg, who is now her husband. Norma loves to remember this particular phase of her career. She tells the story in her own words:

"I was thrilled beyond words when I was notified by a booking agent in New York that Universal had wired about signing me to a contract. I was told that a 'Mr. Thalberg,' the general manager of the studio out in California, had instructed his New York office to locate me.

"When I visited the New York Universal office I felt very confident and buoyant but somehow we just were not able to come to an agreement on the terms. I would have been glad to spring at almost any definite figure but I had struggled so hard I didn't want to sign myself for a long time without getting what I wanted—whether I believed myself capable of actually earning a large sum or not. You see, I had been reading publicity stories of motion picture salaries.

AFTER several discussions, the negotiations failed. They simply made an offer and stuck to it. I could take it or leave it. I left it. But I felt so badly about it that I wrote the general manager, the 'Mr. Thalberg,' thanking him for the offered contract and expressing the hope that at some future time we might come to a satisfactory agreement.

"A short time later—and I was still rushing from one casting office to another—I received another offer from a Hollywood company. I was about to accept it when another offer came through from a new company, the Louis B. Mayer organization on the West Coast.

"I was somewhat dazed by this sudden attention Hollywood producers were giving me."

At that time Norma did not know that a certain "Mr. Thalberg" had switched his general managerial duties from Universal to the Louis B. Mayer organization. It would have surprised her even more to know that it was not Hollywood producers but a Hollywood producer who was besieging her with contracts. She was to learn that fact sometime later—much to her embarrassment.

The Mayer office carried little more

in a monetary offer than had the Universal contract—but production in the New York studios was on the wane—and Norma was more receptive to the idea of working in Hollywood.

WITHOUT any further delay she signed the contract with the Mayer company though it did not contain a long-term clause. Norma was an "optionite." If she made good, she could stay. If she failed, she could consider herself six months' salary ahead. The company paid the traveling expenses of Norma and her mother to the Coast. "If they hadn't," she laughs, "we might still be sitting in New York, for we couldn't afford the train fare at that time.

"I had been reading in the movie books about the big receptions new film people were accorded when they landed in Hollywood and I was up early the last morning of the trip, primping and fussing with my clothes so I would look my best for the swarms of newspaper people and photographers I expected to be on hand.

"At last the train pulled into the depot. There were no bands, no flowers, no cameras. There wasn't even a representative of the company to pilot us to a hotel.

I FELT like crying. My professional dignity had been affronted. If I had had the money I would have taken the next train back to New York. But there were bags and things to be taken care of, so mother and I placed ourselves in charge of a porter and wound up at a little family hotel where we put up for the night. Early next morning I inquired my way to the Mayer studio. At that time Mr. Mayer had not yet merged with the Metro and Goldwyn organizations—his studio was near an ostrich farm far out in the outskirts of Los Angeles."

The long, dusty trip only added to Norma's disappointment in her Hollywood reception. By the time she reached the studio she was not in the best of humor.

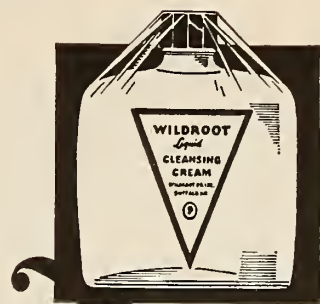
In the reception room of the front offices she was met by a good-looking young man who invited her to "Step this way, please." Norma thought, "Well, at least they have very nice polite office boys out here." She followed in his path. When they came to quite an elaborate office at the end of the hall, he motioned her in, calmly shut the door after her, strolled over to a massive desk and sat down—swinging his feet—on top.

"I'm waiting," said Norma severely, "to see Mr. Irving Thalberg. Will you please tell him that I am here . . . I've come from New York."

That ought to squelch this impertinent upstart.

"I know," said the black-haired young man behind the desk with just the suggestion of a smile on his lips. "I know you are from New York and I know you are waiting for Mr. Thalberg. You see, I am Mr. Thalberg!"

(To Be Concluded)



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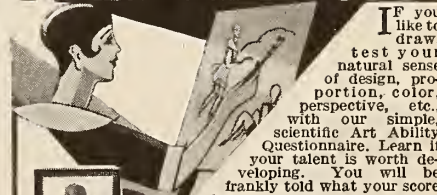
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Long Live Charles Rogers

(Continued from page 105)

As I sat down I took a good look at the man whose birth record will prove to be almost twenty-seven years old. I had pictured him at least six or seven years younger from his more recent pictures. But he is not only twenty-seven years old . . . he *looks* it! A set and determined look about the eyes. Dressed in a conservative double-breasted suit. He appeared, in a word, just as I would have visioned him off the screen after seeing "Wings."

"I'm tired of everything . . . sick of the whole deal . . . fed up and almost licked!" He looked long and hard at me. Then he said, "You're the first person who has ever had the nerve to tell me just what he thought . . . to my face. I'm glad to hear what you think because *I agree with you!*"

"But you say you're tired of *everything*. Of what in particular?" I asked.

OH, all the things I'm supposed to be and all the verses and slogans and things like that which have been written about me . . .

"I'm tired of being called 'America's Boy Friend.'"

"Tired of being called 'A Rover Boy' . . . a 'Choir Boy' . . . a pretty boy . . . a cute boy . . . a 'nice boy' . . ."

"Honestly, I'm ashamed—actually *ashamed*—of the farce that 'Buddy' Rogers has developed into on the screen. I'm forced to play a character, year in and year out, that I don't believe or like.

"I have to come home at night and attempt to live down the results of the work I've just completed at the studio, to ease my own conscience. I think the 'Buddy' Rogers of the last two years in motion pictures is a weak, fluffy, insufferable nothing! He lacks sincerity. He lacks real personality. And he has no spine! So I've killed him. There is no such person as 'Buddy' any more. Buddy Rogers is dead—from now on it's Charles Rogers or nothing!"

"But," I remarked (thanking the good Lord that I had been right about Charlie Rogers of "Wings" and wrong about "Buddy"), "it must have been partly your own fault—all this that's happened."

"You're wrong about that," he answered in a strong, even tone. "It

wasn't my fault until now . . . and now that I realize what has happened, the change has already taken place. I came from Olathe; went to school there and made the boxing team of the University I attended. I wasn't a howling success at it but I reached the semi-finals in the championship bouts, and believe me I took an awful beating in that last one. No one who knew me then would have thought I would ever come to the rôle of 'Buddy' Rogers.

"Then, out of a clear sky, I was transplanted to Hollywood and offered the astounding sum of \$60.00 a week to play in pictures. That was the height of salaries to me at the time. But the atmosphere of my new surroundings—well, frankly, it scared me. I had been used to a small town in the Middle West with its friendly, rural atmosphere. So, as I've said, Hollywood put me a little off balance.

"Then came the start of the publicity that has been following me ever since. I was really sort of proud of it at first. It was something for the folks at home to read and compare with what they read about Hollywood in general. I liked it.

"I had another drawback that I've never spoken of before: when I was signed on a five-year contract, I was warned that the single reason for my being signed was that I typified the American Youth. I was told quite candidly that if I ever lost the appeal I had when I arrived or *if I ever stopped smiling* that I was through!

"Is it any wonder that I went out of my way to avoid any hint of anything but 'nice' publicity? I liked my job . . . especially after 'Wings,' and I was willing to forego pleasure and romance and everything that a young fellow enjoys, just to keep it. I shunned the public at all times so that my name would never reach print in any other fashion than 'nice.' I tried to keep the *smile* and the *personality* that the studio were good enough to warn me was the *only* reason why I had been contracted.

THEN about a year ago, the thought came to me that the studio had forgotten my best work. They had forgotten 'Wings'. Suddenly I realized that I had been doing the same picture

for three years! Always three or four girls in the cast, at whom I'd *smile* for four reels and act like a silly ass, and then in the end I clinch with the best looking one. Just so much hokum.

"Even my fans, who had been coming back to see me for all those terrible years of atrocious pictures, wrote me and said the same thing. They said they were sick of waiting for me to do another real and sincere part . . . such as the boy I played in the aviation picture. For myself, I can't understand what has caused my fans to hang on as long as they have. Certainly my pictures have been *anything* but fine.

"As you know, I'm through with those silly rôles. My part in 'The Lawyer's Secret' is a dramatic one and all my parts will be dramatic from now on." He paused and grinned. "I'm going to start *living*. I'm going to do all the things I've always wanted to do. I'm going to go the places I want—with people whose company I enjoy. I shall make no attempt in the future to keep my name out of print—even if the publicity is not always 'nice'.

IF I ever find another woman that I can like as well as I did Claire Windsor I'm going to stick with her in spite of hell, 'friends', and a world of 'good advice'. I let them talk me out of a fine friendship once . . . *never again!* And while I have every respect for choir boys as a class, I shall never again depict one on the screen or in my own personal life. I'm going to try to learn how to be real again after a five-year lay-off!

"And since you've been kind enough to tell me to my face the very things I had already realized, would you do me another favor?"

"Gladly," I said. And I meant it.

"Go back to your office, Walt, and write exactly what I've just told you. Tell my fans that I'm through playing the half-baked ass in pictures and that I'm going to start a career to my own liking both on the screen and off. Tell those writers who have been picturing me as a nit-wit high-school brat, that the game is over. Tell them to call off their dogs . . . tell them I've come to my senses."

And what you've just read is my answer to Charles' request.

Marriage à la Colbert

(Continued from page 40)

blessing, they continued to live apart.

"I might never have found the courage to start out like this if we hadn't been married secretly," Claudette admits. "But now that I know how perfect it is, I wouldn't want it otherwise. Neither would Norman.

"It wouldn't be practical for everybody, of course," she said. "There's the economic side of things to be considered. But for professional people with

individual incomes, separate establishments seem to me ideal.

"There are, unfortunately, bound to be some bad nights. Off nights at least. At such times—if either of us are tired from the day's work, say, or if we're preoccupied about the work we're to do the next day—Norman and I don't see each other. I know the old theory about love being a balm at difficult times. But I prefer to struggle through

bad hours alone. I'd rather not tax love.

AND it's turned out to be such fun to live as Norman and I live. When Norman is in New York and he's coming over for the evening it's quite as exciting as if we were engaged. I dress up. And then I sit and wait for him and play wretched solitaire in my

(Continued on page 121)

Barrymore Tells the World

(Continued from page 93)

rupt my lecture with a slide.

Heywood Broun, Charles Butterworth and Raymond Griffith stopped by to chat with Barrymore the day I spent with the star on the set.

THE newspaperman, the actor and the comedian-writer are famous for the blue streak in their humorous stories. Barrymore topped them all and it's only because this magazine will be distributed through the United States mails I can't repeat the yarns the four exchanged.

Barrymore's moods change faster than a weathercock on a windy day.

As suddenly as he'd broken into chuckles after talking about Dr. Albert Einstein's studio tours, Barrymore became serious again.

He summarized all he had told me about his ideas on courage and fineness and honesty and merit. He was speaking of the point of view he holds and the attitude on virtue and life he hopes his daughter will assume. He said:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Supreme Court Justice, the Holmes who's living now into a sweet, sane old age, put it all better than I can. He wrote: 'The essence of all this morality is like the effervescence of well remembered champagne: It goes flat when it hits the air.'"

Barrymore thought a minute about that one. He smacked his lips.

In memory of that "well remembered champagne" . . . ?

In reminiscence of his own life . . . ?

It's All Greek to Me

(Continued from page 44)

sort of, and this morning . . ." here he gulped. "I walked around a corner and that fathead was kissing her and she was liking it."

"Kissing her?" Frank said.

"Don't you know what it is?" Larry said.

"Yes," said Frank. "Oh, yes, I know."

"Well, that's it."

"Oh," Frank said. "Well, that's too bad."

"Isn't it!" Larry said fiercely, and jabbed at the tablecloth with his fork. "And with his reputation, she ought to know better."

"Well, now," Frank said, "why don't you tell her about his reputation?"

Larry laughed. It was a hollow sound. "I suppose you think I haven't," he said. "Women are funny."

"Yes," Frank said. "Her mother used to get ideas, too."

"I don't understand it," Larry said, shaking his head.

Frank waited for an appropriate pause. "It's all Greek to me," he said.

"That's not funny when you feel the way I do," said Larry. Frank toyed with his fork and felt disappointed.

They finished their luncheon and Larry plunged off back to work, still mumbling that it was a darn shame when a nice girl . . .

FRANK wandered, solemnly lonesome, down the street. He stood on a street corner awhile, staring at things. The hotel room was pretty lonesome and Priscilla was too busy to see him. He didn't know anybody and he wished that a stranger with a nice face would come along so that he might pick up a conversation with him, but he was in Hollywood, so no stranger did.

When he was ready to move on to another corner and stare, a roadster drew up to the curb with a loud screech and Devon piled out in an awful hurry. He dashed into a drug store. Frank

didn't have anything to amuse him, so he wandered in curiously after the young man. The door to one of the telephone booths slapped shut. Frank tried to think of somebody to call up. He couldn't, so he just went into the next telephone booth and didn't call anybody. He stood there with the receiver against his ear, no nickel in the slot, and tried to look as though the Hollywood operators were worse than those in New York.

Devon's voice came clearly through the thin partition. He was talking to a girl named Sally.

"I'm sick and tired of your whining," he said. "You haven't got a thing on me and you know it. Letters? Saving what? Don't be a fool. You can't hook me that way. Well, what if I am crazy about her? Aren't you getting a little good Samaritanish all at once? She can take care of herself. Sure she knows about it. I told her myself. Now listen, Sally . . . No, now listen . . . well, listen, will you? I'll see you tonight—but you can't stay long. Yes, I've got a date. Sure it's important. That's none of your business. All right, try and make trouble . . . Oh, I'll see you all right. Be at my apartment at eight o'clock. We'll have an hour before I have to leave. Oh, be yourself, will you? At eight . . . and be on time!"

He hung up. Frank jiggled the receiver hook thoughtfully. A man outside was peering in at him with suspicion. Frank thought he couldn't prove anything just by peering in. Devon's voice came again and Frank stopped jiggling to listen.

Devon was talking to Priscilla.

"Darling," he said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but we'll have to take a later train. You don't mind, do you? Well, the nine-thirty, I'm afraid. You be all ready and I'll pick you up at nine-ten. Business, dear. Now, don't get jumpy. It's going to be all right

(Continued on page 120)



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Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

ing story. Bela Lugosi, Helen Candler and David Manners have the chief rôles. **Very good** but hardly suitable for children.

THE EASIEST WAY (M-G-M)—The famous stage play which concerns the life of two sisters, one who is good and the other who goes wrong—for her mother's sake. Constance Bennett plays the sister who goes wrong. **Good**—but not suitable for children.

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—The famous old melodrama which the old-timers loved is with us once more—this time in talkie form with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel in the leading rôles. **Very good.**

FIGHTING CARAVANS (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Lily Damita in another "epic." **Fair.**

THE FINGER POINTS (First National)—Richard Barthelmess as a reporter who takes money from the gangs in exchange for keeping dark their activities. Regis Toomey is good in a small rôle. **Good**—but not suitable for children.

FINN AND HATTIE (Paramount)—A newly rich American family go to Paris and much fun ensues. Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts and Leon Erroll have the chief rôles. **Good**—suitable for children.

FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

FREE LOVE (Universal)—Another one of those films about the troubles of a young married couple. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin are the young man and wife. **Fair**—children won't like it.

THE FRONT PAGE (United Artists)—A realistic story of newspaper life. Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Mary Brian, Matt Moore and Frank McHugh are in it. Mae Clarke does a marvelous bit. **Excellent.**

GENTLEMAN'S FATE (M-G-M)—John Gilbert as a member of the underworld. Somehow or other John is not quite convincing as this character. Louis Wolheim is seen in his last rôle. **Good.**



Marilyn Miller recently returned to the coast to appear in "Our Own Social World."

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT (Fox)—John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill in a college yarn. **Good.**

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN (Warner)—There is not quite enough of Frank Fay's own brand of comedy in this film. On the other hand there are several beautiful young ladies and some more or less amusing dialogue. **Good**—not suitable for children.

GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)—An epic of the days of Daniel Boone. Plenty of Indians and fighting and a married-couple-other-man theme besides. Johnny Mack Brown, Eleanor Boardman and Gavin Gordon. **Good**—children will like parts of it.

GUN SMOKE (Paramount)—Something new in Western stories—all about how a bunch of gangsters go West and try their tactics on those hairy-chested Westerners. Richard Arlen is in it. **Good**—children will eat it up.

HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE (RKO-Radio)—The adventures of Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler in the A. E. F. Dorothy Lee is also in it, of course. **Very good**—suitable for children.

HELL BOUND (Tiffany-Cruze)—All about a kind-hearted gangster and a girl whom he loves but who doesn't love him. She marries him because—but that's telling. Leo Carrillo does very well as the kind-hearted gangster. **Very good**—more suitable for children than most gang pictures.

HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo-United Artists)—You must know all about this, it had so much advertising. **Very good**—children will find it enthralling.

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER (RKO-Radio)—Those three funsters, Bob Woolsey, Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee again. **Good**—suitable for children.

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—A story with a slight touch of incidental music—about a riveter who falls in love with a romantic heiress. Bey Lyon does well as the riveter. Ona Munson is the heiress. **Very good**—children will like parts of it.

ILLICIT (Warner)—A very modern story of a couple who believe that marriage runs love and happiness. Barbara Stanwyck, James Rennie, Ricardo Cortez and Natalie Moorhead. Barbara Stanwyck is excellent. **Very good**—but children won't care for it.

INDISCREET (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as a lady who loved once too well and not so wisely. The plot concerns her endeavors to tell her real love about her past. There is also a sister with whom Gloria's former sweetheart falls in love. Gloria sings a song or two and wears the usual gorgeous clothes. Ben Lyon is excellent as the man she loves. Monroe Owsley is the man out of her past. **Very good.** Children will like much of it.

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo as a sort of modern Camille. Greta is better in this than she has been in any of her talkies. Robert Montgomery plays opposite her in a very unconvincing part. **Very good**—but children won't like it much.

THE IRON MAN (Universal)—How a prize fighter's wife can run her husband's career. Lew Ayres as a prize fighter and Jean Harlow as the wife. **Very good.**

IT'S A WISE CHILD (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in a somewhat naughty comedy. Quite a number of the lines and situations are amusing but what you might call risqué. **Very good**—keep the children at home.

KEPT HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—The old story—with new trappings—of the poor young man who marries the rich young girl. **Good**—but children won't care for it.

KIKI (United Artists)—Mary Pickford foregoes modesty and becomes a rollicking little French chorus girl. **Very good.**

LADIES' MAN (Paramount)—William Powell as the gigolo whom all the ladies fall for with a bang. Kay Francis and Carole Lombard are two of the ladies. **Fair**—not for children.

LAUGH AND GET RICH (RKO-Radio)—Dorothy Lee in a story about a middle class family who makes ends meet by taking in boarders. Hugh Herbert and Edna May Oliver are in it, too. **Very good**—suitable for children.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—More gangster stuff with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. As an underworld picture it stands out as one of the best of its kind. **Excellent**—but better not let the children see it.

LONELY WIVES (RKO-Radio)—A somewhat sophisticated version of modern marriage. Edward Everett Horton and Laura La Plante are in it. **Good**—not for children.

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO (British International)—What happens when an American crook goes to England. It's done by an English company and the accents will take away some of the reality for you but otherwise it's okay. **Good.**

MILLIE (RKO-Pathé)—The famous best selling novel in talkie form with Helen Twelvetrees

as "the good girl who knew the wrong kind of men." **Good**—but take the children to some other show.

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss is an American business man who retires due to ill-health only to find that retiring doesn't help much. David Manners, Evalyn Knapp and Mrs. Arliss help things along nicely. **Very good**—suitable for children.

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a picture which allows them both to be delightfully comic and highly dramatic. **Very good**—children will like it.

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE (Fox)—El Brendel in a comedy of gangs and gangsters. **Good.**

MY PAST (Warner)—Bebe Daniels as a wicked woman who falls in love with a pure love. Lewis Stone and Ben Lyon do the best they can in rather unconvincing rôles. **Good**—better not take the children.

NEW MOON (M-G-M)—Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in a tuneless operetta. **Very good**—for children who like fine singing.

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN (Warner)—In spite of the title it's a railroad drama with incidental love interest. Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey have the leading rôles. **Very good**—great for the kids.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH (M-G-M)—The latest effort of Buster Keaton. It's all about a chap who becomes, quite unwittingly, a great lover. **Good**—suitable for children.

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (First National)—Still more gangster stuff with the inimitable James Cagney in the leading rôle. **Excellent**—but don't let the kids see it.

RANGO (Paramount)—Some more jungle stuff. **Good**—particularly for children.

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels in a dramatic comedy of modern life. **Excellent.**

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another of their team comedies. This one is mostly about the goings on in a beauty parlor. **Excellent**—by all means take the kids.

RESURRECTION (Universal)—The rather drab story of Russia with Lupe Velez and John Boles. **Fair**—not suitable for children.

RIVER'S END (Warner)—Charles Bickford in a dual-rôle story of the great Northwest. **Fair.**

SCANDAL STREET (Paramount)—George Bancroft as a ruthless newspaper editor, Kay Francis and Clive Brook are in it, too. **Good.**

THE SECRET SIX (M-G-M)—Thrilling gangster story with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable. **Excellent**—better leave those children at home.

SHIPMATES (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery as a gob in his first starring picture. Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Nugent help things along. **Very good.**

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a stenographer who married her employer. **Good**—but children won't like it.

SKIPPY (Paramount)—A kid story with Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green and Robert Coogan. **Excellent**—don't let the children miss this.

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)—A sophisticated story of modern life with Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery. **Very good**—but not for children.

SUBWAY EXPRESS (Columbia)—Murder in a crowded subway train. Exciting mystery drama with Jack Holt in the leading rôle. **Good.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—John Barrymore in the title rôle. It's the old Trilby story with a new title. Marian Marsh as Trilby is very sweet. **Very good.**

TARNISHED LADY (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Paramount's new find, does not get a good break in her first picture. The story is weak and the dialogue weaker. Clive Brook tries hard but the story is too much for him, too. **Fair.** Children won't like it.

TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a dance hall hostess who falls in love and marries a weakling. Ricardo Cortez and Monroe Owsley are in it, too, and both give excellent performances. Stanwyck is grand and the direction pretty nearly perfect. **Excellent.**

TABU (Paramount)—The stories of the natives on a South Sea Island. **Very good**—fine for children.

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY (Warner)—Loretta Young and Grant Withers in a story of young married love. **Poor.**

TRADER HORN (M-G-M)—The jungle and trials of Africa pictured in all its thrilling vividness. Don't miss it if you like stories of the jungle. **Very good**—fine for children.

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

YOUNG SINNERS (Fox)—The wild younger generation again—with the usual trappings. **Fair.**

The Right to Dream

(Continued from page 59)

rioting old Atlantic. Boisterous water leaped and heaped itself into white-maned breakers that raced toward him until their green tons collapsed at his feet. Fingers of wind clawed at his clothes and thundered a challenge in his ears.

He looked into the east, thrilling to the passionate sea and the bitter taste of salt on his lips, and his eyes filled with the steely sparkle that was later to bring him fame in gangster rôles.

"Some of these days . . ." he said. "Some of these days . . ."

Some of these days, what? Who knows what he had in his mind? He was still a kid, barely old enough to shave. Weekdays, he attended an art school where it was his habit to start a drawing by signing a sweeping "Morris" before he ever began to draw.

Some of these days, what?

I can hear him, as the gale drives around his strong, young body, promising himself that some day he will get a boat and launch it on the shoulders of the wildest sea he can discover—and fight that sea until he beats it.

Was it destiny or accident that finally pitted him against the ocean? Few people know how it happened.

ONE day Morris heard that United Artists had bought "Corsair," a roaring story of modern piracy, and that he was to have the lead with Roland West to direct him.

"What do you know about this sort of part?" West asked. "Ever been to sea?"

Morris remembered that day on the Jersey shore.

"Listen, Chet," said West. "You're due for a vacation. Why don't you take it on a freighter?"

"But—but—"

"Do that and you'll really know how to play this part, see." West's eyes fixed Morris. "I'll bet you're too soft to ride a freighter to Europe."

"Watch me," said Chester.

That evening, he told his wife what he meant to do. Sue Kilbourne heard him out. A trip on a freighter, eh? She had seen freighters—ugly, greasy little ships with cut-throat crews.

Dreams! They tumbled down through her mind. The fiords and castles of her glamorous holiday vanished under the rusty prow of a patched-up craft that wallowed from port to port where stinking cargoes were slung into the hold.

"I've got to do it, Sue," said Chester. "I need the experience."

"Of course you must do it," she said. "I'm going with you."

"But it'll be stuffy and—maybe dangerous. I can't let you."

"I'm going, Chester."

That settled it the way both of them really wanted it settled. If Sue Kilbourne could not have her dream, at least she could have her man.

Neither of them had any way of foreseeing the flood of life into which

this choice would pour them.

Probably, it was written in the stars. When the M. V. Oakland steamed out of Los Angeles harbor for a run to Bremen, Germany, they were aboard her.

That first night, they stood on the bow together.

"Think you'll like it?" Chester asked. "I'm with you, aren't I?"

The deck lifted and sank in the grip of resistless rhythm. She was thinking of southern France and the hopelessly wrecked itinerary of their tour. He was thinking of another ocean.

This was the Pacific, quiet and sleepy. The thrash of the propeller was a song of power. Here was his ship but this wasn't his sea. He remembered that stretch beyond the Jersey coast.

SOME days later, the freighter crept through the Panama Canal toward the gay Caribbean. While Sue taught contract to the officers, Morris tramped the bridge. The skipper taught him to shoot the sun, to stand a watch, and to handle the mahogany wheel in the pilot house.

Chester gloried in that. Panama was but a place for tourists. Cristobal a stop for a shore-cooked dinner. Then their rusty forefoot plowed into the same azure waters that had floated the fighting frigates of Henry Morgan and Mansfield, lineal ancestors of the freebooter Morris was to play in "Corsair."

You must see the Caribbean to believe it. Its days are gold and blue and its nights are silver and gray. Trade winds smooth the surface most of the year until the hurricanes come booming down the latitudes.

At night, Chester and Sue leaned on the rail together and tried to probe the mystery of the horizon. The old ship poked ahead, snail-like.

"How are things?" he asked her. "Having fun?"

She smiled at him. He was so busy learning the business of sailing that he had no time to understand the monotony of playing the same game with the same people for weeks on end.

"I'm fine," she answered.

She was fine. She was near her man and these magic nights made her forget the air castles in those gaudy travel folders back home—almost.

THE ship plowed through the channel between Cuba and Haiti into the North Atlantic, mother of storms. Blue skies turned white and flung down the sun like the reflector of a searchlight.

"Heavy weather ahead," said the skipper.

That night, a heavy roll slammed Morris against the side of his bunk. He sat up, eyes straining. The night was alive with strange sounds. There was the interminable rush of water beyond the closed port, and the thrash of the screw—and there was more. The ship was talking in every joint

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Was it Duty or Love?



Nancy
Carroll and
Fredric March
in "Night Angel".

"I WANTED this . . . I wanted you to kiss me—I wanted you to love me! I used to lie awake, there at the hospital, planning to hurt you! I hated you—but I couldn't stop thinking about you! I prayed never to see you again . . . And now—you must go—because—because I don't hate you!" She was Yula, the lovely and bewitching daughter of the wicked old Countess von Martini, whom he had sent to prison—and he was the young and earnest Public Prosecutor of Prague!

Read this powerful and enthralling full-length novelette, fully illustrated with scenes from the screen-play, in the August issue of SCREEN ROMANCES, on sale July second.

Also, in this same issue, you will find "This Modern Age", in which Joan Crawford is the fascinating heroine; "The Maltese Falcon", a thrilling mystery story, in which Bebe Daniels plays the leading rôle; "The Lawyer's Secret", a dramatic story with a great all-star cast; "Just a Gigolo", starring William Haines; "Big Business Girl", starring Loretta Young; "A Woman of Experience", which stars Helen Twelvetrees, and "Always Good-bye", in which Elissa Landi plays the leading rôle. Many other unusual features contribute interest and variety to

Screen Romances

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

and hinge.

"Sue!"

"Chester!"

They both knew the old tub was in for a battle. Their cabin was pitchy and choked with ominous sounds—but it was rather grand.

"You're all right?" he said.

"Yes."

"I'm going on the bridge."

"All right."

Minutes later, he was there. It was a perch for the gods. Ocean and sky were a depthless immensity out of which careened cliffs as black and hard as obsidian. Racing and raging, they struck with all their weight and exploded into deadly fragments that smashed rails and ventilators. This was the ocean he remembered.

He felt a small hand slip under his arm. Sue was there, eyes a gleam.

"You shouldn't be here," he said.

"You're here," she answered.

THE tempest sprayed them with salt. The boatswain stood at the wheel, watching the storm. The captain's face was a yellow blob behind the canvas weather strip. No lights were allowed here lest they blind the lookout to other ships ahead. Tons of water smashed over the bow, burying the forepeak. For one fleeting instant, while the craft stood on her beam-ends, a flame speck gleamed through black water.

Morris saw it, or thought he did until he looked again. Then, there was nothing but a night full of thunder and wind and water. He glanced at the boatswain and captain. They peered out, unheeding, and the ship lunged on.

Again, the wet wink ahead. He dashed spray from his eyes and tried to probe the impossible. The captain went into the chart room. The boatswain's shoulders bulged with the labor of controlling the big wheel. This was a fight.

"Did you notice anything?" he turned to Sue.

Wind whipped her answer away and lifted the ship over a rolling tide. And Morris saw his light again.

No wink, now! Instead, the warning gleam of a schooner's riding lights. And she was dead ahead. Within

seconds, the freighter's forefoot would trample her.

The wheel was a yard away and he threw himself at it.

"Hard a-port!"

The ship shuddered and her deck tilted. The nose yawed as a wave struck home and then she answered the rudder. Hard a-port! The little schooner showed briefly under the counter like a scared wet hen and slid down the sideplates to the stern. The skipper staggered from the chart room in time to put his craft back on her course.

MORRIS stayed on the bridge through the night. And Sue stayed there with him. They saw dawn bring a rain that beat the combers flat. Then the captain ordered them below to get some rest.

When the ship nosed into her home port at Bremen, they had been thirty-one days on the water. Paris and London with all their wonders were ahead. And a quick trip abroad a luxurious passenger liner to New York. But they hated to leave the storm-stained tub they had ridden to Europe, Morris told his sea-dog skipper.

"You've got salt in you, you two," said the German. "It's the curse of this blasted life. We can't stay away from the sea. We try to quit but we all come back. You'll come back, too."

Chester Morris came back in a talkie called "Corsair." In a sleek privateer that made him the buccaneering bad boy of the Atlantic rum fleet. If you see him and wonder how a boy born on Broadway comes by that deep-sea sailor's gait, you will know that it was honestly earned somewhere between Frisco and Bremen.

And if you wonder about Sue Kilbourne who faced that Atlantic hurricane at his side, you can find her presiding over the Morris home in Hollywood where she snatches moments between work and play to read in travel folders of the Orient and its tiered pagodas.

She believes that a woman who is also the wife of a talkie star has the right to dream. But she is ever ready to forfeit her dreams for Chester's.

Tragedy of Mae Murray

(Continued from page 63)

beauty—the beauty of the very young girl.

MAE today, after two decades in the public eye, still behaves like a girl of sixteen. She is still the Brinkley girl of twenty years ago—still pursing up her mouth in the manner that made her bee-stung lips world famous—still conscious of her lovely body. And the amazing part of it is that she actually believes that she is a young girl.

There is no more telling proof of this than the fantastic story of the concealment of her child's birth. In 1928 everyone was startled to learn that Mae Murray had a sixteen-month-old son. For almost a year and a half the existence of a Mdivani heir had been

kept secret from all but a few intimate friends. When the story became public Mdivani told reporters rather pathetically that he was proud of the boy and had not wanted to hide him from the world but that Mae had feared the effect on her career. After twenty years on stage and screen Mae feared that the news that she had an infant son would make her appear old in the eyes of the public! She was actually terror-stricken at the thought. Certainly there is pathos in that.

Mae Murray has become a complete slave to her own physical loveliness. Her own beauty has become a millstone around her neck. Wrinkles, fat and other visible signs of age are the dragons which she is continually fight-

ing. One can't help admiring the single-minded and dauntless manner in which she works to preserve a youthful face and figure. Diets, massage, beauty lotions—nothing is too unpleasant, too difficult or too expensive.

WHEN she went on tour in vaudeville a few years ago she took along a masseuse to keep her thin. It was said that she submitted to four hours of strenuous massage every night—no matter how many performances she had given during the day. Funny stories? Pitiful, I should say. Living in constant fear of the encroaching years, studying the mirror every day with beating heart, pretending to look and feel sixteen when one is past forty must be a pretty ghastly existence. Yet Mae could no more stop fooling herself than she could stop breathing. She had been fooling herself too long—about life, about herself, about everything. Someone once said of her that she was the kind of actress who believed everything her own press agent wrote about her. It was uttered as a wise-crack—but it is too true to be funny. Mae Murray has never in her whole

life faced reality and there is, it seems to me, a world of pathos in her struggle to avoid the truth. Don Quixote, tilting at windmills was funny—but he was tragic, too.

THINGS are breaking well for Mae right now. Oil was recently discovered on her beach property and it is said that her young husband, with surprising business acumen, has made a good deal of money for her. She seems happy in her marriage. And to top it all she is making a come-back in pictures. Lowell Sherman gave her a part in "Bachelor Apartment" and liked her work so well that he put her in two of his succeeding pictures. RKO-Radio liked it so well that they gave her a contract. Her figure is as lovely as that of any young girl in pictures—and her face is still beautiful and amazingly youthful for her years.

But it is that phrase "for her years" which tortures Mae Murray and keeps her from being happy although she has everything a woman could desire. Probably Mae will be angry at me for saying so, but I think she is greatly to be pitied.

The Wittiest Man

(Continued from page 33)

are old friends, I foregathered frequently with Lowell Sherman and his lovely young wife, Helene Costello.

I found him unchanged. I found him the same Lowell, the great artist who, always, in his profession, will give unstintedly of his best, who will work hard, and play as hard. The man who, in the evening, when the long, gruelling hours in the studio are over, will be host—splendidly and generously—to his few, carefully chosen friends; who will hold forth, with the soundness of an expert and the knowledge of a connoisseur, on Chinese art and first editions; who will toss off a *bon mot*, a spiced jest, a wise-crack, a grimly sardonic remark, or a wise reflection which, presently, of course with no credit of authorship given, you will come across in newspaper gossip columns and comic strips, on the vaudeville stage and the legitimate theatre.

IT is hard to choose amongst the many things I have heard him say—say, mind you, on the spur of the moment.

But it was he who opined, referring to a man whom we both knew, that he is like the Ten Commandments: always broke. He who, one evening, when we were dining with a Mexican talkie star whose breeding is more primitive than refined, commented that a bird in the hand is bad table manners. He who called a certain sweetie-sweet, butter-will-not-melt-in-my-mouth screen notable, "the Mother of All Actors." He who, when the conversation turned on a much-married Hollywood actress, announced that she had obtained her most recent divorce on the ground of extreme ukulele. He who advised a young man

that there are two ways of winning a woman's love: the one is to lie to her, and so is the other. He who accused a famous motion picture magnate of looking like the stuff banquets are made of. He who said that it is divorce which keeps the women in circulation; who told me that it is usually a chicken which cooks a man's goose, and that a certain "heavy"—name *not* on request—is the sort of man whom one wishes drunk when he is sober and sober when he is drunk.

LOWELL, as I mentioned before, has his serious side. And this serious side is a good half of him. He is cultured, well-read. He has a great love of the beautiful and—foremost and chiefly—a great love and fine understanding of the theatre.

He is no longer on Broadway. And Broadway is the loser, while Hollywood—and the country at large—is the winner. For, today, he brings his splendid gifts into every picture which he directs, and in which he acts, for RKO.

He is well known; indeed, famous. He is not as famous as he deserves to be. And—according to how you look at such things—you must praise him for it, or blame him.

For the man is independent, his own master, straight through, the moment he leaves the studio. His private life is his own. He does not believe in paid publicity or a hired, noisy clique. He does his work, to the best of his very great ability, and says no more about it.

For Lowell Sherman is, primarily, an artist—who lives for his work, not for the praise which it may bring.

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It's All Greek to Me

(Continued from page 115)

... no, I haven't got the license yet, but ... now look, sweetheart, you're not to worry. I'm sorry about this conference, but ... yes, yes ... all right. You be ready at nine-ten."

The booth next door shook with his sudden departure and the man outside, after peering in at Frank more suspiciously than ever, dived into it and called his wife. Frank replaced the receiver and strolled out to the sidewalk again. He stood on the corner and stared at things for awhile.

AT seven-thirty, Larry had a telephone call from Frank.

"Look," Frank said. "I'd suggest that you sort of come over to Priscilla's house tonight at about nine o'clock, or maybe a little earlier."

"What for?" Larry said.

"Oh, I don't know. I was just suggesting it."

"We-ell," Larry said. He'd cooled down a little and was feeling lost and empty inside.

"That's fine," Frank said, and hung up. He went to see Priscilla. Priscilla was awfully nervous, and kept looking at the door and then the clock. Frank sat comfortably in one corner of the davenport. "Too bad about that young fellow getting hurt," he said. "The one that was here last night, I mean."

"Larry?" Priscilla jumped to her feet with a terror-stricken gasp.

"No, I mean that other one. The dark one."

"Joe? What do you mean? Joe wasn't hurt."

"Oh, wasn't he? I thought I heard somebody talking about it this afternoon. It sounded like his name. Maybe I was wrong."

"Devon? Joe Devon?"

Frank puckered his brow. "Sounds like it," he said.

"Frank, are you sure?"

"No," Frank said truthfully. "Probably it wasn't him at all. Probably it was somebody else." (*Somebody* in Hollywood must have been hurt that

afternoon.)

Priscilla flew to the telephone. With the receiver off the hook, she paused. "If he's hurt," she said, "I oughtn't to be ringing the telephone, ought I?"

"No, I don't think you ought," Frank said.

She grabbed up her wrap. "I'll go over there," she said. "It's just around the corner." Frank picked his hat up.

"I'll go along," he said. "Maybe there'll be something I can do."

She clung to his arm all the way over to Joe's. Frank felt a little sneaking, but he ploughed on. She might be pretty sore at him. Well, could he help it if he made a mistake in names? He'd stick to that if things came out wrong.

SHE pressed the doorbell of Joe's apartment and Frank stood twisting his hat and staring at the molding around the walls. Joe came to the door. He was in his shirt sleeves and looking pretty angry. Inside, there was the unmistakable sound of feminine sobbing.

Joe said: "What the devil?"

"Joe!" Priscilla cried. "You're all right?"

"Sure I'm all right," he said.

Priscilla stepped past him into the room, laughing shakily. "I heard that. . . ." she stopped short and stared at the blond bundle that raised itself from the davenport to glare at her. The blond bundle looked as though she'd been doing a lot of crying.

"You'll find out," she said. "He did just the same thing to me, and I've got letters to prove it, and believe me, he's going to pay for them, and pay plenty . . . and if you haven't got any letters, you'd better stick around for awhile and get them before you go with him. I . . ."

"Business," Priscilla said, looking hard at Joe.

"Listen, honey, I . . ."

"A conference," Priscilla said. She turned on her heel and took Frank's arm. "Take me home, Frank," she said.

Joe grabbed her arm. Frank took his hand away, smiling gently. "Priscilla thinks maybe she wants to go home," Frank said.

She hurried almost as fast going home as she had going over there. "And if it hadn't been that you misunderstood a name," she was gasping, "right now I'd be waiting for him and . . ." she looked sidewise at Frank, a little, frightened child. "Oh, Frank," she said, "if you hadn't come, I'd've gone on being the same little fool . . ."

"Now, honey," Frank said, "you couldn't be a fool . . ."

"Oh, I have been. I have been! I've been angry at Larry because he called me a little fool and I . . . I almost went away with Joe, and I'd've been sorry all the rest of my life, and . . . I'm so glad you came, Frank. God must have sent you." She was clinging harder than ever to his arm, and crying. "And God must have made you misunderstand that name just so I wouldn't . . ."

"Funny thing, me misunderstanding that name," Frank said thoughtfully.

PRISCILLA clung to his arm across the threshold and came to an abrupt halt. "That's Larry's hat," she said. "He's here! He said he was never coming again, but that's his hat."

"Maybe he left it last night," Frank said politely.

"No, he's *here!*" She tore out of his grasp and ran for the living room. Frank picked Larry's hat up and examined it for initials. He tried it on. It was a trifle too large for him. Carefully, he placed it on the table once more, and his own beside it. He wandered in. Priscilla was crying in Larry's arms, and Larry was looking puzzled. Frank returned his stare blandly.

"How in the devil?" Larry said, over Priscilla's shoulder at Frank.

Frank shrugged. "It's all Greek to me," he said.

"The way I feel," Larry said, grinning, "that's funny."

Film Gossip of the Month

(Continued from page 92)

group attending we saw Dick Barthelme and his wife. With them was Hollywood's recluse, Ronald Colman. Bill Powell brought Carole Lombard. And Kay Johnson was accompanied by her director husband. Marlene Dietrich came with Josef Von Sternberg. These two seldom go anywhere without each other.

Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards to you) rides a bike to work every morning while his Lincoln trails behind . . . just in case!

At the opening of Warner Brothers'

new theater, the Warner Beverly, Alan Mowbray got off one of the neatest of nifties. He was attempting to show that Englishmen have a sense of humor . . . you can be the judge!

"I was called by the studio," says Alan (who is one of the most English Englishmen), "to play in George Arliss' picture 'Alexander Hamilton.' I asked them what part they had in mind for me and they replied, 'The part of George Washington.'"

LEW CODY'S favorite story is about two drunks that visited the wrestling matches. They arrived just in

time to see one of the contestants get a headlock on his opponent. But after a struggle the other managed to break the hold, and for the next half an hour the two wrestlers rolled and ranted to no avail.

Finally the same fighter got another headlock around the other's bull neck.

Just then one of the drunks got up and said in a loud voice: "Let's go. This is where we came in!"

What's happened to the Mac Busch-John Holland romance? John is stepping out frequently with beautiful Barbara Bedford—to theaters and such.

A la Colbert

(Continued from page 114)

impatience for the doorbell to ring."

Recently Norman Foster has been working in California and last month when both he and Claudette found themselves with two weeks' holiday at the same time they arranged to meet in Chicago.

"It was like a rendezvous," Claudette said gaily. "It was fun getting our tooth brushes mixed up. But it probably wouldn't have been if we'd been living together in the same house and getting one thing or another mixed up every morning for three years.

"I suppose I'm an incurable romantic but I wouldn't want the thing Norman and I know to become less, to settle into a series of staid habits. If it ever should come to this in spite of our modern arrangements, or if Norman ever should cease to care for me I do hope I won't try to hold on, but that I will have the courage to call quits. Not spoil all that has gone before and ruin what might otherwise live as a beautiful memory . . ."

Her voice grew soft. "I can well imagine how very difficult it might be to do this," she said. "It is to be hoped I'll never have to . . ."

IT would be a girl like Claudette Colbert who, admitting love to be far and away the most important thing in life, would discard the traditions of marriage to work out a new pattern. Like her, her entire life is unusual. Overnight she made her name one to be reckoned with on Broadway. In one picture she proceeded to establish herself as a preëminent screen actress. She chose to spend a long holiday on a tramp steamer rather than on a de luxe liner. A product of this modern age, she, nevertheless, thinks people who keep on being divorced and married and divorced and married again are not happy. And rated one of the smartest dressed women on the screen, with her popularity based upon her appearance in society dramas, she finally has beguiled the monarchs of Paramount to allow her to play the cabaret singer in "Twenty Four Hours." Because it is parts like this that most interest her.

Oh, Claudette knows what she wants. And it isn't necessarily that upon which the world puts the highest price. She's the sort far more likely to set fashions than to follow them.

SONGS TO LISTEN FOR

- "Now You're In My Arms" (The best number in months)
- "Shoutin' To The Sun"
- "Come To Me" (from "Indiscreet")
- "If You Haven't Got Love" (from "Indiscreet")
- "I've Got A Communistic Feeling For You"
- "Close To Me" (from "The Woman Between")
- "Someday I'll Find You" (from the New York play, "Private Lives")
- "Two Hearts" (from "Two Hearts In Waltz Time," the German operetta)

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brush them regularly without fail. And now I'm headed to be a famous old wall-flower.

"Now, could that 'pink' upon my brush have anything to do with the dullness of my once-famous smile? Gums shouldn't bleed—they shouldn't be allowed to—I know that. I ought to do something about 'em—massage—stimulation—a little daily care. I had lessons on that back East in school. And I'm



going to begin again with Ipana. I'm going to go in for gum massage—and we'll see then who'll knock the stag line dead!"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody—at any age. Its cause? The foods we nowadays prefer, foods so delectable and soft that they give the gums almost none of the exercise needed for healthy hardness. Lacking stimulation, gums become listless, lazy, touchy—until at length there's "pink" on your tooth brush, pretty regularly.

And "pink tooth brush" may prove rather serious if allowed to go on. It may not only spoil the polish of the teeth, but may lead to any one of a group of gum troubles—to gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or the less frequent but more serious pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may even threaten some of your otherwise sound teeth through infection at the roots!

And the best time to get after "pink tooth brush" is *today*. There is a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it.

Get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *gently, thoroughly massage it into your inactive gums*. The ziratol in Ipana, plus the twice-daily massage, stimulates the circulation and firms the gum walls. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*



She thought:

“I’d like you a lot if you weren’t so careless about ‘B.O.’!”

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

“You must run along now. I’ve got a letter to type.”

An office romance nearly broken...was the cause ‘B.O.’? (Body Odor)

A PRETTY TYPIST. An attractive junior clerk. Work threw them together—and Cupid did the rest!

But their romance wasn’t all plain sailing. Much as she liked him, he had one fault she couldn’t overlook. It wasn’t until he finally discovered the easy way to end “B.O.”—*body odor*—that she finally said “Yes.” Now they’re joyfully planning a wonderful future together. Thanks to Lifebuoy’s sure protection “B.O.” no longer bars the way to their happiness.

Danger days for “B.O.”

These hot days when we perspire more freely demand *extra* care not to let “B.O.” offend. Remember, our sense of smell seldom warns us when we’re guilty because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. But others instantly

notice “B.O.” in us—just as we do in them!

Play safe—always. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. This delightful toilet soap gives quantities of rich, creamy, purifying lather—even in cold or hard water. This searching lather penetrates pores—*purifies*—removes all odor—leaves you glowing with freshness and new vigor. Lifebuoy’s pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you’re safe from offending.

Great for the complexion

No need to buy costly “complexion” soaps. Lifebuoy will do all *they* can. Its bland, deep-cleansing lather gently loosens and removes clogged impurities—lets the pores “breathe”—brings fresh healthy radiance to dull sallow skins.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



New!
LIFEBOUY
Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist’s

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in a scene from Norma's tremendously successful picture, "A Free Soul." Norma's portrayal of the girl who has been taught to be free from all conventions has met with enthusiastic approval.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)—A farce comedy with Jeanette MacDonald, Victor McLaglen and Roland Young. **Very good—fair for children.**

BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)—A sophisticated comedy of a man-about-town and his difficulties with his past when he falls in love. Lowell Sherman and Mae Murray do very well. **Good—but you'd better send the children to the movie around the corner.**

THE BACHELOR FATHER (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in a highly sophisticated story which gives her plenty of opportunity to be funny. **Good—but don't take the children.**

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (RKO-Radio)—The working girl marries her boss again—but after that it's a little different. Robert Ames and Mary Astor do good work. And Ricardo Cortez shines, too. **Very good—but children won't care for it much.**

BIG BUSINESS GIRL (First National)—A tale of a young couple who get very successful and what happens to their marriage because of their success. Loretta Young and Frank Albertson handle the leading rôles well. Joan Blondell is grand in a character part. **Very Good.**

THE BLACK CAMEL (Fox)—Reviewed on page 84. **All right for children.**

BODY AND SOUL (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Charlie Farrell in a war story with Elissa being mistaken for a spy. Landi and Farrell do good work. **Good—the kids will go for the airplane battle.**

BORN TO LOVE (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a nurse during the war whose love life gets tangled up with two officers. Joel McCrea is good and so is Connie. **Good—but not for children.**

CHANCES (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart in a war story, the romantic theme of which is two brothers being in love with the same girl. **Good—children will like the battle scenes.**

CIMARRON (RKO-Radio)—The famous epic of American life with Richard Dix and hordes of extras. One of the best films of the year. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

CITY LIGHTS (United Artists)—This film speaks for itself. **Excellent—both for children and grown-ups.**

COMMON LAW (RKO-Pathé)—A story of modern studio life with Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea. **Very good—but not suitable for children.**

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED (Paramount)—A pretty weak story of college life. More or less the usual stuff. Sylvia Sydney, the talkie newcomer, does as well as she can with the meager material. **Poor.**

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford as a society girl who has to turn reporter in order to earn a living after the family fortunes have vanished. There is a great deal of counter plot which involves a brother. **Good.**

THE DEVIL TO PAY (United Artists)—A charmingly imaginative trifle with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. Ronald does some of his most delightful whimsical stuff. **Excellent.**

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Fay Wray in a story of two aviators and the wife of one of them. There are some exciting air shots but Jack Holt's self-sacrificing rather gets on your nerves at times. **Very good—the kids will like it.**

DISHONORED (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich as a spy who has all the men this, that, the other and what all way about her. Victor McLaglen is miscast opposite her. Marlene is grand. The story is rather spotty but excellent in places. **Good—but children won't understand it.**

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—The famous old melodrama comes back to life with the addition of voices. Ann Harding and Clive Brook acquit themselves in grand style in the leading rôles. Conrad Nagel does his bit, too. **Very good—suitable for children.**

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford in a story which has to do with a wife's search for her husband in the wilds of Borneo. **Very good.**

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—Robert Armstrong in a comedy about a chap who falls in love with a girl who doesn't like him because he hasn't got a past. He manufactures one with genuinely amusing results. Jean Arthur is the girl. **Good.**

THE FINGER POINTS (First National)—Richard Barthelmess in the rôle of a reporter who becomes mixed up with some gangsters and accepts their money in return for not uncovering their nefarious schemes. Regis Toomey's acting helps. **Good—not suitable for children.**

FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)—Marion Davies as the daughter of a wealthy store owner whose wife is trying to crash society. There are some excellent comic and dramatic moments. Leslie Howard is in it, too, and both he and Marion give good performances. **Very good.**

... WE are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)—Will Rogers in the famous Mark Twain story brought up to date. The yarn still has its delightful humor and Will's wise-cracks add an additional kick. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the famous story of the little orphan who falls in love with her guardian. Janet does some of the best work of her career. **Excellent—little girls will like it.**

(Continued on page 8)

Your THIN Friends

*Can Tell You the
Right Way to Fight Fat*

So Can Your Doctor—Ask Them About It

Reduce in the Right Way—Now

You can easily learn, if you will, the right way to fight fat. It does not involve starvation, or any other old-time method, always hard and often harmful.

All physicians know this modern method. Multitudes of people have come to accept it. People all about you show the delightful results. May we tell you the facts about it?

The Gland Cause

Medical science, in the past few years, has found a major cause of excess fat. It lies in a defective gland, which largely controls nutrition.

One purpose of this gland's secretion is to turn food into fuel and energy. When that secretion is lacking, too much food goes to fat, too little to vitality.

So modern physicians, the world over—in treating obesity—now feed that lacking factor. They simply help Nature to restore a normal condition. To-day there are millions who know why and how excess fat disappears in this natural way.

Heavy reductions—up to 4 and 5 pounds a week—without any self-denial. Solely by combating a cause.

The Easy Way

This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. This prescription is compounded by a world-famous medical laboratory, to combat the average case of obesity. The complete formula is stated in every box. A certain physician may advise more of this or that. But Marmola is made to combat in the best way the average over-fat condition. Marmola has been used for 24 years—not only in America, but in many foreign countries. The results are seen in every circle. All styles are now adapted to the slender. All ideas of youth and beauty, health and vigor, contemplate normal figures. Marmola has contributed enormously to the youth-extension ideas of our times. Nearly all of you have friends who can tell you the delightful results.

Start Marmola Now

Some of you rebel at abnormal exercise and diet. Some of you have tried impossible ways to keep your figure normal. Why not now accept the way approved by modern science?

It means simply to supply a needed gland food—four tablets daily—until weight comes down to normal. The other amazing results—new beauty, new youth, new vigor—are complimentary.

When you see the results, please tell others. That is how Marmola has rendered such enormous help.

Please don't wait longer. Start to-day on the right way to new youth, new vim, new beauty.



Look About You

You can see that excess fat, in late years, has been fast becoming obsolete.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce
At All Drug Stores—\$1. Book and Formula in each box

inconspicuous



**TRY MODESS
THROUGH THIS
10¢ PURCHASE**

WOMEN who use Modess say that they would never return to any other form of sanitary protection. An inexpensive way to try Modess is to buy three of the individual napkins for 10 cents in five and ten cent stores. You'll like the convenience of these single napkins for emergency use and for packing in a week-end bag.

Modess gives complete protection with the greatest possible comfort. The softly fluffed, evenly absorbent filler is five times as absorbent as it need be. Modess shapes itself to the natural lines of the figure, making it inconspicuous, even under the thinnest dresses. It is deodorized—easily disposable.

If you prefer to buy Modess in packages of twelve, you will find them in department and drug stores everywhere.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U. S. A.



**The MODERN SCREEN Directory
(Pictures)**

(Continued from page 6)

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as a modern young person whose father has always taught her that complete freedom from convention is necessary to happiness. The results of this teaching are dramatic in the extreme. **Very good—children won't like it.**

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A splendid picture which exposes ruthlessly the methods of yellow journalism. Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh and Anthony Bushell give fine performances. **Excellent—not for the kiddies.**

GENTLEMAN'S FATE (M-G-M)—John Gilbert is rather miscast in this story of prizefighters and racketeers. The late Louis Wolheim does well in his last rôle. **Fair.**

THE GIRL HABIT (Paramount)—In this one Charles Ruggles is the bachelor on the eve of marriage who gets in dutch trying to recover some letters to a former flame. The former flame happens to be a gangster's moll so you can imagine the fun. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN (Warner)—Frank Fay as a heartbreaker. Several beautiful young ladies add to the lure of this picture but there is not enough of Frank's own particular brand of humor. **Good—not suitable for children.**

GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)—A so-so film about a gangster's moll who falls for a good boy and tries to quit the gang. **Fair.**

HELL BOUND (Tiffany-Cruze)—One of those noble-hearted gangsters who is in love with a girl who admires him but does not love him. They marry, but for a reason which will surprise you. That starts the complication. **Very good—more suitable for children than most gangster pictures.**

HELL TO PAY (Fox)—George O'Brien and Sally Eilers in a fast moving western. The big moment is when the hero's plane crashes into the heroine's bath-room when said heroine is making her ablutions. **Very good—children will love it.**

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—A comedy with some music (very little) in which Ben Lyon, as a tough riveter, falls for Ona Munson, as a pampered society dame. There are some very funny moments and also some unfunny ones. But the funny ones are in the majority. **Very good—children will like it.**

HUSH MONEY (Fox)—Reviewed on page 83. **Not very suitable for children.**

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 84. **Kids won't care for it.**

ILLICIT (Warner)—A story of two moderns who believe that happiness is achieved by practising free love in preference to marriage. Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie do well; particularly Barbara. **Very good—but not for children.**

INDISCREET (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as the girl who loved too well and regretted it afterwards when she met the real man of her heart. There is a little sister in it, too. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo as the woman with a past who falls for a nice young man with heart-rending results. Robert Montgomery is the nice young man. Greta is splendid. **Very good—children won't go for it.**

THE IRON MAN (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Jean Harlow in a story of prize-fighting and love. **Very good.**

IT'S A WISE CHILD (M-G-M)—A somewhat risqué comedy with Marion Davies in the leading rôle. Marion will keep you a-giggling. **Very good—but keep the children at home.**

JUST A CIGOLO (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 84. **Not suitable for children.**

KEPT HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—Joel McCrea and Dorothy Mackaill in a story of a poor chap who marries a girl with money and lives to regret it. **Good—but children won't like it.**

KIKI (United Artists)—The famous story of the little French chorus girl with Mary Pickford as the chorus girl. It's a surprise for Pickford fans. **Very good.**

LADIES' MAN (Paramount)—William Powell in a pretty sad story about a chap who is such a devil with the ladies. The sophistication is laid on thick. **Fair—not for children.**

LAUGH AND GET RICH (RKO-Radio)—All about a middle-class family who, in order to scrape along, take in boarders. Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna May Oliver are good. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (Paramount)—A weak story about an attorney who has to see an innocent man convicted because the guilty party

is one of his own clients. Clive Brook, Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen are in it but they don't help much. **Poor.**

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in an excellent underworld story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contributes an excellent characterization, too. **Excellent—but better not let the children see it.**

LOVABLE AND SWEET (RKO-Radio)—A sophisticated little thing about a wicked young man-about-town who tries to ruin the pure little chorus girl. But she gets even. **Good—but not for children.**

LOVER COME BACK (Columbia)—Pretty ordinary triangle picture with Jack Mulhall, Constance Cummings and Mary Brian. **Fair.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore as a crazy dance instructor. It seems as if Barrymore is bound on becoming the new Lon Chaney. **Good.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not suitable for children.**

MILLIE (RKO-Pathé)—The well-known novel on the screen with Helen Twelvetrees as the little kid who gets mixed up with the wrong kind of men. **Good—but buy the children ice cream instead.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as the multi-millionaire who retires on account of his health only to discover that idleness does not improve his condition and furnishes his own remedy. David Manners and Evalyn Knapp play the young lovers. **Very good—suitable for children.**

MILLION DOLLAR SWINDLE (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix's latest screen effort. Melodrama with plenty of action and suspense. A welcome relief from gangster films. **Very good—children will like it.**

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a corking comedy-drama. Min is a waterfront boarding-house keeper and Bill is one of her roomers. **Very good—children will like it.**

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE (Fox)—El Brendel in a comedy of gangs and gangsters. **Good.**

MY PAST (Warner)—A wicked woman with a very rosy past falls in love with the upstanding hero. Bebe Daniels is the wicked woman and Ben Lyon is the noble hero. Lewis Stone does well in rather a silly part. **Good—better not take the children.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not suitable for children.**

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN (Warner)—This is a railroad story with love interest supplied by Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey. **Very good—great for the kids.**

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton's latest. Buster is a poor chap who unwittingly gets a reputation for being a lady-killer. Charlotte Greenwood is in it, too, and does wonderfully. **Good—suitable for children, despite bedroom scenes.**

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (First National)—James Cagney in a gangster film with an ending which will make you gasp. **Excellent—but don't let the kids see it.**

RANGO (Paramount)—Jungle stuff with some excellent photography. **Good—particularly for children.**

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks as a modern Galahad who hates women—until Bebe Daniels comes along. There are a lot of expensive settings and it's all very grand and gorgeous. Fairbanks and Daniels are both good and Edward Everett Horton all but steals the picture. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed on page 83. **Children won't like it.**

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another team comedy. This time most of their antics occur around a beauty parlor. **Excellent—the kids will love it.**

RESURRECTION (Universal)—The somewhat dreary Tolstoy story with Lupe Velez and John Boles in the leading rôles. **Fair—not suitable for children.**

THE SECRET SIX (M-G-M)—A new kind of gangster picture with Wallace Beery as the thick-witted muscle man and Lewis Stone as the brains behind the gang. **Excellent—but better send the children to the church social.**

SHIPMATES (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery's first starring picture. It's all about a dog who tries to put on the dog with amusing results. **Very good—all right for children.**

**THESE BRIEF REVIEWS WILL SAVE YOUR VALUABLE TIME
AND MONEY—THEY ARE A REAL GUIDE**

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathé)—The stenographer who marries her boss is here again. This time it's Constance Bennett. **Good—but children won't like it.**

THE SKIN GAME (British International)—A drama of English life, most of which does not touch you or me at all. **Poor—the kids will be bored.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—The adventures of the famous cartoon strip kid. Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 83. **Children will like parts of it.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 84. **Children will like parts of it.**

SMART MONEY (First National)—Reviewed on page 82. **Not for children.**

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)—The novel in decidedly changed talkie form. Norma Shearer and Neil Hamilton earn laurels. **Very good—not for children.**

SUBWAY EXPRESS (Columbia)—All about a murder in a crowded subway train and the efforts to get the murderer. Jack Holt is good. **Good.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—The ancient story revived with John Barrymore as the face-making Svengali. Marian Marsh, a newcomer, is excellent as Trilby. **Very good—but children won't know what it's all about.**

TARNISHED LADY (Paramount)—An attempt at sophisticated drama with Tallulah Bankhead. Clive Brook and others being very Park Avenue. **Poor.**

TABU (Paramount)—Excellent picturization of life in the South Seas. Welcome relief from triangle dramas, gang films and unfunny comedies. **Very good—the children will eat it up.**

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Just what the title implies with Joan Crawford back to her old tricks of being the oh-so-modern young miss. **Fair.**

THREE WHO LOVED (RKO-Radio)—A rather interesting story about two bank clerks who both love the same girl. Some new and unusual angles are developed. Betty Compton, Robert Ames and Conrad Nagel have the leading rôles. **Very good—but the children will get restless if you take them to see it.**

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—About the adventures of a group of traveling salesmen at a hotel. Don't laugh, it's not that kind of a story. Evelyn Brent is in it and does some grand acting. **Very good—parts of it will amuse the kids.**

TRANSGRESSION (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 83. **Children won't like it.**

TRADER HORN (M-G-M)—Excellent drama of the African jungle based upon the best-selling novel of some seasons ago. **Very good—great for the kiddies.**

THE VICE SQUAD (Paramount)—This started out to be an exposé of the underworld activities of certain politicians. But it ended up by being just another movie plot with plenty of hokum. Kay Francis and Paul Lukas do their best, but it doesn't help much. **Fair.**

THE VIKING (Independent)—Reviewed on page 82. **Children will like it.**

WHITE SHOULDERS (RKO-Radio)—All about a man who marries a girl who does not love him. The developments are unusual, indeed, including a form of revenge that is unique, to say the least. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez do their best in this somewhat improbable story. **Fair.**

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (RKO-Radio)—An interesting fable of a son who falls in love with the young second wife of his father. Some tense drama is developed. Lily Damita and O. P. Heggie do excellent work. **Very good—but not for the tots.**

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)—Greenwich Village as Hollywood imagines it. **Fair.**



Oh! the Catty Things!

... but
French Ecru RIT
saved the day!

She'd heard them... talking about her when she left the room! Calling her a careless housekeeper. Of course, the curtains *were* drab and faded... looked simply awful. But *what* could she do? She couldn't afford new ones now! It was mean of the girls to be so catty!

And Then,
RIT to the Rescue!

Rescuing pride... as well as saving the situation! French Ecru Rit... in a bowl of water. Quick as a flash the bleached, streaked curtains were Rit-tinted a bright, glinting French Ecru. Just like new, so fresh and cheery.

Always Keep
Your Favorite
Shades Handy

Thousands of good housekeepers wouldn't

be without a supply of Rit colors for renewing dresses, lingerie, stockings... everything! White Rit for removing colors... even black. And Rit's famous French Ecru will keep curtains bright and colorful through at least 100 days of bright sun and more than 30 washings! Use it for your curtains.

NEW RIT is NOT a soap

You may have used Rit time and time again... but this New Instant Rit is different. It requires no rubbing. Dissolves completely in 40 seconds. Therefore, no streaks, no spots. Rit has 33 very smart colors. Try Rit at our expense... let us send you FREE, a full-sized packet of French Ecru Rit. Just write to Miss Rit, 1402 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, and get a packet absolutely FREE. This free offer expires October 1st, 1931. Rit in all colors at your druggist or notion counter 15c.

NEW Instant Rit Tints
 Orange Packet tints or dyes all fabrics perfectly.
 Green Packet tints silks but leaves lace white.
 White RIT... Color Remover.



WE'RE AWFULLY SORRY— but owing to the inclusion of several last minute articles we were forced to leave out our Directory of Players this month. We simply hadn't room for it. But it will be in our October issue and if you can't wait you can get a copy of the latest Directory in our August issue by mailing us your request with 10c in stamps.

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

Questions answered—problems solved and helpful information given for the asking in this department. Mary Biddle is always glad to help our readers



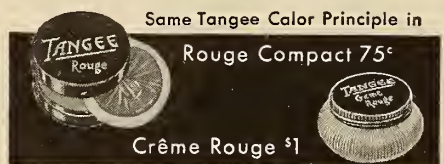
**MORE TANGEE
USED THIS YEAR
THAN EVER BEFORE**

1931 a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick! More lips than ever before were made lovely with the natural color that TANGEE gives! More TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, and even more this year than ever before!

Natural color... individual, for your complexion... soothing, waterproof and permanent... these are the reasons you, too, will prefer TANGEE.

Because it is based on a marvelous color principle, entirely different from any other lipstick... TANGEE actually changes color after you apply it, and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear or glaring, flashy color. Its solidified cream base soothes, softens and protects! TANGEE stays on all day! No constant making-up! Economical, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K 11
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

WILL you kindly select for me the necessary cosmetics needed for my coloring?" writes Catherine McC., and she describes herself in the following manner: "Hair, reddish-blond; eyes, dark brown; eyebrows, well arched; skin, very pale, more yellowish than white or olive; shape of face, oval and rather small; lips, small and thin." And the sweet child adds, "Kindly suggest something that will improve my looks. I'm considered plain-looking." Well, Catherine, you've certainly got the materials for being anything but plain-looking. The thing for you to do is to emphasize that very attractive combination of hair and eyes. Comb your hair in such a way that the brightest lights in it will show. Use a tiny bit of brown eye-shadow at night. Make up your eyelashes, if they are not naturally long and dark, with brown mascara. Use a bright, light lipstick—one with plenty of orange in it and emphasize the curve of your upper lip. I would suggest no rouge, but you can judge best about that yourself. If you feel that you need it, be sure that it matches your lipstick. Now, you say your skin is yellowish. I can't tell whether you mean the natural, perfectly healthy yellowish tinge that many fair peoples' skins have, or whether you mean the unhealthy yellow that comes from a bilious condition. A doctor can tell you best about the latter, and how to get rid of it. At any rate, use a light powder with a pale tannish cast—not a pink powder. Light rachel or banana or beige would be good. By the way, let me say that I think you have an awfully distinctive handwriting. I certainly envy you. Mine looks like a twelve-year-old's.

I'VE noticed," says Lucy M., "that many girls' legs as well as my own are covered with small pimples or a rash. At least, they're far from smooth-looking. Can you tell me what causes this and how one can get rid of it?"

I think I can, Lucy. I think it's a question of not thoroughly drying the legs after bathing. I know that I used to be a bit lazy about using the old towel. I just wanted to stand around and evaporate, as it were. And the legs suffer from this—they get chapped and rough, which is very hard on stockings and very unattractive when one dons a

bathing suit in the summer time. I began last winter, not only to give my legs a good hard rubbing with a Turkish towel, but to apply a soothing skin lotion afterwards. And on real cold nights I wore an old pair of silk stockings to bed. Of course, you won't want to do that at this time of the year. But you can apply the lotion or rose water and glycerin after bathing. It really helps a lot.

Several girls have written to ask me how they can lose weight—oh, not a great deal—fifteen or twenty pounds at the most. Well, I should say that fifteen or twenty pounds is quite a lot to take off. It should be done gradually, to safeguard the health. Here's one simple diet formula that's safe, healthy and simple: give up white bread, butter, cream, potatoes and all sweets. You will never lose five pounds in two days on that diet, but at the end of six months you'll look and feel a different person. And to any girl who wishes it, I'll be glad to send a complete diet formula for eight days, three meals a day, which was prepared by the home economics department of a large food concern. This formula even includes occasionally, potatoes—and cereal with cream! So you see you needn't suffer to lose weight if you're willing to be patient about it.

ANNIE L. tells me that she's having an awful time with dandruff. She says she's been using a preparation to get rid of it, but it has a terrible odor. "I wash my hair every week or ten days, she adds. "It gets so oily. It's dark brown, naturally wavy and looks lively and healthy, but I sure have to keep at it." Well, Annie, "keeping at it" is the only way to be sure that our hair will always look its best. And you've been rewarded, you see, by a lively-looking and healthy topknot. You might try some other treatment to eradicate that dandruff. I see no reason why a beneficial scalp preparation should smell bad. Why don't you try hot, pure olive oil? Or write for the name of a prepared hot oil treatment that I know about. And I'd advise less frequent shampoos. Too much washing dries the scalp and aggravates dandruff instead of curing it.

"What makes the powder on my nose and above my upper lip become caky and scaly towards the middle of the day?" asks M. K. I should say, M. K.

that you're just one of those people who are using the wrong powder base. You say you use vanishing cream; try a thin lotion. One thing you must not do and that is keep applying more and more powder to improve the scaly appearance of your nose. *Always put make-up on a clean face.* And about that lemon juice you say you're using to bleach the freckles—perhaps it is irritating your skin a little—making it rough, so that the powder looks speckly. Why don't you try a cream bleach for a change? I'll be glad to give you the name of one if you'll write again.

THEN there's Miss K. Fitzgerald of Boston, Mass., who wants to know what to do about too-thick, too-curly hair. The first thing to do is to have it thinned out a little. The second thing to do is to buy a bottle of waveset lotion and discipline those unruly curls into smart waves. One visit to an expert hairdresser in order to learn how to set the waves wouldn't be a bad investment. And then, for a coiffure, she might try the method I described in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN: the front arranged to suit your face, the back divided in two twists, and worked neatly into a horizontal figure eight. Or, if her hair is very long, she might try this for evening wear: roll the back hair in two twists, cross them at the nape of the neck, and arrange them around the head like a coronet. And here's a tip for the every day, in-a-hurry-to-get-to-the-office coiffure which I have adopted with my own hair which is inclined, too, to get too thick: I comb all the back hair from the left side to the right, straight across the back of my head (holding the front in place, of course.) Then I start to roll the hair 'way over by my right ear, twisting it down, never up. I continue the roll across the nape of my neck to the left ear, and then back to the right ear and tuck the ends in. That spreads the hair out in a low, flat roll in the nape of the neck. It looks neat and practical and stays "put" all day, if securely pinned.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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Next month, in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN, Mary Biddle will discuss with you the important problem of caring for your skin after the ravages of the summer months. Don't miss it.

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



THE MODERN HOSTESS



You've no idea how important salads are for summer days. Fredric March herein gives some excellent advice as to how to make this sort of dish appeal to the men

"A good salad," says Fredric March, "must always be cold, crisp and slightly sharp in flavor." Fredric always has a lunch the main dish of which is salad, but—it isn't a salad of an old bit of lettuce and some questionable mayonnaise. Salads can be works of art.

MY husband doesn't like salads!" So many times have we heard women voice this complaint that we began to wonder if there could be anything in the idea, and we hastened to the Paramount Studios in Long Island City to talk to that famous and fascinating screen star and husband, Fredric March, in order to find out just how much truth there might be in the rumor.

We found Mr. March hard at work on his new picture which, we were told, is to be called "My Sin," and in which he plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

"Well," said Mr. March, smiling delightfully, "this man likes salads very much. It's my private hunch that women who claim that their husbands won't eat salads are just giving themselves away and admitting they don't know how to make a good salad. You know a woman will set in front of a man a plateful of warm fruit smothered beneath a mass of whipped cream, or a plateful of wilted lettuce swimming in tasteless dressing, and when he doesn't eat it she thinks it is because he doesn't like

salads! It's a crime to call such messes salads."

"In other words, Mr. March," we interrupted, "you think it isn't so much that men don't like salads as that they don't like poor salads?"

"Exactly," said Mr. March. "No man is going to eat something just because his wife tells him it is good for him. It must look good and taste good and if women will just take as much pride in their ability to make good salads as they do in their ability to bake good biscuits, they will soon find the men absorbing their daily quota of vitamins and mineral salts without a struggle."

"Just what do you consider the first essential of a good salad, Mr. March?" we asked eagerly.

"A good salad must always be cold, crisp and slightly sharp in flavor."

"And what about salad dressings?" we inquired.

I THINK that the first law of a good salad dressing is that it should taste good by itself. Not that anyone is going to sit down and eat a bowlful but it should be tasted and found good before it is poured over perfectly good salad greens. Ordinarily I believe men prefer a French dressing on greens, vegetables and fruit salads, but on chicken, fish and meat salads a dash of mayonnaise is usually desirable." (Mayonnaise or boiled dressing we mentally annotated, realizing that the average man does not discriminate between them.)

"Do you like your salads to be served to you with the dressing already mixed in or do you prefer to add your own?" was our next question.

"That depends on the salad," smiled Mr. March. "In the case of plain salads such as lettuce and tomato and cucumber, I prefer to add my own dressing, but I like the more complicated varieties, such as chiffonade or fruit salads, to come to me all ready to eat."

"Do you ever order a fruit salad for dessert?"

"Indeed I do," he replied, "but I don't want it to be too sticky-sweet. You know, women should never serve

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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FASHIONS

are again feminine

men fruit salads which are all full of marshmallows and whipped cream and candied cherries. Let them save these confections for their lady friends. Tell them to give the men nice big slices of grapefruit and pear and such and to serve the fruits with a little French dressing or mayonnaise and let it go at that. Or at least," he added with a smile, "that's the way I think fruit salad should be served."

"And now tell us what you like to eat with your salads—cheese crackers, toasted English muffins, hot biscuits, whole wheat crackers or what?"

"I like them all," replied Mr. March, "and did you know you left out hot fresh rolls? And I like some kind of cheese to go along with them. Cheese and crackers or cheese and hot breads just naturally go with good salads, a fact which few women seem to realize. Or if they do realize it they just pay no attention to it for they very rarely serve them together."

"And now just one more question, Mr. March. Do you consider substantial salads such as lobster or chicken an adequate main dish at dinner?"

"During the hot weather, certainly. And of course they make ideal luncheons. In fact I have already ordered one for my lunch to-day."

"Oh," we exclaimed. "Will you let us have a picture of you eating it?"

"Gracious!" he answered. "You are out collecting evidence with a vengeance, aren't you?" But he let us take the picture and there it is at the beginning of this article.

NOW you know what a man really thinks about salads, and if your particular men folks are given to shying at the sight of a lettuce leaf maybe it is because they haven't been introduced to the right kind of salads. You know, of course, that the importance of salads in the daily diet has been very definitely proven. Eating them will not, as we once heard a mother gravely assure her child, make your hair curly, but it will help you to keep well, look well and feel well. Furthermore, a family which eats salads is a far easier family to feed through the summer.

The first step towards making successful salads is to pick over and wash all salad materials as soon as they come from the market, and to store them in the refrigerator at least for several hours before using them. Do not remove them from the refrigerator until the last possible moment before serving them, for remember that the quicker the journey from the refrigerator to the table the better the salad will look and taste. Salad dressings, too, should be kept cold.

Salads that have a gelatine base are most attractive when set in a fancy mold. Use one large mold or several individual molds—very nice and inexpensive ones can be found in the Kress and Kresge stores. Tea cups may be used instead of the individual molds if you prefer. Unmold the salads, just before serving, onto a bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing and serve at once. To unmold gelatine mixtures first loosen
(Continued on page 97)

MARY ASTOR, charming Radio Pictures player, knows the value of sophistication in an evening gown. She chooses black, cut on simple flowing lines. Black again is her choice for town in this smart dressmaker suit, banded in flat fur.



CURRENT STYLES are built on youthful contours. Curves are the mode. But they must be delicate, graceful—and combined with rounded slimness.

So we hurry to diet and exercise. But you should have plenty of "bulk" to complete the adequate reducing diet. For without this vital necessity, improper elimination soon develops.

When that happens, poisons remain in the body. Complexions become sallow. Eyes are dulled. Wrinkles and pimples appear, together with headaches, loss of energy, and even serious disease.

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MODERN SCREEN

WILL GRETA GARBO QUIT THE SCREEN FOR THE STAGE

MODERN SCREEN has another news scoop for its readers. And it concerns the great Garbo, no less.

Although, of course, present plans do not always materialize exactly as they have been laid, we have it on good authority that negotiations are under way between Greta Garbo and Max Reinhardt, the famous German stage producer, for the appearance of the Swedish actress on the Berlin stage.

Amazing as this news must be to all Garbo fans—and the great movie public in general—there is considerable evidence which points undoubtedly to the truth of this apparently extravagant rumor.

When Max Reinhardt was in New York not so long ago, his first wish was to see an early Garbo picture (one of her silents). A print of "The Torrent" was shown him and over a period of three days he saw and studied the film six times. This great genius of the theater was fascinated by Garbo's artistry. He remarked to his companion:

"I would give anything in the world to be able to direct her in a stage production."

It is definitely known that the German producer has begun negotiations with the sixteen-thousand-dollar-a-week mystery woman of the American screen. It is also known that Garbo looks favorably on the idea and is communicating with the German director about the possibility of his realizing his ambition.

If these plans are successful, the play which Garbo will appear in—at present undetermined—will be presented first in Berlin and later, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, it will be brought to a Broadway theater with Garbo still in it.

Garbo's present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires in the fall and if she did not desire to renew it Greta would be entirely free to accept Mr. Reinhardt's offer.

Greta Garbo has also had an offer from a Swedish movie company which would allow her to make as little as one



RUMORS FROM RELIABLE SOURCES INDICATE THAT GRETA GARBO MAY NOT RENEW HER MOVIE CONTRACT WHEN IT EXPIRES THIS FALL.

picture every six months at a salary of fifty thousand dollars. This salary would enable her to live luxuriously in her native land and—you remember from an early issue of MODERN SCREEN—Garbo's greatest desire is to go home.

But if the Garbo-Reinhardt professional relations are cemented we prophesy that thousands of people from all over the world will visit Berlin to see the Swedish star on the stage—and, among them, will be the editor of this magazine.

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

WE read the other day that Wynne Gibson ". . . isn't married, hasn't been married and wasn't considering marriage . . ." So it gives MODERN SCREEN the opportunity of correcting another error in the minds of fans. Wynne Gibson was divorced two years ago! She was married to an actor . . . and separated by an actress. But since Wynne doesn't even mention the fact, it is easily understood how the mistaken information got around. We promised we wouldn't bring in the name of the other actress . . . but maybe you already know.

WE kinda had an idea that John Barrymore would always hold the record for nutty tricks while being interviewed . . . you will recall that he frequently makes funny and grotesque faces at gushing lady writers (especially fat ones) who come to interview him.

But now the old record has fallen. Another great stage actor has received the championship. Richard Bennett, of THE Bennetts, is the new record holder. A young lady from one of the magazines called to interview him the other day. He received her in a turkish towel and asked if she wanted to come up on the roof of his apartment while he took a sun bath.

And so, while the old boy lay exposed to the elements (almost) he talked of fools and Hollywood and fools. It must be great fun to be that nonchalant. The nice young lady created a record too: she only turned her back once.

Now Clara Bow says that she will marry Rex Bell next year . . . but true to form, she will probably wed this year—or year after next. You know Clara.

IT'S pretty definite that Richard Dix will leave RKO after doing his next picture, "Secret Service." And if you think Rich isn't sorry you don't know the tale back of his affiliations with that studio.

When he was in the hospital in the East a couple of years ago, Dix received a wire from Paramount terminating his contract with them. Naturally, he felt pretty bad—he was not only sick but out of a job as well. It was while he was still in the hospital that his friend, William Le Baron, president of RKO, visited him and offered him a contract. Under its terms, Dix was to get a comparatively small salary plus a percentage on the returns from his pictures. "Cimarron" made the average pretty high.

Now, on the strength of "Cimarron," Dix wants an increase in salary. Le Baron and he are still good friends, but they can't come to terms in regard to the actor's new contract. Hence the break up—professional, not personal. And, as things now stand, Ricardo Cortez will go into "Marcheta" with Irene Dunne, replacing Dix.

Hollywood heard that Cecil DeMille was to direct a picture in Russia but they wouldn't believe it. What would DeMille do for a bathtub?

WE'VE been hearing so many rumors about Doug Jr. and Joan that we'll have to print at least one just to show we're as smart as anyone else. It seems that Joan, who has never looked at another man twice since her marriage, is showing noticeable interest in her leading man of late. Gossips have it that Doug has been doing some stepping out himself. . . .

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Nancy Carroll, who recently divorced Jack Kirkland, has eloped with Francis Bolton Mallory, a New York editor. (See stories on pages 32 and 33).

Tom Mix is coming back to the screen. He will do six Westerns between his circus engagements.

Connie Bennett had to postpone her annual European holiday on account of an intestinal operation.

Although Joan Crawford denies it, the rumors go on that the Fairbanks, Jr., family is expecting the stork soon.

Sue Carol is coming back and will play opposite Regis Toomey in "Graft."

Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) won the contested divorce from his wife but lost the alimony decree. Where does he stand? A winner or loser?

Lionel Barrymore will do a lot more acting for M-G-M. His work in "A Free Soul" caused this.

Jack White received a divorce from Pauline Starke. He is now reported romantically interested in Blanche Mahafey.

A young German girl, on vacation in Hollywood, heard of the story shortage there and wrote a story. And the story will be used for Pola Negri's first comeback vehicle.

Marie Dressler and Jackie Cooper will team up in a comedy when Marie returns from her European vacation. At least, that is the report.

LITTLE JACKIE COOPER is M-G-M's fair-haired boy. At \$1,500 a week he should be! Recently, a producer asked him if there was anything he particularly wanted that they hadn't already given him.

"I want a badge like the messenger boys," Jackie quickly answered. "And will you make it No. 2 'cause that's my lucky number."

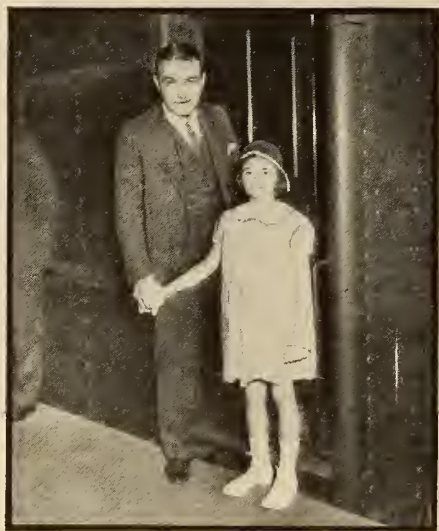
The studio messengers wear the numbered badges so they won't have trouble getting past the gateman, while all the actors, including Jackie, must carry blue identification cards. But Jackie is afraid he'll lose his card and the gateman won't let him into the studio.

ANNA MAY WONG plans to sneak a few weeks off from the studio to appear on the Los Angeles stage in

"On the Spot." This is the play that brought her from the New York stage to a long-term contract at Paramount. Although Anna May is an American, born and raised, she wears beautifully brocaded pajamas in preference to dresses. Or on the rare occasions that she must don an evening dress there is always a touch of oriental embroidery on the garment.

Uncle Carl Laemmle claims that he hurried back from his combination business and pleasure trip to New York because of the press of studio activities. But we have a hunch he was just homesick for his little granddaughter, Carol. Ah well, granddaddies are apt to be that way.

You can relay this gossip to your friends over the bridge table



Richard Barthelmess recently took Mary Hay Barthelmess to Hollywood for a six months' stay.



Acme

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels spent a belated honeymoon in Hawaii. They had a grand time swimming.



Alice White is back again—working for Columbia. Where has she been? See the story on page 56.

NEIL HAMILTON took a casual hike the other day . . . just to the top of Mount Wilson and down again! He and a writer friend of his, Dick Mook, made the trip. The ascent took six and a half hours, but the descent was naturally easier, taking only a little over three hours. Once atop the mountain the two climbers went through the Observatory there.

Incidentally, Neil took a camera along. If we're lucky you may see some of the pictures in MODERN SCREEN.

Evidently Neil and his wife, Elsa, don't want their adopted baby girl to be an only child—so next year, says Neil, they're going to adopt a little boy. Guess he must like being called "Da Da!"

SYLVIA SIDNEY shattered a small bone in her foot and as a result had to rehearse for her leading rôle in "Street Scene" from a wheelchair. This distinctive newcomer, until then, had been getting all the breaks. First, she was chosen to pinch-hit for Clara Bow in "City Streets"—and she went over big. Then Nancy Carroll, who had been slated for "Street Scene," couldn't finish another picture in time—so it was Sylvia whom Sam Goldwyn picked for the part.

And some people don't believe in Santa Claus!

ALTHOUGH Lew Ayres has gone around with Lola Lane pretty consistently since they first met, he never would admit that she was *his* girl. When asked about it, Lew would always say: "Lola's a marvelous girl—but there are other marvelous girls, too." Now Lew stoutly maintains that Lola is *the* girl in the world for him.

He's been on location at Sacramento for several weeks and it was pretty lonesome . . . until Lola went up to visit him. Lew and Lola will probably follow in the wake of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell—and tell it to the parson!

BLASÉ Hollywood had a good laugh the other day. Although Carman Barnes hasn't done any work as yet she's been receiving her weekly pay check from Paramount—and the checks are four-figured, too. So it was

only natural that when Carman waltzed into her manager's office and asked when her vacation started the poor man was too flabbergasted to answer.

Since Director Mervyn LeRoy and wife, Edna Murphy, have separated permanently, Mervyn has been going places with little Ginger Rogers. We understand that it won't be long before Edna files suit for a divorce—and in the meantime, she is living at their Malibu house while Mervyn has the Beverly Hills place.

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new dressing room on the studio lot—and *what* a dressing room! It has three rooms, and that fact puts Joan on a par with the great Garbo. They are the only actresses at M-G-M who have more than two rooms.

Bill Haines gets credit for the decorating—it's all Early American and done in royal blue and glossy white. The wall paper of the first room flaunts huge vari-colored flowers that seem to be bursting from the wall. The piano is a small-sized one painted white. Just above the keyboard there is a row of flowers pressed under glass.

In the bedroom a huge couch with the most vivid royal blue velvet spread makes you gasp. The couch is about eight by twelve feet. The blue wall paper in this room is spattered with great big white stars. One corner is filled with a "whatnot" glass cabinet containing vases, miniatures and things like that.

The third room is Joan's dressing room proper. It is also done in blue and white. There's a luxurious glassed-in shower and a brilliantly lighted dressing table.

This seems to mark a new Joan Crawford. Only an exotic personality could wish for so bizarre and colorful a studio abode. And Joan's new dressing rooms are certainly bizarre and colorful!

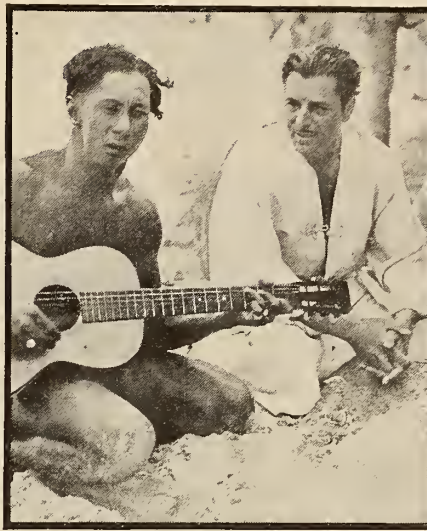
LOCAL gossips were all agog when they glimpsed Mae Clarke lunching with Russell (Don Juan) Gleason at the studio commissary. But those who really know say that Mae's real romance is with Henry Freulich, Universal's ace photographer.

Mae is the girl, you remember, who was engaged to

There are rumors about Doug and Joan. Is it possible they're true?



William Powell and Carole Lombard sailing for Honolulu on their honeymoon after their recent marriage.



Acme

Another movie star vacations at Hawaii. Warner Baxter with Hawkshaw, famous Honolulu beach boy.



International

Winnie Lightner and her three-year-old son, Richard Barthelmess Holtrey, passing through Chicago.

Colleen Moore's ex-husband, John McCormick. But they broke up, and now John is the husband of a Pasadena society divorcée after a Honolulu wedding. Mae made one try at the age of seventeen when she married Fanny Brice's brother, and she isn't anxious to step to the altar again in a hurry.

JOHAN BOLES is Hollywood's latest recruit to the Grand Order of Bicycle Riders. Every morning that he doesn't have to report for work he climbs on his \$75 red bicycle and peddles along the road at Malibu Beach for about six miles. "Just in case of an unruly waistline," John explains.

NOW it's Marie Dressler who has the pajama craze! For a long time Marie shunned them, doubting that her well-padded figure would become pajamas. But the other day she brought home eight pairs. Her best or *Sunday* pair were made from cloth of gold, which was sent Marie by the late Lillian Russell's husband from Indo-China. Before the beautiful Miss Russell died, she and Marie were fast friends—so naturally Marie cherishes this pair of pajamas above all others.

SLIM SUMMERVILLE is mourning the death of his dog. Slim's pet was the son of "Bummer," Arthur Lake's canine pal who died not so long ago.

When Arthur was first starting in pictures over at Universal, it was Slim Summerville who coached him. Arthur never forgot the comedian's interest in his career, and when "Bummer" became a proud parent, Slim was presented with the choice of the litter. "Bummer's" death left Arthur heartbroken. And when Slim's dog was killed by a passing auto, the comedian wouldn't make publicity "gag" pictures for a week.

Abe Lyman tells the best Austin joke of the month. According to the orchestra leader, someone parked a green Austin at the curb, and people were dropping letters into it!

Honest—we mean it—that's positively our last Austin joke. (Until someone turns up with another good one.)

JOHNNY MACK BROWN pulled a fast one on the moguls of Hollywood. Johnny learned that another studio was negotiating to buy up the remainder of his contract from M-G-M, so right away he asked for a release from Louis B. Mayer—and got it. And now he has an offer from another studio at several times the salary he was getting under his old contract.

These Southern boys certainly have an eye for business—rumor the contrary.

Blond Una Merkel and John Arledge are this, that and the other way about each other. You'll remember that they played together in "Daddy Long Legs." Careful there, children!

GRETA GARBO is still using the same limousine that she bought when she first became a star. And that was years ago! It's still a good car and Greta can see no reason for changing one's auto every year, just to outshine someone else.

HOLLYWOOD'S *Dove* has taken the well-known air—literally. Without telling even her closest friends, Billie has been taking flying lessons from the fellow who was chief of aeronautics for Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels." And to throw into a tailspin all those tales about the gorgeous Billie being beautiful but dumb, her flight instructor says that she was one of the most apt pupils he ever had. While she is waiting for a full-fledged pilot's license and also the starting of her new picture for Hughes, Billie's flying high.

And—speaking of Billie:

Billie Dove and Howard Hughes have had a serious quarrel! Looks that way. We saw Billie down at the beach all alone—and what's more, rumors have been flying fast and furiously about young Hughes stepping out with a Los Angeles society girl.

Buddy Rogers returned to Hollywood and work all enthused about little Harriet Lake, who is appearing in a musical comedy in the East. She's a redhead and a great pal, according to Buddy . . . er, we mean Charles.

It seems that Buddy Rogers fell hard for a New York stage actress

KNOW THEM?

Our caricature page this month—drawn by O'Brian—is easy if you're a real fan

This lady has a penchant for landing in the newspaper headlines more often than even she likes. She recently had a breakdown on the set, due to the effect of extremely adverse and unjust criticism by certain unscrupulous people, and is now recuperating at the ranch of a very good friend of hers—whom she may marry next year.



The lady above has been in the movies since the Keystone comedy days. She's one of the best comediennes on the screen today and has teamed up with another famous comedienne in a couple of the most hilarious comedies on record. She is considered one of Hollywood's most regular persons and she is a great friend of a chap whose initials are W. H. Now do you know?



This chap has only appeared in a few pictures but his work in those alone has made him one of the outstanding comedians on the screen. His comedy is very different from the usual type of stuff. It's delightfully cuckoo and he says the most ridiculous things with a perfectly straight face which simply slays you, my dear. His first name is Charles.

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Hurrell

Joan had no end of trouble with retakes on her last two pictures, "This Modern Age" and "Laughing Sinners." As a result, that long-awaited European tour with husband Doug Junior had to be cancelled. Joan has acquired a simply stunning coat of tan. And she's begun to visit Hollywood's dance Meccas again—but now she always goes with Doug, of course.

Her next picture will be "The Mirage."



Photograph by Hurrell

Neil Hamilton, on the screen, has changed from the conventional noble hero chap to a devil-may-care person who kisses strangers and rides away. But in real life Neil hasn't changed at all. The Hamiltons have kept their old car, even though that new contract of Neil's is very lucrative. Neil's next will be "Lullabye" with Helen Hayes of stage fame.



Photograph by Ritchie

Ruth Chatterton is due to work at the Warner studio when she finishes her Paramount contract. But Paramount may make some agreement with Warner. If so, she won't change lots. Her next two pictures will be "The Magnificent Lie" and "Stepdaughters of War." Between pictures Ruth gets a hotel suite under another name and reads! She is able to fall asleep anywhere.



Photograph by Hurrell

Irene Dunne, having finished "Bachelor Apartment," will now do "Consolation Marriage." Irene has recently taken to commuting regularly to New York between pictures to visit her husband. The studio airmails to New York the script of her forthcoming talkie, which she studies en route. Irene lives with her mother in Hollywood, in a house which Irene designed.



Did you know that Conrad Nagel has made more talkies than any other player? Although he's under contract to M-G-M, he's continually being borrowed by other studios. You'll see him in Novarro's "Son of India" and in "Pagan Lady" with Evelyn Brent. He cruises about on his yacht between pictures. He says he's That Way about Mrs. Nagel.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Gary Cooper hasn't been feeling a bit well lately, as you've probably heard. He's worked so hard that he's a positive shadow. So, after he'd finished "I Take This Woman" in which Carole Lombard plays with him, he just up and packed two suitcases and left for Italy and Africa. Wonder how the Gary-Lupe romance will fare at long distance?



Photograph by Hurrell

Lupe, having finished "The Squaw Man" for M-G-M, is doing a turn in vaudeville. Then she'll go on the stage in "La Argentina," for which she'll get fifteen hundred a week, plus half the sum of the picture rights, plus first chance at the title rôle in the picture. Lupe likes an occasional drink of tequilla—Mexican style, with salt.

HELEN'S SHADOW OF TRAGEDY

Hollywood treated Helen cruelly until she got the lead in "The Grand Parade." From then on her career was assured. And when she met Frank Woody (below), her life started to be happy for the first time.



International

NOT so long ago a frail, wistful, sad-eyed little ingénue suddenly blossomed into an emotional actress of power, depth and character. Slim, fragile and appealing, she had been stamped as a Gish type—but without the Gish genius. Seemingly she lacked the vivid qualities that make for stardom. Then along came "Her Man," that gusty, heart-tearing melodrama. Playing the feminine lead was an exciting girl who knocked your emotions into a cocked hat. And Hollywood sat up, blinked its eyes, and decided it had been wrong—dead wrong—about Helen Twelvetrees.

That pathetic, helpless quality of Helen's has been a curse to her. Even though it gives her beauty a pathos and her personality a poignancy that wrings your heart. Helen looks like a girl who needs to be protected. But she looks like a girl who can be bullied and browbeaten—and that is just what has happened to her. Because she is naturally sweet and gentle, because she wants desperately to make others happy and be happy herself; above all because she cannot bear to cross people and make them angry, she has been a prey to every stronger will



and more selfish nature than her own. I doubt if ever in her life Helen Twelvetrees has put herself first, gone ahead without regard for anyone else, and done things in the way that was most advantageous to herself. That is not the way to be happy in a world where ego is king and self-protection is the first law. It is the way to suffer. And Helen Twelvetrees has suffered bitterly.

UNTIL she was sixteen she had no reason to doubt the goodness of life and the kindness of human nature. Hadn't everyone always been good and kind to her? Her home life had been happy and comfortable. William Jurgens, her father, was—and is—advertising manager of the *Brooklyn Journal*, and the family circumstances had been comfortable if not luxurious. Helen had attended the Brooklyn Heights Seminary. She had lived the life of any normal girl child in any average American family; loved by her mother and father and small brother and loving them dearly in return. Sheltered and protected—knowing poverty, and the bitterness of want only by hearsay. Of emotional turmoil, grief and hatred



Helen Twelvetrees has learned how to portray sorrow so poignantly on the screen because of her own experiences

By HARRIET PARSONS

Helen's life knew nothing of sorrow or heartbreak during her childhood. She was sheltered and secure. How much more poignant her feelings, then, when tragedy did come to her! (Below) With William Bakewell in "A Woman of Experience," wistful Miss Twelvetrees' latest completed picture.



and passionate love—she knew nothing whatsoever.

Combine with this sheltered uneventful life of Helen Jurgens', a naturally trusting and gentle nature, and you have the most perfect set-up for disillusionment it is possible to imagine. Life could have been much less cruel to sixteen-year-old Helen and still have hurt her deeply. As it was, she was hurt almost beyond bearing.

In spite of her fragile loveliness she was a normal, healthy girl with all the hopes, dreams and romantic desires of any other girl her age. She liked to dance. She went to college proms and house-parties. She had beaux. And so it was not surprising that she should have fallen in love with Clark Twelvetrees. She was in her first year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Clark was just finishing at the same school. He was only 19—no older than her college playmates. But there was a glamor about him which college boys do not possess, for he was an actor and was headed for Broadway footlights. His goal, like Helen's, was the stage. He was attractive, intelligent and of good family. What was the difference if he had no money? Even poverty might be romantic

if it were shared with a boy like Clark Twelvetrees.

BUT Helen Jurgens knew little about Clark Twelvetrees and less about life. Five minutes after they were married her young husband disappeared and she did not see him again until two days later. He left her on the steps of the City Hall, went out to celebrate and forgot to come home. For forty-eight hours the sixteen-year-old bride waited for her bridegroom, eating her heart out in solitary grief. Wondering in bewildered misery what had happened to the honeymoon of which she had dreamed. A sordid anti-climax to a romantic marriage, that heartsick, agonized waiting. It was Helen Twelvetrees' first taste of living—and it was only a beginning.

Shortly after their marriage both secured jobs with the same stock company. Helen was the ingénue and Clark the juvenile lead. Their combined salaries amounted to little more than cigarette and stocking money. Certainly, there was nothing to spare for dissipation. When the company went on the road (*Continued on page 94*)

An amazing document concerning the enormous price which Hollywood extracts from its citizens in return for cinematic fame and glory

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



There is no doubt in the minds of Mabel Normand's many loyal friends that worry—dating from the unfortunate Taylor murder—brought on the illness which ultimately resulted in her death.

IS there something fatal about Hollywood? Mabel Normand, Lon Chaney, Rudolph Schildkraut, Milton Sills, Lorna Moon, Louis Mann, Alma Rubens, Louis Wolheim, Murnau, Robert Edeson. Hollywood's roster of deaths since February, 1930!

All of them were still young when they died. Not one of them—with the possible exception of Schildkraut—had realized the full extent of life's possibilities when the end came. They were cut off in their prime, when their talents were in full flower, while their greatest successes lay ahead of them. *Why?*

The death list and the list of seriously ill people in the industry grows daily in the most sinister fashion. Hardly a morning that the papers do not carry the account of the death or peril of some member of the colony. Hardly a month that the magazines do not contain obituaries, accompanied by black-bordered portraits, of some picture idol. Even Knute Rockne was on his way to Hollywood to fulfill a picture contract when he was killed!

And the illness . . .

Little Lila Lee has just returned from a sanitarium in New Mexico where she lay for months, fighting to regain her health. Renée Adorée is still there, in the same building, recovering from the same dread disease. Anna Q. Nilsson has been absent from the screen for three years, because of a fall from a horse which broke her hip.



Robert Edeson. A grand old actor who paid the greatest price by overworking for the cause of fame and glory.



No need to recall that Alma Rubens first took to narcotics to kill, while working, the suffering of a painful illness.

HOLLYWOOD

KILLS PEOPLE!

In the past few weeks, Dolores del Rio has been seriously ill and Gary Cooper has suffered a near-collapse. Jack Gilbert was reported in bed with doctors and nurses in constant attendance. ("A bad cold.") Jack Holt has been laid low by influenza. Victor McLaglen has been in the hospital. Marie Dressler is too ill to see anyone. Joan Crawford has been in a state of nervous exhaustion. Mary Philbin has been ill. Harold Lloyd has had an operation for appendicitis. And poor Polly Moran has had a broken nose!

Why? Is there something about success in pictures which is dangerous to the people who achieve it?

ACTORS probably take better care of themselves—guard their health and their physical condition more carefully than any other class of people in the world. They *must* take care of their bodies. It is essential to their success! They *must* watch their diets, take regular exercise and have sufficient rest—else they cannot look their best upon the screen, day after day.

There is hardly a home in Hollywood that has not its own private gymnasium and its swimming pool and tennis courts—to keep its occupants fit. Hardly an actor who does not own a beach house, a yacht, a cabin in the mountains—some retreat to which he may flee for precious rest and outdoor life when he is not working.

They pay enormous amounts of money every year to doctors, dentists, masseurs, trainers, dieticians—all sorts of specialists in the art of *keeping well*.

Yet so many of them die so young. So many of them are stricken during their best years with serious illness. *Why?*

I remember when I was a little girl, hearing a famous

woodsman talk to children about what to do if they were lost in the forest. "Hunger won't kill you," he told us. "You can live for forty days without food. . . . Thirst won't kill you. You can live for days without water. But fear—ah, that is the thing! Fear can kill you in a few hours!"

Fear. They live under such a frightful strain, these people. Fear of the future, fear of the wrong part, the wrong story, the wrong director—the "bad breaks." Fear of not doing their best when opportunity arises. Fear of scandal which may wreck their careers, however undeserved the stories may be. . . .

A young leading man told me the other day that he suffers from constant nightmares—dreaming that he is scared or disfigured so that he cannot work any more. . . .

They use up much vitality and emotion in their daily tasks, perhaps they do not have enough left to meet their own crises when they are off the set. I remember Richard Dix telling of arriving at his home at four in the morning, after eighteen hours of grilling work in death scenes—to be told that a blackmailing woman was threatening suit against him (with most unpleasant publicity) unless he paid her a great deal of money at once! It takes a strong man to cope with such a situation at such a time.

Fear. . . .

MABEL NORMAND'S illness dated from the time of the unfortunate linking of her name with Hollywood scandals. There is no doubt in the minds of her friends that worry over those things induced the illness which finally proved fatal.

Milton Sills' long illness came upon him after a period of strain over difficulties with the income officials—diffi-



Lon Chaney's death came right after his first talkie. He had worried greatly over the effect of talkies on his career.



Milton Sills was killed by worry of losing his fans after he ran afoul of the income tax collectors.



You remember, of course, how Louis Wolheim's death came as he was preparing for a rôle in "The Front Page."

culties caused, it is said, by nothing more than Sills' complete trust in the people who were handling those matters for him. I am convinced that worry killed Milton Sills.

Lon Chaney's fatal illness manifested itself during the time he was struggling against talking pictures—when his contract and his whole future seemed at stake! How much did *fear* have to do with that?

Louis Wolheim was preparing for the biggest opportunity of his career—the part of the managing editor in "The Front Page"—when he was stricken.

Alma Rubens died of pneumonia just after a painful episode in San Diego—and just as she was preparing to make a "come-back" after a long struggle with the narcotic habit. And she formed that habit because she had to work long, long hours on the set when she was in pain! Driven by *fear of failing*. . . .

Anna Q. Nilsson was so afraid that she would grow fat during the long period of inactivity while her broken hip was healing that she denied herself the proper food for building bones and thus delayed her recovery for long months. *Fear*. . . .

GARY COOPER became ill after his great disappointment over "Morocco." Gary, it is said, was to have starred in that picture. It was to have been his big and long-awaited opportunity. Then came Marlene Dietrich—Paramount's and Von Sternberg's newest and most sensational "find." Von Sternberg was to direct the picture—and so the story was altered to make the woman the important character.

Gary, I am told, refused to make another picture with Marlene and as a result of that rebellion, he was "disciplined" by being cast as Clara Bow's leading man in a forthcoming production. (There may be a little confusion on this point because Clara was later said to have been disciplined by being taken out of the same picture, after her tilt with Daisy De Voe in court. What is one actor's punishment, apparently, is another's great opportunity!)

Anyhow, Gary's illness became known immediately after the unpleasantness over "Morocco"—all of which was doubtless a great worry and cause of distress to him.

I talked with Joan Crawford the other day. She had not been able to eat for days—nor to sleep. She was so weak that she had to hold onto the backs of chairs while she was working. She had fainted on the set a day or so before.

She had been dicker with the studio over her contract which she had just re-signed. There had been strain and unpleasantness. She had been fretting over her stories and over the breaks she was getting. *Fear*. . . . ?

JACK GILBERT'S illness came on just after the papers carried the story of his separation from Ina Claire. Jack has had other things to worry him, too, of late—professional matters.

Jack Holt's illness came just before the opening, at the Chinese Theater, of his latest big picture. Worry? Over how it would go—over what it would mean to him? He was ordered to the mountains, in the middle of another picture, for a rest. . . .

McLaglen went to bed with an abscess and was removed to a hospital . . . just after the story broke in the

papers about his brother's suit against him. *Fear?* I think I have never seen so frightened a man as Victor McLaglen!

It has been said that Lila Lee's ill health was induced by excessive dieting. I might point out, also, that Lila had been working day and night, at top speed, with all the energy in her, for a triumphant "come-back" in pictures. Moreover, her collapse came just on the heels of her husband's divorcing her and gaining custody of their child. Lila had been struggling with a divorce court, fighting scandal, working at top pitch—had lost her child whom she adored. A girl who was going through need to diet!

Dolores Del Rio's illness came on soon after she was named in a divorce suit, with ensuing unpleasant notoriety. . . .

It was whispered that Rénée Adorée had an unfortunate love affair prior to her retirement to a sanitarium.

Marie Dressler collapsed after making a personal appearance and has not been well since.

Tuberculosis and heart trouble are the chief enemies of actors, it would seem. Both are diseases which result from weakened resistance.

They live under a terrible and constant tension. They must drain their emotional reserves—artificially—every day, hours upon end. Their jobs are not like other jobs. To be a successful actor it is not only necessary to be a good actor—it is also necessary to be a good business man and to be a politician of the first water! They must know how to catch public fancy and hold it—how to create glamor and sustain it. All this, in addition to knowing the difficult technique of their profession!

So—always there is fear. Fear of losing what they have gained; fear of their own limitations; fear of the public which is as ready to stone its idols as to exalt them. Fear, after all, of fate.

Small wonder they break under crises! Small wonder they cannot survive facing their own problems.

Hollywood kills people!



Rénée Adorée, who has been ill for months with a nervous breakdown brought on by overwork before the cameras. Jack Gilbert was ill following the recent decrease in his popularity.



Almost every day you read of another player who has been taken ill—or even died. What does Hollywood do to them?



Gary Cooper hasn't been well for months. He's lost a frightful amount of weight. Del Rio was so ill she nearly died not so long ago. What is it about Hollywood that strikes people down?





Speaking of Hollywood, Clark says: "The only difference between fame and failure is the most casual 'break,' as I see it." He implies that his success is too accidental to get excited about.

TONGUE IN HIS CHEEK

By CARTER BRUCE

Clark Gable takes his place among the movie famous—but he meets this honor in his own unusual way



RAMON NOVARRO says: "I believe Clark Gable to be the best starring material we've had in Hollywood for several years!"

Joan Crawford says: "He is just about the grandest actor I've ever had the privilege of working with . . . he'll surely hit the top."

A studio hand says: "I've seen 'em all come and go. But I'm willing to bet anyone in Hollywood a ten-spot that Gable will go farther than any other young man on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot if he is given the chance."

A studio typist pleads: "Can't you do something to keep Clark Gable out of sight? Every time he so much as passes through our office my head starts to reel. If I'm ever going to get this work done . . . well, just keep Gable out of here . . . that's all!"

Yes, that's the way they feel about Clark Gable out at his own studio. What's more, almost all of Hollywood feels the same way. And from the fan mail that is already pouring in . . . in spite of the fact that he has only been in a very few pictures . . . one can easily

guess that the entire country is going for Gable in a big way.

But there is one person who is not at all up-in-the-air about the success of Clark Gable—and that one person is Clark himself.

IN face of the fact that Novarro, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and even the Great Garbo are unusually enthused about him, there are a few memories that hold him with both feet on the ground.

Gable worked "extra" on a picture starring Novarro over five years ago . . . and Novarro didn't even notice him!

He sat at the lunch counter (used by the carpenters, laborers and extras) and watched Joan Crawford lunching in the comparative luxury of a table about twenty feet from the counter. She did not look his way during the entire lunch hour.

He once begged a certain influential director on that lot to give him an opportunity to prove what talent he had, and that same gentleman (Continued on page 104)

THE TRUTH ABOUT

By FAITH BALDWIN

On this page:

In her own brilliant and sympathetic manner, this famous writer gives her reactions to Nancy Carroll's separation

A NOVELIST'S OPINION



Acme

WHEN this issue appears, if present plans go through, the divorce between Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland will be made final.

The scratch of a pen across a legal document will write *finis* to a chapter which was, for seven years, shared by two fine, hard-working and successful young people.

It is not my intention to rehash the newspaper reports and gossip; to discuss publicized motives or to speculate on futures.

I know Nancy Carroll; and I have met Jack Kirkland. It is not my mission to play the feminine Paul Pry into their private affairs or to hurt either one of them through speculations and sensational statements.

But it has been impossible for either or both to keep the knowledge of their break from the daily press and the magazines. One of the great penalties paid for success is publicity. It works both ways. Without public interest, motion picture careers would be very brief indeed. Publicity, however, draws no fine line between work and private lives.

I believe that the Carroll-Kirkland marriage was a happy one—as long as it lasted. I believe it was undertaken with mutual love and mutual ideals and mutual understanding and confidence. It was, of course, a very young marriage. In seven years people change, are bound to; viewpoints alter; so do goals. Seven years of love and laughter, poverty and struggle, luxury and success, and a growing from youth to maturity—this was the marriage of Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland.

There was a great deal of courage in those seven years.

Marriage is not, to my mind, a dispensation, a divine institution. It is a human institution and it deals with human beings. It is faulty, it leaves much to be desired

but so far we have found no working substitute. And it grew from dark beginnings, not, as many people think, to sanction the love of two mortals, but to protect property and to insure the continuation of the race. Divorce was less prevalent formerly than it is today because women were more dependent, economically, upon their husbands than they are now.

I FAIL to see why any blame should rest, or any stigma be attached, to either Miss Carroll or Mr. Kirkland because, having come to the conclusion that their marriage was no longer contributing to their happiness or their growth, they decided to end it, cleanly and without recriminations and in the spirit of two excellent friends, who know one another very well; who realize one another's faults and virtues, but who feel it has become essential, as far as marriage is concerned, to part.

All marriage, at any age, is precarious. It is a very delicate relationship, demanding adjustments of the most difficult kind on both sides. But marriage contracted in extreme youth faces even more pitfalls than that undertaken later in life and in a less adventurous spirit.

Young marriages are compounded of glamor and impulse, a wild enchantment and a frantic reaching out of hands demanding . . . "this I must possess."

Young marriages succeed as often as they fail. That they do fail is no brief against them. Every human being walks alone. Every human being is, and remains, a mystery to those nearest and dearest. In every human being life works its miracles of growth and alteration.

In this particular marriage (Continued on page 98)

NANCY CARROLL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



On this page:

An intimate and helpful criticism on Nancy's behavior in the light of recent events written straight from the heart of this author

AN OPEN LETTER

Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, her husband, against whom she filed suit for divorce in Nogales, Mexico. For seven years the Jack Kirklands have led an ideal married life; now—it is over. These articles give you an insight into the psychological issues involved.

DEAR NANCY:
Large blackface type leaped at me from this morning's paper, NANCY CARROLL SEEKS MEXICAN DIVORCE. And I read how, after seven years together, you and Jack Kirkland have parted. There were, I know, lean years and years of plenty. Years when there were just the two of you and when two were enough. And then the last five or more years when Patricia has made three and it has been impossible to think of it any other way. I read how you are closing this important chapter in your lives not with the usual bitter recriminations but with sincere regrets. And how you both feel, if for no other reason than your common interest in Patricia, you never can be anything but good friends. And how you are going to part, sensibly and sanely and still good friends, to go your separate ways under the glare of the curious world's publicity.

And I thought, "It's too bad . . . after seven years . . . is it that they could withstand poverty but not success . . . still, when people marry so young . . . the man a girl adores at eighteen isn't necessarily the man for her at twenty-five . . . and the girl a man adores when she is young and looks up to him as though he were some god isn't the same person at all as that girl grown older, matured, and turned into a self-sufficient and famous movie

star. . . ."

And I also thought "*There goes Irish Nancy. She would become a divorcée and risk the Sweet-Young-Thing illusion that's worth a fortune to her.* She would live her life her own way. Regardless! A human being first and a movie star afterwards. That's Nancy always. Well, more power to her!"

There's something rather grand about a person who always has dared to be true to herself. Without counting the cost. The way you have. I dare say it was far from an easy matter for a little Irish girl born and brought up over on Tenth Avenue to face her family with the shocking news that she didn't intend to earn her living being a nursemaid or a salesgirl, a stenographer or a telephone operator, or in any other way approved by her circle, but that she was going on the stage. Tenth Avenue looks with particular distrust upon the people of the theater with their fine ways and costly clothes and painted faces.

HOW the Murphys, the Clanceys and the O'Rourkes must have talked when your mother, doubtful enough herself in spite of all your protestations, finally admitted to them that you had become a chorus girl. A chorus girl of all things!

"That LaHiff girl," I can hear the Irish women, never happier than when their tongues are busy with foreboding, "it's a no good end she'll be coming to."

And later when you were able to take your mother and father and eleven brothers and sisters from that flat, far too small, that shook to the roar of passing trucks, it's likely enough those same neighbors hanging out of their windows on moving day said:

"Sure, isn't that LaHiff girl the grand one? Haven't I



always been telling you Anna LaHiff was blessed by the birth of her. It's a fine new place she's rented for her ma and pa."

Sincere enough both times because they were Irish.

And when you were dancing in the Shubert shows and there were plenty of men who sat in the front row night after night because of your soft red hair and round blue eyes, again you were true to yourself. You didn't want the diamond bracelets and emerald rings, the champagne suppers and trips to Europe that old men's money would buy. You had time for none of them because, just as Jack Kirkland is now no longer the man for you, then he was the only man. Even if he was a struggling young newspaper man with the reporter's inevitable empty pockets.

AND since you've been a movie star with a weekly salary that in the old days would have kept the LaHiffs in comparative luxury for years, you've been just as honest and independent and sincere. Always you've taken the attitude, "I'll do the best job I know how in the studios, but my private life is my very own. I won't have it encroached upon."

There never was any fictitious southern mansion and ruined family fortune in your biography. You were born and brought up in a poor little flat over on Tenth Avenue and you said so.

You've been steadfast, too, in your stand not to have Patricia publicized even at the risk of causing ill feeling in influential circles, even when this determination resulted in rumors as cruel as they were unfounded, rumors to the effect that Patsy was deformed or half-witted and generally unpresentable.

"Let them say what they will," you told me one day. "Their saying things doesn't make them true. I won't have my child's picture plastered over magazines and newspapers. She isn't on any movie company's payroll and she's entitled to a normal childhood. I don't want her pointed out as a movie star's daughter. I want her to be plain Patricia Kirkland. I want her to have every

Adele Whitely Fletcher, in this open letter, says that Nancy is one of the few movie stars willing to disregard their careers in order to be themselves. No matter what the issue is, she'd face it regardless of the effect on her public. (Above) with Ernest Lawford in a scene from "Personal Maid," Nancy's next. Will her divorce diminish her popularity.

chance to be an individual in her own right, every chance to live her own life."

It takes more courage, I dare say, to be true to yourself as an individual now than it did when you shocked Tenth Avenue and your good mother and father by becoming a chorus girl.

Fame is so short. It is understandable that many should cater to it, fearful otherwise their brief halcyon days will pass before they have harvested a satisfactory fortune, forgetting that life itself is too great a price to pay for financial security and a name spelled in electric lights.

THIS divorce, for instance. If you were associated with more sophisticated rôles it would do you no harm. But you must realize that as things stand there is a chance that your popularity will suffer because of it. We both know several stars who have been going through the motions of being happily married for years rather than risk shattering the Sweet-Young-Thing illusion that lines their pockets with gold.

You should have the reputa- (Continued on page 106)

JACKIE SEARL

Jackie Searl is the only boy "heavy" on the screen. He's now doing his celebrated Mama's Boy stuff in "Huckleberry Finn," but he's anything but a Mama's Boy off screen. He's crazy about football, baseball and stuff like that. His favorite foods are chocolate malted milks and dill pickles. Oh yes, and ice cream cones, too, of course; but we don't need to mention that fact if you've got eyes.

Photograph by Otto Dyar



WHY ARE THEY



Even after Janet Gaynor was married to Lydell Peck it was rumored that she was still in love with Farrell. She was supposed to have broken down when she learned of Charlie's marriage.

Lupe Velez got Gary Cooper from Evelyn Brent. And now, in spite of all the talk about Lupe's and Gary's great happiness, June Collyer is credited with being interested in Gary.

Why is it that certain Hollywood men—not always handsome, either—cause the feminine stars to do battle?

WHAT manner of men are these?

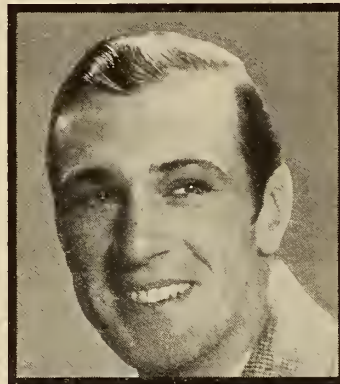
I'm speaking of those few young fellows in Hollywood who are continually blasting into the headlines as causes for love's tugs-o'-war and keeping the whole country agog. What is there about them that they should be made the Grand Prize in front-page tussles in which the darlings of the screen pull their darnedest for love?

To the average movie fan, who has dreams and hopes of being re-incarnated in the form and face of Gloria Swanson or Connie Bennett, it must be a tough problem. What man could make these gorgeous creatures take sides and argue? "He would have to be at least the best-looking man in creation . . . the most polished and cultured gentleman plus perhaps a bank account that would put him in a class by himself" . . . that's what *you* say!

But—if that is so, what of the Marquis de la Falaise? Joel McCrea? Charlie Farrell? Prince Serge Mdivani? And Gary Cooper?

Of course, it is to be admitted that any one of these gentlemen would cause a fair ripple in most feminine hearts. One or two of them might be the reason for a sub-deb war. But what of such ladies as Swanson, Bennett, Velez, Mackaill and Gaynor?

TAKE our friend, the Marquis. . . . He's a very quiet, unassuming and charming man. He is the type who much prefers to be called "Hank" than "The Marquis." A nice looking fellow, but one who is far from handsome in the accepted sense. He has a title, yes. But what does such a handle mean to Holly-



First Gary Cooper was reported in love with Clara Bow. Then Evelyn Brent came along and took Gary from Clara. Then Lupe copped him from Evelyn. Is it to be June Collyer from now on?

wood with her fame, wealth and beauty? True, it *did* mean a lot when Gloria first trotted him out for an initial and envious gaze. But then we got used to a flock of titled Russians and what not . . . and before long the *de la* didn't mean so much. Besides, Hank has his own personal and thoroughly charming manner of minimizing the importance of his name and this only tended to lessen its stunning powers the sooner. In fact, I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that Hank looks upon his appendage as a real hardship in Hollywood where he is trying to live like a human being and work and earn his living.

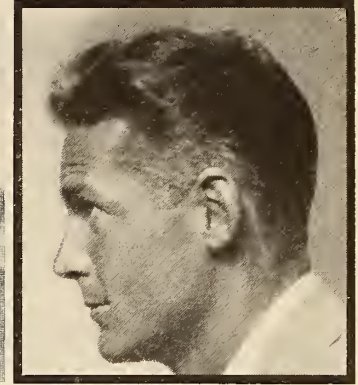
In the face of such a prosaic demeanor and self-deprecating manner, Hank Falaise was the center of one of the most hectic and hard-fought battles Hollywood has ever witnessed. And the two women who were vying for his heart are none other than two of our most famous sophisticates and beauties . . . Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett. Why did they do it?



The Prince Mdivani was married to Pola Negri when Mary McCormick, the opera singer, bobbed up. It is reported that Mary and Pola fought a classic battle for the coveted Prince.

FOUGHT FOR?

By
WALTER RAMSEY



The battle between Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett over Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye is historical. Just what was it that made these two women so anxious for Hank?

Charlie Farrell is a nice young chap—but Hollywood is full of nice young chaps. Yet it is said that Virginia Valli and Janet Gaynor were rivals—as if he were quite the last man on earth.

Poor, mild little Marquis . . . who wouldn't walk across the street to get his name in the paper, found his full-floating title banded over the headlines of all the leading news sheets of the country. And he didn't like it! Certainly it isn't the glamor of his royal blood that intrigues two such cosmopolites as these. Certainly it isn't Hank's handsome features or his tall, well-muscled figure.

Because Hank isn't tall . . . or well-muscled . . . or possessed of dazzling features.

AND yet Connie got the kick of a lifetime at a recent Mayfair dance because of the fact that she was there in the company of the Marquis. She thrilled at the opportunity of seeing Gloria at a nearby table. And if our sight isn't failing us, we watched Gloria go out of her way to appear hilariously happy on the occasion, even though she was accompanied by an unknown young broker-about-town. Just what is it about meek Hank that should cause all this showing-off is more than the casual onlooker can fathom.

And when you consider what is *now* taking place, you might even come to the conclusion that it is just a spite war . . . in which Hollywood's famous beauties try to put each other on the well-known spot.



Joel McCrea was reported engaged to Dorothy Mackaill. Then along came Constance Bennett and rumors flew thick and fast that she and Joel were engaged. What makes him so very popular?

For no sooner did Connie have the Marquis safely in her grasp . . . than there were rumors that she was throwing him over for Joel McCrea.

Joel is said to have a fine family background and a good education. But couldn't as much be said of Hank?



Henri de la Falaise was the last person on earth who wanted to become a headline figure. But Constance Bennett's sensational battle with Swanson over him made him a national figure.

Why this sudden change of heart on the part of Connie? Was her idea to just hold this swell guy (who by some unfortunate chance happens to be a Marquis, and who is doing his best to make us forget it) long enough to put him out of Gloria's reach? It is a well-rumored bit of information that Gloria Swanson divorced the man she was really in love with. Is this the reason for Connie's interest? If it be some other reason, why throw him over so soon?

And the real sting in this Connie Bennett-Joel McCrea romance is that Joel was reported engaged to Dorothy Mackaill just prior to coming under the spell of the elder Bennett daughter! Do you suppose that Connie likes to "show the girls a thing or two" . . . or was it just the atmosphere of spring that made her change her mind?

And the fact that he was engaged (or at least so it was reported) to Dorothy Mackaill . . . and now is seen occupying the chair at the right hand of Connie . . .

puts Joel in the same class as Hank. Nor does he have so much more in the way of heart-breaking appeal than does Hank. In fact, his position as the prize package is a bit hard to understand. What is there about him that places him on the "especially attractive and worthy of fighting for" table. Is he such a bargain?

And look at Charlie Farrell. . . .

FOR years the public has been associating his name in a romantic way with that of Janet Gaynor. Even after she was married to Lydell Peck, Hollywood and the rest of the world kept up a steady line of "Farrell." From an insider, it was even learned that (Continued on page 121)

LEW AYRES HAS HAS CHANGED

He admits it himself—willingly, anxiously. And whether you agree with him or not you've got to admire his honesty



(Left) With Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." This picture gave Lew his chance for big success. In those days no one ever said he was upstage. (Above) The Lew of today whom so many people seem to think has gone Hollywood. Lew admits that he's changed—but his reasons are not those of his critics. They're his own—and they're logical.

By S. R. MOOK

A YEAR and a half ago, during the making of "All Quiet On The Western Front," I sat in the Brown Derby with a friend one night. Across the room sat Lew Ayres. I had recently met him and had been vastly impressed with him. He was a quiet, diffident chap—well mannered and uncommunicative. I had seen some "rushes" of the picture, knew he was going to be good and I was enthusing over him.

The "friend" with me was Dorothy Manners, a writer who has been in this business a good deal longer than I. "He's new to pictures, isn't he?" Dorothy responded. "Wait until he's been in it a year or two. Wait and see how he behaves if he clicks. I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Lots of them are swell guys while they're floundering at the bottom, but it's a different tale when they reach the top."

As I came to know Lew better and better I was vaguely disturbed by the memory of what Dorothy had said. It

seemed hard to think that this wholesome, unspoiled kid was some day going to be just another Hollywood actor.

"All Quiet" was released and Lew made a great hit. He made "Common Clay" with Constance Bennett and scored another hit. Then Warner Brothers borrowed him and starred him in "The Doorway to Hell."

Watching him, I knew there had been absolutely no change in him up to then. It was after the latter picture was completed that ever-eager Hollywood was regaled with stories of how Lew had gone "the way of all flesh."

THEN he had another of his famous heart attacks and became interested in a new girl. I left town about that time and was gone for several months. On my return, his "flame" hailed me one day in the Brown Derby. "Have you noticed the change in Lew?" she asked as I slipped into the seat beside her.

"Why, no."

"Well, you will. He's changed more than anyone I've ever seen. He's hard now where he used to be sweet and he's inclined to be selfish where he used to be thoughtful.



Although he knows nothing about astronomy, says this author, Lew loves to get out his telescope and study the stars. It is his way of getting away from things—a habit that is becoming necessary to all of us during these hectic and continually rushed days.

"When we started going together," she continued, "he'd take me out here and there, but now all he wants to do is to sit home at nights."

What she didn't realize is that Lew is in no way different from any other man. When we're trying to impress a girl we are all thoughtful and unselfish, often going places we detest simply to be with them—and because we want to please them. Having got them interested, we revert to type and think it's our turn—that we'll do the things we like for awhile.

But her list of grievances grew. There was more to the change than that. In justice to her, she wasn't only looking for sympathy—she was really distressed about it.

As we sat there various pictures of Lew flashed across my mind.

There was the time when he was awakened in the middle of the night by the wailing of a lost kitten in the patio beneath his window. He lay listening to it for a few minutes, got up, went downstairs, got the kitten and took it back to bed with him. As he petted it the wails grew fainter and it finally went to sleep on the pillow beside him.

THERE was another time when he was awakened by the ringing of his doorbell in the early morning. "Who is it?" he called sleepily. Receiving no answer he dozed off. A few seconds later it rang again. He jumped up and opened the door. A young chap stood there beaming. "I'm from the Blank Cleaning Co.," he explained. "Any clothes you'd like taken care of?"

"No," snapped Lew, "and if you ever ring my bell at this hour of the morning again, you'll go out on your ear." He banged the door shut.

"Oh, yeah?" came in muffled tones through the closed door, with something about "you and who else?"

Lew yanked it open. "Yeah!" he said angrily. "Do you think I don't mean it?"

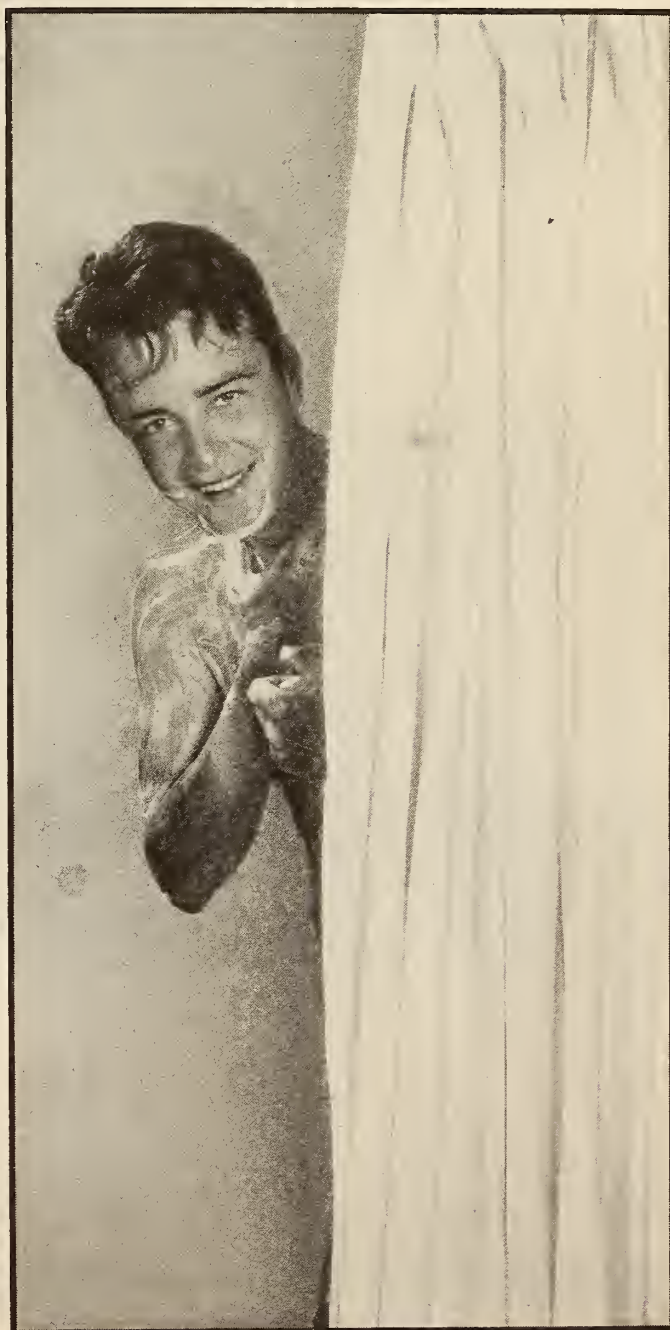
"You might at least give a fellow a chance to apologize without jumping down his throat the minute you see him," said the man. "I didn't know you were asleep."

And Lew stewed around all day until he remembered the name of the cleaning company so he could call the driver up and apologize to him. Needless to say, the boy gets his work now.

REMEMBERING those little incidents, it seemed impossible that a few months of success could have made such a change in him.

One night not long after that we sat before the fire in his living room. "Lew," I asked suddenly, "do you think you've changed much in the past year?"

He regarded me for a moment and then burst out angrily, "Of course I've changed! Nobody stands still. Everybody changes. You outgrow people, as well as conditions and surroundings. If you're a stenographer



or a clerk in a store you don't keep the same friends year after year. Your circle of acquaintances changes and nobody accuses you of becoming high-hat. They grow tired of *you* the same as *you* grow tired of *them*. You may change jobs, take up a different line of work and find you have nothing in common with them any longer. There are only a few friends who last.

"Well, it's the same with me. I changed jobs and I haven't anything in common any more with the people I used to know when I worked in an orchestra. Recently people began saying I'd 'gone Hollywood,' so I spent a whole afternoon calling on fellows I'd known in orchestras—just to show them I didn't consider myself above them and that I still liked them, etc.

"They had just two things to talk about. They wanted the low-down—the 'dirt'—on all the big people in pictures and I *couldn't* talk about that. The other thing they had to discuss was the various orchestras in town—who was playing where, what jobs were open, who'd be apt to get them and all that sort of thing. The afternoon was a failure.

"If they want to think I'm high-hat, they'll just have to think so.

"Look here," he went on, "you're a friend of mine—I still see you as much as I ever did—and Russell Gleason and Bennie Alexander. Do you think any little success I've had has gone to my head? If I were trying to associate only with 'big shots' it would be different. I'm not. I know some but I'm not intimate with them. As I said a while ago, a person only has a few friends and they don't change. It's only our acquaintances that change—people who, at best, have only known you slightly and they're the ones who go around talking about you. Under ordinary circumstances the acquaintanceship could die and they'd never give it a thought."

EVERY word of which was true. That Lew has changed there can be no doubt. Yet they are natural changes, changes that the immutable laws of living and, particularly living within the confines of the picture industry, bring about in one.

He *has* hardened—but so has everyone else out here I know, including myself. A year and a half ago Lew was ready for a serious pow-wow any time—a confab on

"the serious things of life." Try to get him into a serious conversation today. He only wants to joke and laugh—to laugh above everything. But it is a hard, metallic laugh.

Just after "All Quiet" was released I went with him to have some pictures made. "Smile, Lew," pleaded the photographer. "All we've got are 'straight' pictures."

"I can't smile," Lew protested. "I don't know how. I don't feel natural when I smile."

He smiles now, all right, but it is the bitter smile of disillusionment.

On the night we sat in front of his fire, he suddenly picked up a telescope he had recently bought.

"Come on," he said and led the way upstairs to a balcony from which we could look at the stars. He knows nothing of astronomy but will sit for hours gazing at the heavens.

"In tune with the infinite?" I mocked, as he cocked the telescope against his eye and squinted.

"Confound it, leave me *something*, won't you?" he retorted. A few minutes later he turned to me again. "You can laugh and sneer all you want to, but after a time, out here, you come to realize that the only peace you get is from association with nature—not people."

Oh, yes. Lew has changed. He used to be uncertain of himself. When you asked him a question he had a habit of running his hand in his hair, looking at you in a bewildered sort of way and answering, "Oh, I don't know" as he groped for words with which to express himself.

He doesn't ruffle his hair any more. Neither does he grope for words.

Yet with the changes there are certain fundamental traits in his character which remain unchanged. He expects very little from his friends—neither great loyalty nor service. He and another juvenile were under contract to Pathé at the same time and they used to go around together a bit. Then this other chap got a break and started forging ahead, while Lew was let out by Pathé. The first one promptly forgot Lew—or pretended to.

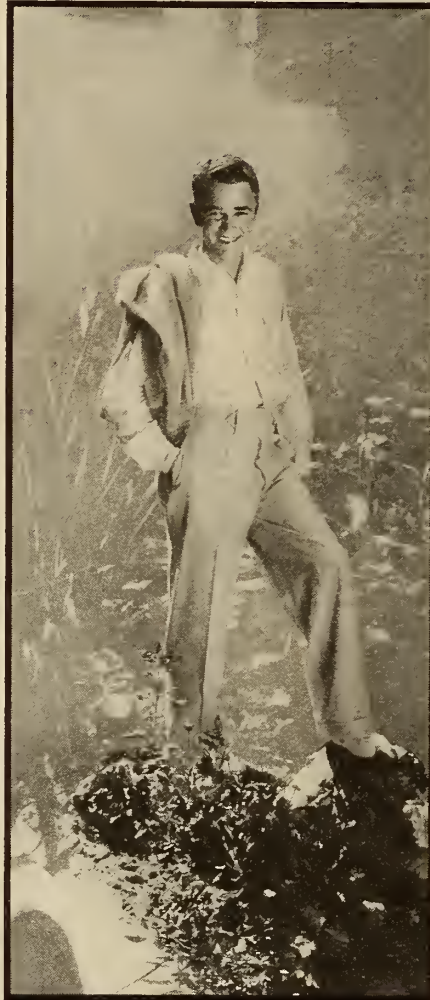
Shortly after the opening of "All Quiet" he called Lew on the 'phone and they spent an evening together. Knowing something of this other juvenile I remarked to

Lew that if he hadn't scored such a success I doubted that he would ever have seen the chap again.

"Oh, I'm aware of *that*," he answered, "but it doesn't worry me. Few people cultivate you unless you amount to something. If I can spend an evening with someone and get a few laughs out of it, I've got no kick coming."

Ayres at twenty-two has the outlook on life that a successful business man of fifty or sixty might have. A realization of the fact that each is entirely on his own—of the futility of expecting help or genuine friendship.

Small wonder that he turns to the stars and woods and mountains for companionship and understanding.



Lew is not the naive young chap he was a couple of years ago. And no wonder! His rise to stardom has opened his eyes to many phases of what we call human nature of which he was ignorant before.

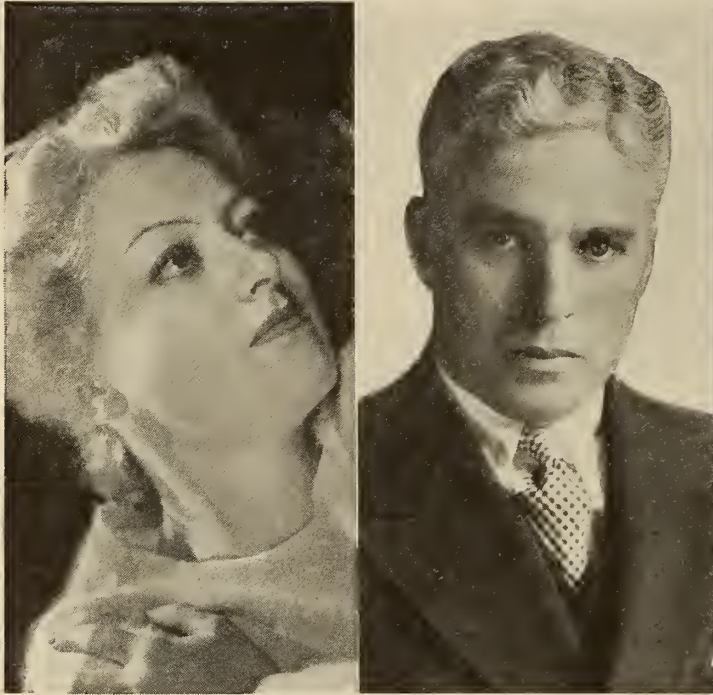
"Of course I've changed! Nobody stands still. Everybody changes. You outgrow people as well as your surroundings."



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS NAPOLEON—A REAL SCOOP FOR MODERN SCREEN

This picture of Charlie has never before been published. The story is that one afternoon Charlie's whim was to see himself in the habiliments of the man of destiny and immediately secured the services of a photographer—with the above result. The pictures were made for his own amusement—not for publicity—and, as far as we know, the original of this reproduction is the only one in existence outside of Charlie's possession. In Adele Whitely Fletcher's story on the following page there is an interesting reference to Chaplin's fondness for comparing himself to Napoleon.

HAVE YOU AN



Joan Crawford owes her success to her inferiority complex. Chaplin has a Napoleonic complex (see the preceding page). Harold Lloyd's inferiority complex has helped him put over his tremendously successful screen character. And thus it is with many of the stars.

As exemplified by the stars
an inferiority complex can
help instead of hinder you



By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

THIS is a story about that blessing in disguise, an inferiority complex. A complex, according to the psycho-analysts, from which just about fifty per cent. of the population suffers. In Hollywood where you might reasonably expect to find a surfeit of the superiority complex instead, it runs riot. In spite of their great fame and their self-made fortunes, the stars enjoy no serene confidence in themselves. Many of them are over-sensitive, with feelings that are easily hurt. Others suffer from fear that they will not appear to good advantage. And time and time again I have heard the screen's loveliest ladies admit to having been miserable after some party at which they felt they had said the wrong thing or in some way acted inadvisedly.

If the movie people were otherwise, it is fairly safe to say they wouldn't be stars. For all these unpleasant experiences are unmistakable symptoms of an inferiority complex. Without this, however, no one is likely to be

spurred on to reach for success. "I'll show the world" is the battle cry of those who feel under-rated. And it is, often enough, in the process of "showing the world" that they make good. That is where the blessing part comes in.

Let us consider some of the stars.

There is, for instance, Harold Lloyd. Even today, with his position assured, Harold is very shy. He wouldn't think of getting up at a party and doing stunts. And when anyone else performs he frankly admits that he sits back and sort of prays they will come through all right. He is ever conscious of peoples' disposition to criticize and what people say matters to him tremendously. You can almost tell by Harold's sensitive face how easily his pride would be hurt. Not for anything would Harold risk making himself a target for verbal barbs such as he has heard directed at others.

I REMEMBER when Harold was planning the home he now occupies and many architects had submitted designs. One evening after a dinner party at the Loyds a group of us were considering the blue prints which were spread before us on the library floor. With a delightful young enthusiasm Mildred Lloyd pointed out

INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



Carbo is one of the few screen stars who apparently is not bothered by any complexes whatever. Charles Ray, on the other hand, actually ruined his career because of an inferiority complex which warped his judgment and distorted his vision.



Norma Shearer was smart enough to realize that her inferiority complex was becoming a liability and to do something about it. Charlie Farrell, too, is one of the screen people whose success has been helped by that blessing in disguise, an I. C.

the different features . . . the double curving stairway which led to a balcony overlooking the spacious entrance hall . . . the private stairs from the master's suite to the nursery . . . the flower room with shelves for bowls and vases and a long built-in counter for the assortment of the day's supply from the gardens.

Later Harold and I were alone for a few minutes. He nodded at the plans and asked, apparently casually, "Do you think it's too much?" Which is typical of Harold. Too much elegance would be the last thing in the world of which he would wish to seem guilty. Without an inferiority complex, of course, Harold wouldn't give a darn what people thought or said. It never would occur to him that he might be criticized. He would go ahead and have what he wanted and be entirely satisfied that what he had was perfect. But Harold, like all people with an inferiority complex, is eager for the approval of his fellow-men.

Sometimes, as might be expected, such a complex retards progress. I happen to know that it did with Harold. When he was trying to get started in pictures he was given a letter of introduction to Alan Dwan. It was, he admits, days before he found the courage to present this letter. He says he could imagine Dwan looking at him and wondering what made some people think they would be good in pictures. And although Dwan was very cordial when Harold did meet him and although he explained that while there was nothing open at the time a new picture was to be cast in three weeks and suggested Harold return then. Harold never went back. He says he couldn't bear to place himself in the ignominious position of having Dwan do something for him merely because he had brought a letter from a mutual friend.

HOWEVER, even though Harold's complex has at different times retarded his progress it is probably the most valuable asset he possesses. Besides having forced him to get out and prove that he is good it is, I am sure, responsible for his great attraction off the screen as well as on. Everyone expresses the warmest regard for Harold. From his fear of pushing himself where he might not be wanted comes his charm. In his spirit of humility lies his appeal. Because of these things, when Harold faces tremendous odds on the screen his audience always is one hundred per cent. for him, the women mentally mothering him while the men mentally champion him.

Then there's Douglas Fairbanks. Doug displays the symptoms of a social inferiority complex. He is ever conscious of caste. To Doug is attributed the exclusiveness of "Pickfair." And it was Doug who agitated for and particularly enjoyed the European vacations during which he and Mary were entertained by kings and queens and lords and ladies. Invariably Doug fusses about in his pocket for a letter from Don Alfonso, ex-King of Spain, or tells about the time he and Mary visited Lord So-and-So at his hunting box in Scotland.

It may have been to make up for the lack of any listing in a Social Register that Doug, in his youth, set out to develop his physical prowess and his brain and imagination to a point where these things would merit admiration and bring him a superiority. There is, you see, a mechanism deep in all of us that automatically goes about making up for our deficiencies or what we believe to be our deficiencies. When we have an inferiority complex our struggle for esteem and our desire to impress the world is never ending. (Continued on page 99)



HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY CZARINA

By FAITH BALDWIN

Sylvia gets her amazing results of slim forms and slender waists by her own method of slapping. She knows how to give the girls—and the men, too—a firm hand, but not a great big one. She bullies and rants at the stars and has no fear of any of them—no matter how famous and stellar they may be.



WHO is Sylvia? This question, asked so melodiously by the song, has never been answered. But as far as I am concerned, I can tell you all about one very special Sylvia, once of Norway, and now of Hollywood.

She is Madame Sylvia Ulbeck, the small and vibrant lady who takes a sock at the Hollywood stars—literally, not figuratively, or perhaps in one sense I should say figuratively, also—and *makes them like it*.

They must like her, too. I don't see how they could help it.

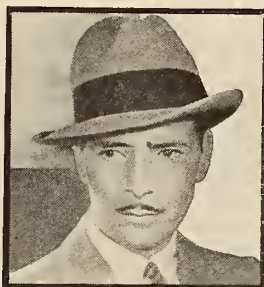
I don't know exactly what a sockdolager is, but if it is what I think it is, so is Sylvia!

Sylvia's clientele reads like the Blue Book of Hollywood, for it is Sylvia who polishes the stars until they



Every one of the people in these small pictures across the page are clients of Sylvia's. She keeps their weight down and their spirits up.

The movie industry not only has a czar but a czarína—a czarína of beauty. Sylvia Ulbeck is her name and she rules her subjects with a will that brooks no disobedience



really twinkle. It is she who puts them on their feet and keeps them there. It is she who makes them fit, and if, as has been suggested, she is a Norwegian feminine Simon Legree, then to be slave-driven by Sylvia must be a pleasure!

Among the women and men of the screen who go regularly to Sylvia for her treatments are the Bennett girls, Ann Harding, Gloria Swanson, Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Lewis, Norma Shearer, Carmel Myers, Carmelita Geraghty, Rod Colman, Eddie Lowe, Ernest Torrence, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and many others.

SYLVIA has recently been in New York. Over a luncheon table she expounded to me some of her philosophy of life and her psychology of beauty. She is her

own best advertisement. She has a son twenty-eight years old, so you can see she must be over thirty! She is very tiny, she weighs one hundred and two pounds, she has small round wrists exactly like steel, and great blue eyes like flowers.

She has corn-colored hair, cut short, a slender, unlined neck, a smooth blond skin, and a dear little pointed face. And she radiates health and enthusiasm and optimism.

In the first place, Sylvia's famous treatments are *not* massage. She has been much publicized as a super-massage. This is not true. Her treatment includes no massage as we know it. "Massage relaxes," says Sylvia, "my system tones, stimulates, lifts the muscles, sets the glands to functioning properly, assists the circulation and puts you up on your toes."

In order to illustrate how the glands must be waked up from their torpor, she leaped over toward me at the luncheon table, and to the astonishment of Park Avenue spectators and head waiters, struck me a mighty blow between the shoulder blades. It did not disconcert her that I was eating stewed cherries at that time. It didn't me, either. I have, as I informed her, perfect nerve control. I merely removed a pit and thanked my stars that I hadn't swallowed it.

Whereupon Sylvia seized me by the arm. I felt the pressure of her strong little fingers for ten minutes after she had removed them. "Flabby," she said, sorrowfully—and truthfully.

You see, she tells everybody the truth. She says, "I insult them. I appeal to their vanity. I say to them . . . you're just a slug. How do you expect me to get you fit

for the new jobs in ten days? Am I a miracle worker? Very well, I'll try, but you'll have to mind me. Do you hear?"

They hear. And as in old China "listen is obey" when Sylvia speaks.

Her first rule for general health, as well as for reducing, is to put her clients on a three day liquid diet. This diet is carefully worked out to the benefit of the red corpuscles. It is indulged in every two hours and includes lemon or grape fruit juice in water, meat or vegetable

bouillon, strained, clear tea or coffee, tomato juice and liquid gelatine. When the three days have passed—and quickly, too, reaching for a glass at two-hour intervals—her clients are allowed a heavier diet. This one includes two salads a day, one with tomato and with cottage cheese, the other with pineapple and cream cheese, a small baked potato, and a thick round of whole wheat toast as well as three vegetables, carefully selected, and plenty of fresh fruit save in cases of colitis patients who are permitted stewed fruit only.

SYLVIA'S treatments, as I have said, are not massage. The only massage given is that of the abdomen and stomach muscles. The rest of it is a rotary, kneading movement, a lifting of the muscles and a very sound slapping. This slapping has, I assure you, all the old-fashioned technique of the woodshed, or the felt slipper in the nervous hand. However, Sylvia's hands are not nervous, they are strong, they are sure, they are scientific and they are deadly to flabby, superfluous flesh, for her entire treatment is based upon a breaking up of the fat cells.

You may think I know not whereof I speak. Oh, but I do! In the interest of my readers—to say nothing of my figure—I have taken a treatment. Or rather, I have been given one. "Be at my hotel at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," said Sylvia to me at the luncheon table and fixed me with an enormous blue eye, "without fail. And I'll show you."

She did.

I took it on the chin—and liked it. No, not exactly on the chin but on most of the rest of my anatomy. Sylvia sings while she works. She sings because she likes to work. I also think she sings to drown out the screams of her prone victims. They tell me in Hollywood she keeps a phonograph going.

Well, she didn't make me scream. I saw to that. I grinned and bore it. I've been spanked before—although not for a number of years. For the honor of the literary profession I said no word. Sylvia was proud of me. She told me so.

Moreover, I felt grand. And I had just met a friend of Sylvia's who had lost four (Continued on page 112)



A young man who wanted to become a business man—and became an actor simply because his father happened to be a famous theatrical figure. Wherever he went, Phillips was always called upon to appear in theatricals. He never really cared about them. And so today we find him one of the screen's most successful young leading men who is a little bored and fed up with it all—and that's no pose on his part.

THE SADDEST YOUNG MAN IN TALKIES

Phillips Holmes is "enjoying" a fame in the movies which he does not want. Inexorable circumstances made him an actor

By CHARLESON GRAY

TWENTY-THREE years old, and perfect health. A head that might have been created by Praxiteles, greatest of Greek sculptors. Money. Automobiles. Clothes. A lovely home. A fame which in two brief years has developed so amazingly that he might have been written about by the poet Cowper, well over a century ago:

"Some shout him, some hang upon his car
To gaze into his eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy."

And yet—

And yet, to me, the possessor of all those pleasant things—and more—is the saddest of all Hollywood's innumerable sad young men.

So I write in all sincerity, for I have a genuine inter-



As Clyde Griffiths, the unfortunate young murderer, in "An American Tragedy." Sylvia Sidney plays opposite him. Many a movie hero would be glad to play this coveted rôle.

est in Phil Holmes. We met when first he came to Hollywood, and I suppose we became friends partly because we both recently had left our respective universities, partly because he was as anxious to get back to Europe as I was, partly because in the movie babel we spoke more or less the same language, partly because I was able to give him some advice of rather dubious value during the lonely and heartsick period which followed his arrival.

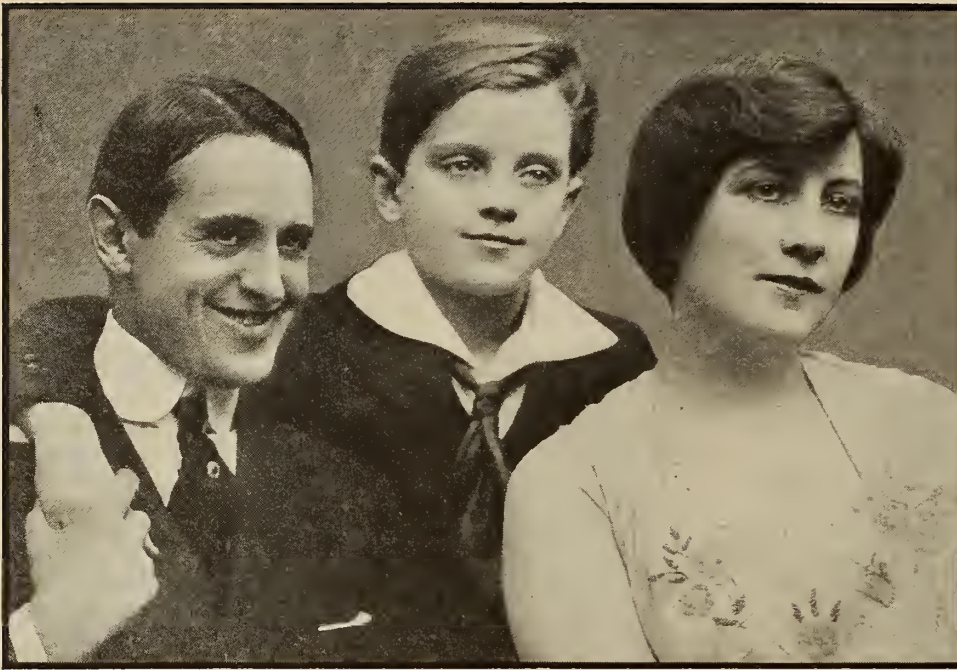
PHIL had no wish to be in Hollywood, of all places—to be a movie actor, of all things. He never wanted to be an actor of any kind, and if he had been the son of a butcher or broker or automobile maker, I'm sure he never would have become an actor. But it happens that he is the son of Taylor Holmes, and all his life he never has been allowed to forget that he is the son of a famous trouper.

THE elder Holmes had little to do with this fact, directly. While the usual player-father possesses the evergreen hope of establishing or perpetuating a great theatrical name, Taylor Holmes was both considerate enough and wise enough to let the boy select his own life work. But Phil's school friends were not so inclined. At every institution he attended he was faced by the belief that the son of a good actor must be a good actor. And because in this case the assumption happened to be true, it is that attitude on the part of his classmates which today causes Phil to be perched atop the Hollywood ladder—discontented and bored by the whole glittering show.

Phil's friends started early to shape his career. Impressed by his adolescent good looks, and crediting him in some mysterious way with the thespian abilities of his father, the dramatic students of his high school persuaded



With Buddy Rogers in "Varsity," the film which was made at Princeton and in which Phillips Holmes made his bow before the movie public. It was his first step in his unwanted success.



The young Phillips with his mother and father long before the movies hailed him. Taylor Holmes, Phillips' dad, has lately been appearing on the stage in "The Real McCoy." See any resemblance between them?

him to take the leading parts in their productions. This was repeated when he entered the Newman School to prepare for Dartmouth.

But before he entered the New Hampshire college his mother, a most intelligent as well as gracious woman, observed that he was gradually being forced into activities for which he had small taste. So instead of enrolling at Dartmouth, Phil was sent to Henley House, at Tunbridge Wells, England, as a preliminary to attending Cambridge. Concluding his studies at this school, he for a time attended the French university of Grenoble, and registered at Cambridge in 1927.

Phil came to love the great English university. He appreciated its ancient buildings and ivy-covered walls. He liked the soft voices, the dry humor and polite manners of the people. He liked the habit of undergraduates entertaining with dinners in their rooms. And soon he found himself a part of the life which moves at a leisurely pace suited to his temperament.

OF all the young Americans who have gone to school in England, I do not think there is one who enjoyed more of a social success than Phil Holmes. Sensing his inherent refinement and delight with their calm manner of life, the English opened their hearts to him and accepted him as one of their favored own. The slow days cruised by, each scrolled with a charming pattern of beauty and learning, and Phil was immersed in the happiest time of his life.

It came to the end through the illness of his mother. Although Mrs. Holmes' malady was not serious, Phil returned to this country and, once here, he thought that for the time he had better remain. To finish the year he entered Princeton University—from whence, it is interesting to note, not long before, the young man who guides the editorial destiny of this magazine had departed.

At Princeton, Phil was once again the victim of his good looks and famous name. The Triangle Club promptly chose him as the "leading lady" for "Napoleon Passes," the 1928 show. Princeton, not being a co-educational school, all of the feminine parts in these shows are

taken by boys. Phil gave promise of being the swellest leading lady in the Club's history.

So he proved; and "Napoleon Passes," during its Christmas vacation run through eighteen Eastern cities, was a huge success. For Phil, however, the notoriety which he received in connection with his performance was of a rather uncertain value. True enough, he had won the distinction of having played a Triangle lead while still a first year man—but he also had called a marked attention to his extreme good looks. He became afraid that this latter, coupled with the fact of his great success in a girl's rôle, might cause him to be considered somewhat less masculine than was actually the case.

THERE is an inevitable course open to a perfectly normal youth who fears being thought effeminate, and naturally Phil adopted it. He got very, very tough. A member of the 150 pound crew, he became even more athletic than before. He drank twice as much as the university's most zealous elbow-bender. When he spoke, it was out of the corner of his mouth—after having removed a long black cigar. He was seen only in the company of the institution's so-called more hardened characters. An over-sensitive boy working hard to be looked upon as a rough and perhaps sinister individual.

It would all have been rather laughable. Except for one thing.

And then the gentlemen of Paramount Pictures had an elegant idea. They wanted to make a collegiate picture, and they decided that they would go to a real college to make it. When approached on the subject, the authorities of Princeton were rather dubious, but at last they agreed to let their campus be used as the locale of the production. In gratitude the company offered to give the school's best actor a part in support of the cinematic efforts of Charles "Buddy" Rogers.

Phil Holmes promptly was shoved forward. His physical suitability was easily apparent, and his flair for things dramatic was related to the director at great length. Frank Tuttle, who was handling the megaphone, was given to understand that the late star of "Napoleon Passes" was one of those theatrical events which happen but once in a lifetime. Mr. Tuttle, being a Yale man, may have been a trifle dubious. But in the end Phil was cast as Rogers' room-mate in "Varsity."

THE results were swift. Phil screened well, his voice came through excellently, and his poise was unmistakable. When the campus scenes were concluded he was asked to go to Hollywood to make some final shots. He was to return to his classes by airplane. But he never did.

I suppose that Phil will always regret that, caught by the glamor of the film city, he did not return to Princeton when "Varsity" was completed. But Hollywood was new and fascinating, and his work in the picture had been so outstanding that he was offered a contract to become one of the company's featured (*Continued on page 120*)

DYNAMIC DOLORES

A startling angle on the woman who has made a devoted husband of the once riotous Barrymore

By WILBUR MORSE, Jr.

THE Madonna of the Screen," they used to call Dolores Costello—her press agents and the public. MODERN SCREEN has a new name for the youngest Barrymore's bride . . . "Dynamic Dolores."

Whether or not the public will accept this new label on an old favorite remains to be learned following the general release of "Expensive Women," Dolores Costello's



Dolores Costello is not only the sweetheart of John Barrymore, she's his housekeeper—the first who has ever featured his favorite dish at supper. And a nurse—the first who has ever been able to shoo away bothersome "boogies" and tuck him into bed to sleep serenely. Dolores is dynamic in a quietly powerful manner.

first picture in two years—her first movie since she became the mother of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore.

For if "Expensive Women" is a success, Dolores Costello, film favorite of the silent days, will resume her picture career as a star of the talkies with all the "petty round of daily duties and concerns" such a status demands.

If "Expensive Women" is what they call a "flop," Mrs. John Barrymore will resume her rôle of wife and mother and give her undivided attention to the rearing of one Barrymore and the shearing of another.

For shorn—clipped close, close to his bony shoulder blades—are the wings of profligacy which once were the boast of John Barrymore, the toast of his feminine



friends and the talk of the whole nation.

That's why MODERN SCREEN has a new slogan for gentle Dolores Costello. His third wife has turned John Barrymore from a prodigal playboy into a proud papa. A quiet voiced, clear eyed young girl, who used to hear her mother and "the great lover of the screen" roar over tempestuous tales of the theater, has domesticated Don Juan.

"Dynamic Dolores . . ."

JUST how completely John Barrymore has reversed his philosophy since his marriage was told in MODERN SCREEN last month. In the first interview he has given since his wedding, John Barrymore, whose fence jumping used to be a tradition of club bars, talked on modern morals. His theme was "Chastity Is Exciting."

Hollywood holds Dolores Costello responsible for the domestication of Don Juan. But Hollywood has heard little—first hand—from the lady herself on the subject. Dolores Costello, in recent years, has been as loath to give "love life" interviews as her husband, who hates them.

Without the aid of any discharged servants, forcing no kitchen doors, using no half-hinted threats of blackmail, your correspondent was recently complimented by being invited to write the first magazine interview Mrs. John Barrymore has given since she held her baby up to be christened and answered a priest's catechism.

Not many weeks ago, I spent (Continued on page 110)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



JOHN BARRYMORE ONCE ASKED A FEMININE INTERVIEWER TO DARN HIS SOCKS WHILE HE DRESSED.



WILL ROGERS WANTED TO BE A MINISTER—UNTIL HE GOT THE GUM CHEWING HABIT.



PAUL LUKAS LEARNED HOW TO TALK ENGLISH FOR THE MICROPHONES BY LISTENING TO PHONOGRAPH RECORDS



THERE IS A THEATER SEAT FOR EVERY 10 PERSONS IN THE U.S. (YOU STAND IN LINE BECAUSE ALL 10 WANT IT AT ONCE)



THAT BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD, MARY ASTOR, PROBABLY HAS MORE FRECKLES THAN ANY OTHER FEMININE STAR

THE STARS PATRONIZE THE STARS

Many Hollywood players own a business as a side-line—and fellow players are often their best clients

By HARRY D. WILSON

HOLLYWOOD is the seventh heaven for the celebrity chaser. He's rubbing elbows with the stars at every turn. There was a time when the mere mention of a movie star dining in a popular boulevard café, or shopping in a smart store, meant a riot call and the police rushed to the scene to clear traffic.

Those days are over. Now when Mr. Chaser stops to buy a loaf of bread or pulls in to have his gas tank filled, he is likely to find some celebrity-owner of the place

checking the day's profits and putting the shop to rights.

The stars have a finger in every kind of business venture imaginable, from a hamburger stand to an antique shop. It might even be said that a person could actually live and keep house by shopping at the establishments owned by movie notables.

There's a reason for this. Old man depression threw a bad scare into Wall Street backers of big picture corporations. In turn, the studios began to cut down salaries and let options drop. Something just had to be done.



Raymond Griffith's market is one of the show-places of Hollywood. It's a drive-in affair, done in modernistic style, and was designed by Lloyd Wright. It is composed entirely of sheetmetal. (Right) Customer Louise Fazenda buys some tomatoes from owner Ray Griffith. (Above) Panorama view of Ray's market.



The pictures on these pages were especially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Bert Longworth, Jack Van Kuper, W. J. van Rossem and Keystone Photo Service

The stars are no longer reckless with their money—they re-invest in Hollywood enterprises

(Right) Marion Shilling, who works for RKO-Pathé, enjoys the pool in Esther Ralston's beauty salon regularly. Esther's salon is considered one of the finest equipped in the country. Any number of the stars patronize it.



(Above) Marian Marsh gets her car washed at William Beaudine's car laundry. Bill's place is the receiving station of many of the stars' cars which arrive in pretty messy condition and depart in spotless and shiny state.



(Left) Many of Hollywood's laundries are owned or part-owned by Hollywood movie people. Charlie Chaplin is said to own one of them. Neil Hamilton takes his laundry personally to the store and gets the benefit of that not-to-be-sneezed-at 20% discount.

Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Farm is a regular hang-out for the motion picture people who are looking for a little relaxation. (Lower left) Don Dillaway, Fox player, Noah and C. Henry Gordon, noted character actor. (Below) Noah and his son, Noah Beery, Jr.

Those who knew the value of a dollar began to look around for other sources of income. Thus sprang up a regular crop of star-owned enterprises. In some instances business ventures were hobbies. In most cases, hobby or otherwise, they proved profitable.

Charlie Chaplin was one of the pioneers in venturing into the sideline racket when he helped stake Harry Bergman, a comedian pal, to a high-class delicatessen-restaurant. Henry started modestly with a few tables. It was not long before he expanded into larger quarters. Now Henry's is the celebrated place to see, eat, and be seen in Hollywood. A modernistic laundry also proudly claims Chaplin as one of its owners.

Just around the corner from Henry's is the El Portal baby golf course—one of the few survivors of the craze.





Charles Bickford owns a chain of gas stations in and around Hollywood and once in a while personally superintends the sale of gas to passing motorists. That's Dorothy Jordan who is about to say, "Five, please—how much?"

Fritzi Ridgeway, film actress, owns the Hotel del Tahquitz at Palm Springs. Loads of the film people go there when they want to get away from things for a spell. There are over a hundred rooms in the building and it's a poor week-end indeed when the SRO sign is not being used. In the front row you'll find Sally Blane. In the second row, Rosita Duncan and Dorothy Janis. Among those in the back row is Gwen Lee.



William Haines' antique shop in Hollywood is well patronized by the stars. Hedda Hopper recently bought some things there. At the right is the exterior and below is the interior. Miss Hopper is talking to Larry Sullivan, Bill's secretary, who runs things when Bill is at the studio.

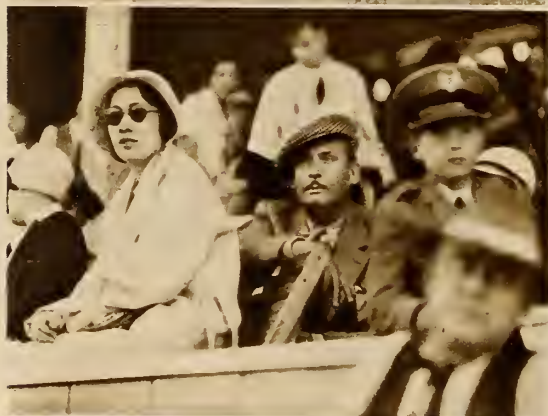


William Seiter and Laura La Plante are the lucky owners. Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey and many other familiar screen figures are daily seen putting around or munching sandwiches on the café verandah adjoining the swanky course.

Up the street is Hollywood's latest institution for health and beauty, owned by Esther Ralston. Among Esther's star-patrons are Helen Twelvetrees, Lois Wilson, Marie Prevost, Natalie Moorhead, Mary Brian, Louise Dresser, Fifi Dorsay and others.

There's hardly a block in the business section of Hollywood that doesn't boast a star-owned enterprise. On Sunset Boulevard, near the Chaplin studios, is Vera Lewis' antique shop. Here I found Vera herself, assisted by

It may be a hotel, a beauty parlor, a gas station, or a rodeo—but a star often owns it



At the top, across the page, is a panorama view of Hoot Gibson's rodeo which draws an audience from all over California. Left, going down the page: 1. Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers at their ticket office. 2. Lew Cody watching the rodeo. 3. Bill Hart, Skeet Gallagher and Mrs. Skeet Gallagher also watching the boys do some rodeoing. Enjoying Hoot Gibson's show is one of the bi-yearly events of the stars—and the public. And the public doesn't come there just to see the stars, either. 4. Jimmie Hall, Claudia Dell and Lita Chevret at Jimmie's hamburger stand.

her husband, Ralph Lewis, showing Dolores Del Rio some prized relics from Mexico, but Dolores has changed her taste these days and is interested only in things modernistic. However, when she does make a purchase from Vera, her check is made out on a bank of which C. B. DeMille and Louis B. Mayer are on the governing board. It was like old times watching Dolores and Vera together. You remember? Vera Lewis appeared with her in "Resurrection" and "Ramona."

When Dorothy Mackaill drives out to the First National studios, she patronizes Bill Beaudine's car laundry, leaving her car to be washed while she's busy on the set. Nearly all of Beaudine's patrons are star friends.

Speaking of things modernistic, Ray Griffith has set the pace in drive-in markets. He has startled the conservatives by Lloyd Wright's latest conception of what a market should be, architecturally. This market is an object of curiosity as well as usefulness. It is composed entirely of sheet metal, is absolutely fire-proof and practical in the extreme. Ray drives down every day and his market seems to be developing into a regular rendezvous for his cinema pals. Many of the old Keystone cronies drop in with their baskets. If Ray's around, they indulge in a bit of clowning, much to the edification of the more prosaic shoppers. Louise Fazenda and Ray happened to meet at the vegetable counter last week and indulged in a bit of Keystone by-play.

Out on Wilshire Boulevard is a trout fishing club. Lita Chevret, Dorothy Lee, Joan Blondell, Claudia Dell and others frequently hold the poles. Ruth Roland is the



Many of the stars are not too proud to own some kind of profitable business on the side



At the right, down the page: 1. Dolores Del Rio visiting Vera Lewis' smart antique shop. Dolores is buying a modernistic lamp to decorate the house which her husband, Cedric Gibbons, designed. 2. Leila Hyams getting a lot of attention in Kathleen Clifford's last-word-in-beauty shop. 3. Jean Hersholt owns a camera manufacturing company. He's demonstrating one of the latest models to Marjorie Rambeau who has just bought one. Jean sells a lot of the gadgets to his many star friends. 4. Eddie Nugent is another of the antique shop owners. That customer is Bob Montgomery.



proud owner of this novel business. It is one of the show places along the boulevard with Mary Pickford's and Jackie Coogan's baby golf courses which are a few blocks away.

In Beverly Hills an entire building advertises Kathleen Clifford as its owner. Here she directs the destinies of a cosmetic shop which is a meeting place for the Beverly Hills screen personalities. Jetta Goudal is often seen at her husband's establishment on Robertson Boulevard where smart interiors are planned. Since her marriage to Harold R. Grieve, Jetta's magic touch has brought lovers of the exotic to their shoppe. Their clients read like a movie blue book.

William Haines is another whose exquisite taste in decorating has caused him to enter the list of side-linists. Hedda Hopper, Joan Crawford and others are often seen consulting him on matters of decorative importance.

Charles Bickford owns a chain of service stations. I've traveled many a mile on Bickford gas. Charlie is a wise business man. He always manages to put up a service station near a studio.

Jimmie Hall acknowledges ownership of a prosaic but profitable hot-dog stand. It's not much for show, he told me, but the old cash register keeps busy and piles up the dimes. Once in a while Jimmie, for the sake of a kick, gets behind the counter, dons an apron and turns the hamburgers himself.

Hoot Gibson manages to entice practically the whole film colony up to his ranch when he stages a rodeo. Hoot and his beautiful star wife, Sally (Continued on page 108)



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

By WALTER RAMSEY

The White girl still receives thousands of fan letters—yet she can't seem to get a contract again. Why?



(Above) A particularly interesting exclusive picture of Alice White in the days when she was a script girl. That's she, with the dark glasses. Director Von Sternberg is the chap with the soft hat.



as cleverly as some others who had had the chance to grow into stardom gracefully; because as she went along she demanded more and more of the rights that naturally went with her position . . . *they threw her out!*

Yes, Hollywood is just now beginning to realize what they actually did to Alice White—how they kicked her when she was down—how they laughed at her when she cried. And that part of Hollywood that means anything is *ashamed!* Most of the film colony knows the history back of the bewildered little girl who became a star before she was ready (and I sincerely hope that everyone who ever knew her reads this article) but those of you who haven't had the opportunity of knowing Alice should realize the details of her struggle.

AND what's happened to Alice White?" Have you noticed how many of the letters written by fans to the Editor of MODERN SCREEN are asking this same question? Did you know that her personal fan mail still rivals many of the biggest stars in Hollywood, even though she has been off the screen for at least six months?

Now even Hollywood is asking the question!

But Hollywood's reason is a bit different than the fans'. You see, *Hollywood has Alice White on its conscience!*

They panned her . . . and she went ahead!

They laughed at her . . . and she smiled back!

They gossiped about her . . . and she called them her friends!

They gave her stardom with all its hardships and difficulties and heartaches before she had an opportunity to teach herself how to cope with the situation . . . and she did her level best!

Then, after she failed to stand the gaff of being a motion picture star; because she failed to handle herself

ALICE WHITE, then Alva White, came to Hollywood seven years ago—a "movie-bitten," eager-eyed girl who believed all she heard, read all the lurid accounts about "Hollywood Orgies" and devoured them without the necessary grain of salt. She had it in the back of her head that Hollywood was a slightly wicked place; that IT was the most desirable quality in the world; that Clara Bow was the greatest feminine figure of all time; and that all men were flirting with her!

Her first job was that of secretary to a real estate broker. She went to work with a vim that would put the average girl to shame, but she was fired at the end of the first week! Not because her work wasn't well done, not because she wasn't capable of being one of the best secretaries in town—but *because the boss' wife was jealous of her!* Alice got a huge kick out of being fired that first time; she really thought that if she could make wives jealous she was on the highway to Hollywood popularity!

TO ALICE WHITE?



And since this was the case, she thought, it might be a good idea to get a job at the Hollywood Writers' Club, where there were a lot of men! She did. As telephone operator. Once again her puppy-like friendship drew a lot of men to her. Many of the old hard-heads started to stop on their way to the lunch table to have a short chat with Alva. Of course, she thought all of them were trying to flirt with her. In fact, she went further—she thought most of them had evil designs on her.

Her grandparents, with whom she had come to live after the death of her mother and father, used to cluck their tongues as she recounted her experiences of the day. They knew that she had been brought up for the most part without discipline or correction, and so at first they attempted to check her wild ideas. But at length they gave up in despair and threw their hands in the air. Alice was not indifferent or rude to them. She merely thought

that they failed to understand the "younger generation." As a matter of fact, it was *Alice* who had the mistaken conception.

Each morning she was off to work, bright and early, wearing skirts unbelievably short. Her bare legs tapered to shoes with absurdly high heels, and the pert prettiness of her face made more men look at her in admiration rather than with evil designs.

THE main reason she had taken the job at the Writers' Club was because she thought it would bring her to the attention of a great number of men in the motion picture industry. And she was right! Her friendliness and willingness finally led to a position as script girl for Josef von Sternberg, then directing *Edna Purviance* at the Chaplin Studios. The now famous director (who was then considered cultured but eccentric) was at a loss to understand this girl who had suddenly appeared to work on his pictures. He used to look upon his pert little script girl as an almost unbelievable development of humanity. She couldn't sit still; she always chewed great quantities of gum; she rolled her eyes at every man on the set; she never wore stockings—but she was a marvelous script girl, nevertheless! She had a funny habit of running the length of the stage and landing in a large chair to rest. The really odd part of the whole procedure was that she always landed with her legs curled under her, and Von Sternberg fell into the habit of calling her "Peter Rabbit."

Suddenly a new menace hit the director's well-ordered existence. Publicity writers and photographers, visiting the set, used to pause to comment on Von Sternberg's cute little flapper clerk. "You ought to go in the movies," they would tell her. Then one lucky day one of the photographers took a special sitting of the White flapper, and the pictures looked amazingly like Clara Bow! Alice was so delighted at this resemblance to her idol that she decided to launch herself on a cinematic career at once. She quit her job the same day!

For months she trudged about to the offices of casting

directors with the pictures under her arm. On the correct days, she used to have lunch at the then movie-crowded Montmartre Café, where so many other girls had been discovered for movie contracts. At that time, Joan Crawford, Sally Blane and many others made the Montmartre their regular rendezvous on Wednesdays and Saturdays. But of the entire crowd, Alice was the most amazing. She wore unusually striking clothes of the cheapest kind. The mass of cheap "gold" jewelry she always wore used to leave a ring around the back of her neck. Her hair, by now, had become a vivid dyed blond.

HER hat was always on the back of her head, even long before that fashion came in. Her make-up was always the most conspicuous—deep-red, chalk-white, and black. But with all the gaudy clothes; the conspicuous make-up and the tough sledding, she was supremely happy. She sincerely believed that the attention she caused was prompted by admiration. She didn't realize that Hollywood was chuckling behind its hand at "that impossible little flapper, Alice White." For a long time that title clung to her. Even after the break came and she got her chance, there were many in Hollywood who continued to refer to Alice as the personification of the "outré."

As people began to comment on her resemblance to Clara Bow, Alice did all she could to foster it. Clara was her idol. It is rather humorous to recall one little incident that occurred at the start of her career. One day she appeared on the (Continued on page 113)



Cy Bartlett and Alice White. It is said that it was Cy who unwittingly jeopardized Alice's Hollywood career because he insisted on her receiving the rights due a star.

NO TIME FOR



With Constance Bennett in "Common Law." Strangely enough, Joel got the impression that Constance didn't like him the first day he worked with her. He was very much mistaken in this idea.



When he worked with Dorothy Mackaill in "Kept Husbands," he found it difficult not to be self-conscious and wooden when he took Dorothy into his arms for cinematic purposes. He got over it, finally.

I AM not in love with Constance Bennett nor is she in love with me." Thus, in fifteen words did Joel McCrea lay the ghost of romance. He looked up from his plate with a frown. "The gossips have tried to make an 'affair' out of every friendship I've had with a girl. First it was Gloria Swanson, then Dorothy Mackaill, and now it's Miss Bennett. The trouble with this town is that it's so saturated with sex that it cannot understand how a man and a woman can be good pals and nothing more.

"The joke is on the gossips, though," Joel smiled broadly, "for while they were trying to dish up dirt about what were really only good friendships, they overlooked the only real romance I've had!"

"And the girl—" I prompted.

"Oh no, you don't," grinned Joel, "not on your life. If you writers can make me out a regular Don Juan with nothing to work on, I'd hate to think what you might do with the real thing. I'll tell you this much, though. She is a star and a popular one. I was crazy about her while it lasted but that's all over now. Since things began to break for me I haven't time for romance!"

Hollywood has dubbed Joel McCrea "Hollywood's Latest Heart Breaker." Six feet three inches of lean, hard-muscled youth; deep set blue eyes, made bluer by contrast with his sun-bronzed skin; a shock of unruly blond hair; a smile that crinkles the corners of his eyes and a vivid boyish personality, as yet unspoiled by fame or adulation. He is indeed a figure to awaken romantic long-

ings in feminine breasts and yet, Joel McCrea is not the "heart breaker" type.

WE met in the RKO café for lunch. Knowing him only by reputation, I had expected a self-centered young Romeo, smirkingly conscious of his power to set feminine hearts a-flutter. Instead of a budding Casanova, I found a wholesome, clean-minded boy with a firm hand-clasp and a level gaze that marked him instantly for a man's man. A boy still in the process of adjusting himself to a new world of popularity and recognition and not a little bewildered over what is happening to Joel McCrea who but yesterday rode his pony down the dirt road that has become Hollywood Boulevard and waited outside Graham's Ice Cream Parlor to gaze with awe and admiration upon the movie heroes of the day.

"It seems like this business of love, sex, romance or whatever you want to call it, is always making life difficult," said Joel.

"There was Gloria Swanson, for instance. We were good pals, Gloria and I, and now, just because I happen to like Connie, she cuts me dead. Dot Mackaill was a great scout, too, but they had to begin to gossip about that. Just because I have worked with Miss Bennett in two pictures and begun to go around with her now and then, they've made a red-hot, sizzling romance out of it. But let's talk about something else."

It was no freak "break" that elevated Joel to his present popularity as a leading man. His success is the culmination of years of sincere effort.

"My first ambition was to be a cowboy," he admits, "but being right on the spot where the picture business was born, I soon decided that it would be the finest thing in the world to be an actor. I didn't entirely renounce my first desire for I was going to be a cowboy star, a

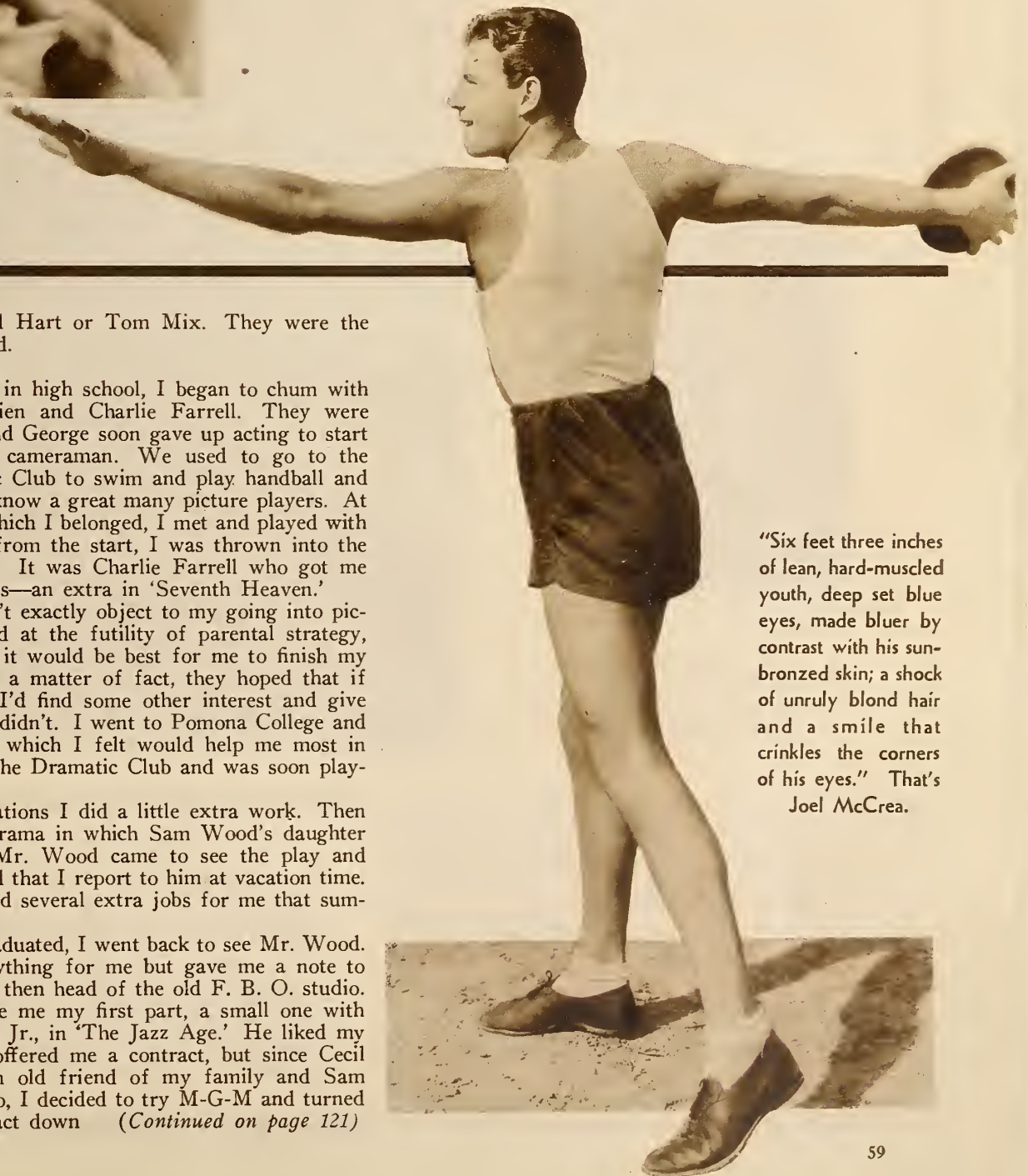
On page 36 there is a story which gives you a theory as to why Joel McCrea's name has become linked with Constance Bennett's. Compare it with this — and judge for yourself

ROMANCE

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



So says Joel McCrea, who, the gossips insist, is every which way about Constance Bennett. And he sticks by his story



sort of second Bill Hart or Tom Mix. They were the idols of my boyhood.

WHILE I was in high school, I began to chum with George O'Brien and Charlie Farrell. They were both extras then and George soon gave up acting to start in as an assistant cameraman. We used to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club to swim and play handball and of course I got to know a great many picture players. At the beach club to which I belonged, I met and played with others, so, almost from the start, I was thrown into the picture atmosphere. It was Charlie Farrell who got me one of my first jobs—an extra in 'Seventh Heaven.'

"My family didn't exactly object to my going into pictures," Joel grinned at the futility of parental strategy, "but they felt that it would be best for me to finish my education first. As a matter of fact, they hoped that if I went to college, I'd find some other interest and give up the idea. But I didn't. I went to Pomona College and majored in studies which I felt would help me most in pictures. I joined the Dramatic Club and was soon playing leads.

"During the vacations I did a little extra work. Then we had a college drama in which Sam Wood's daughter also had a part. Mr. Wood came to see the play and afterward suggested that I report to him at vacation time. I did and he secured several extra jobs for me that summer.

"When I was graduated, I went back to see Mr. Wood. He didn't have anything for me but gave me a note to William Le Baron, then head of the old F. B. O. studio. Mr. Le Baron gave me my first part, a small one with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in 'The Jazz Age.' He liked my work in that and offered me a contract, but since Cecil B. DeMille was an old friend of my family and Sam Wood was there too, I decided to try M-G-M and turned the F. B. O. contract down (Continued on page 121)

"Six feet three inches of lean, hard-muscled youth, deep set blue eyes, made bluer by contrast with his sun-bronzed skin; a shock of unruly blond hair and a smile that crinkles the corners of his eyes." That's Joel McCrea.

SECRETS OF THE

"Stiff ruffles are the forecast for fall and winter formal dresses," says Herman Rossé. And the girl who resembles Mae Clarke in type and stature can carry them to perfection. At the right Mae is wearing a black lace evening gown, the hip ruffle reinforced with horsehair braid. The lace of this particular gown is accented with a taffeta ribbon appliqué on the ruffle and on the lower skirt. Below, Mae is wearing a diminutive ermine cape that is very simple and very elegant for fall.



By VIRGINIA
T. LANE



I'M afraid I am revolutionary when it comes to women's fashions. Do you object to revolutionists?" This from Herman Rossé, designer for Universal—and the man who did all the interior decoration of the Peace Palace at The Hague!

"It is my firm belief that the *personality* of the individual should be stressed in clothes more than any *vogue* of the moment. In a reasonable degree, of course. We don't want eccentrics parading up and down the avenues in green ostrich feathers and red flannel suits because they happen to think such a costume is expressive of them. No. But neither do we want to see women adopting the newest fad in dress whether it's becoming to them or not. That's what I call 'parrot dressing.' We see too much of it in all parts of the world. Women with large hips

Long gloves, wrinkled at the wrists, are being worn for daytime; short ones for evening. Persian lamb, caracul and fox will be three of the most important fall furs. Woolen and tweed mixture coat-dresses are foremost on the fall horizon. Dolman sleeves are a pronounced feature of the latest wraps. Skirts for street wear are a trifle shorter and evening gowns just escape the floor.

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS



Yes—we admit Lola Lane's Herman Rossé evening gown of black velvet is a bit impractical for the everyday sort of person. But isn't it grand? Imagine sweeping into a room in such a gown! And, if modified a little in respect to décolletage and length of train, it would be stunning on a statuesque type. The shoulder straps and girdle of rhinestones add a compelling note. The hem widens and is bordered with black fox. Below, a tightly fitted jacquette to wear with such a gown—mostly black fox fur, and very short.



HERMAN
ROSSÉ—VII

..... Here are fascinating hints about that fall suit—that winter coat—and new formal attire

daring to wear ruffled peplums! Very thin, angular girls squeezing themselves into these new body-molding frocks . . . and looking like beanstalks! It's deplorable.

"One's bone structure and coloring must be taken into consideration when choosing a gown. Each woman differs from others in lineament and characteristics. It may be but a slight difference, yet it is there. So her dress should differ from the others in small subtleties that are essentially her."

HERMAN ROSSÉ is one of those quiet-spoken men whose opinion carries much weight. His name figures largely in art centers everywhere. In 1930 he won the prize for the finest art designs awarded by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for his work in



Above from left to right: a beautiful and unusual autumn suit worn by Genevieve Tobin. It's made of light blue silk-and-wool crêpe. The skirt is finely accordion pleated. The short blouse-jacket has raglan sleeves trimmed with moleskin cuffs. The huge scarf collar of moleskin is luxurious and chic. Next, Jean Arthur in a black lace evening gown with a pink satin yoke and a pink satin bow threaded into the skirt. And behold a pair of very sporty pajamas for Lola Lane, with enormous pearl buttons and a widish white belt. At the right Miss Tobin is happily appraising another of her Rossé suits—of black broadcloth and black galyak, with narrow revers of white ermine. All-black hat and accessories are worn with this suit.



"The King of Jazz." Universal made a master stroke when they prevailed upon him to sign a contract with them. He is the art supervisor of their largest productions. He has been the artistic adviser to the Netherland's government from whom he received a medal of honor in recognition of his ability and services. For three years he was head of the department of Decorative Design at the Art Institute in Chicago. Exhibitions of his paintings have been held in the most famous museums in this country and in Europe. The "Dutch Genius of Hollywood" he's called. Yes, Hollywood claims him for her own although he was born in Holland and studied at the Delft University there, at the Royal College of Art in London and at Leland Stanford here in California.

"Screen actresses are good examples for other women to adopt," remarked Rossé to me, thoughtfully, "for this reason: *they must have distinction.* Their very success depends upon how strongly they can emphasize their individuality. For instance, Lupe Velez may be a staunch admirer of Greta Garbo but think what folly it would be if she tried to imitate the stately Garbo, especially in her clothes. Lupe—in a mannish felt hat, low-heeled brogans

and a thick tweed suit! She would be lost! Yet many women do things quite as ridiculous. They try to be what they are not . . . because they want to be 'fashionable.'

"*I have no use for fashion!* (I warned you I was radical in my theories.) In popular speech 'fashion' and 'style' are synonymous, but their meanings, really, are very different. Fashion means an over-night fad. It's usually extreme and often ugly and impractical. It might be called the slang of dress. Style, on the other hand, is the effect of charm and grace created by the perfect suitability of garments to the wearer.

BY way of example, you remember early last winter when the thing to do—because everyone else was doing it—was to wear hats that exposed the whole fore-

Herman Rossé believes that everyday dresses should be made more



At the left is Herman Rossé, the clever Hollander who dictates the style for Universal's ladies. That statuette was awarded him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1930 for the gorgeous gowns and sets which you remember were in "The King of Jazz." Above, left to right: a beige broadcloth and beige galyak suit for Jean Arthur; Mae Clarke's silvery-blue tweed, with pointed edgings on coat and cuffs. The four-piece sable scarf would be a lovely addition for those who can afford it! And next, charming little Bette Davis in a formal afternoon ensemble of black chiffon. The white chiffon bodice is embroidered with cut steel beads.

head and conscientiously to tuck the hair out of sight? Some witty writer called it the 'march of the tombstones.' That is exactly what those bare foreheads looked like. Such a fashion was becoming to very few women and I mentally blessed those with the courage to disregard it and to wear something more adapted to them. They were the ones with style.

"Now, stiff ruffles are the forecast for fall and winter formal dresses. They can be made very attractive—on the right type of girl. On Mae Clarke, for instance. She wears a black lace evening gown in 'Waterloo Bridge' that has a short ruffle just below the hip-line. It's reinforced with horsehair braid for stiffening at the bottom. Very good on Miss Clarke, but I would hesitate to use it on Sidney Fox. Sidney is too much the 'small girl'

type; it would only shorten her appearance. Instead, because of her dark hair and eyes as well as her diminutive stature, we designed a pearl gray crêpe dress for her that has a bolero jacket. The material is so soft and clingy that the bolero doesn't detract from her height. It might if it were of a heavy woolen fabric. A soft fluted white ruffle around the neck enhances her coloring, and the gored skirt adds interest to the dress.

"In motion pictures, the reflective properties of materials are naturally of far more concern than the actual coloring. We have a range from paillettes and metallic cloths that glitter and shine to velvets and woolens which are light-absorbing.

"In everyday life these reflective values are more important at night than in the daytime, due to the limited quantity of light at night. When you enter a dining room or ballroom in the evening it's like making your entrance on a 'set' that is lit for action. And all women want to make a grand entrance. Is that not so? And they must do it chiefly through their attire. For a person a little past middle age, a bit of sparkle in the jewelry or in the dress itself will give a certain (Continued on page 116)

interesting—and that clothes should fit into one's surroundings



Photograph by Preston Duncan

SHE'S FOOLING YOU

THE STAR NOBODY KNOWS

Jean Harlow has fooled the world that she's just a party girl. But she is not fooling Jean Harlow



There is a man in Missouri who taught Jean Harlow most of the splendid wisdom which she now possesses. Long ago he wrote her letters of wit and shrewdness and she wrote him epistles of girlhood's gaiety. But now that man refuses to acknowledge her name.

By CURTIS MITCHELL

THE crackle and swirl of Hollywood have been a part of Jean Harlow's life for the last four years. And she has been a part of it. No May-fair party is complete without her; no flood-lighted opening night with the natives lined a dozen deep to glimpse her perfection. Hourly and daily, Hollywood sees her—but it does not know her.

Nor America. Even though her platinum hair has pulsed like candle flame across a thousand footlights as she spanned the continent, making personal appearances.

The star nobody knows. . . .

You probably hate her—and why not! Her first picture, "Hell's Angels," showed her as an over-sexed aristocrat; then she was a gun moll, a gangster's gal, and a sour-souled gold-digger. She's had "bad" parts and she has played them "bad." So, if you hate her, give the little girl a hand: she is an actress.

Actually, she is one of the hardest persons to dislike I have ever met.

WE stood before a window on Park Avenue—Jean Harlow and I. Through the unending throb of traffic there seeped the shouts of newsboys. They were crying an "extra." An internationally known artist and pet of every circle in which he moved, had shot himself through the head—suddenly and unexpectedly.

"No matter what you are—or what you do—you've got to live with yourself," she had just said.

The artist's obituary, written by himself a few minutes before his death, said, "I've run from country to country, always trying to get away from myself."

How odd, I thought, that this unblemished woman and this disillusioned man should have reached the same conclusion. How odd that one should be alive and eager for life and the other—dead. Why? I wondered.

The answer is a man who lives in a house by the side of the road in Missouri.

But now, look with me into the background of this fair-haired Princess Charming. Tastes, dislikes, opinions. These are signposts of character.

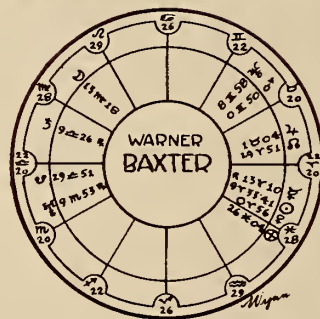
People have seen her chewing gum—in her dressing room between shots. And eating spinach, which she loves—without sand. Spare ribs and sauerkraut are her favorite food. She carries a portable victrola wherever she goes. "Falling in Love Again" is a passion; the tune, not the sensation. She will offer you a cocktail or a dance, if you aren't careful. All good sturdy American qualities.

The one thing she hates above all else is hypocrisy. The thing she loves most is work.

If that were all there is to her, her life would be very simple, but because it isn't simple (*Continued on page 102*)

WARNER BAXTER'S FUTURE

By WYNN



ANYONE who has been to the movies a couple of times and witnessed Warner Baxter living the part he is portraying doesn't have to look at his horoscope to know he is a born actor.

And here is a good joke on the astrologers—at least it is one on me—for his is not a horoscope that immediately proclaims him to be the excellent screen artist that he is. I have no hesitation in saying that if this chart were handed to me without his name on it I would probably miss his present vocation. If you were able to place this horoscope before me and ask "What chance would he have in the movies?" I would study it a while and then say: "That ascendant points to something artistic and his mid-heaven, where we look for occupational fitness, indicates success with large multitudes; yes, and Uranus is the ruler of his dramatic fifth division and is located in his first house (temperament). Yes, I think he could make good."

After studying his nativity more deeply, however, many things come to light that are not apparent on the surface.

That may sound strange to some readers of these notes, for there is a belief going around that the astrologer has merely to glance at a horoscope and in two minutes be able to tell everything that ever happened or ever will happen in the life of the person who owns it.

Such, my friends, would be fine if it were true.

The astrologer who gets anything real out of a horoscope has to work plenty at it and dig deep to find it.

FOR instance, take comrade Baxter's position of the Moon. It is my firm conviction that this is the dominant astrological reason for his being the great artist that he is. According to the ancient Chaldeans, who left us many valuable truths about the influence of the planetary rays on human psychology, the middle decanate of the sign Virgo is ruled by the artistic Venus. This ten-degree area includes the position of the Sun every year from September 3 to 13, in which we find much that accounts for stage and artistic success. Coleridge, the composer; Eugene Field, the poet; Chopin, John Drew, Oscar Wilde, Harold McGrath, Lewis Carroll, who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"; Bulwer Lytton, James K. Hackett, Maeterlinck, Dvorák and Bret Harte are some of the famous names of the past that have registered astrologically in this decan. Among our present day celebrities we have

. . . Besides telling about the future of Warner Baxter, the astrologer gives some excellent help for casting your horoscope

According to Wynn, Warner Baxter is capable of portraying splendidly every kind of male character. Versatility is one of the things which shows in his horoscope. At the right, Warner and Janet Gaynor in the highly successful "Daddy Long Legs."



Neil Hamilton, Maurice Chevalier, Bebe Daniels, Mary Astor, Lew Ayres, Helen Chandler, Ronald Colman, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Farrell, Greta Garbo, William Haines, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Fredric March, Janet Gaynor, Sylvia Sydney, Helen Twelvetrees and Lupe Velez—all with some important influence falling in this part of the Zodiac at the time of their birth.

And Warner Baxter has the Moon, ruler of his occupation, in this highly artistic area.

Now you see why the joke is on me. Well, next time I see a horoscope with anything important in this section, the second ten degrees of Virgo, I will probably lend its owner carfare to Hollywood if he or she will split future profits with me.

If somebody should get up an insurance company for

the purpose of selling policies on the careers of picture stars he would have to compile a table of averages that would show the length of time the actors and actresses linger in the top spot. And the figures would be mighty small, as you can easily appreciate when you pick up an old paper of even a couple of years back and note the names that were then up in the bright lights.

Yet Warner Baxter's name has not faded.

He would be one on whom the insurance company would make money, for he is lasting much beyond the average stay of popular stars. When we search for the astrological reason for this we again run into the artistic Venus, the same planet that rules his Moon decan. It is also the ruling planet of his life, for he has the great balance sign, Libra, on his Ascendant. The reason for his prolonged success is the fact that he has Saturn in Libra as well as his Ascendant. Saturn in this sign is exalted. It is the same planet and sign that account for the success of former Vice President Dawes.

MORE: in friend Baxter's horoscope, Saturn is the ruler of his fourth division, where we find the picture of conditions which will be surrounding him at the close of his earthly life. This I take to indicate that he will remain before us as long as he lives, acting and entertaining us as only he can.

Yes, as only Warner Baxter can. For his dramatic fifth house, where we locate the indications of a person's acting ability, is ruled by the sudden and changeable, highly intellectual Uranus. It shows that he is capable of any and all male characterizations. A big statement, I know, but I think both he and I can back it up, he in his way and I in mine. He will back it up by (Continued on page 118)

THE TRUE STORY OF



(Above) Norma and her executive husband, Irving Thalberg, aboard Miss Shearer's yacht, Norma S, during their honeymoon days. (Right) As they appeared on their arrival in Chicago during their trans-continental trip which preceded their recent voyage to Europe on the Europa.



Norma receiving from Conrad Nagel the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' award for her performance in "The Divorcée."



By WALTER RAMSEY

THE current magazines abound in stories of the popular office romances, but none could be fresher or more original than the Front Office romance between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. It was a witty comedy-of-errors that might easily pattern a fiction story. Nor was it a case of love—or even mutual attraction—at first sight. Miss Norma Shearer's first impression of Mr. Irving Thalberg, general manager and "Boy Wonder" of the Hollywood production colony, was that he was a very impertinent young man.

It disturbed her considerably that one so young, so handsome and so . . . er . . . romantic looking, should control the threads of her professional destiny. Norma was in dead seriousness about her career—and she rather fancied the idea of an older and perhaps paunchier person to guide her motion picture future.

From the very outset she was ambitious for rôles that would advance her as a dramatic actress, and when she continued

NORMA SHEARER



The wedding picture. (Left to right) Jack Conway, Isabella Crowdin (a chum of Norma's), Douglas Shearer, Marion Davies, Norma, Irving, Sylvia Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, Irene Mayer, Edith Mayer and King Vidor. All Hollywood was thrilled at the marriage of these two young people.

Norma and Douglas, her brother. Although Norma's influence got him into the movies, it was Douglas' keen mind and excellent capacity for study which made him a successful sound engineer.

The romance and the marriage of this famous star, told in fascinating detail, will delight you with its intimate charm

to draw small and certainly inconspicuous parts in the Mayer program she decided to have a serious talk with this young man whose word was law up in the Front Office. She had not one—but several of them.

In these discussions many stormy moments developed. Tears, woman's most powerful weapon, proved to no avail in dealing with the youthful but adamant general manager.

It was upon one of these occasions that Norma suddenly switched to a new strategy.

"I want you to know that I didn't have to accept your offer in the first place," she snapped in the midst of one of their arguments. "I had two other offers before I accepted yours!"

Norma looked at the impertinent young man to see if her statement had taken the proper effect. She saw that Thalberg had to draw his hand over his face to smother a grin. Then a ray of light glimmered for her.

"Are you the 'Mr. Thalberg' who made that Universal offer?" she gasped.

He nodded.

"And the other two also," he replied, pushing a five-year contract toward her. "Here are the papers we have been discussing."

She signed on the dotted line and went back to work—a new sparkle in her eyes. To receive *three* offers from such a . . . er . . . handsome executive was perhaps more exciting than to receive three offers from three different, but less personable gentlemen.

ROMANCE had come knocking at the Front Office door. Norma knew it. From that moment she realized that Mr. Irving Thalberg was no longer an impertinent young man in her imagination—but a very disturbing young man in her heart. She liked him—she hoped he liked her. . . .

But if Thalberg heard the rappings he gave no sign of it. His attitude toward Norma Shearer was as business-like as ever. The discussion of parts and stories continued. Norma felt other girls were getting rôles she deserved. She fought for them—cried for them—but Thalberg yielded no ground. He was the Big Boss. His word was law. And there was no court of appeals.

For two years Norma worked with the idea of perfecting herself so that he might find her worthy of the big rôles that were coming up. But if Thalberg noticed that the girl who had arrived in Hollywood a rather plump, inexperienced actress was striving to improve her appearance by diet, and her technique by study, he gave no sign of interest.

At this time practically all of Thalberg's attention was centered on a business deal that would merge the Louis B. Mayer studio with the Goldwyn and Metro organizations. His work often kept him late at the studio and occasionally when he did venture out of a social evening, it was in a party group. His name had been linked in engagement rumors with both Constance Talmadge and Rosabelle Laemmle. Thalberg's real romantic engage-

ment was with his office desk. He was a demon for work—*hard work* and plenty of it.

At last the trying deal was consummated and the Mayer forces moved to the now famous white studio in Culver City. Along with them went a certain contract player—Miss Norma Shearer of New York City.

Some nights when Norma would climb the stairs to her dressing room after a long day before the camera, she would glance over to the executive building and look for the light in the general manager's office.

IT would cheer me up to know he was working late and putting in long hours, too," she relates. "One Christmas Eve I worked until almost midnight. It was raw and cold. I was tired and heartsick and lonesome. I felt very much abused that I was being made to work at such a time. Just as I reached my dressing room the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg.

"'Merry Christmas, Miss Shearer,' he said very politely and hung up. I put down the receiver and cried. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me outside of business matters."

Although Thalberg was apparently taking no active interest in her career, Norma was rapidly forging to the front. The directors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot wanted her for their pictures. Following a very excellent performance in "The Snob," the critics had eagerly hailed her as a stunning girl, a splendid actress and the most prominent starring material on the M-G-M lot.

In the flapper-crazed screen world Norma stood out in fastidious relief, her femininity and natural charm bringing her quickly to public favor. She proved herself equally effective as a comedienne and a dramatic star in such diversified silent pictures as "Pleasure Mad," "Excuse Me" and "He Who Gets Slapped," the latter with Lon Chaney and John Gilbert.

In the informal *camaraderie* of the studio life, Miss Shearer and Gilbert became good friends, frequently attending social functions together. Norma's salary had been increasing with her prestige, and by this time she and her mother were living in a charming home in North Hollywood. It was not long before they were joined by Athole and her young son (Athole had separated from her husband).

JOHAN GILBERT was a frequent caller at Norma's Stanley Avenue home. They attended first nights and social affairs together and seemed to enjoy each other's company immensely, although there was never any hint of romance between them. Very often Thalberg would be at some social gathering John and Norma attended.

When Irving and Norma met—it was always the same—a casual nod, and then they passed on.

"The funny part of it is," laughs Norma, "that I knew all the time that we were in love with one another. Irving may not have realized it. He was a business lion but a social lamb."

The ice was broken in a modernized John Alden episode, which thrilled a certain modern Priscilla.



When Norma Shearer used to meet Irving Thalberg during her early days on the M-G-M lot, their greeting was always the same—merely a casual nod. But, even so, Norma says that she knew all the time that they were in love with each other.

"My telephone rang one day after I had become a star," she explained. "This was about three years after I first came to Hollywood. When I answered it, it was Mr. Thalberg's secretary. She asked if I was attending the opening of a certain picture that evening. I told her I was not—that I had not been invited. She then relayed an invitation to attend the opening of the picture with Mr. Thalberg.

"I wanted awfully to say, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Irving?' for I had a strong hunch he was probably listening in to hear what I would say. But I didn't take any chances. I accepted the invitation at once."

After that the only masculine caller at Norma's Hollywood home was Irving Thalberg. The courtship lasted well over a year. Hollywood took a keen interest in Norma's sparkling engagement ring, in the way the dignified Norma and the Big Boss discreetly held hands in theaters after the lights had gone down.

THEY were married September 29, 1927, in the garden of the Thalberg home with only their families and close friends to witness the ceremony. Athole (now Mrs. Howard Hawkes) and (Continued on page 108)



Wonder how many of our American romances start over an ice cream soda? But lest this drugstore idyll prove misleading, let us hasten to explain that Frank Fay and Bebe Daniels don't care if Ben Lyon does treat Barbara Stanwyck to a sody—it's just a scene from "Night Nurse," Barbara's next starring picture for Warners, in which Ben is playing opposite her.

LET'S TALK ABOUT

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH II

Step up, you ardent movie fans, and get the low-down on the higher-ups. It's all here in delightful detail



International

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon recently sailed for Honolulu with the Louella Parsons party which included many of Hollywood's notables. Bebe's doctor went along too—just in case the stork arrived ahead of time.



Jackie Cooper's handwriting may be a little childish but it meant plenty when he put it at the bottom of an M-G-M contract calling for his services. That's Louis B. Mayer with him.

WHAT Hollywood does to happy marriages is a crime. Bert Wheeler and his pretty, young wife, Bernice, are the latest to fall victim to the film city's spell of incompatibility. Bernice claims that Bert has gone Hollywood and she doesn't like him that way at all. So she took their baby and moved to a hotel. In the meantime, Bert has gone on a trip to New York before he starts work on his next comedy for RKO. After doing three more pictures, he plans to appear in musical comedy in the East, probably for George White.

If this break between the Wheelers is permanent, perhaps Bernice will go on the stage herself. She has been studying dancing under the instruction of the Mosconi Brothers, who have a studio in Hollywood, and Bernice is a very talented "hooper." She did a tap specialty at the Thaliens' party not so long ago, and her act went over with a bang.

Both Bert and Bernice are very popular in Hollywood—and we hope that they will kiss and make up.

TIMES are sure hard in Hollywood. It is rumored that a prominent film family have sold all their big cars and are now lap-dissolving from place to place.

Hollywood's latest romantic pair is Rose Hobart and Kent Douglas. Both are making rapid strides in pic-

tures . . . and when two such attractive up-and-coming players meet, something is bound to happen.

FOR those of you who are interested—it costs just \$40 a month to rent a baby incubator. Just in case of emergency Bebe Daniels is taking one along with her on her trip to Honolulu. The Lyons baby isn't expected for a couple of months, but Bebe wanted to take all precautions, so she rented the incubator to take with her. Also, Bebe's doctor is accompanying her, at the same time taking his vacation—and if the baby should take a notion to appear prematurely—everything will be in readiness for his welcome.

David Manners had his hair blondined for a rôle in "Safe In Hell." After ten days of shooting on the production, First National decided to postpone the picture. This leaves David with yellow hair and no excuse for having it. . . .

HOLLYWOOD

(Right) Irene Rich recently gave up the chance of a good rôle in order to be at her daughter's—Frances Rich—Class Day festivities at Smith College. That's Frances on the right. At the left is Jane, Irene's other daughter. (Below) Richard Barthelmess recently paid a visit to the East and this was snapped at the Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island.



Acme



International

BARBARA STANWYCK was originally scheduled for the feminine lead in "Safe In Hell," but Columbia wanted her for a picture so she couldn't do the part. Then First National got all hot and bothered about Lillian Bond, and assigned her the feminine lead in the picture. But after ten days work they discovered that she wasn't the type. Marilyn Miller turned down the same rôle because it was that of a bad woman, and Marilyn was afraid her fans would be disillusioned if she appeared in the part.

So until they find a girl who can play the lead, "Safe In Hell" is indefinitely postponed. And David Manners will have to keep his hat on to hide that peroxide effect.

HERE'S a sight that many fans would have given their eyeteeth to see—Janet Gaynor, husband Lydell Peck, Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, all dining together at the Montmartre. And having a good time, too!

Out at the opening of Janet's new picture, "Daddy Long Legs," Charlie and she walked into the theater together, much to the enjoyment of

the fans crowded around the entrance. Of course, Virginia and Lydell were also in the party, but all eyes were on Charlie and Virginia. Janet looked lovely in a white crêpe gown of long, fitted lines. With it she wore a short evening wrap of orchid velvet.

Fox realizes that the Gaynor-Farrell team should be kept before the public . . . as a team—and is delighted that the quartette of Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell are so congenial.

IF you want to find out how your voice would record over the microphone, stand in the bottom of an empty swimming pool and talk. Lots of Hollywoodians practice their lines for their pictures this way. Frances Starr claims that she discovered this method; she postponed having her pool filled with water for five weeks while she was appearing in a picture—so that she could practice each day's lines in it.

P. S. Bert Wheeler says: "Be sure the pool is empty."

THE annual Southern California dog show at the Ambassador Hotel brought out Hollywood's prize canines. Billie Dove entered her three black Scotties, and "Lassie," one of the Dove trio, brought home two ribbons. However, we can tell you that Billie spent an anxious afternoon waiting for her chauffeur to bring news of the show.

One of Clara Bow's Great Danes copped a prize, too. Rex Bell entered it in the show—because Clara had gone to his Nevada ranch for a nice long rest. Zeppo Marx's two hunting dogs came away with seven ribbons.

LOOK FOR OTHER GOSSIP ON PAGES 15 AND 92



Little Miss Jordan is wearing an ivory chiffon negligée trimmed with maribou. Across the bed are dainty nightgowns of orchid and flesh chiffon. On the chair, a peach georgette and black lace nightie—the sort that seems gorgeous enough for an evening gown. At the left, Dorothy wears a spectator-sport dress of a heavy white georgette with a tiny jacquette of blue. Hanging up are two sport dresses—left, apple green, slashed with black and white, and, right, ivory crêpe satin with wide collar of coral and black. On the bed is a white suede sport coat, worn with a white beret and vivid scarf. Below, two groups of sport accessories.



Dorothy displays the perfect wardrobe for the petite miss—

WARDROBES

Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull.



Dorothy has taken off her chiffon negligée to reveal a peach satin nightie, its V-neck deeply trimmed with lace. The narrow natural-waistline belt with the tailored bow is cute. At the right, Dorothy's most grown-up and sophisticated evening wrap, of which she is righteously proud. It's made of white velvet, the long scarf collar and bell sleeves banded with silver. That very grand scarf can be left as it is in the picture, thrown once around the shoulders, tossed carelessly backwards and left to its own devices—or whatever suits milady best. Below, left, black and white afternoon accessories, and, right, evening accessories.



and for those glorious late summer and early fall days

There's a pretty frock here for the clever seamstress to copy



At the extreme left, an evening gown of flame chiffon, with an interesting narrow panel down the front which sternly represses all fullness until the kneeline is reached. On the hangers are two very sweet frocks which are typically "Dorothy Jordan": a demurely flowered organdie, and a tucked and lace-trimmed orchid-blue chiffon. The small picture shows Dorothy's flame velvet evening wrap, hip length and trimmed with a scarf.



In the small picture (right) Dorothy has slipped into the orchid-blue chiffon to show it to you in more detail. The girl who makes her own clothes could easily copy this. At the extreme right, a group of street frocks: Dorothy's wearing a fox-trimmed coral crêpe dress. On the bed is a green tweed, with a black velvet collar, and a biscuit colored broadcloth. On the hanger is a prim little tailored dress of dark blue crêpe. And on the chair is a dull green crêpe suit, with a white vest.



Dorothy's type can wear frills and tailored simplicity equally well

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

ELISSA LANDI

—who somehow manages to be both natural and exotic at the same time, has just finished her third novel, despite hard work at the studio on her next talkie, "Wicked." After that she's scheduled to do a picture at present titled "The Yellow Ticket." Her steady luncheon diet is a bacon and tomato sandwich on whole wheat bread—no more.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

WILLIAM POWELL

—who has completed "The Other Man" (formerly titled "Co-Respondent") for Warner Brothers, with two beautiful blond leading ladies—Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh. He insists, however, that Carole Lombard is the most important blonde to him. Carole and Bili plan to spend their honeymoon in Honolulu. On their return, Bill will make "Private Detective." Bill buys every operatic victrola recording on the market.



MAUREEN
O'SULLIVAN

—whose winsome Irish appeal will next be seen in "Skyline." Her greatest ambition is to fly a plane, but the Fox studio says no. Maureen set Hollywood gasping over the stunning clothes she brought back from abroad. She's picked out a nice boy to be romantic about—Russell Gleason, so they say. She's using his roadster until she decides what kind of jaunting car she wants for her own.



Photograph by Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY

—who has been made a star in spite of himself. This is the third time he's been elevated to stardom: first with Keystone Comedies, then with Raymond Hatton at Paramount, and now he's one of M-G-M's biggest. Wallie spends his spare time in his six-passenger plane. He's also enthusiastic about making amateur movies in Technicolor. His next picture will be "Sea Eagles."

He'll do quite a bit of flying in it, incidentally.



DOLORES
DEL RIO

—who enjoys the distinction of having three stories in preparation at once. They are "The Dove," "The Bird of Paradise," and one untitled picture. Her husband, Cedric Gibbons, who is an M-G-M designer, recently gave her a modernistic house at Santa Monica Canyon. It looks like a glorified movie set. Dolores is one star who can eat absolutely everything and still remain perfectly slim and svelte and beautiful.

MODERN SCREEN

SMART MONEY (First National)

THERE'S good entertainment in this tale of a lowly and garrulous barber who becomes a big shot gambler. But from a purely critical standpoint, the story is thin and trite, both direction and editing being below par. Nevertheless, the presence of those twin cinematic aces, Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney, makes it possible for the picture to hold audience attention all along the route.

Mr. Robinson contributes one of his best characterizations as the "tonsorial artist" who becomes a big card and chip man, only to fall victim to a blonde. Several blondes, in fact. And James Cagney in a less important rôle shares the star's honors. It is whispered that the plot idea is based upon the exploits of one Nick the Greek, a very real character in the gambling world.



NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)

COMPARISONS, of course, are odious. And this goes doubled in spades when Nancy Carroll strives for Garbo effects as she does in this cheap, incoherent melodrama. Despite a cast including such names as those of Miss Carroll, Fredric March, Phoebe Foster, Alison Skipworth and Alan Hale, its strength is insufficient to elevate the silly story to program merit.

The triangle is composed of Mr. March as a district attorney, Mr. Hale as a love-sick strong man, and Miss Carroll as a Lily-of-the-Gutter. For the big moment the hero slays the heavy with a (whoops!) nail file. And for the climax Mr. March, having been acquitted of his crime, chases Nancy through crowded thoroughfares for the clinch. By far the best of the players is Mr. Hale—minor laurels for Mistresses Skipworth and Foster.



MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)



ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Metro's newest star, acquits himself admirably as a light farceur in this "risky" comedy of errors. And because of his excellence, a lesser effort of the studios becomes spicily palatable entertainment. The film is fast-moving and rollicking, but it's nothing to which the kiddies should take grandma, for the racy dialog and situations might bring a blush to her cheek.

The slender, smiling Montgomery is cast as a bailiff stationed in the home of Irene Purcell. Subsequently the "man in possession" is forced to pinch-hit as the family butler, and complications come fast, if not thick, when he is compelled by plot exigencies to spend the night in the heroine's home. Mr. Montgomery extracts all the sly fun from the farce and is ably supported.

THE VIKING (Independent)



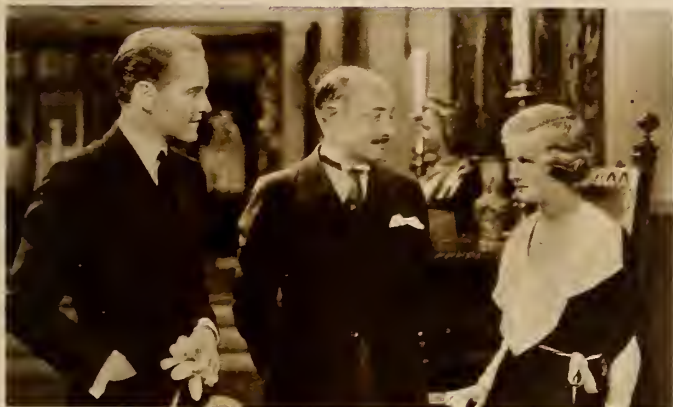
TRAGEDY stalks the screen in every sequence of this epic of the frozen Northern fastnesses, for it can never be forgotten that the film cost the lives of many brave men. The picture is impressive in the awesome splendor of its Arctic scenery, and genuinely thrilling when it confines itself to realism. But, unfortunately, in weaving a plot against the glamour of its background, its fundamental strength has been weakened by absurd melodramatics, poorly conceived and played.

Had the film been limited to an exposition of the perils of seal-hunting in the ice-bound seas of the Polar regions, it might have been a record for all time to come. But the introduction of a fictional plot lessens both its drama and romance. Except for that scenery, one feels that it was all a bit futile. But, of course, if you like scenery—

REVIEWS

AN AUTHENTIC AID IN CHOOSING SHOWS

HUSH MONEY (Fox)



THERE'S not a lot to recommend Joan Bennett's new one as an outstanding screen novelty. Yet, the presence of Connie's kid sister is, in itself, almost sufficient to bring the picture above the mire of mediocrity in which it constantly threatens to be bogged. The orchidaceous Joan, besides her youthful pulchritude, brings to the screen a new dramatic sense which promises highly for her future.

As to the fable, it's the old, old story based upon the unanswerable question, "Should a woman tell?" Here Joan has a prison record, and when she marries the wealthy Hardie Albright, dat ol' scoundrel, Owen Moore, endeavors to cast the dark shadow of her past over her happiness. But, of course, the situation is saved—and not by the Marines—before the finish.

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)



ANOTHER triumph for the artistry of Ramon Novarro is recorded in this fine feature which presents the favorite in a rôle vastly different to any he has previously essayed. The conflict here is provided by racial prejudice which blights the romance between East and West. For Ramon, you see, is a "son of India" who has amassed untold wealth through trafficking in precious stones. Then, at the height of his fame and popularity, he finds tragedy in love.

Madge Evans, new to the screen, is the American girl who listens to the nabob's love song. And in this initial venture she wins her cinematic spurs with a believable and sympathetic portrayal. Histrionic honors are plentiful, and among others, the talented Marjorie Rambeau and dependable Conrad Nagel deserve a share.

TRANSGRESSION (RKO-Radio)

A COMPLICATED, hard-to-take story is well played and excellently directed, and thus this star-dotted picture is pretty much bound to please the customers. It is one of those wife-and-husband dramas with Kay Francis and Paul Cavanaugh threatened by an evil Lothario impersonated by Ricardo Cortez. And after the usual liaison has been established, blackmail rears its hooded head before the wife confesses.

Director Herbert Brenon seems to have sensed that his story was a bit wild-eyed, for the entire cast underplays the situations. Kay Francis gets first honor for as meritorious a characterization as she has contributed in her cinematic career. The chilliness of Paul Cavanaugh is balanced by the warmth of Ricky Cortez, while Nance O'Neil brings distinction to a subordinated rôle.



REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)

HOORAY for another "Holiday"! And cheers plus a tiger for Ina Claire. After bad breaks in earlier pictures, this really great actress comes into her own in this strictly class, wittily sophisticated domestic drama. It's subtleties may be over the heads of the gum-chewers, but smart cinema-goers will love every inch of it.

The type of story, and the light, bright dialogue of Donald Ogden Stewart is superbly suited to Miss Claire's talents, and she is ably aided by Robert Ames, Robert Williams and Myrna Loy. Miss Loy, by the way, after years of mediocrity is developing steadily and consistently into one of Hollywood's best players. The plot and treatment here are similar to "Holiday," the story being about a man and girl who find one another on the "rebound" from earlier love affairs.



"What shall we see?" These reviews will help you choose

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (Paramount)

CAROLE LOMBARD packs this one up in a neat parcel and walks away with the picture in a superb performance as a snooty daughter of the effete East who falls victim to the darts of a cowboy Cupid. The story itself is so well worn that it forces the film into the ranks of program pictures. But you'll want to see it for Carole's performance. And then, too, our old pal Gary Cooper is the steer-and-Stetson hero.

The girl goes West, you see, when she becomes involved in a home-town scandal. In vamping Gary, a strong-silent-man, she loses her own heart. Their marriage goes haywire, however, because she shows a yellow streak when confronted with ranch-house hardships. But she redeems herself when Gary is injured by a bucking bronc. Gary gets none of the best of it in this rôle.



JUST A GIGOLO (M-G-M)

A VERY talky talkie, containing little enough action doesn't find William Haines happily cast as a youthful nobleman masquerading as a dime-a-dance-man. There is, however, a certain amount of rough-house fun in the film, and a traditional chase sequence strives for an hilarious ending. The fade-out kiss, incidentally, is given and taken in the bath-room, after Bill chases Irene Purcell, following her delivery of a well-directed wallop.

The poorly developed plot intimates that Bill goes gigolo to meet new girls, but the surprise dénouement is that he has been protecting his wealth from gold-digging adventuresses. Miss Purcell, the heroine, is aware of the disguise. But this, too, is a secret until the bath-room finale. Haines gets fine support from C. Aubrey Smith, Albert Conti and other capable players.



THE BLACK CAMEL (Fox)



HERE'S Warner Oland again posing as Charlie Chan, the wise-cracking Chinese detective who finally solves Earl Derr Bigger's Hawaiian murder mystery on that beach at Waikiki. And again Mr. Oland makes a thorough-going job of it. The picture adheres to the tale upon which it is based, and avoids the too many complications that made the story slightly tedious.

Those who revel in detective thrillers—and many of our best minds do just that—will find an interesting hour in watching Mr. Oland select the murderer from a cast including Sally Eilers, Bèla Lugosi, Dorothy Revier, Victor Varconi, Marjorie White, Richard Tucker, J. M. Kerrigan and Robert Young. Next to Charlie Oland—we mean Warner Chan—Victor Varconi and Bèla Lugosi are best. You'll never guess the culprit's identity.

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)



THERE'S still considerable kick left in this old stage drama which has been ably resurrected in the present version. It fairly reeks of the Great Open Spaces, hemen, and little gals, and is refreshingly primitive after a plethora of slick city cinemas. It provides Warner Baxter with an opportunity to present a picture of spurred romance. And gives Lupe Velez a rôle for which she is finely suited. Aside from thrill and love interest, the comedy is placed in the competent hands of J. Farrell MacDonald and Raymond Hatton.

Indeed, the picture may be classed as one of those all-star revivals, for in addition to the talent listed, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Roland Young, Paul Cavanaugh, Julia Faye and others ably enact the familiar rôles. Thus the picture is a guaranty of entertainment.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

These nifties, which our reporter just uncovered, will keep your mind off old man depression



(Above) Here, dear reader, is a bold, bad man, leering horribly. Also a telephone, not leering. If you look carefully at this suave man-about-town, you will observe that he was made up to look as much like Satan as possible and succeeded in looking like the devil. His name? Oh, yes, Joe Ryan, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Joe Ryan played the leader of the wicked crooks in a fluffy little thing called, "The Black Circle." Yes, it was a serial—without sugar or cream.



At the left, ladies and gentlemen, is a Grade A demonstration of "love" as portrayed by Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston in "The Squaw Man"—a bath-tubless epic made by DeMille in 1913. Yes, he's just finished the 1931 model. But, getting back to the picture, note the expression on the lady's face—the closed eyes, etc. The fellow has just said: "Gee, but you're a swell gal, baby." And she is about to reply: "And that moustache of yours, darling, simply knocks the spots off my inhibitions. How about a peccadillo, eh?"



Frank has just sworn that he isn't the least bit ticklish and of course Loretta calls his bluff. "Oh, so he isn't a bit ticklish, isn't he?" cries the minx. "Ow! Stop it! Help! Enough!" yells Frank. "I meant I wasn't ticklish except in my ribs. Yi! Eeee—stop it, will you? Please!"

Specially posed for
MODERN SCREEN
by Loretta Young and
Frank Albertson and
photographed by
Elmer Fryer.

Loretta's drefful sorry she tickled poor Frankums. Loretta give poor Frankums nice kiss and make it all better. Well, he could take a mean advantage of her right now and push her neatly on to the floor, but we don't think he will.



HE, SHE, AND "IT"

Loretta and Frank charm-
ingly portray two modern
young folks in love

Up there at the top, Frank may be trying to see what color Loretta's eyes are. But we don't think he is. And neither do we think that, in the picture below it, he's sheltering her from a draught. We're positive that the kiss he's giving her in the picture at the lower right hand corner isn't brotherly. And we're equally positive that in the picture directly below they're looking at nothing except their own dreams of happiness.



THEIR PET

(Right) Mary Brian has a delightful habit of giving her friends amusing little gifts when she is coming home or going away. She gives presents to everyone from the president to the office boy. (Below) Richard Dix's pet extravagance is English setters. He has twenty-five of them and they live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley.



J. WELCH

By DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT

THERE'S a familiar bromide that says you want what you can't have. Being forced to economize on some particular thing makes it assume an importance far out of proportion to its value. Every one of us has probably vowed, "If I ever can afford it I'm going to buy lots of—" well, something that would probably seem rather silly to the rest of the world, but which would be mighty soul-satisfying to us! Behind every star's pet extravagance is a reason that harks back to the past.

Where is Claud Allister, that droll English comedian, going with a dozen trunks? Nowhere! He hasn't journeyed farther than a hundred miles from Hollywood.



EXTRAVAGANCES

Almost every star has one—and they range all the way from thoroughbred setters and steamer trunks to gorgeous bathrooms

nor absented himself for longer than a week-end, since he arrived here two years ago. But he has a yen for wardrobe trunks. He buys every new type that appears on the market; and when his store-room is jammed with trunks, he reluctantly turns three or four of them back to the dealer—as part-payment on a still more splendid one. You see, for ten years Allister, (in stage parlance) "lived in a trunk." When the enthusiastic young actor first launched forth on a theatrical career in spite of parental opposition, he was jolly glad to get \$3 a week. After paying for board, room, laundry, and clothes from this magnificent sum, he didn't have much left to splurge with. The other actors, more seasoned and well-paid, all had trunks that seemed quite gorgeous to young Allister, who was justifiably ashamed of his dilapidated specimen. As his circumstances improved, he traded his trunk in on one more becoming to his station, finally achieving a rather spectacular variety when he attained success in Australia. Today, although he has no need for a trunk, he can't resist purchasing every new-fangled one he spies. If he is ever reduced to one-night stands at \$3 a week again, at least he won't be hounded

by an inferiority complex because of his trunk!

LUPE VELEZ always wanted to be beautifully clothed. As a child she used to adore pictures of gorgeously gowned women; and it seemed to her that all luxury, distinction, and feminine charm were the result of magnificent furs. In the section of Mexico where she was reared furs were as appropriate as chiffon in Labrador. When she joined the movies and moved up in the world, the first thing she bought was a fur coat. She noticed how flattering it was around her face. Why, she was beautiful—just like the women she had so ardently admired in fashion magazines! This was the begin-



Illustrated by Jack Welch

Ann Harding's particular extravagance is bath rooms. In her new home she has eight of them, including one for baby Jane Bannister. Ann's extravagance dates from her furnished room days.



ning of Lupe's pet extravagance. In her home is a large cedar-lined closet full of furs—a summer ermine coat, one of gray squirrel, another of black caracul, sport lapin, a short chinchilla jacket, a full-length ermine evening cape with a luxuriant white fox collar; at least a dozen gorgeous neck-pieces, including double foxes and stone marten sets; and who knows how many lovely fur-trimmed cloth coats? From Gary Cooper, who is an enthusiastic hunter, she has learned how to judge whether an animal was killed in winter or summer, and whether the whole pelt has been used or has been pieced. By haunting the shops of the leading Los Angeles taxidermists and furriers she has gathered valuable information on the remodeling and care of furs. Lupe loves to be extravagant, but she's too shrewd to let herself be gyped!

ANN HARDING has a pet extravagance. It's bathrooms. When Ann upset family traditions by seeking a career, her late father, an army officer, hoped to discourage her ambitions quickly by refusing to add to her salary of \$12 a week, earned as a typist for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. Ann consequently lived in boarding houses and dingy apartments shared with other girls. In the wild scramble for the bathroom, she determined that when she could afford a home of her own it would be full of bathrooms. Her new Beverly Hills home, which is by no means excessively large according to film colony standards, contains eight commodious bathrooms in fascinating color schemes—including an adorable one with miniature fixtures for the little Bannister baby. Then, to take care of the overflow of guests, there's a swimming pool outside!

Oh, that little cut-up Mary Brian! She simply can't resist buying gag gifts for her boy friends. When she returned from a trip to Tia Juana she brought Phillips Holmes, Joe Mankiewicz and Herman Carter dressed fleas in a peanut shell, a bird on a stick and an appallingly realistic wooden snake. And how she laughed at their

reactions! When she departs for New York she distributes a hundred similar "presents" to everyone from the elevator boy to Papa Schulberg, her big boss. Mary has a great sense of humor and a generous heart. When she lived in Corsicana, Texas, she hadn't many neighbors to give gifts to; but the Hollywood film colony is vast enough even for Mary when she's in one of her frequent "givee" moods. Hers isn't an expensive indulgence, but it is her favorite manner of spending money.

CLARA BOW, the little Brooklyn hoyden, used to wish she could doll up in spiffy clothes like some of the girls who ritzed her; but with an invalid mother and not much money, Clara defiantly pretended she didn't care—much. Then suddenly her salary was something in four figures a week instead of an apologetic two, and she began buying clothes recklessly. Now every couple of months she buys from two to four thousand dollars worth of lovely frocks from one of Hollywood's exclusive gown shops; but she puts them tenderly away in the huge glass cases that line one of the rooms of her home and sometimes never wears them. She doesn't want to spoil such beautiful things. You'll almost always find Clara running around in old white sailor trousers, or wearing the cheap little dresses given her by manufacturers for whom she has posed. It seems a rather pathetic way to enjoy her pet extravagance.

Natalie Moorhead can't pass a hosiery display without buying an extra pair or two to tuck away in her bureau drawers for future footnotes. Natalie has worn silk stockings all her life. It gradually dawned on her that what a man first notices about a girl is her legs—and if they don't discourage him, he'll look again. As one of the most successful vamps on the screen, she considers her extravagance really an investment which any girl wishing to be attractive to men might advisedly choose.

IF twenty-five English setters isn't a *pet* extravagance, what is?—asks Richard Dix. Originally there were just Papa and Mama; but soon there were thirteen pygmy counterparts; and, as often happens, they found themselves supporting a couple of aunts, cousins, and in-laws. In addition, there's the extravagance of buying the gas to take Rich out to the San Fernando Valley ranch to see his mob. He never had any weighty family responsibilities at home, so he thoroughly enjoys the patriarch - of - the - family feeling that so many dependent and costly canines give him!

Their extravagances are as varied as their famous faces.

Clara Bow buys tons and tons of clothes—and keeps them in a closet! It's a fact. You'll usually find her in an old pair of sailor trousers in spite of the gorgeous clothes she owns. Now can you explain that?





7 a.m.

8 a.m.

9 a.m.

10 a.m.

11 a.m.

Does your energy line rise slowly?

Here is a wake-up bath that sends energy up, up, up - instantly

MANY people wake up slowly. They get out of bed at seven o'clock but aren't really awake before ten or eleven. It takes them two or three hours to shake off the heaviness of sleep.



These people would not spoil half their precious mornings if they knew more about baths. They probably think of baths only as a means to cleanliness: have never realized that the right bath can bring energy, enthusiasm, alertness.

The *wake-up* bath described on page 10 of our free booklet wakes you up instantly, sharpens your wits, brightens your disposition. Start with warm water. Lather well—for cleanliness adds so

much to any bath. Soak in warm water for four or five minutes. Then for the finishing cold splash (two or three inches of cold water in the tub—or step under the shower). The chill of the water makes nerves tingle and skin glow. Follow this with a good, brisk towelling. You'll be wide awake before you've started dressing! And then for clean fresh clothes—from the skin out!

The *wake-up* bath is only one of the helpful baths described in *The Book About Baths*. There are many others: an *after-work* bath to make evenings more enjoyable (makes you feel and look like a different person!); a special bath to

ward off colds; a bed-time bath to bring sound sleep; one for after-exercise.

The *wake-up* bath alone would make *The Book About Baths* worth real money to you. But this interesting book is FREE. It contains much helpful information . . . more than we could possibly list here. Tells how to make baths help you; what kind to take and when and how to take them. It will add much to your enjoyment of life.

So clip the coupon below and send for this unusual booklet. Remember it is free.



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YOUR looks, your skin, your mental brightness, your charm depend very much upon your internal cleanliness!

Many a woman, potentially beautiful, does herself the injustice of being downright plain. Many a skin looks sallow because it is surfeited with poisons that the body has failed to remove. Thousands lack the life and vigor that intestinal cleanliness brings naturally to some lucky souls.

Be clean internally—unless you do so, all beauty treatments fail. And there is no method so effective, so pleasant as the saline one, which Sal Hepatica offers.

In Europe men and women travel thousands of miles to benefit by the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas. By eliminating constipation, it helps complexions, combats colds, and frees the body of poisons that cloud your skin, hurt your charm, and kill your alertness.

Taken before breakfast, it is prompt, thorough but gentle in its action. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept S-91, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

ALL of us have been wondering what had happened to that arch-villain, Roy D'Arcy. He of the perpetual sneer. After getting on the front page in romantic rumors with Lita Grey Chaplin and later, Lina Basquette, Roy faded from the public eye. These warm days Roy is spending most of his time playing miniature golf—in the company of a very striking redhead. He hasn't been in a picture for ever so long. Trouble with his co-workers is said to have been behind it.

WHEN cotton-color-haired Jean Harlow recently returned from a personal appearance tour of eastern cities, friends that met her at the train all cried, "Jean, what's happened to your hair. You haven't dyed it, have you?"

Jean didn't know what they were talking about, but on looking in the mirror she realized that the smoke and soot of the transcontinental train ride had changed the gleaming whiteness of her locks to the color of dirty iron. But after a good shampoo, Jean felt and looked her own blond self.

WHO should we see dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the other night but Loretta Young and Irving Asher, young First National supervisor. They were together, too, at the opening of Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s play down at the Mayan.

This beauty and the "front office" combination gag is getting to be a Hollywood institution. We heard, too, that when Loretta goes to Reno on location for her next picture, she'll take time out to file suit for divorce against Grant Withers.

DIRECTOR BOB LEONARD is mighty glad that Greta Garbo always picks Saturday to get sick and not appear at the studio for work. Bob, you know, is directing the great Swede in her latest, "Susan Lenox." He likes his Saturday tennis match down at Malibu—and when there's no Garbo, there's no work.

Bob seemed a bit shaky when he was first assigned to direct Greta (remember the fracas between her and Clarence Brown, who directed so many of her biggest successes?) but now that production is well on its way, Bob and Greta are getting along fine . . . and all is quiet on the "Susan Lenox" front.

SINCE Howard Hughes decided to remove the Caddo Company from the United Artists lot because he thought the rental was too high, there has been a strained feeling around the studio. The other day Sam Goldwyn's car bumped into one of the Caddo autos. After a heated argument as to who was in the right and who wasn't, Goldwyn admitted that he had been breaking the studio speed law. Sam himself it was

who made the slow-driving law . . . have you had your irony today?

IRVING and Norma (Shearer) Thalberg's offspring is what might be called "a victrola baby." When he was only a couple of months old Norma bought him a small machine that played Mother Goose ditties. And did Irving Jr., like it? He just gooded and cooed his appreciation.

When the Thalbergs left for Europe they took the baby—but not the victrola. So little Irving set up a squawking protest with the result that his daddy had to go on a miniature-victrola shopping tour in New York, so that the baby would enjoy the ocean voyage. These Thalbergs always get what they want—and Irving, Jr., is just a chip off the old block, it seems.

AFTER a year of idleness Alice White is not only doing a picture, "The Monster Kills," but she has accepted a vaudeville engagement at \$1,750 a week. That's a break that Alice has been deserving all these months—and we hope it's the open sesame to a bigger and better career for the little blonde.

Bessie Love is another who has been conspicuously absent from the screen for some time. But lucky breaks seem to come in pairs, and Bessie, too, has just signed for a leading rôle in "Morals for Women." So the two girls will both be working for the same studio—and it'll be like the good old days for you fans.

JUST before sailing for Honolulu the last time Dorothy Mackaill ribbed the reporters some more by introducing a Horace Hough as "the man I really am going to marry." Hough is an assistant director at Fox and already has a wife. But the scribes swallowed it—and Dot got some more publicity.

A girl friend said that if Dot were in love with anyone, it must be a steward on the Malolo. Dot's sailed on this same boat each time she goes to the Island. Just before leaving, she was busy shooting retakes on a picture that had been produced quite some time ago. When asked about this picture, Dot replied: "That picture has been on the shelf so long that one of the child actors has grown an inch and a half!"

Someone suggested that Howard Hughes put a sign up on his studio that would read: "TRANSIENTS ACCOMMODATED."

This young millionaire producer has been setting new records for having a steady stream of writers coming and going. They each try their hand at a story Hughes has bought, and then they are replaced by other scribblers of note—who start in just where their predecessors started in. They don't even have time to change the names on the doors.

THIS CHIT-CHAT WILL MAKE YOU HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP-WISE

Every Story a Movie Hit!



You must read the September issue of Screen Romances, that entirely "different" movie magazine. You will be amazed with the number of movie hits that appear in novelized form illustrated with actual scenes from the photoplay. Here are but a few of the complete stories in September—

DADDY LONG LEGS—the new version of this well known play starring Janet Gaynor, in the wistful rôle of the little waif who is made happy by an unknown benefactor. This is Janet's first picture since her recent illness and she has never looked more lovely. Warner Baxter plays the part of "Daddy Long Legs."

THE MIRACLE WOMAN—Read this stirring story of a woman whose sham became her shame! She felt she wasn't fit to be loved by John Carson—she who had resorted to trickery and fraud to make him love her. The fictionized version of "The Miracle Woman" contains all the punch and interest that made the picture such a hit. Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners are the players.



THE COMMON LAW—Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea in the modernized setting of this famous Robert W. Chambers novel. Constance plays the rôle of the artist's model, named Valerie, who is in love with John Neville, a handsome young artist struggling to get his professional start in Paris. The path of love never does run smooth and many things occur which keep these two lovers apart. Don't miss this gripping romance. You'll love it!

SMART MONEY—Here is a picture that breaks all box office records wherever it is played. Screen Romances has the complete story in its September issue. The star of "Little Caesar"—Edward G. Robinson—makes his second appearance in a rôle that only he could put over with such success.



OTHER COMPLETE STORIES include "The Woman Between" featuring that fascinating French actress, Lily Damita . . . "The Secret Call" featuring Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon . . . "First Aid" featuring Grant Withers and Marjorie Beebe, who, by the way, appears in her first dramatic rôle . . . and "Women of All Nations" with Victor MacLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Then there are the latest Hollywood fashions . . . news and gossip of the studios . . . Special announcement of the contest winners in our \$500.00 contest . . . in fact, here is a table of contents that is varied and interesting enough to please the most particular fan. Your nearest dealer will have the September issue of Screen Romances on August second. Be sure to buy a copy.

Screen Romances

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Young **WOMEN**
no longer BELIEVE
ALL *they are told*



They want facts from a reliable source

THESE days, the young wife is not content with hearsay. She wants facts. And there is a reliable source of information for clear-thinking women. It is a booklet written especially for them. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is the easy way to learn all that can be learned on the subject.

Beware of caustics and poisons

Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for that cleanly practice known as feminine hygiene. But the medical profession does *not* endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Before the coming of *Zonite*, those were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective. And women used to run terrible risks. They were not fully aware how great was the danger of mercurial poisoning. Also, normal secretions were interfered with and areas of scar tissue were formed.

Send for Zonite booklet

Zonite provides that surgical cleanliness which women have always wanted. It is the modern antiseptic. *Non-caustic. Non-poisonous. Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* Send for the booklet that gives all the facts about feminine hygiene. It is frankly written, and honest. *Zonite* Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y.

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(Please print name)

Address.....

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

(In Canada; 398 St. Paul St., West, Montreal)

Helen's Shadow of Tragedy

(Continued from page 27)

Clark and Helen lived in a single furnished room. Helen did all the cooking and washing. It wasn't any fun. It wouldn't have been any fun even had they been happy.

And they weren't happy. Even when things began to be better—when the two young Twelvetrees began to gain a foothold on the Broadway stage. For Clark could not seem to stop drinking. And when he was drunk—as he all too frequently was—there were dreadful hours for Helen.

Clark Twelvetrees' attitude toward marriage and toward his wife is difficult to understand. He adored her; he was fanatically proud of her. When he was sober he was a devoted and loving husband. But something happened to him when he drank. He became abusive and violent—physically violent. Remember that he was very young and very romantic. He dramatized himself and his real or imagined sufferings to the point where it ceased to be merely ridiculous and became dangerous. His continual suicidal threats became annoying and emotionally wearing for his young wife, as such gestures and such scenes are bound to become. Until at length he began to break down the very real love she had for him. Seeing this, Clark Twelvetrees grew desperate. But instead of pulling himself together and regaining her respect and her love before it was too late, he made one final youthful gesture—turning a wild threat into a tragic reality. He flung himself from a sixth-story window.

FOR days Helen dared not even hope for his life. For days she watched by his bedside, in an agony of self-reproach, forgetting everything save that the man she loved was suffering because of her. She forgot his shortcomings, his selfishness, blaming only herself—thinking that perhaps she had failed him in patience or understanding. She forgot that her love for him had been tried beyond endurance, had almost ceased to exist—and remembered only that he had been her first love—her great love. And when Clark Twelvetrees miraculously recovered she opened her arms to him and thanked God for sparing him.

Then, while Helen was rehearsing for "Elmer Gantry," came the thrilling call to Hollywood and pictures. Fox executives had seen her on the stage. The Fox company wanted her and nothing would do but she must come at once. So Helen left the cast of "Elmer Gantry," and full of high hopes went to face a new career. With her went Clark Twelvetrees.

The year that followed taught Helen even more of suffering than she had already come to know. She found that she had forsaken a promising stage career for a glamorous but fruitless speculation. Twelve months as a Fox contract player brought her nothing but professional oblivion. Hollywood looked upon her as just another ingénue—lovely enough, with her vivid blue eyes

and wistful little face, but no great shakes as an actress. Certainly no one to be reckoned with.

And during that trying year when she had desperate need of comforting and encouragement, of a love to lean on and a sane, level head to advise her, Clark Twelvetrees climbed on the merry-go-round again. Instead of drawing strength and help from him she had to give it.

It was hard for Clark, of course. It wasn't all his fault and Helen would be the first to say so. (Hollywood was the worst possible place for him. He couldn't get work. He, too, had left his career in New York. Helen was drawing a weekly salary and he wasn't. They were living on her earnings. He drank to forget that he was a Hollywood husband.)

He became insanely jealous of Helen. He was constantly accusing her of not caring for him any more. And her love for him, brought back to life during those ghastly days when he had lain shattered and dying in the hospital, turned to ashes again.

WERE it not for that easy-going quality in Helen which hates to force an issue, that dread of hurting or displeasing others which too often leads her to follow the path of least resistance, she would have broken definitely with Clark Twelvetrees much sooner. It would have been better for both of them had she done so. But he would come to her after each outburst and plead pathetically to be given another chance. And Helen, against her better judgment, would relent and take him back. A woman with a stronger will and a less tender heart might have made a man of the headstrong boy Clark Twelvetrees. But Helen and Clark were not right for one another.

Then Helen too, tried the merry-go-round. Loneliness, disillusionment, weariness of spirit—oh, there were plenty of things to account for it. She listened to too many people; she made "friends" who were bad for her. A series of romances as ill-advised if not as spectacular as Clara Bow's, followed one another. Like Clara, Helen believes the best of human beings until proof of their falseness is staring her in the face.

When her year's contract with Fox came to an end and she was released, it looked like curtains for Helen Twelvetrees as far as Hollywood was concerned. Her life was pretty much of a mess altogether. Her marriage had come to an end at last and it looked as if her career, too, were finished. At twenty there was not much to make Helen Twelvetrees want to live.

The turning point in her career came first. Edmund Goulding selected her for the lead in "Grand Parade"—and her work in that picture lead to the already famous portrayal in "Her Man." Tay Garnett, the director, helped Helen to express on the screen all the suffering, all the emotional tur-

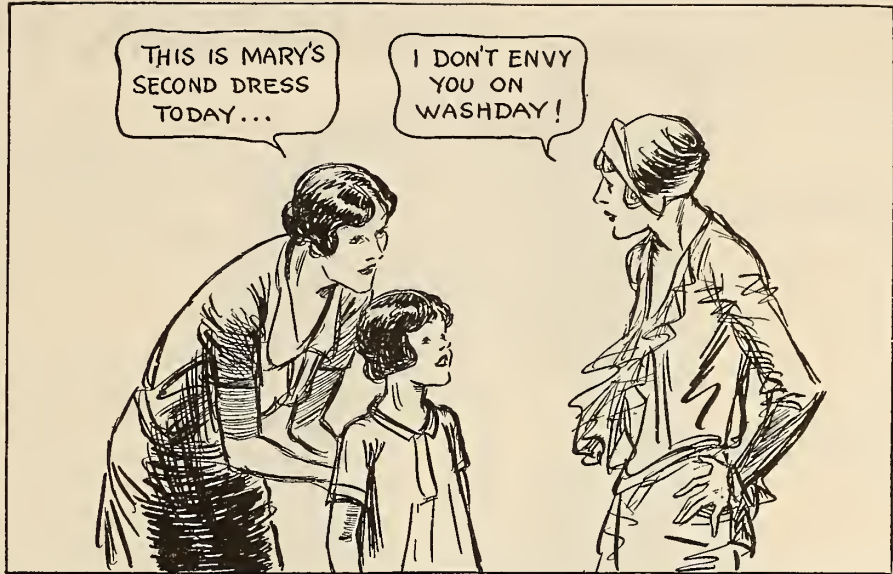
moil through which she had passed in actual life. "Her Man" and later "Millie" revealed the little girl with the tragic eyes and the wistful face as an actress with amazing depth and range of emotion.

But there was another turning point of perhaps even greater importance. During the making of "Her Man" Helen met Frank Woody, a stunt man doubling for the principals in some of the more dangerous scenes of the picture. They began to be seen together, but Hollywood paid little attention. Helen had had many boy friends. Her divorce from Clark Twelvetrees was not yet final. Then suddenly last March the papers broke the news that Helen Twelvetrees and "Frank Woody, real estate man," had been married for three weeks. And those who had watched the growing friendship of the star and the stunt man realized that the two had been genuinely in love.

People who know her say that Helen Twelvetrees is a different girl today. She is happy, there is no question about that. Everyone from the prop boy to the director of her current picture will tell you that. In the first days of her success, interviewers used to find her the hardest subject in Hollywood. When they questioned her about herself she would look at them miserably and say nothing. How could she tell a casual questioner the tragic disappointment, the agony of despair she had known and was still experiencing? But success and a happy and unharrassed marriage have removed the barrier. Helen can talk about her life now. She can face even the most tragic moments of her past, because it is, in truth, past.

I asked her how she had had the courage to try marriage again. She told me simply: "Because I am in love. And because I know now what I want—from life and from marriage. My family are coming out soon to visit me. They never approved of Clark Twelvetrees—not because they disliked him but because they knew he was the wrong man for me. They were right. We were bad for each other. Frank is older. He is sensible. He has a grand sense of humor and doesn't take life—or himself—too seriously. My mother and father like him immensely and are very happy over my marriage. I myself am knowing contentment and untroubled happiness for the first time in my adult life."

Yes, Helen Twelvetrees is happy—but I doubt whether all the love and understanding in the world can ever erase the shadow of tragedy that still lingers in her eyes.



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IN OUR OCTOBER ISSUE
FAITH BALDWIN
ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER
HAGAR WILDE
WALTER RAMSEY

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

This department is for the editor and the readers of MODERN SCREEN. It is devoted to sincere, frank discussions for and against the talkies



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THE Picture Book is for the Children. The Cook Book and the Sack of Flour is for Mother. In either case, satisfaction is complete! The kiddies will be delighted with the Picture Book, which is really a picture book and painting book combined. It contains 48 pages, and 12 of them are in full color. Opposite each color page is the same picture in outline on special paper, ready to be painted with Japanese water colors that are included in the Trio. The Cook Book includes over 150 tested recipes and has already been welcomed by thousands of housewives. The Flour is Ceresota Unbleached — a regular pound and a quarter sack. It needs no bleaching because it is milled from the finest Northern Wheat. Flours that must be bleached to obtain proper whiteness cannot be of the same high quality as Ceresota Unbleached. Make sure of good bread by using Ceresota Flour—equally fine for cakes and pastries, but priced for general baking. *Your grocer has Ceresota Flour or can get it for you!*

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Dear Friends:

It is said that there are to be no more gangster pictures. If the reason for this is that the public no longer wants to see gangster pictures, then that decision, in my opinion, is justified. However, if censorship is behind the move, arguing, as censorship will, that it is better to ignore a deplorable condition, no matter how real and present it may be, than to show it in all its wretchedness, the abolition of gangster pictures is dishonest. I agree that it is very wrong to idealize the gangster. But gangster pictures—the best ones—have not done this. "The Secret Six" strongly brought out the corrupting evil of making heroes out of hoodlums. And, despite a preachy foreword, "The Public Enemy," gruesome, terrifying, terrible in its portrayal of the gangster and his nefarious goings-on, carried the moral (if such an artistic work can be said to carry a "moral") that his crime will find him out.

Gangsters and their rackets are a real factor in America today. The newspapers will not discontinue to report concerning them. Why should talkies which show in exciting and revealing fashion the evil and hideousness of hoodlum life be forced from the screen? I think that producers have made a real contribution to American society by disclosing with artistic precision the malignant growth which eats at its vitals in many of our big cities.

The Editor

And here's one reader's opinion on gangster pictures

In the June issue of your MODERN SCREEN, I read a letter which stated that gangster pictures were very harmful to our thousands of boys and girls. Yes, they are very harmful to them, but did you ever stop to consider whether or not the parent ought to select the pictures that his child goes to see? Also, today the public is allowing gangsters and other sorts of public enemies to pull wool over their eyes; perhaps the movies can wake up the sleeping citizens of the United States and stop this crime wave that's ruining the country.

CHARLES P. WEST,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

And an opinion of the ace of gangster impersonators

My favorite male star is none other than the one and only Mr. Edward G. Robinson. And I bet in private life he is the sweetest husband living.

WINDY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Yes, wasn't it practically perfect?

I simply must give vent to my feelings about the sweetest, most charming and most lovable film I've seen in ages

—"Daddy Long Legs." The expression on Claude Gillingwater's face on seeing Judy for the first time to me conveys what the reaction of the world's worst grouch would be to this picture. Janet Gaynor was lovely and Warner Baxter was splendid. . . . There are other stories by Jean Webster, some of Louisa May Alcott's, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grace Richmond, Charles Dickens and at least one story by Dumas that should be filmed. Of course, I appreciate that too many at once would not be good—that to be received in the proper spirit there must be long intervals of gangster, newspaper, and the more boring society dramas.

PAULINE SCHAUF,
Tacoma, Washington.

Those are harsh words, sisters

I believe Hollywood would be better off if Connie Bennett was kicked out—all the way out. She's no actress; in fact, she has never really acted in a picture. She is fixed up like a princess and placed before the camera and is told to speak a few lines—then, she's claimed a great actress. You can put a blond wig on any prop boy and he can do just as well if not better than Connie.

BILLIE BOLLING,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

It seems every movie book I pick up is filled with Connie Bennett's clothes, her poise, her power over men! Greta Garbo's dislike of publicity, her walking, her changing of homes! And when it all boils down it simply sounds like so much hooley. Bennett was O. K. before her marriage—when she was a brown-haired, sincere young lady. But being the wife of a young millionaire certainly went to her head. Turning blonde, for instance. Oh well, she'll struggle along, I suppose, even though I don't care for her. But please give us less of her and more of Crawford, Swanson, Shearer, Colbert, and Stanwyck. They're all sincere and also human. Not saying Constance isn't human, but she has such a continually bored expression it makes one wonder.

MYRA ROGERS,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

● *Lilly Hansen, bright-eyed, healthy little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hansen of 2205 Taylor Avenue, Racine, Wis.*



Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

the jelly from the top edges of the mold with a sharp knife, then dip the mold into a pan of hot water, holding it there for about 5 seconds, or place the mold in position on a serving plate and put over it a towel wrung out of boiling water, being sure that all parts of the mold are covered with the towel.

FOR a simple but very delicious gelatine salad, dissolve a package of lime flavored gelatine in 1½ cups of boiling water and, when the liquid starts to jell, add to it a cup of seedless grapes. Place in the refrigerator to set and serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with mayonnaise.

One of Mr. March's favorite hot weather lunches—and one of ours, now, too—consists of a tomato stuffed with ham salad, potato chips, toasted English muffins with cream cheese and iced tea. Here is the recipe for the stuffed tomato:

TOMATO STUFFED WITH HAM SALAD.

6 tomatoes
1 cup diced boiled ham
2/3 cup chopped celery
3 chopped sweet pickles
2 chopped hard cooked eggs
Russian Dressing
Lettuce

Peel the tomatoes, scoop out the inside, sprinkle tomato shells with salt and pepper and place upside-down in refrigerator. (Use the removable pulp for some tomato dish.) Mix the ham, celery, pickle and hard-cooked eggs and place in refrigerator until serving time. When ready to serve, moisten the ham mixture with Russian Dressing and fill the tomato shells with the mixture. Place each tomato in a nest of lettuce leaves and garnish with Russian Dressing.

If you use this recipe for part of the main course for dinner, serve along with the stuffed tomatoes a hot vegetable such as green peas or broccoli.

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We have had the recipes for four more of Mr. March's favorite salads printed up for you to form the fourth group in our series of Star Recipes. Each recipe has been thoroughly tested by the MODERN SCREEN Home Service Department, so that you can be sure of serving your men the same delicious salads which Mr. March enjoys so much. The recipes are printed

on convenient filing cards. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and we will send you these recipes to add to your collection of MODERN SCREEN Star Recipes for Foods That Men Like. Each month there will be a new group—watch for them—send for them— and pretty soon you will have your own little library of choice, tested recipes for the favorite dishes of the Screen Stars.

Truth About Nancy Carroll

(Continued from page 32)

the word *career* has played a very large part. Were Nancy Carroll not upon the screen, one of the foremost and the hardest working of our motion picture actresses; were, perhaps, Jack Kirkland not engrossed in a creative career of his own; it is possible that their marriage might have worked out. Possible, even probable; but one cannot make the assertion with any conviction.

Just as Miss Carroll in the rôles she is giving us on the screen is growing swiftly toward a dramatic maturity, discarding her earlier, more youthful parts for those of greater intensity, so inevitably must she grow in viewpoint and sense of values and emotional life from the eighteen-year-old girl who married Jack Kirkland and embarked with him upon their romantic and adventurous marriage. It may be a blow to those of her fans who have remained incurably romantic, that this marriage has come to an end. It shouldn't be. No one marks time, no one is enabled to carry with them through life the viewpoint and ideals and desires of their adolescence and early maturity.

NOR can I see that sides should be taken or blame attached to one or the other.

Writers are not easy to live with. Neither are people who are not writers. Actresses cannot be turned into purely domestic women by virtue of a wedding ceremony. Neither can a lot of women who are not actresses.

As far as success is concerned Miss Carroll's has been swift and amazing. Mr. Kirkland has not lagged far behind, but, owing to the less spectacular nature of his gift, his own achievements have not been as much in the eyes of the public.

It is, of course, a pretty well known fact that when you remove from man the dependence of woman, you have knocked the props from under him and have dealt a pretty severe blow to his sex pride. It is equally well known that while a woman may be flattered and pleased by the allusion to her as So-and-So's wife, no man is sincerely enthusiastic by the comment, "Oh, he's So-and-So's husband!" This is not vanity alone, it has deeper roots, and sound biological reasons.

It is not to be dismissed as envy or jealousy.

I do not see the end of the Carroll-Kirkland marriage as "just another failure." I see it simply as another instance of people who grow, who change and who have the courage of their convictions. These two young people were courageous when they married; they are equally courageous as they part.

Seven years close association and sharing makes for many memories and for many ties. It takes courage to break those ties; it takes longer thought than it did to make them; it takes tears; and in the case of young people who are much in the public eye, it takes a far greater courage than if they were merely Mr. and Mrs. Smith living next door.

If there was impulse and divine madness in the marriage, there is dignity and great gravity in the ending of the chapter. I feel very strongly that Miss Carroll and Mr. Kirkland should be permitted to go their separate ways without sensational criticism because each of them owes a living to the public, it does not mean that the public owns them, or can dictate to them in personal matters. The American Public is curiously jealous of its idols. It gives them worship—or withdraws it—with lightning-like speed. It says in effect, "You belong to *me*. You shall do as *I* say."

This is absurd and unfair. The fanaticism and fickleness of the Public is as certain as its occasional loyalty. But in a case where two, who had loved and no longer love, and who have been happy but seek merely to assure a continuance of happiness through parting, I feel that the Public has no right to jump to conclusions or to force its criticism upon them. Every man and woman has a right to a life lived as fully and finely as possible, according to the dictates of heart and soul and conscience. Because a man writes, or a woman acts before the camera, he or she is no less human or no less entitled to his or her decisions.

So, whatever Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland decide to do, the rest of us are entitled only to wish them a newer life, a more enduring happiness and a useful and contented maturity.

Have You an Inferiority Complex?

(Continued from page 43)

POVERTY and lack of popularity with the opposite sex are two causes for this complex which usually is acquired before maturity. Physical disability of some kind is a third cause.

It was in struggling to prove to himself and to the world that his deafness was not a great handicap, that Beethoven wrote his exquisite sonatas. And great chefs, so the psycho-analysts tell us, often suffer from some digestive deficiency. Just as time and time again artists are men threatened with weak eyes or even blindness.

Had Napoleon been a large man it is generally conceded that the history of the world would have been very different. But Napoleon was a misfit as a child, wilful and proud and given to playing alone in a cave rather than meeting other children on their own ground. Growing older he felt it necessary to prove to the world that he was more important than he appeared and he spared no effort until he became a great general and a great statesman.

The Napoleonic complex is, of course, an offshoot of the old I. C. Charlie Chaplin is said to have it. Not that this is any distinction. Hundreds of men, like Charlie, enjoy wearing Napoleonic costumes and strike Napoleonic attitudes and gestures even when they haven't the excuse of any masquerade

(see the page preceding this story).

If you have an inferiority complex you probably are well aware of it for it is a painful emotional experience. However, for those who have any doubts on this subject here are the symptoms by which it can be recognized. Oversensitiveness. A tendency to feel you are not appearing to good advantage. An inclination to explain at length both success and failure and to over-react to both praise and criticism. A disposition to feel unappreciated and misunderstood if not actually persecuted. Antagonistic trends. And lengthy humiliating reflections on your possible mistakes and blunders.

Likely enough you have such symptoms. Likely enough you do not need anyone to tell you how wretched they can make you. They are nevertheless a blessing in disguise. *Psycho-analysts insist that almost all successful people have an inferiority complex*; that otherwise they wouldn't have taken the trouble to become successful or make the effort necessary to remain successful. There are also, however, those with this complex that are failures. It's your reaction that counts. Besides having an I. C. you also must have spunk enough to want to get out and prove yourself greater than you feel you are rated. And once having entered the

competitive world you must have the perseverance and brains to make good.

Joan Crawford's inferiority complex likely enough comes from her difficult childhood when her father died and suddenly she had to give up the life to which she was accustomed. Had Joan been brought up in luxury and surrounded always by a doting family the screen might be much poorer today. Things being what they are, however, Joan seems to be on the defensive every minute. About her work. About her family. About the rumors that insist she is a carbon copy of young Doug. And surely these rumors are so stupid, considering the way Joan has forged her career, that if she didn't have a marked complex she would laugh and dismiss every last intimation of this sort with an indifferent shrug.

HOW far Joan's intense "I'll show the world" attitude will carry her is, as I said in these pages not long ago, a gamble. Certainly it already has brought her a long way. And I wouldn't be at all surprised to see it carry her much further.

To keep an inferiority complex an asset and not permit it to become a liability it appears that we must recognize the fact that we have it and then be very careful to keep it within rea-

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Good and Good for You.

sonable bounds. Otherwise it is quite possible for it to lead us into all sorts of difficulties until it proves a boomerang and destroys any success for which it may have been responsible. This was true in the case of Charlie Ray.

Some years ago Charlie became obsessed with a necessity of proving to himself and the world that he wasn't the naive country boy he appeared on the screen. He proceeded to do everything in his power to seem born, not to overalls and a tattered straw hat, but to purple and fine linen. Charlie engaged a valet who supervised his elaborate wardrobe. And he spent a fortune in time, energy and money trying to break into Los Angeles society. Which proves beyond any doubt just how naive Charlie really was. Los Angeles is much too young a city to support anything like an aristocracy. Society there is comprised largely of retired shop-keepers and their sons and daughters. Nice enough people. But hardly socially impressive. And, naturally enough, a new society like this, probably nursing a very definite social inferiority of its own, didn't feel it could afford to accept Charles Ray. Which made Charlie think up further ways of being socially desirable until he eventually turned his back on the rôles which had made him wealthy and famous and undertook the ambitious production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This, perhaps you will remember, was a very bad picture. It forced Charlie into bankruptcy and thereby dealt a death blow to his social ambitions and seriously interfered with his career.

If only Charlie had understood himself well enough to face the fact that it was an inferiority complex that prodded him on to make the social grade... If only Charlie had been satisfied to be what he was, a delightful country boy...

NORMA SHEARER, on the other hand, is an example of someone who was smart enough to recognize the fact that her inferiority complex was becoming a liability and to do something about it. When Norma first won her spurs in pictures she was just about the ritziest young lady you ever saw. But she has corrected her haughty manner which undoubtedly was nothing more than a defensive barrier erected in the hope of warding off a critical world and today she is charming.

I could go on and on indefinitely. There's Richard Dix and Gloria Swanson. There's Clara Bow and Charlie Farrell. And I often wonder if it isn't a certain hunger for understanding and approval from those about her coupled with a subconscious fear that she isn't receiving these things that has given Nancy Carroll her reputation for temperament. So very often it is because people are afraid that they aren't as warmly thought of as they would like to be that they go about taking pains to make it known that they don't care what anyone thinks about them.

Then there was the late Rudolph Valentino. Even when Rudy was at the

peak of his amazing fame his complex was very marked. He never gave an interview but he worried over it afterwards, convinced he had said or done the wrong thing. He never read the slightest criticism of his work, no matter what praise might have appeared in the same article, without being frightfully hurt. And he was likely to remember the authors of such criticism and to go out of his way to show them they were wrong.

I REMEMBER one night when Rudy and I were guests at the same dinner party. During his progress from his car at the marquee of the hotel to the private dining-room where the party was held, buttons were torn from his coat for souvenirs. On the sidewalk and in the hotel corridors through which he had to pass, girls pressed about him beseeching him for autographs. It would have been natural had Rudy been on the top of the world that evening, sublimely confident of himself for the moment at any rate. But the old inferiority complex just won't let people be. At dinner Rudy kept justifying different things he had done, things of no real importance. And he explained at length the differences existing then between him and his company.

Rudy was oversensitive and often tortured himself with memories of some slight blunder which he felt he had made. He once told me that it was the cool indifference of Natacha Rambova that had first attracted him.

"In Hollywood where almost everybody goes around feverishly trying to impress everybody else," I remember Rudy saying in his warm, impulsive way, "Natacha stood alone. Even her laugh was cool and self-contained."

Which gives you some idea how prevalent the inferiority complex is, even in the film colony. After all, without this complex, people don't feel any need to rush around impressing others.

Greta Garbo, however, doesn't seem to care what people think about her. It may be, of course, that few people ever see enough of Greta to judge her properly but certainly she gives no indication of having the well-known I. C. The pattern of her life indicates that she is very sure of herself.

It may not even have been an inferiority complex that started Greta on the road to fame. It may have been a particularly fortunate set of circumstances. In this, as in so many other things, Greta may be an exception to the rule.

Generally speaking, however, it's better to have an inferiority complex than not to have one. It's heartbreaking, of course, to be oversensitive. It's unpleasant to suffer through memories of things you feel you have done wrong. And it's wretched not to feel that you have appeared to good advantage. True enough. But as I said before, this complex is a blessing in disguise. While it often is like having a devil in your mind, a devil that won't let you be, it is also something of a key to success. It makes you get out and show the world. And persevering at this hard enough and long enough there's no telling how far you may go!

No Time for Romance

(Continued from page 59)

"I was given a contract at M-G-M and Mr. DeMille cast me in a small part in 'Dynamite,' so small that I wasn't noticed. After that I took a test for the lead opposite Garbo in 'A Woman Of Affairs' but it didn't click. I guess, all in all, I have taken fifty unsuccessful tests for various studios. Colleen Moore gave me one and although she liked it, her husband, John McCormick, turned it down. Gloria Swanson also gave me a test but didn't like it. For awhile I was the champion test taker of Hollywood but didn't seem to have what they wanted. It began to look tough, believe me."

RELEASED by M-G-M, Joel was given a contract by RKO but for eleven months was not cast in a picture. Each week he would drop in for his salary check and go on about his business. One day, however, a stranger stopped him as he was going out the gate.

"Are you under contract here?"
"Yes," replied Joel, "but they never use me."

"Come on over to my office," said the stranger, introducing himself as William Siström, associate producer, "and we'll see what can be done about it."

"There is nothing here just now," announced Siström, after a talk with him, "but I have an idea. Take this letter over to Sonia Levine who is writing the script for a Fox picture called 'Liliom'."

At Fox, Frank Borzage, the director of 'Liliom,' gave Joel a test for the part afterward assigned to Charlie Farrell. He did not use Joel but that test was destined to play an important part in shaping his future. Back at RKO it gave them a new slant on the young leading man and they began to realize his possibilities. Pathé, searching for a leading man to play opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man," saw the test and immediately asked for the loan of Joel for the part. There was, for some reason, bad blood between the two studios and RKO demanded an exorbitant price. Pathé refused to meet it and once more, by a narrow margin, Joel missed his opportunity. The rôle in "Her Man" was to lead Phillips Holmes to stardom.

"I raised an awful howl when I found that RKO was deliberately asking too much money for me," says Joel, "for I felt they were holding me down. I was told not to worry, that I would be given an even better chance in 'The Silver Horde,' soon to start."

In this epic of the Alaskan gold field, Joel was given his first big chance.

EVELYN BRENT was in it. For years I had read of her and admired her on the screen. When it came to our love scenes I was scared pink. To think that I, a nobody, must take



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the great Evelyn Brent in my arms and kiss her—boy! I went through our first scene like a wooden Indian. Evelyn guessed what was wrong and smiled.

"Come on, Joel, forget that I'm Evelyn Brent. Just imagine that there is moonlight and roses and that I'm a Pomona co-ed and put the old college technique into it—you know!"

"I laughed and felt better but it took me a long while to get over it entirely. I've felt the same way about every star I've made love to before the camera: Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett and all the rest."

Immediately upon completion of the "Silver Horde," Joel was borrowed by Fox for a part with Will Rogers in "Lightnin'." This was followed closely by his two pictures with Miss Mackaill. The tall bronzed lad was beginning to attract attention, but the big break was yet to come.

He had met Constance Bennett but they hardly knew each other. That he had been selected by Pathé for her leading man in "Born To Love" came as a complete surprise.

"I was a little awed by her," he admits, "and I certainly didn't like her after the first day's shooting. I thought she was cold, high hat and domineering. That night I said to Paul Stein, the director:

"I'm through. There is no use going on with it. I don't like Miss Bennett and she doesn't like me."

"What?" Paul roared at me, "She don't like you, eh? Ja! Not much she don't! You should see her, dot girl, fight to put you in this picture. I didn't want you, Mr. Rogers didn't want you, but dot girl she insists, *Du leiber Gott* you should have seen her insist! I fight wit her too and I do not like her at first. You will get over it. Go away and do not bother me, I am busy."

"I was ashamed of myself," he ad-

mits, "and I made up my mind to stick it out. As soon as I began to get acquainted with Miss Bennett, I began to like her. We went to lunch together and since we both liked the beach, we met at the Club now and then. She invited me to her parties and we went out to dinner a few times and I didn't think anything of it. Then, one morning, I picked up the paper to find out that we were in love. I was the rival of the Marquis and he was going to challenge me to a duel and all that sort of thing. I was astonished and called Miss Bennett on the phone. She laughed.

"This is Hollywood, Joel," she told me, "pay no attention to it. I'll see you at the beach this afternoon."

"But I couldn't help paying attention to it. Here we were, just good pals and people were going to spoil it all. Ever since then, although we see each other, I try to avoid anything that will cause talk because I like and admire Miss Bennett too much to want her hurt. I don't know anything about her private affairs but if she's in love with anyone it's probably the Marquis—it certainly isn't me."

THE conversation somehow turned to the subject of marriage. Joel shook his tousled blond head.

"Not for mine—at least, not now. Some day I want a wife and kiddies but I've got too much to do first and besides, what have I to offer a girl, right now?"

It's hard for his old gang to realize that Joel McCrea, with whom they used to play cowboy when Hollywood was yet a pasture, is headed for stardom but none of them is more surprised than Joel! He has dreamed about it too long, worked for it too hard and longed for it too earnestly to realize that it has materialized. Few have stood the test as well as he.

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The Star Nobody Knows

(Continued from page 65)

and she tries to make it appear so, we are treated to her ceaseless parade of good times and an exotic personality expressed by such gay extravagances as those French perfumes called "Tonight or Never" and "Savage Love."

Struggle was just a word until she went to Hollywood. She thought the road up would be a lark. Instead, she found a crowded treadmill and a pushing mob. No holds, no weapons, no blows were barred. A timid newcomer can be shouldered aside or bruised and beaten until she is a quivering, naked wreck. It has happened so many times.

It nearly happened to Jean.

That was after the tears of "Hell's Angels" when a torrent of fan mail was showing that she had "caught on."

One woman she had called a friend told her: "You simply haven't talent, my dear. As a bit of bric-a-brac or a mantel ornament, you're swell, but

otherwise. . ."

"Baby-face," another called her.

"Dumb!" was the frequently applied adjective.

One of her struggles was learning to play when others jeered. A secret she learned that men will never learn was that though a woman may strike and hurt others, her only opponent is invariably herself.

And when she learned that, she was ready for anything.

It came, the worst thing that could have happened. Her family demanded that she return home, that she abandon her career. When she refused, she was threatened with disinheritance—just like a story book heroine. When she refused again, she *was* disinherited—just like a story book heroine.

WHEN she speaks of it today, her expressive eyes seem to ache. What she needed most, then, was faith.

A father, mother, or sweetheart who believed in her. And she had no one.

Absolutely alone, in body and in spirit, she counted her resources. There was enough money, enough clothes, and a crisp philosophy planted in her heart by this man in Missouri.

She was only seventeen. Life had hardly touched her. She was vastly inexperienced. But she had that three-fold creed. It was enough.

I should like to meet that man in Missouri. He must be a remarkable person for the imprint he left on her soul is as indelible as the color of the sky.

This creed is a simple thing, so simple that all women can practice it and while practicing, look at Jean to see what it has done. She summed it up for me in three sentences:

No matter where you go, you have to live with yourself.

Above all things, value honesty and courage. If you have an idea about which you haven't the courage to be honest, it is not a good idea.

Never lie about yourself.

Despite every unpleasantness, she has

made life fit those three commandments. It has not been easy.

Do you remember her marriage. It was the flowering of all the romantic notions in her youthful head. No girl ever hoped for higher things—and received less.

Charles McGrew II, her husband, was handsome and charming. Jean was infatuated. They were pals. Then things began to go wrong. Little things, petty annoyances that should have been laughed away, built up a wall between them.

And then, suddenly, the dream marriage collapsed and left nothing but a girl who sobbed at her heart's emptiness. Hollywood never suspected that emptiness and never will suspect it, you may be sure of that, for Jean started a round of parties that has not stopped since. Party girl, play girl, a dancing daughter, she says she is fooling the world—fooling everyone but Jean Harlow.

OF course, there are men. Stars, writers, and directors seek her friendship. And for their adoration, she pays the brightest coin in her realm, a brilliant companionship. Life hurt her once but instead of complaining, she

whirls and glitters along a false front of gaiety.

But even the iridescent Jean cannot always glitter. A friend met her recently coming from the Beverly Hills library with four books. Two of them were modern novels. The third was a profound classic. The fourth was a work on religious psychology. There was no party that night, no mad dance until the dawn.

That is the star nobody knows.

It is a pity that she cannot go back to that man in Missouri, now that she has succeeded, and tell him that it was his wisdom and philosophy that kept her head up when the going was hardest. It is a pity, but she cannot.

That man no longer remembers Jean Harlow. You can say her name to him and he will shake his head. Long ago, he wrote her letters full of wisdom and wit. Long ago, she wrote him letters full of girlhood's gaiety. All that is past, Jean says regretfully. But she still loves him and I know she will always love him, even though that love be unrequited.

You see, this man in Missouri is her mother's father, Jean's own grandfather who helped raise her—and he has disinherited her.

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Tongue in His Cheek

(Continued from page 31)

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(who has since directed him and is now one of his most ardent boosters) told him he didn't have a Chinaman's chance at film fame.

"Understand, I don't blame them," he said from across a table in the same café where he used to lunch at the counter. "No one knows any better than I do that I wasn't the pretty-boy type so much in demand in the days of silent pictures. But just the same it does strike me as funny that an extra who couldn't be used five years ago could get such a great break as I'm getting now. It makes the whole thing seem so—accidental. Something not to be taken seriously. The only difference between fame and failure is the most casual 'break', as I see it."

Something tells me that Clark has Hollywood's number. Here is one potential star who is not growing near-sighted nor increasing his hat band as stardom looms up around the corner!

Strictly speaking, he is not a handsome man in the movie-actor sense of the word. He has too much jaw bone—too much character in his face. Although most of his fan mail is from women there is nothing particularly romantic in his appearance. To the contrary, his screen personality is slightly cruel—more ruthless than wooing. But combined with his masculine strength there is the color and depth of his attractive speaking voice wherein, I believe, lies the secret of his fascination—and incidentally his very good contract.

Away from the screen he carries none of that suggestion of menace. He appears far younger and more juvenile without benefit of his grease-paint. Though the studio is not zealous in publicizing the fact, he has been happily married for several years to a girl no longer connected with the profession. His private life is in many ways no different and certainly no more exciting than Robert Montgomery's or Neil Hamilton's. But unlike those young men he has had the advantage of having been beaten by Hollywood before the loving cup of success was lifted to his lips. They say Montgomery is having a little difficulty keeping his feet on the ground.

THAT is one gymnastic trick Gable will not have to master.

"I can't help comparing the fate of that fellow I was five years ago to the break they are giving Clark Gable now," he continued his ironical tale. "I am no better an actor than then. You see, I did not come to the studios inexperienced and hoping for a chance to learn the acting craft. I had had many years of stock engagements and Broadway behind me when I first tried the movies as an extra on the Paramount, Universal and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lots."

Clark's career has been a colorful one, if not unusual from other actor's

in many respects. He fought through the same paternal objections, tried his hand at jobs which did not particularly interest him following his graduation from high school in Hopedale, Ohio; then suddenly broke all ties and set out to do what his heart had always been set on—a career of acting. "Acting fascinated me because it seemed to be a job that could never be entirely mastered no matter how high your name went up in electric lights. There was always the variety of learning new rôles—new parts with new interpretations. It could never grow monotonous like lumber-jacking, contracting, salesmanship or any of the other jobs I had tackled."

He began modestly enough in stock companies in the small towns of Ohio. As his ambition broadened and he began to grow sure of the tricks of the trade, he tackled Broadway. It was a long, hard pull but eventually he landed with Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet," the most successful of his early stage appearances. It just happened that "Romeo and Juliet" ended its road run in Seattle and from there Clark drifted down to Los Angeles and Hollywood. For almost a year he worked in such West Coast hits as "What Price Glory?" "Madame X" and "Lady Frederick." For six weeks he played the rôle of a reporter in "Chicago" at the Hollywood Music Box Theatre, the play which first brought Nancy Carroll to the attention of the movie producers.

IT was just about this time that I became very ambitious toward pictures myself," he went on. "I decided to refuse all stage offers and devote myself entirely to giving Gable a fair crack at the movies." He smiled slowly. "I guess I could have saved myself the worry—judging by the way I was received. But I'm not sorry it all happened, though at the time it seemed pretty discouraging. As I look back on it now I see I learned a great many important things about Hollywood in advance!

"Hollywood is one place when you are riding the crest of the wave with its bright lights, its attentions, its flattery and its excitement—but it is quite another when you're tramping the same streets none too sure of your next meal.

"The other night I went to my first big opening, or première or whatever they call them. Somebody yelled my name over the radio and the people politely applauded—although I doubt whether they really knew me. 'Well, that's nice, Clark old boy,' I told myself, 'but don't get too excited. Remember you've stood in the mob yourself—and the hurrah doesn't mean a darn.'

"I was driven to that opening by a chauffeur—but when he drove away I couldn't help remembering that there was a time when I would have been

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plenty glad to get a job as a chauffeur in Hollywood.

"The other day a nice little girl from the secretarial office came over to my dressing room with a flattering bunch of fan mail. I *did* get a big kick out of it—but then suddenly it hit me that the actor who had my same dressing room five years ago on this lot and got five times as much fan mail as my stack, is now coasting around on Poverty Row looking for a big job. It's all rather haywire, isn't it?

"In that stack of fan mail was an invitation from an exclusive café club in Hollywood to become a member. I'd never seen the inside of that building—but I've often hung around the outside thinking I might run into a director or an old friend who might put me on to a job—five years ago. I'm afraid my enjoyment for the thrills of stardom has been a little dimmed! I know the other side of the story too well. I was such a flat failure at the movies that I eventually had to give them up entirely and grab at what I could get in the line of a stock job."

From Hollywood, Clark went to Houston, Texas, where he worked for six months. Then to New York to gain some real recognition in "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows." But it was the rôle of Killer Mears in "The Last Mile" that brought him back to Los Angeles again. "The talkies had come in by the time we reached the West Coast—but they didn't interest me. I figured I had made my final fling at the movies."

It was Lionel Barrymore who visited Clark one night in his dressing room backstage and asked him to make a test at M-G-M. At first he laughed at the idea—told Barrymore of his previous attempts at storming the studios—and would have gone on his way if Barrymore had not sincerely protested. "He told me that everything was different now. He said camera appeal was being supplanted by voice appeal and that the day of the pretty-boy leading man was over. More out of curiosity than for any other good reason I consented to come out the following day and see what made the talkie wheels go around.

"As I waited on the set just before the test I felt disinterested in what was to follow. It all looked the same—the same long waits—the same camera. but when Barrymore came on the set and handed me a script with lines to learn *and speak*, I realized for the first time just how much the movies had changed. I gained confidence. I realized that this game was just up my street. We made the test and then . . ."

The rest of his story as told in "The Easiest Way," "Dance Fools Dance" and "The Secret Six" is too well known to bear repetition. Following a very excellent performance with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," and with Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners" in which he replaced John Mack Brown, Clark has been chosen by none other than Greta Garbo herself to support her in her next picture!

It looks like a big future for the boy who couldn't get a chance five years ago—but Gable has his tongue in his cheek about the fame angle. Hollywood took him over the bumps once and he won't forget it in a hurry!

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Open Letter to Nancy Carroll

(Continued from page 34)

tion of being one of the grandest and most sincere individuals in motion pictures. Instead, what have you? A reputation for being difficult and temperamental! Disagreeable, even! And it's entirely your own fault, Nancy. You ruin all the grand things you do by the way you do them. Because you go around with a chip on your shoulder. Because you won't temper your Irish pig-headedness. Because you're forever on the defensive.

Almost always it seems to me it isn't the actual things people do but the way they do them that brings them criticism instead of praise.

There are other stars who won't have their children publicized. But they're less antagonistic about it.

You have, I know, objected to many stories that have been written about you. Nevertheless, when you're interviewed it never seems to occur to you that it's as much your job to give good copy as it is the interviewer's job to get good copy. Publicity, after all is important to your career.

In the studios you aren't famous for any co-operative spirit. On the contrary.

TO sum up, you act as if you were afraid to be gracious and approachable lest people fail to treat you with the deference and respect you consider your due. As if you were afraid people would take advantage of you unless you kept them at arm's length.

You remind me of a sultry midsummer day. Even when you're happy and smiling there is behind the amazing blue of your eyes the sense of a storm impending.

If this unfortunate attitude—and don't you doubt for one minute, Nancy, that it is unfortunate and will cost you dearly one day—is the result of temperament it isn't the temperament of a prima donna but of a racial quality. For you behaved quite the same way long before you had enough starchy importance to warrant any prima donna antics.

By the time this open letter appears in print your divorce will have become final and you will be embarking upon a new chapter in your life. If I could make two wishes for you at this time, I'd wish that twice you might sit up on a fence and watch yourself go by. Watch yourself first when you were on the defensive with that slightly defiant, stubborn look in your eyes, with your chin out, and with your mouth set in a severe line. And watch yourself the second time when you were off your guard, with your eyes the warm blue of the larkspur, your chin still out, but with an eagerness, and your mouth warm and enchantingly curved.

The contrast would be so marked, so dramatic, so vivid and so eloquent that I know an Irisher like yourself would be impressed by it.

I SAW you off your guard one day and you were so very charming. You and Fred March were working in "The Night Angel." Remember? And

I had Bill, aged twelve, at the studios with me. While I went off somewhere with Fred, Bill elected to remain on the set with you. I came back to find the two of you in a discussion about summer camps. Bill was explaining very profoundly indeed why he thought your Patsy old enough to go to camp. He was assuring you that he didn't think she'd be homesick, except the first couple of nights maybe. And you were listening intently, nodding, saying you did want Patricia to grow up to be a self-reliant person . . . and if Bill thought five-and-a-half really wasn't too young. . . .

That question settled, there followed an enthusiastic discussion of baseball and how it really is possible for a team to get six hits and three outs and score no runs in one inning. Something like that . . . I can't be sure, being one of those people who go to ball games for soda pop and peanuts.

You had dropped your defensive attitude that day. And you seemed to be having the best kind of a time.

Ever since, you've been Bill's favorite movie star. And when I asked him why he was obviously surprised at the stupidity of such a question.

"Because she's regular, of course," he answered.

Now it may be very sentimental of me but when a twelve-year-old boy calls anybody regular I'm impressed. Frightfully impressed. That means something.

Come on down off that high horse you sit on with such a defensive attitude, Nancy, and give all of us a chance to know you. We grown-ups are much less observing and perspicacious than twelve-year-olds and there are quite a few people who think you're a little red-head with a bad temper. We're prone to forget all the grand and valiant and sincere things you've been doing all your life and to remember only how unnecessarily difficult and antagonistic you were yesterday and the day before.

What if a few people do take advantage of you? There will be others who will regard you with true affection, who will offer the wonderful gift of understanding, who will call you friend . . . and because of this, your whole life will be much richer and fuller.

And Nancy, if the rumor about your planning to marry Bolton Mallory, the editor of *Life*, is true, the same two wishes I made for you a few paragraphs back go. Because I'm sure that once having seen yourself on the defensive and off the defensive you'd make a real effort to get off and stay off. And if you do that you'll have a much better chance of living happily forever after . . . whatever pattern your life may take.

Yours, most sincerely,

Paul Whitley Fletcher



Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver. Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?

More Than

\$12,960.00 IN PRIZES

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over \$12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away \$12,960.00 in cash. You get \$3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win \$2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win \$1,700. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Thomas Lee, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 884, Chicago, Ill.



Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Won \$650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote: "I was more than pleased to receive the \$650.00 prize check. I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."



South Carolina Minister Wins



Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C., won a cash prize recently.

Won \$525

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Ill., wrote: "It is impossible to express my sincere appreciation for your check for \$525.00 prize. It came when I was out of work, which makes it look like a million dollars."



Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be prompt! Answer today!

Thomas Lee, Mgr., Dept. 884
427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Twin Pirates" are numbers . . . and . . . I want to win in your \$12,960.00 Prize Campaign. Send me full information.

My Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Stars Patronize the Stars

(Continued from page 55)



MAKE your WAVE last twice as long

WHETHER you have your hair marcelled, water-waved or "permanent" waved, you can keep the wave twice as long if you'll adopt a few simple rules. Your hair gets more "mussed up" on the pillow at night than it does during the day. To prolong the life of your wave do this before going to bed. Comb the hair gently, reset the wave with your fingers and then put on a Venida Hair Net. The Venida triple strength is a splendid night net. It will keep your hair in place all night long, protect your wave from rumpling and save the ends from straightening and sticking out. One week of this care will show you how much longer you can keep a wave and how much more beautiful your hair will look.

All leading hairdressers consider Venida the highest grade hair net. They are dainty, invisible and strong and the sizes, shapes and colors are always uniform. Price now 10c.

Whether your hair is bobbed, long or in the growing stage—the Venida Sure Grip Bob Pin is guaranteed to hold in place any style of hair dress. Try it today. In colors to match your hair. 10c a card.

VENIDA

The Guaranteed now 10¢
HAIRNET

The Rieser Co. Inc., 220 Fifth Avenue
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MAKE \$100.00 A WEEK
FOR ONLY 2 SALES DAILY

Take orders for my wonder value all-wool suits, tailored-to-measure. Finely made, New low prices. Bigger commissions than ever, paid daily. Generous bonus to producers. Style creations to please critical men. A big selling, big profit line. No experience needed. Write now for FREE outfit of large swatch samples.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., Dept. J-519
500 Throop Street Chicago, Illinois

Eilers, in her huge white cowboy hat, head the parade around the ring to the applause of hundreds of people who drive in for miles around to see the spectators as well as Hoot's show. Sally Eilers, with Hoot as her trainer, is giving the professional rodeo riders a run for honors these days.

THERE'RE two spots the stars think about when it's time for rest and quiet. One is Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club high in the Sierra mountains; the other Fritzi Ridgeway's popular hotel at Palm Springs. Noah has a veritable recreation center in his mountain resort. One can fish, ride, shoot, swim, play tennis, golf or any of a dozen other sports—whatever the urge.

Hotel Del Tahquitz is the name of Fritzi's beautiful place in the much-talked-about Palm Springs region. Here one would think Hollywood had moved in, for everywhere one looks, there's a familiar face.

Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong jointly own a boxing stadium on the outskirts of Hollywood. Many of the male stars go there to keep fit.

Bessie Love doesn't mind how many people are on a milk diet. The more the merrier, for Bessie owns a dairy farm. Bessie loves to get a gang from Hollywood to visit her ranch. She arms them with hoes, rakes, pitch-forks and puts them to work, giving them a real taste of rural living. Experience, however, has taught Bessie not to let her guests monkey with the cows!

Other shingles along the highway bearing star names are Belle Bennett's Grandma's Farm where home-cooked dinners are served; Corinne Griffith's market in Beverly; Hallam Cooley's

real estate subdivisions; Eddie Nugent's art shop; William K. Howard's dress establishment; Arthur Rankin's print shop; Hugh Trevor's insurance offices; Jean Hersholt's camera company; Irene Rich's chicken ranch; William Janney's turkey farm and last, but far from least, there's the spot where the Britishers congregate—Fred Esmelton's famous catering cottage. Here the beefsteak and kidney pies and the Yorkshire puddings lure Ronald Colman, Cissie Loftus, Lupino Lane, Victor McLaglen and all the other lovers of ye old English dishes.

It's a custom in Hollywood for people to do their own marketing. Perhaps that's why the stars patronize the stars.

Sometimes the patronizing stars, like other customers, have their marketing troubles. This generally leads to an unpaid bill. Temperament enters the scene and with both sides refusing to give and take, into the courts goes the claim. Then the news items appear disclosing the facts of the commercial transactions and disagreements.

Recently Lawrence Tibbett of the golden voice and Roscoe Karns, who has lately been specializing in tough rôles, played the tough guy in real life by suing the singer for more than a hundred dollars worth of chops, etc., purchased for the Tibbett table in Beverly Hills.

Years ago before artists became so democratic, I remember when Irene Castle of dancing fame created a furor when, market-basket in hand, she bought her own fruit and vegetables. She even designed a marketing gown. Now it's an every-day sight in the film colony to see a screen beauty doing her own shopping, carefully and efficiently.

True Story of Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 70)

Irving's sister, Sylvia, were Norma's only attendants.

Norma, like every bride on a honeymoon, started immediately to pry her husband with questions as to how he first became interested in her. Thalberg laughed, but finally showed her a little red book, in which he had been jotting down names of obscure players in whom he saw possibilities, ever since his ascendancy to an executive post at Universal. In it was listed "Norma Shearer" and there followed the names of the two pictures she had made in New York, "The Stealers" and "Channing of the Northwest." Next to this data was filed the comment: *Interesting possibilities.*

After a brief honeymoon they returned to Hollywood and took up their home with Irving's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thalberg. The devotion of Thalberg to his family is a trait

that is highly respected in Hollywood. Norma flatly refused to break up the Thalberg family circle by setting up housekeeping in a separate establishment.

"At first," explains Norma, "I begged Irving's mother to let me attend to all the little details such as putting out his clothes, fixing the studs in his dress shirts and all the other little wifely duties. I loved it for a week or two, but one day after I had lost his cuff links, put the studs in the wrong shirt and set out his walking shoes in place of his evening shoes, I burst into Mrs. Thalberg's room almost on the verge of tears. 'Mother,' I cried, 'won't you please look after Irving from now on?'" And Mother did.

OTHER Hollywood stars began to refer to Norma Shearer enviously as the "girl who has everything." There

could be no doubt that her marriage to the powerful executive was a very happy one. Such starring pictures as "Lady of the Night," "A Slave of Fashion," "His Secretary," "The Devil's Circus," "The Waning Sex," "Upstage," "After Midnight," "The Actress" and "Lady of Chance" were advancing her to an enviable position as an actress. Beauty, fame, wealth and success were hers. With so many of life's greatest gifts in her possession, it stands to reason that Norma was not without her share of criticism from her less fortunate sisters. "She *should* do well," they whispered discreetly behind their hands. "Look at the pull she's got. If I had a husband in the Front Office I could do . . ." and so on and on.

* * * *

Norma Shearer was at the peak of her silent career when talkies loomed upon the Hollywood horizon.

To this star it meant oblivion . . . or great success. She had come to a fork in the road and she had to turn one way or the other, or else turn back completely.

Other great silent stars were falling by the wayside. Big names were in the state of "retriring." It might have been easy for Norma Shearer to rest on her laurels as Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and call it a day. But the same firm determination that made her stay on to fight out the game in New York, that made her fight for better parts in Hollywood, prompted her to draw her sword for combat once more—this time with the talkies as her opponent.

NORMA sat down to take inventory of her talents. It was true she had no stage experience, aside from amateur theatricals in school. In order to assure herself about her speaking voice she went down to the University of Southern California for a vocal analysis. The day she went the machine was out of order.

It was at this time that Bayard Veiller was dickering with M-G-M to direct the talkie of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." He suggested Norma for the rôle. The executives, including Irving Thalberg, gasped in amazement. The exquisite, lady-like Norma Shearer as Mary Dugan, lady of easy virtue, condemned murderess of her lover?

Thalberg promptly turned thumbs down—but he had reckoned without the determined Mrs. Thalberg.

Norma heard that Veiller wanted her for the sensational rôle which Ann Harding had created on the stage. She sent for the dramatist, and with young Raymond Hackett they gathered in secret conclave and rehearsed the dramatic cross-examination scene—swear words and all. One evening when the studio was almost deserted the conspirators rounded up a crew and raided a sound stage. They shot the scene themselves.

Norma held her breath as they waited for that "playback" to come through. Suddenly she heard her own voice—clear, resolute, enunciating each word with dramatic feeling—she could talk for the "mike"!

The next day when the film was run

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\$1.00 Everywhere . . . Introductory purse flacons at better 5c and 10c Stores



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on a Gallon of Gas!**

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.

**NEW GAS SAVING
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A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, quicker starting, snappy pick up, and a smoother running motor.



FREE SAMPLE and \$100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.

Dept. 683-A, Station C, Milwaukee, Wis.

before the surprised officials they did a right-about-face on many ideas they had entertained about the limitations of Norma Shearer's talents. Norma *could* play Mary Dugan.

NORMA'S success in that picture, hailed by critics and fans alike, was the first real triumph of a silent star over the treacherous talkies. Her work gained new importance, and her repertoire was no longer limited to lady-like bits of screen femininity.

Her Mary Dugan success was quickly followed by such box-office hits as "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," "The Divorcée" and "Let Us Be Gay."

Once more Norma Shearer had fought her way through to the top of the heap. And once firmly installed there, she did one of those characteristic things that just don't fit into the picture of a calculating woman whose every move is to her own advantage. Right at the white heat of interest in her career, Norma took time out for the purpose of assuming a new, and rival, career—that of motherhood. Her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born five months after the final scene of "Let Us Be Gay" was finished.

The arrival of Irving, Jr., was noted on the front pages of many newspapers all over the country. And yet Norma's first official statement concerning her child was "no publicity for the baby." "I should love nothing better than for the world to see what a perfectly grand baby we have," is her explanation of the affair, "but I do not believe it is wise for an actress playing the distinctly sophisticated and modern rôles I am doing now, to emphasize her domestic life too strongly. It spoils the illusion."

As soon as the baby was old enough to be left in the charge of a nurse, Norma returned to the studio to make "Strangers May Kiss" by Ursula Parrot, the same author who wrote her biggest box-office sensation of last year, "The Divorcée." Norma's performance in that picture was adjudged by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to be the outstanding characterization of the season. Her first public appearance after the birth of the baby was at the Academy banquet where she was awarded her silver prize, amid the applause of her friendly rivals and co-workers.

STRANGERS MAY KISS" was an even more daring rôle than "The Divorcée" and so far it has registered as a greater hit. The opening night of the picture at the Carthay Circle Theater was Norma's first big première. She wore a cream colored satin dress, a chinchilla coat and one startlingly large orchid on her shoulder. Norma confided later that she was never so nervous in her life as when the title sheet flashed on the screen. At the finish of her big dramatic moment, when Neil Hamilton leaves her alone in Mexico, the house broke into a genuine applause of appreciation and those who sat near Norma say her eyes were shining with tears. At the intermission friends and those she loved flocked about her with congratulations. Athole was there on the arm of Howard Hawks. Her mother and father were proudly in attendance, as was Douglas Shearer. As Norma and Irving walked back to their seats after the intermission it was noticed that they were holding hands.

In looking back over her story, Norma said: "I can't imagine doing it over again. On the other hand, I can't imagine not doing it. I certainly would not advise anyone else to try pictures. It is a hard road—and a still harder one to turn back on when the going gets too rough!

"It is only because I was ignorant of the real hardships I faced that gave me the false courage to see it through. A career is a habit-forming thing that keeps drawing us on and on. Even now I am restless to try my hand at the stage someday. But perhaps it is wise that we are constantly looking ahead. Without the hope of the future to drive us on I'm afraid we would be content to rest on what laurels we have acquired—and that is always dangerous."

By the time you read this Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will be in Europe for their first vacation in two years—accompanied by Irving Thalberg, Jr., and his nurse.

This moment to play and enjoy life and rest, just temporarily, on the pedestal one has builded out of hard work and determination and perseverance is a fitting climax to a girl's winning battle with a great industry and also to one of Hollywood's gayest love stories of Beauty and the Big Boss.

Dynamic Dolores

(Continued from page 49)

an hour and a half at luncheon time with Dolores in her simply furnished dressing room-bungalow on the Warner Brothers lot at Burbank.

To those who wonder how fresh and unspoiled and sincere is the love between John Barrymore and Dolores Costello three years after their honeymoon, let me say that for half an hour of my visit with the actress she talked by phone with her actor spouse. It was the most unavoidable—and pleasant—eavesdropping I have ever enjoyed. Do-

lores Costello, in a voice as musical as the second string of a violin, with endearments as sweet and unaffected as a child's, made that night's dinner menu at the Barrymore menage more poetic and charming than a Shakespearian sonnet.

And as I listened to her tell her husband the news of the day (he had been working at night on one film and she each day on another during that week) I began to understand why John Barrymore no longer seeks an audience in

Ensenada saloons for his latest Rabelaisian story—why that little army of ladies of the film capital hear no more his charming voice in their personal salons.

THE baby had had beef bouillon for luncheon . . . the Joseph Cawthorns were dropping in for tea . . . the garden-er had been instructed to lay some new stone walks in the aviary . . . and how she had missed not seeing John at breakfast . . . He wasn't overdoing? . . . She had caught just the proper pace for her own big scene of the morning . . . "nice to hear your voice, darling . . . until tea time, then . . . lots of love . . ."

A few weeks before I called on Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford told me that every night she always went into Doug Junior's bedroom and picked up his clothes for him. "He throws everything around so," moaned—and boasted—Joan.

Personally, I think the reason John Barrymore is so unutterably happy in his marriage with the beautiful girl who was his leading woman in the silent version of "Moby Dick," is that she has acted as a sort of mental valet—as well as a matronly wife to this mad mummer; picking up the self-prized jewels of his heart and mind, patting them lovingly, putting them in place and then settling back to enjoy with him the novelty of such neatness.

For Barrymore was a rowdy romantic. He scattered his soul around the world as carelessly as an untidy man throws his clothes about the floor when he changes for dinner.

Dolores Costello is not only the sweetheart of John Barrymore, she's his housekeeper—the first who has ever featured his favorite dish at supper. And a nurse—the first who has ever been able to shoo away bothersome "boogies" and tuck him into bed to sleep serenely.

THAT "homey" quality about Dolores Costello, which harmonizes so charmingly with her outdoor athletic tastes and her drawing room sophistication, is her heritage from her mother, Mae Costello, Dolores said.

She must have been one woman in a million—Mae Costello. For both her youngest daughter and her favorite son-in-law claim they owe so much of their happiness and their present appreciation and enjoyment of life to her.

In MODERN SCREEN last month, Barrymore told, with a chuckle, how once when he was courting her, Dolores said: "Are you sure it's me you want to marry—not Mama?"

Dolores Costello told me something more of that courtship. It was carried on mostly, I gathered, over a bridge table during the months of evenings Mae Costello, her daughter Dolores, and that "rogue"—that "roistering rogue"—John Barrymore, played three-handed bridge.

It was a great loss to Dolores when her mother died. I think it must have been then that Dolores Costello finally grew up—a year or so after her marriage. And if there is a credo in Dolores Costello's life—if there is an ideal she has for both her own character and

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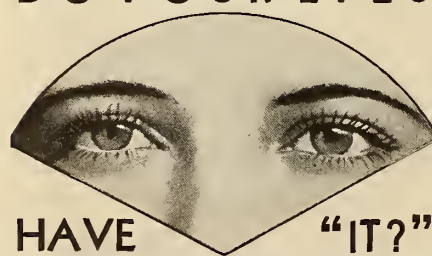
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that of the tiny daughter she is breeding—it is to be in thought and word and action as nearly like her mother as she can.

"Dynamic Dolores. . ."
Dynamic.

YOU may think of "dynamic" as a term which pictures a blustering Bancroft growling business orders. The day I visited Dolores Costello I found a new meaning for the word. Her rare beauty, her quiet, restrained voice, her clean, keen mind; her perfect command, not only of herself but of every person and problem she encounters, impressed me as the most compelling—dynamic—personality I have ever met. I understood for the first time the new John Barrymore I had interviewed—understood and envied!

Dolores Costello told me, at the conclusion of our talk, that she has come back to the screen as an amusing adventure, as an experiment and an inquiry. As an experiment to see if she could be at once, solicitous spouse, attentive mother and a screen star on

whose time and energy so many exacting demands are made. Her inquiry was one of curiosity to learn if—off the screen for two years—she could return to it with success.

She's not quite sure about the experiment. She finds it hard to pass into another's hands the responsibilities—and pleasure—of making sure baby's broth has enough vitamins; she misses the sun baths and garden coolings in her daughter's company. It has, she says, drawn her closer to her husband in their mutual interests of the work-a-day world. It's been both fun and stimulating to learn lines, pose for pictures.

But, as for whether the public will again take to its heart their "Madonna of the Screen,"—pay tribute anew to her beauty and talent, Dolores Costello is completely, sincerely, indifferent.

The only living person she cares about already has taken her to his heart and is holding her fast there, regardless of closeups or curtain lines. The only tribute she wishes to hear is the proud note in Johny Barrymore's voice when he says: "Gentlemen—my wife!"

Beauty Czarina

(Continued from page 45)

unnecessary inches from the waist line in three days. I had every confidence in Sylvia, I knew that one treatment would send me out of that hotel walking on air and feeling like a million dollars.

SYLVIA believes tremendously in waking up the sleepy glands and making them perform their proper work, by themselves, once spurred to "rise and shine." She believes in a liquid diet that builds up and does not tear down. She can tell an anemic person at a glance. "Anemia either makes you fat, in bumps, or thin, with a tendency to tuberculosis," says Sylvia. She believes in a correct posture. She demands that you walk the way nature intended you to walk. Pigeon-toed, a little. "Exaggerate it, if you must," says Sylvia, "but for heaven's sake don't turn your toes out. I have had to teach women of sixty to walk," she says.

She does not say it like this. Oh, no. She says it with a very entrancing little accent, she says it with laughter in her eyes and with very racy expressions impossible to reproduce but entirely charming to hear.

She gives certain exercises to her clients. They perform them with her as an instructor, or at home alone. They are adapted, slightly, to each case. In my own case they consisted of five lively simple exercises, combining stretching and bending, with some calculated to "squeeze" and stimulate the abdominal muscles. I'm going to do them every day, so help me Sylvia!

Her treatment is not cluttered up with a lot of grease and things, nor complicated by alcohol rubs or showers. It does not take very long but it does the work.

She has special facials, also, and very special creams, just a few, which she

makes herself. They smell good, they look good and I am certain that they are good.

I know that Sylvia's treatment is not all physical. It is mental, too. Much depends upon that, one's mental attitude. Sylvia does not permit her clients to keep scales in their homes, to spend their time running to them and climbing upon them to watch the ounces. She knows when they have lost and lost properly, with no strain on the heart, no relaxing of the facial muscles. "Their clothes hang on them," she says simply, "why should they fret themselves with scales?"

"Slugs!" she calls a number of people. But to their faces. Not behind their backs. That isn't Sylvia's way. There isn't an ounce of the gossip or the cat in her. She is as honest, as direct and as stimulating as sunshine, which is chock full of ultra-violet and infra-red rays.

"Why," I inquired, "do you call them slugs?"

"I have to appeal to their vanity," she answered; "I have to get them to mind me, to have confidence in me. What sense would there be in saying 'you are beautiful—you look wonderful'? I say, 'You look terrible, you are lazy, you are a slug! Very well, get that in your head, do what I tell you to and in ten days or two weeks it will be a different story.'"

SHE sets beauty as a goal. But not her highest goal. Her real goal is health, natural, vibrant, the sort of health which radiates from skin and figure and posture and stride. The sort of health which is lasting.

"They all come to me for a reason," she says, a little mournfully. "I mean for—for an acute reason. A job to

be landed, a man to be won. And they all want quick results."

Well, they get them.

She has been in Hollywood for six years. She is as well known as anybody in it. She calls them all by their first names, they call her Sylvia.

They may "squawk" under her relentless treatments, they may weep, they may implore for mercy, but they always come back for more. Like the little boy in the story books, they know what is good for them. Sylvia is good for them; not only for their tended, lovely bodies which have grown torpid with too little sleep, too much living, eating, drinking, too high nerve tension, but for their minds and their souls.

I have never known anyone who liked her work as much as Sylvia does. She loves it; not the good and gratifying results alone but the actual work itself. "The more terrible they look the better I like it—and them," she says.

She said to me "I love humanity." And I believed her. I am sure she does. She knows that many of us mortals are weak, are spiritual failures, are

stumbling along dangerous paths; she knows that some of us are unkind, even vicious, are dishonest, are unworthy. But that doesn't matter. Humanity, with its mixture of good and evil, she loves.

She should have been a doctor. She admits it. She was hospital trained for her present job. "I would have liked to have been a doctor," she told me, "even a surgeon, but I was too dumb!"

I protested; not just politely, but sincerely.

"I mean," explained Sylvia, "all the Latin, all the things you had to know." She regarded her hands. "Well, they earn my living," she said.

And now, although it would be easy to write about Sylvia for many more pages, I must go do my exercises. I promised her I would; and I have an uncanny feeling that if I don't she will know about it, three thousand miles away and that some day I will wake up to receive a telegram which will say simply, scornfully and reproachfully:

"Slug!"

What's Happened to Alice White?

(Continued from page 57)

Paramount lot carrying her photos under her arm. A girl she knew was having lunch with Gary Cooper, then Clara's boy friend. Alice, in her most Bowish manner strode up to their table to talk to them. "Don't you think I look like Clara Bow?" she demanded of Gary, rolling her baby eyes at him with all the "IT-ishness" at her command. When she walked away, Gary shook his head. "She looks like Clara—like brass looks like gold," was his comment, it is said. Then: "She'll never get ahead."

But Alice did get ahead! In spite of Hollywood!

Even the studio that gave her the first real chance failed to realize her worth. She made one picture with Milton Sills and was then promptly fired. It wasn't until exhibitors from all over the country commenced to write letters demanding more of Alice White that the studio gave her another thought. Suddenly they discovered they had found something they could sell . . . in "The Impossible White Girl." Immediately she went to Paramount for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Her success in this picture made possible a starrng contract at First National Studio. And so, quite suddenly, before Alice or the studios or Hollywood realized just what had happened, we found that Alice White had become a star.

ALICE has always said that they were forced to make her a star because no one would work with her in a picture. It seems that the critics were only too anxious to give her all the credit. As a matter of fact, it

wasn't Alice's acting ability that put her where she was; it was the fact that she was a distinct personality of the moment. She was what the public wanted to see—therefore, she was what the theater owners wanted to offer.

At first, Alice was amazed by this turn in events. She instinctively loved celebrity because of the added attention it attracted to her small person. She liked also the many men who pursued her for favors. She gave out unique stories . . . yes, astounding stories of her love life. But she continued to live just as she always had. Two years before (when she was making perhaps thirty-five dollars a week) a nice apartment would have seemed a luxury to her. So now, without any idea of comparative values, she took a fairly nice apartment with a pull-down bed and a little kitchenette. She had no maid. She drove a Ford car. Interviewers were crazy about her because she liked to talk about the things that stars had always heretofore avoided: the men she believed herself in love with at the moment; about life in general and the hot-stuff angle of it. She sincerely believed and hoped that she was living just as Clara Bow was living. The *rumored* Clara Bow!

ONCE a wise man asked Alice White—the Alice White of today—why she had gone haywire those first few months; cheapened herself and her reputation with her indiscriminate romances.

"I didn't know any better," she answered. "I thought one behaved that way when one was a movie star!"

Then Cy Bartlett came into her life—

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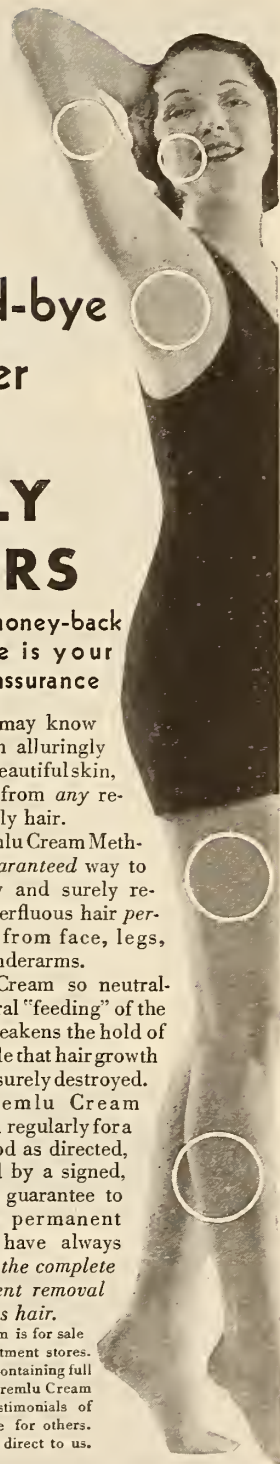
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right at the height of her hey-hey activities. Cy Bartlett is a charming, cultivated, well educated boy. He opened new avenues to Alice—gave her a new sense of values. He was just about Alice's age, but he had spent the greater part of his life in London and Paris—it was a tale of wonder to the wide-eyed Alice. He immediately became a sobering influence on her. She began to read books, enjoy good music, talk more slowly, live more sanely. Alice loved and respected Cy, and Cy loved and sympathized with Alice. It was the very first time in her life that she had ever received any sympathy, and the new atmosphere seemed to soften her jazzy outlook on life.

Then the fun commenced! Cy didn't have to be in Hollywood more than a few weeks before he realized that Alice White was not being treated as others in her same position were being treated. She was a star in name—but not in Hollywood! The courtesy and deference usually shown a star were not a part of Alice's life. Cy became incensed at the unfair way in which Hollywood was shunting Alice out of its way. He at once determined to change the order of things!

HE began going to the studio with her every day. He demanded rights for her which, while they were the natural rights of every other star in the business, were never accorded Alice. He argued with the big producers; talked long and loud to high executives, and in general attempted to make the studio and Hollywood recognize Alice White as a star—not only in name, but in fact!

And thus, Cy Bartlett, who is really the only redeeming influence in Alice's life became (according to many gossips) the real reason for her downfall in the picture business. The studios and Hollywood had never been willing to recognize Alice as a real star. But Mr. Bartlett made up his mind to make them treat Alice in the same manner as they were wont to deal with other girls who had risen to the same high position in the industry.

Alice, under the guiding influence of the man she loved, became a person to reckon with around the studio. She commenced to live, act and think in terms that she had always taken for granted were not for her. She became a star—one who demanded her rights—just as the others always had. She made valiant efforts to be all the word *star* stands for in Hollywood.

Hollywood saw very little of the White girl for a few months. She gave up "running around," the slang, the loud clothes and all the rest of the trappings she thought were such an important part of her life. Cy taught her how to enjoy the real things of life, including good books, fine music and excellent plays. Her voice lost its hey-hey quality and became quite soft and sweet.

BUT the demands around the studio, in the right as they certainly were, finally became too much for those who had known Alice in her "days before."

Things she now did, things she now said, rights she now demanded placed her in the light of being "high-hat." They started to say "White has allowed the thing to go to her head—trying to put on the ritz. Who is this guy Bartlett that is putting all these crazy ideas in her head, anyway?"

Then she was fired!
Of course, in Hollywood they don't exactly fire anyone in the way they do in Kalamazoo. What they did was tell Alice that they were in no position to take up her option. They said that her public had grown tired of her . . . she had no "box-office" any more . . . maybe they could use her next year!

Did you notice the billboards on her picture, "The Widow From Chicago"? Alice had the title rôle in the film, and her name appeared at the bottom of the bill in letters about an inch lower than nothing. The picture was released to the public as: Edward G. Robinson in "The Widow From Chicago." But it seems as though the studio was "sure that Alice had lost whatever used to make 'em stand in line at the box office."

I personally know that her fan mail went on just as though nothing had happened! In fact, *today*—nine months after she made her last picture—she still receives enough fan mail from faithful followers to raise her salary! Some of the studios in Hollywood are aware of the fact that Alice White is still a big attraction at the box-office; many of them have tried to sign her to contracts. But just as sure as she is ready to sign, someone (no one seems to know exactly who) steps in to say that Alice White is *not* to be signed!

YOU can easily see that even though she hasn't actually lost any of her appeal at the box-office, she most certainly has lost something . . . *somewhere!* Who is it that wants Alice kept off the screen, in spite of the fact that thousands of her fans are writing every week? What is the power in Hollywood that can say "thumbs down" and make everyone sit up and take notice? Just at present Alice has just "lost" another chance to sign. Someone arrived at the last minute with the bad news—at least, the signing studio suddenly suffered a distinct loss of enthusiasm.

This, then, is the sad case of Alice White, the girl who still receives thousands of fan letters a month (a testimonial that would be worth lots of money to anyone else in the picture business) and yet has walked around without a job for almost a year!

Now you know why Hollywood has Alice White on its conscience. Is it any wonder that the greater part of Hollywood is ashamed?

The latest news has it that Alice is to play a part in a Columbia picture called, "The Monster Kills." Perhaps this will herald the come-back of Alice White to the talking screen.

If so, is this come-back the result of Hollywood's shame? Has the city of glitter and sham and heartbreak at last realized the shameful treatment Alice White has received? Let us hope so. And let us hope Alice will be seen on the screen for many, many years.

Society Girl Wants A New Name

through the greater part of it and are about to enter upon a more or less prolonged period of quiescence, preparatory to a recovery.
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Secrets of the Stylists

(Continued from page 63)

mystery to the face, a certain smoothness. In a younger person it is more a question of attracting direct notice.

LET'S take first a girl with a pale complexion and titian hair. If she is in a small group it would be wiser for her to work up a contrast by wearing a dark gown in which light is lost, as in velvet, brocade or chiffon. That will highlight her face and hair and cause her to be something of a sensation. At a large ball, however, it might be best for her to wear a gown of supple, gleaming material in a golden orange or amber shade that goes into her complexion so that she makes one fascinating glow—a gorgeous blaze of a single color.

"Similarly, a brunette may be striking in a creamy white satin at a gathering of about fifty people or less. But if she wishes to be outstanding in a big assembly let her wear tones that blend in with her hair, offset by one splash of brilliant color. One lady I know with very dark hair, olive skin, and impeccable good taste, chose to appear in black velvet and purple slippers at a court function. She was an American but she had the most regal look of anyone present.

"Jean Arthur, who has russet brown hair, gained considerable attention the other evening in a gown of golden brown silk net combined with rows of matching velvet ribbon which she wore over a cloth of gold slip. A spray of red roses on the belt gave the gown a vivid touch.

"Blondes are usually stunning in black but on occasions they are more effective in white elaborated with crystals or rhinestones, or in silver tissues.

"For what we have begun to term 'waltz frocks,' it's interesting to use tulle. Lovely effects can be had by fashioning it in uneven layers and graduating the colors—say, from shell pink to deep rose. Chiffons and crêpes lend themselves well to Grecian designs. Impressively simple things can be done with taffeta for tall girls, but short ones should strive for the more picturesque effect in their formal dresses. They can attain it often by combining lace with tulle or by using starched chiffon. A skirt that stands out from the waist to the floor will give a short girl prominence in a room because it gives her an apparent increase in height.

I THINK many women fail to realize what an important part materials play in their appearance. Otherwise we would not have middle-aged ladies going about in stiff linens, tightly-woven serge and mannish suitings that hang in stubborn, ungainly folds. These surfaces take from the freshness of the complexion and bring out the lines and wrinkles. Soft cloths like gabardine, broadcloth, soft-finish satins, heavy crêpes and voiles are becoming to older faces—and to young ones, too. But the young ones can wear the hard-finished fabrics, providing their figures are slen-

der and supple and not angular.

"Thin women need pliable stuffs that drape in thick, indefinite folds to add bulk to the body. Among these are velvets, broadcloths, duvetyns, crêpes and heavy silks and wools. Heavy women should avoid highly lustrous and fluffy fabrics.

"Let me remind you, parenthetically, that you will do well to remember when shopping that shaggy, rough materials and those with a decided sheen make one seem larger... and that it invariably pays to get the best. Although it may cost more at the time, fine fabrics can be made and re-made into garments that have smartness and hold their shape. A beautiful broadcloth coat, well lined, will last for years and always give the wearer the assurance she is clothed in the finest possible raiment. With a few alterations from time to time it can be kept constantly in the mode. It is false economy to buy cheap-looking things; rather buy less and dispense with the little trinkets that serve only to clutter up a dress.

"A costume," went on Mr. Rossé, "is like a poem or a concerto... it is a composition. It requires harmony and balance and rhythm.

"The colors must blend not only with each other but with the face—that is *harmony*. The parts of the design of one's costume should be so placed that the material seems well distributed, with no section looking empty while another is heavily trimmed. There ought to be a perfect continuity of line in keeping with the line of the body. This makes for *balance*. *Rhythm* is the principle whereby a flow of line in a design has pleasing repetition of accent. If, for example, the skirt has a series of small tucks the waist should have this feature also. In the black chiffon afternoon costume made for Bette Davis, Universal's blond ingenue, the circular tier repeats the sweep of the uneven skirt and so does the short cape jacket (see page 63). Had the circular tier been placed straight around and the jacket cut in angles, the smartness of the costume would have been entirely lost.

I BELIEVE the secret of good dressing is in learning to emphasize one's best points. If the hands are beautiful they should be made prominent by careful grooming, by exquisite and unusual rings, and by cuffs that are in contrast to the dress. The feet ought never to be made conspicuous by wearing light-colored or contrasting shoes and stockings unless they're one's only good point. And this is seldom the case!

"Do you know what I think? I think lovely clothes should be a part of contemporary art. The modern understanding of the term is that 'art is the perfect expression of an idea,' or 'the perfect adjustment of an object to its use.' Women express themselves in their clothes. If they do it well they become true artists."

I strongly suspect Mr. Rossé of vis-

ualizing every woman as a separate picture in her own individual frame. He doesn't see us trooping out "à la chorus" across the stage of everyday life in uniform costumes. Not Herman Rossé. Each of us, to his way of thinking, is the star of our own particular show and we ought to dress accordingly. "Be Yourself" is his creed and it might be well if all of us followed it.

Rose Hobart is one who does. She's small and brown and wistful and the other day I saw her in a tweed sport dress that was—to use Mr. Rossé's apt expression—"essentially her." It was of a wood brown shade and had flaring cuffs, brown leather buttons and a plain V-neckline. Very simple, and very smart.

In "Waterloo Bridge" you'll see Mae Clarke in a tweed suit that is the last word in chic. It's of a silvery blue shade and has pointed edging on the coat and cuffs. She wears blue leather shoes to match it and a four-piece sable scarf that falls the length of the skirt. (See page 63.)

FURS, furs, furs—they're dominant in the fall fashions. Ghibiline, that new fur that comes from Tibetan mountain goats, is one of the most durable. It's effective and quite inexpensive (which is one of the chief items for most of us to consider!) Dyed cross fox, fitch, wolf, badger and ombre krimmer are being used extensively to trim coats. Genevieve Tobin has one of lupine blue broadcloth, collared and cuffed with the fitch, that is extremely attractive.

I saw her at the Cocoanut Grove last night in a charming outfit. Her wrap was of Lyons velvet in a rich violet tone with white fox bordering the capelet part of it which started in a sleeve at the left and ended in a long scarf. She wore it over a frock of white *peau d'ange* that had a motif in front made of the velvet embroidered in seed pearls.

But let's leave Hollywood for a minute and talk about your dress problems for fall. Let's talk about a collegiate wardrobe—one that would do for the young business girl as well. The average cost for such a wardrobe is said to be around \$350 and is apportioned something like this:

Good coat	\$60.00
Suit	25.00
Sport coat	20.00
5 classroom dresses	90.00
2 sweaters, 2 skirts	25.00
Shoes	30.00
Hats and Gloves	25.00
Evening dress and wrap	35.00
Miscellaneous (blouses, underwear, etc.)	40.00

Naturally, if you are able to sew for yourself this budget can be reduced materially. The "good coat" is the greatest expense but it is due to last two years or more, consequently it needs to be of fine material and finely fashioned. For that reason avoid getting an extreme style, the kind that will be hopelessly out-dated next year. A dark bottle-green cloth, cut on semi-fitting lines and having a scarf collar of black caracul or some other black fur, would be very chic and what's more—it would

be practical. The accessories to go with it are black with a touch of white.

ONE of the frocks that comes under the heading "classroom dresses" might be of green crêpe or satin to blend with the coat and it could be used for afternoon tea or informal dinner. The other dresses should be of the mottled or dark wool-crêpe and tweed variety in order to get the most wear out of them. White collars, cuffs, and detachable vestees that can be laundered easily in one's room add to their fresh, trim appearance. I suggest black for the sport coat because one seldom tires of it and it can be made to look very dashing and collegiate with gayly colored scarves.

A tailored navy blue, dark gray or brown suit is a wise selection to be worn with smart, youthful blouses.

For the evening wrap, black velveteen lined with cream or flesh satin and having an interlining is an excellent choice. White crêpe roma for the dress offers many possibilities in the way of accessories and as the season advances it can be dyed—and dyed again!

The keynote of the collegiate wardrobe is *dash* . . . combined with what is practical.

Fashion footnotes: Satin gowns with beige tops and brown skirts are approved for formal wear. Colored coats frequently top black dresses. Eggplant is proving a popular shade; it is sometimes combined with blue fox. Dark greys employ silver raccoon. Luxurious fur collars and voluminous sleeves are characteristic of the new tweed coats. "Travel" jackets of kid or lapin are lined with imported woolen fabrics or novelty silks. Spangles and beads elaborate a number of formal gowns. Fine silk mesh hosiery in off-black shades gains favor.

It looks like a brown fall!

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DEAR MISS LANE:

For the past thirty years I've lived in a small Ohio town and now I'm making plans to visit New York in October for the first time. My son has married a young girl of social prominence there and I want to be sure I'm dressed correctly when I go to see them. I wouldn't humiliate my boy for worlds—but confidentially, Miss Lane, I do not know what to wear, especially for travelling and at the formal dinners. I have very white hair, brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion from being in my garden so much, and I'm stout. I weigh 152 pounds and my height is 5 feet 2 inches. Won't you be kind enough to help me? Thank you!

Mrs. D. K. F.

DEAR MRS. D. K. F.:

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has a rough surface and yet is very pliable. Have the coat the length of the skirt with fine seaming beginning at the shoulders and ending in a V-point below the hipline in back. Have a surplice collar and cavalier cuffs of black galyak lined with black satin. Let the V-pointed seaming be imitated both front and back on the skirt and have the fullness placed very low. The overblouse might be of a heavy white crêpe de chine with a tiny black figure in it. Let the neck be V-shaped and edged with a fluted ruffle not more than an inch wide. The cuffs might have this same edging. Complete your costume with a plain black soleil hat that has a diagonal brim, soft black kid oxfords and gloves.

With your white hair, nothing would be lovelier than a gray silk lace dinner dress made with a V-pointed cape in back to give you height. Have the neck V-shaped also, with a layer of flesh colored chiffon softening it. Let your sleeves flare below the elbows and your skirt be slightly gored. Wear with the dress a long rope of rose tourmaline

beads. They, too, will give you height. May your trip be a delightful one!

DEAR MISS LANE:
In the middle of September I am invited to a formal dance that is very important to me and I want to look *stunning*. Will you please suggest a dress for me? I am what I suppose you'd call a "vivid blonde." My hair is a natural golden shade and I have a high color and blue eyes. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 113 pounds. Thanking you in advance,
SARA M.

DEAR SARA:
Why not select a gown of white romaine combined with gold lace? I believe it would be most effective on you. There is a neck yoke of the lace that dips in front and back in points and forms cape sleeves that terminate in points. The waist is of the white romaine and the lace skirt is placed high with points rising to meet those of the yoke. Wear white kid gloves and gold sandals with it, and no jewelry.

Warner Baxter's Future

(Continued from page 67)

doing his greatest work, which is saying plenty, in days to come. I hope to back it up right here and now, at least for the satisfaction of astrological students, many of whom I know are following this series of articles. A group, for instance, has written me from Florida that they put these horoscopes on the blackboard as soon as they come out in print and analyze them completely in their meetings. Others are writing me from all over the world that they want more of the technical reasons why. Nobody cares what I think. They want to know the rules, for then they can piece together the meanings of the planets in their own nativities. And if that's what you want, I'm right here to hand it out, as far as I am able.

We were discussing Uranus ruling the fifth. Next, it is important to study where it actually was at the time of his birth. There it is, in the Ascendant, or first house, at the left, just below the middle line which represents the horizon. It looks like a letter H with a cross and circle below it. It is in the sign Scorpio, which resembles a written letter M. Scorpio is the exaltation sign of Uranus, just as Libra was the exaltation sign of Saturn. These two ponderous celestial bodies in their exaltations are mighty good indications for any one to have in his or her horoscope, for they will carry the native far, in spite of whatever odds are met in the handicap of life as revealed elsewhere in individual charts.

The students who are following my Equilibrium System will recognize the fact that any planet in its tenth house-sign, like Mr. Baxter's Saturn and

Uranus, is a strong occupational influence. Thus we see that Uranus gives him much more than the ordinary allotment of versatility in acting, while Saturn preserves his popularity (this also helped by his Sun position) to the end of his days.

A further interesting point is the fact that since his birth, Uranus has moved from Scorpio through the next four signs of the circle and has but recently gone over his Sun position in Aries. It is by the movements of the transiting planets of the heavens that the conditions of any period of life can be accurately estimated.

WHEN Uranus goes over the Sun in anyone's nativity, many vibrations are set up that bring about startling changes in his or her slant on things, according to the individual testimonies of these two bodies, the Sun and Uranus, in that person's birth map. At the present time this is affecting the affairs of those born during the last ten days of March and the first ten days of April—those born with the Sun in the first twenty degrees of the sign Aries (which area includes the Sun position of Warner Baxter). If your birthday falls in this group you are one who has the exciting and shifting influence of Uranus in the first house of your own personal Equilibrium Horoscope, the figure of the heavens which reveals your changes in psychology or way of looking at life, from time to time.

Here is a table of Uranus at the time of birth of most people who are at present interested beginning in 1880 and continuing up to March, 1919:

In Virgo, January 1, 1880, to October 13, 1884.

In Libra, October 14, 1884, to December 9, 1890.

In Scorpio, December 10, 1890, to April 4, 1891.

In Libra, April 5, to September 25, 1891.

In Scorpio, September 26, 1891, to December 1, 1897.

In Sagittarius, December 2, 1897, to July 4, 1898.

In Scorpio, July 5, to September 9, 1898.

In Sagittarius, September 10, 1898, to December 19, 1904.

In Capricorn, December 20, 1904, to January 30, 1912.

In Aquarius, January 31, to September 4, 1912.

In Capricorn, September 5, to November 11, 1912.

In Aquarius, November 12, 1912, to March 31, 1919.

If you are a native of Aries (March 21-April 20) you are now going through a very personal time in connection with the transit of Uranus, influencing your mind strongly according to its position at the time of your birth. Here are the ways in which it is apt to affect Aries people:

If Uranus was in Virgo at birth, the health should be carefully taken care of, as well as relations with inferiors, servants and any uncles and aunts on the side of the family of the parent of the opposite sex. Legal matters are also apt to be unprofitable at this time, so move cautiously in anything having to do with the affairs of the dead, if this applies to you. This interpretation is chiefly for natives of Aries whose position of Uranus is in Virgo, according to the table above, and applies for the balance of 1931 and into 1932.

If you are an Aries person with your natal Uranus in Libra, this is a period of much moving about, with possible foreign travel; but rather disturbing in a partnership or matrimonial manner, particularly if you are a woman.

IF your Uranus is in Scorpio and your Sun is in Aries, according to their positions at your time of entry into the world, as was the case with Warner Baxter, this is a period during which many changes occur in your occupation and your way of applying whatever skill you possess. It is also probable that you will in some way be affected by sorrow or bereavement, or have trouble because of a parent.

Natives of Aries who were born when Uranus was in Sagittarius, according to the foregoing table of this planet's positions, now find themselves in peculiar financial conditions, possibly influenced in some way by relations with friends. Not a favorable time to loan or endorse.

Those born with the Sun in Aries and Uranus in Capricorn are now apt to be passing through shifts and difficulties in relations with superiors, and they cannot take too many pains to be diplomatic and tactful in everything they do and say. It is for them an excellent

period, however, for studying occultism in a serious way.

Aries people with Uranus in Aquarius at birth are members of our present younger generation who are rebelling so strongly at the methods of teaching in schools and colleges. They are forming a truly new and important slant that will be felt later when they get into positions of power.

GETTING back to the personal horoscope of Warner Baxter, there is much that can be said about the position of his Sun in Aries. Here again we find the influence of the Moon, for the Moon rules the tenth degree of Aries, where we find his Sun at birth. There is a peculiar message for each degree of the circle of the Zodiac, and his indicates him to be one who sees things beyond their mere physical outward form. He also has quite a mission to perform in this life, and he is doing it. Because Mars is the ruler of Aries, we look to its position in Gemini to see what sort of expression he has for his underlying talents and, in fact, the foundation of his character, which is profoundly philosophical under his sometimes gay and inconsequential exterior, especially when acting in some of his lighter rôles. Mars is here seen in a dualistic, or double sign, indicating a strong mental slant on everything he does or says or thinks—he is dangerously near being a highbrow, and maybe he is in his private life. More power to him, if such is the case, for the best actors are usually those who have the greatest perspective on life; and the best way of which I know to get a long look at the human race is through the classics and sciences.

Yes, he is apt to be trying to do more than one thing at once, and is quite well equipped to get away with both of them. This is what makes possible his great versatility, which only needs the co-operation of studios and story selections to make him a truly outstanding power in talking pictures.

Mars rules his money matters, and they are not apt to be too smooth, although I cannot see him at any time being in need. He is not of a grasping or greedy nature, knowing the old maxim that a closed fist receives no more than it gives.

And he is one of the few actors or actresses I have seen whose horoscopes indicate a tendency to stay married for any considerable length of time. Numerous attractions are shown, but he is more apt than not to remain true to his vows. In most temperamental people's horoscope there is also a strong personal connection between their ability to play many parts and their inner characters, making it difficult for them to avoid displaying their talents along this line in a private and more intimate manner as well as before the camera. Hence the many marriages of those who have the versatility required in a good actor or actress.

I started out with the statement that Warner Baxter has a brand of acting that is so much his own that he doesn't resemble the usual, or typical, thespian. Perhaps that is why he is somewhat different in his personal affairs, too.

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Saddest Young Man

(Continued from page 48)

players. The salary was not inconsiderable, and feeling himself deeply in debt to his parents for their expensive schooling, he considered that he was obligated not to let pass this first opportunity that he had ever had to make money. He would for a time take advantage of the sudden golden tide, and then return to college. . . .

But the weeks bore on, and though Phil gradually drew abreast of his bills, no more parts were forthcoming. Unfamiliar with the delays attendant upon production schedules and knowing only the haste and nervous tension of amateur theatricals, the long waits between pictures suffered patiently by veteran players were to him insupportable. He began to fear that the company had forgotten all about him, and he was ready to ask for his release when he received notice that, due to his prolonged absence, he had been flunked out of Princeton.

That little slip of paper brought to him with a crash all that he had forfeited for the movie chimera. Without any wish to become an actor, he simply had let a tide of circumstances drift him into the trade. And now it had taken from him his chance for a college education. . . . Thoroughly shaken, grief-stricken by his loss, unhappy in Hollywood now that its temporary glamor had worn thin, his nerve snapping by the enforced idleness of waiting for a part, he recalled the refuge which he had taken in liquor in Princeton, and went on one of those grand and extended benders calculated to bring relief to the most jangled set of nerves.

IT was during this time that Phil established his reputation for wildness. Hollywood, having seen countless boys "go bad," shook its collective head. I remember feeling a trifle dubious myself when, chasing him half one night, he finally was located sitting dejectedly on a fence outside Culver City. His car was wrapped negligently about a nearby telephone pole. That sort of thing.

A psycho-analyst doubtless would have seen at once that in his youthful way Phil was merely seeking to erect a defense mechanism against the slings and arrows of what he considered particularly outrageous fortune. But psychoanalysts don't go about Hollywood explaining the eccentric behavior of its people. If they did, they doubtless soon would all be breaking down from overwork. Thus, in a town where but few are patient with the troubles of the rest, and every morning-born rumor finds itself an established fact by nightfall, Phil soon was being credited with roistering abilities that would have made the classic brawlers of the ages hang their heads in envy.

And then, quite abruptly, it was all over. He was given something to do—a part in the local production of "The Silver Cord"—and was himself again overnight; the demands of his high-strung nature finding an outlet in the at-

tention which he gave his characterization in the Sidney Howard play.

THE studio, reminded of his great promise by his splendid performance, started giving him small parts in a variety of pictures. He worked in a horse-opera, had bits in several other program affairs, then larger parts in larger pictures culminating in the juvenile lead in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," for which it was necessary that he go to New York.

That trip did Phil inestimable good. It gave him a change of scene and a chance to renew his friendships in the east; and when he returned to Hollywood he was in good shape physically and mentally, determined to clean up the debts contracted during his playboy period, and make good in pictures. He did both.

What he did not do, however, was to recall that success is an empty thing when your heart isn't in the work. Gradually the smile which his vacation had granted him faded from his face. He did not fall off the wagon; for his previous experience with liquor had taught him that it could offer no permanent relief. Too, he knew that if he were to continue to get parts like the lead in "The Devil's Holiday" he must be sober and early-to-bed.

But progressing though he was, his success offered him little satisfaction. He didn't like the parts he was doing; for one of them he had to bleach his hair. He wanted to do characterizations, strong things in which he could set his teeth. He made tests for one of the leads in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and was bitterly disappointed when he was considered too good looking for the part.

IT was at the opening of that interesting production that Phil gave me another glimpse of the fact that he had not yet adjusted himself to the business of painting his face and gesturing for a camera. Encountering him during the intermission, I told him that I was leaving the next week for France. He looked far more envious than if I had told him that I had just been elected President.

"I'd give the shirt off my back to go with you," he said.

"Well, why not come along?"

He shrugged. But we both knew the answer. He was making so much money in Hollywood that it would have been mad to leave.

"Life's funny," he went on after a moment. "Sometimes I think we're all nothing but a bunch of silly puppets, playing for some immense unseen audience. Does anyone do what he really wants to? We're grabbed up and put on a certain track, given a certain work, and there we are. I never wanted theatricals. Something just—picked me for them. You know I wanted to be a business man—in New York. Well, here I am—a movie actor in Hollywood.

And in Hollywood, I venture, he will for sometime remain. For liking the work or not, within the past year Phil suddenly has found himself as an actor. And given rugged dramatic parts that allowed his natural ability a chance, he turned in smash performances in "Her Man," "The Criminal Code" and "Stolen Heaven." With the release of "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed," he may join the very front rank of stars. Where, intelligent, charming, and a thoroughly fine gentleman in every translation of the word, he will be a distinct asset to

the world of the modern screen. He has all the essential requirements.

But high as he may go in this profession, in Phil's heart I think there will always remain something of the same rebellion, the same vague discontent, that was the portion of the small boy who was chosen to take part in school plays because he looked like an actor and was the son of an actor. . . .

And that is why I consider this young man a figure of ineffable sadness. He has been granted every gift which the gods may bestow—save the important one: happiness. This has eluded him.

Why Are They Fought For?

(Continued from page 37)

Janet suffered a relapse while resting at Palm Springs when she learned of the marriage of Charlie and Virginia Valli.

From a close friend of Charlie's we learned that he has been in love with Virginia for the past six or eight years . . . and never once loved Janet. All this in the face of the report that Janet was supposed to be so romantically inclined toward the same young man since they played "Seventh Heaven."

Not that Charlie isn't the answer to many a movie-goers' prayer. But these girls in Hollywood don't have to fall in love with a "shadow" . . . they can have the real flesh and blood! And taken in that cold light of actuality, Charlie is a whale of a nice young fellow (who is said to be about twenty-four . . . but who will never see thirty again) with a sweet personality and a huge crop of brown hair. His features are pleasant and manly, but by no means does he approach in real life the "Charlie Farrell of the screen."

And Prince Mdivani is also a member!

Of course, we're not speaking of Mae Murray's tried-and-true marital companion. We mean the royal brother who earned the deep affections of Pola Negri! Since Pola has just signed a new contract for the talkies with RKO-Pathé, those of you who are too young to remember Pola will get a chance to see her. Suffice it to say that she is a beautiful woman . . . one who would cause the average male's heart to skip a beat.

And now her Prince has been won by none other than Mary McCormack, one of the prettiest stars of the American Opera. And the rumor in Hollywood has it that our favorite singer knew the Prince long before Pola finally divorced him. It is even hinted that Mary and Pola put up quite a heart battle for the "other brother."

And since the novelty of titles means nothing in the film colony these days (or at least we hope we have proved that now) there must be some other and

stronger reason behind this Frenchman's extra appeal to the fair ladies of the country. Certainly he has been the "added purse" in a heart skirmish between two of the really beautiful women of this or any other day.

And for why?

AND even tall, lean Gary Cooper! Lupe, in our presence, talked to Gary over the phone one day as Gary lay in the hospital. He told her that they had just finished weighing him and that he had lost thirteen pounds. This must have been more than even his adoring Lupe could stand . . . what with Gary almost "gaunt" as it is . . . and she was heard to say, "You better watch out . . . if you lose any more poun's, nothing will be left of you but your initials!"

And Gary wasn't much of a "heart-breaker" when he was at his best . . . that is, not in real life. Overly-thin features draped on a typical cowboy face . . . long, lean body . . . no more grace than a ranch hand generally has . . . never quite at home in a drawing room and far from the common conception of the "Romeo."

Clara Bow put up quite a fight for him when he was held in the firm grasp of Evelyn Brent. And Evelyn is no mean shakes at pickin' 'em. But after Clara had him, she couldn't hold him . . . Lupe wanted him! When one has Clara and Lupe at opposite ends of the tug of war, I'd venture to guess that the *raison d'être* would come pretty close to "perfect." And even since Lupe has had Gary there have been rumors started and denied that June Collyer was raring to throw her hat in the romance ring in favor of Gary!

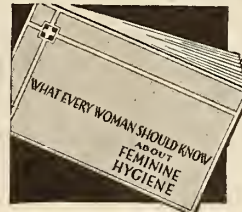
What is it that these boys have? What makes the "hard-to-get" Hollywood beauties go to bat for their favors? If it were the dashing John Gilbert or the charming and gallant John Boles or even the boyishly attractive Charles Rogers, I might be able to understand it! But no. . . .

It's all too confusing!

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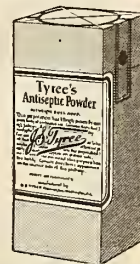
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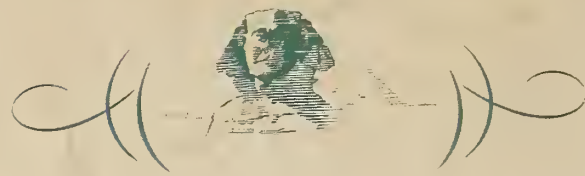
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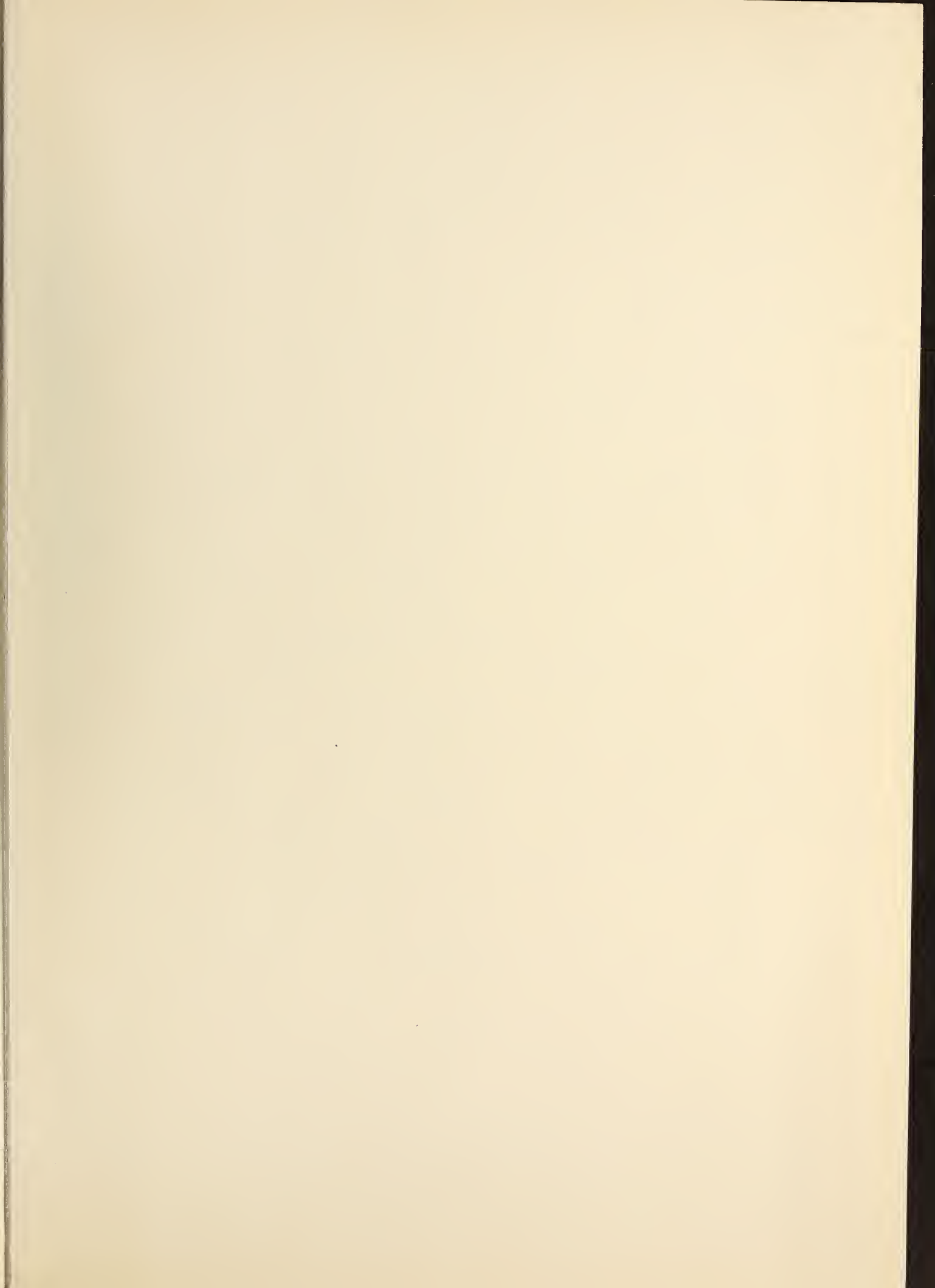


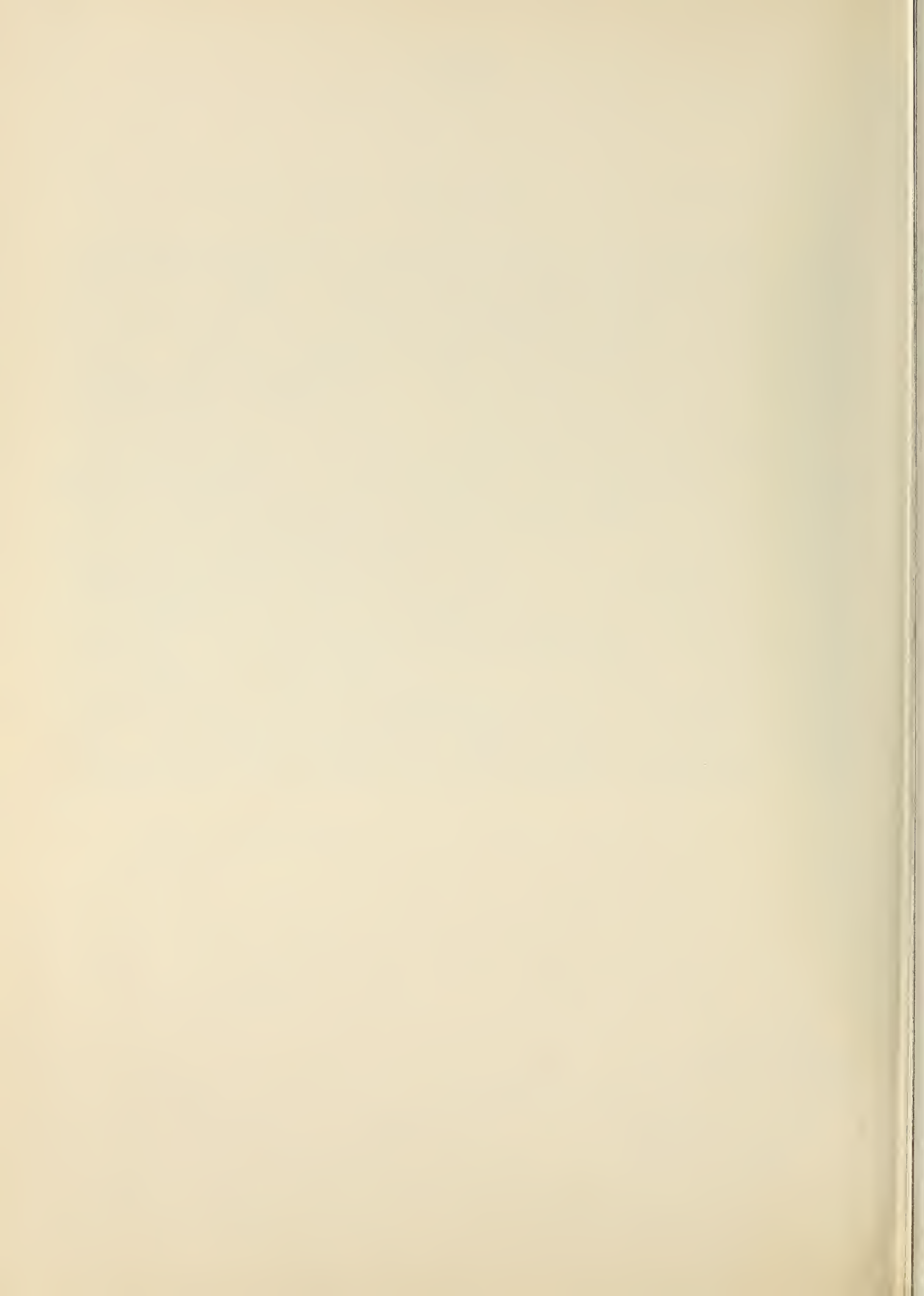
yet you'll find me in office and shop"

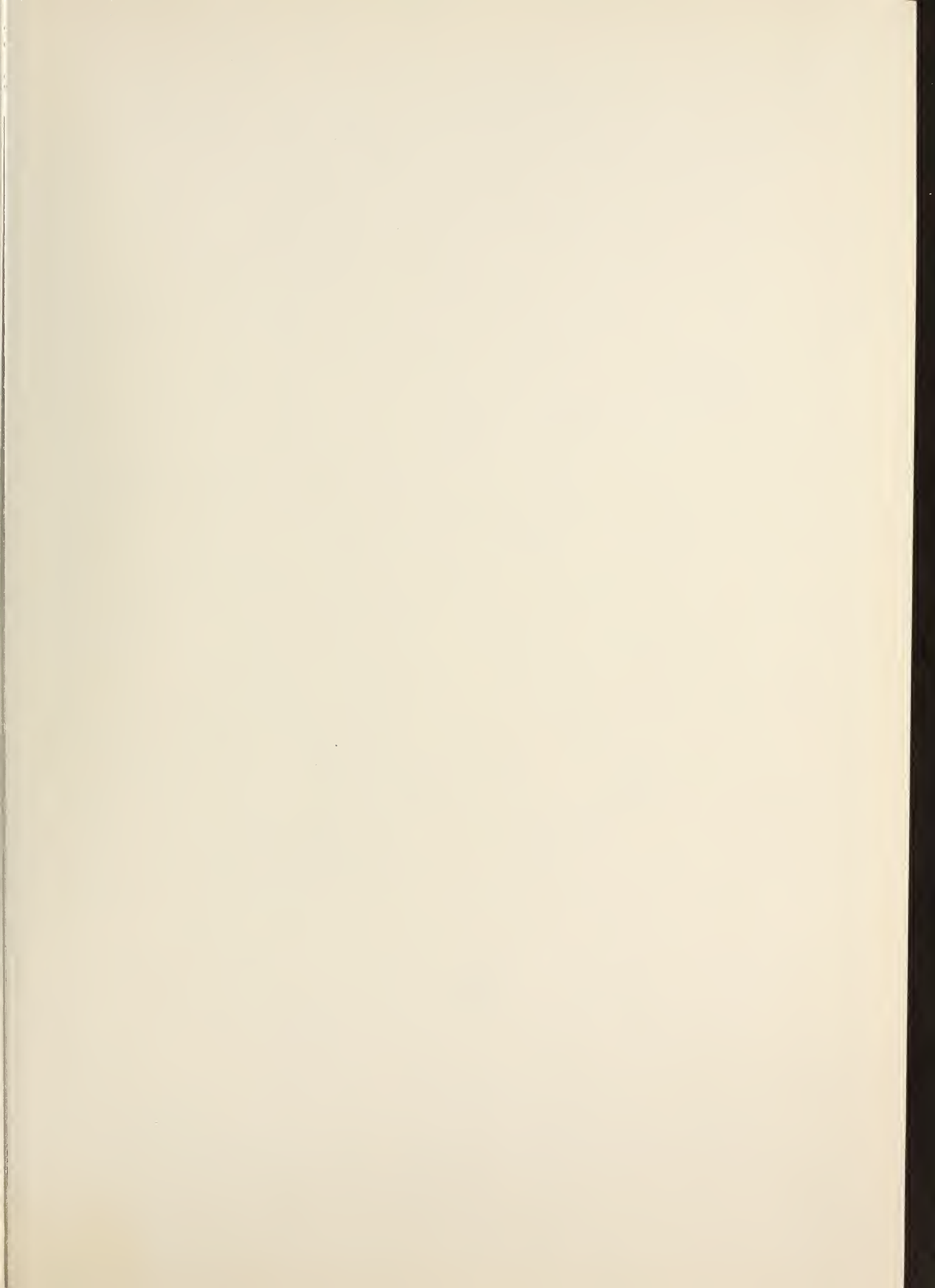
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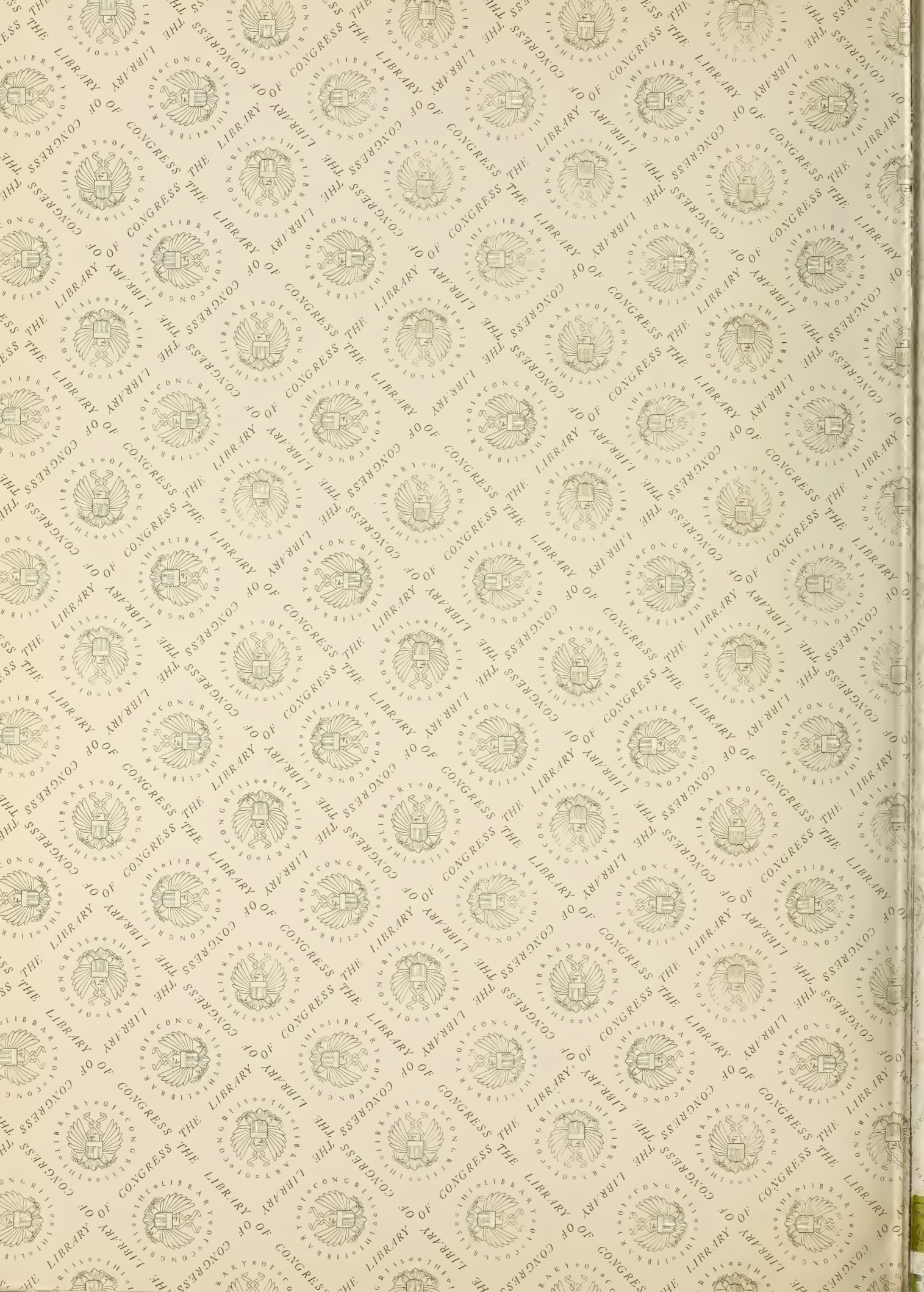
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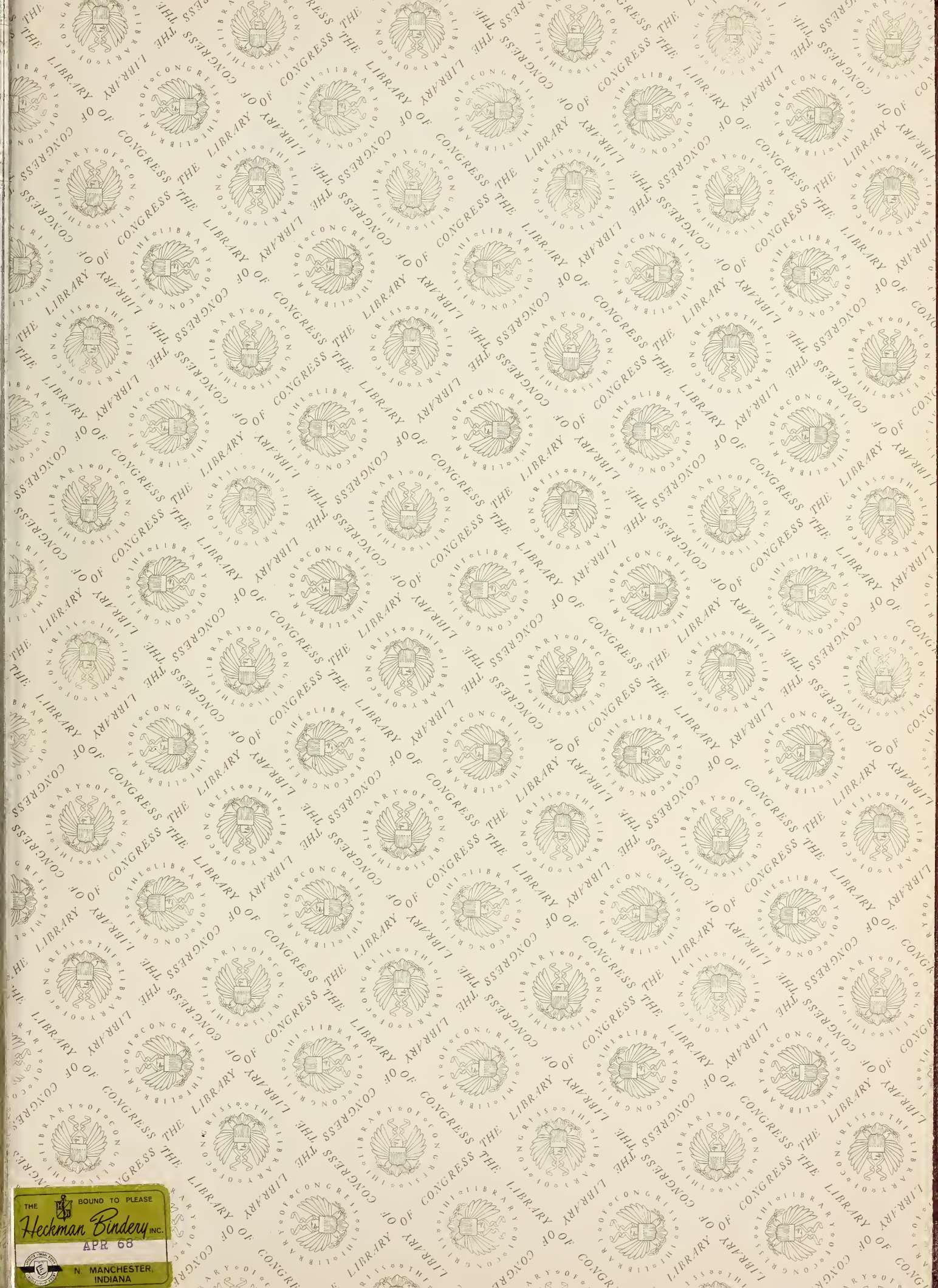












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