

LA WILCOX PUTNAM • FAITH BALDWIN • ALBERT PAYSON TERHUN

MODERN SCREEN

10¢



FEBRUARY

32



Joan Crawford

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S 400

ARDOM'S SOCIAL SEASON OPENS—THRILLING INTIMATE PICTURES

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME,
men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be
betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, be-
trayed their country, gave up their lives! Here
is one of the truly great dramas that has
come out of the war—based on the incred-
ible adventures of Mata Hari—called the
most dangerous woman who ever lived.
Who but the supreme Greta Garbo
could bring to the screen this strange,
exciting personality! Who but
Ramon Novarro could play so well
the part of the lover who is willing
to sell his honor for a kiss! See these
two great stars in a picture you will
never forget.

Greta

*It was beyond the
powers of mortal
man to withstand
the lure of this
siren.*



*The lives of a
million men—
the destinies of
nations—these
were the stakes
she played for.*

GARBO
IN
MATA HARI
NOVARRO

with
**LIONEL
BARRYMORE**
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

DANCE TEAM

with

JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.

FOX

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

- The Inside Story of Hollywood's 400** *Nina Wilcox Putnam* 27
A who's who of Hollywood society—in story and pictures
- Up the Hollywood Years with Joel McCrea** *Walter Ramsey* 36
Joel grew up with the stars—read about those boyhood days
- Warning! Danger Ahead, Hollywood!** *Harry Lang* 40
Dareos' amazing prophecies for the movie town and players during 1932
- To Tell the Truth—** *Jane Drew* 44
Joan Crawford discusses her rumored divorce with amazing honesty
- One Day to Live** *Jack Jamison* 48
If you only had twenty-four hours of life left—what would you do?
- Roddyjock (Fiction) (Illustrated by Morgan Dennis)** *Albert Payson Terhune* 50
A charming story of a man and girl who weren't speaking—and a Scottie
- Fadeout** *Curtis Mitchell* 53
Robert Williams was the victim of a capricious fate
- The Most Inspiring Woman in Hollywood** *Faith Baldwin* 54
There is only one thing of which Marie Dressler is afraid
- Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe** *Virginia T. Lane* 60
Marion's new clothes detailed for your delight—in story and picture
- Let Me Be a Human Being (Illustrated by Jack Welch)** *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 64
Gloria Swanson's plea for real happiness
- Garbo Steps Out—Dietrich Goes into Seclusion** *Carter Bruce* 70
Greta and Marlene change places—for very different reasons
- Stepchild of the Royal Family** *Walter Ramsey* 74
Why Lionel has never had his share of Barrymore fame—until now
- Long Distance Marriage** *Harriet Parsons* 76
No wonder movie marriages frequently break up
- Bing Crosby's Debt to Love** *Hester Robison* 83
Why Bing's wife gave up her career for his sake
- The True Story of Sylvia Sidney** *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 85
Sylvia's amazing path to final triumph
- Are You Manners-Conscious?** *Harriet Parsons* 88
David Manners is a young man well worth your interest
- Friends Again** 18
The low-down on that Howard Hughes-Billie Dove reconciliation

DEPARTMENTS

- Modern Screen Directory: Players** 6
Pictures 10
All you want to know about the stars, players and pictures
- Beauty Advice** *Mary Biddle* 8
The movie players' newest beauty secrets
- The Modern Hostess** 12
The all-important subject of the cookie
- Between You and Me** 13
Is your letter among those printed this month?
- All Joking Aside** *Jack Welch* 43
Some more of those unbelievable facts about movie people
- Modern Screen Reviews** 56
The films you will want to see—and those you'll want to avoid
- They Do Say—** 14, 72, 92
Chit-chat and delicious gossip hot off the Hollywood griddle
- And also: Unposed Portraits, 22-25; Hollywood's Social Season Opens, 28-31; Malibu Tournament, 32-33; Party at the Embassy, 34; The Academy Dinner, 35; The Roving Camera, 59; Meet Mrs. Clark Gable, 67; The Screen Loves of Clark Gable, 68; Gallery of Honor, 79-82; Scoops of the Month, 90; At the Tennis Club, 130.

Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

Walter Ramsey, Western Representative

Sealed Lips and Broken Hearts

He couldn't
guess why she
refused him.
She couldn't
tell him
why. One
more romance
ended—by
the fault that
has wrecked
so many!



NOTHING can kill romance quicker than for one or the other to be careless about the all-important matter of "B.O."—*body odor*.

Don't take chances. Don't think *you* can never be guilty. Man or woman—young or old—one is safe. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily, even on the coldest winter day.

The unforgivable fault

You never know when this odor may be noticeable to others. Unless you take some precaution, you're almost certain to offend *someone*—*some-time*! And it may cost you friends—your sweetheart—business success!

Play safe. Adopt Lifebuoy as your toilet soap—end all "B.O." worries. For Lifebuoy does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy,

*Heartbreaking to refuse him—
but no girl can excuse "B. O."*

abundant, purifying lather penetrates deeply into pores—removes germs and all odor.

Wonderful for the complexion

This same bland, refreshing, deep-cleansing lather that keeps pores so fresh and clean, keeps complexions radiantly clear and healthy. Work this gentle, searching lather well into the skin. It loosens pore-embedded dirt—wakens dull skins to fresh glowing loveliness. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you why Lifebuoy is such a fine complexion soap—it *purifies*! Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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LIFEBUOY
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Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—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, 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.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Barry in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Campus hero in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Racing driver in "Blue Blazes," Universal. Male lead in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio. Gob in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Geoffrey in "High Pressure," Warners.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Road to Reno," "The Dover Road," and "Husbands' Holiday," Paramount.

AMES, ROBERT; born in Hartford, Conn; died in New York City on November 27, 1931. His last rôles were that of leading man opposite Ina Claire in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé, and Joe Warren in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and lead in "The Secret Call." Stellar rôle in "No One Man," romantic lead in "Touchdown," and co-starred in "Sky Brides," 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. Tentative title of next picture, "The Man Who Played God," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," and "Reckless Living," both Universal. German naval officer in "Suicide Fleet," and romantic lead in "The Second Shot," RKO-Pathé.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Paramount release. Star of "The Crossing," Arthur Independent.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Ancker; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Cavaller of the Streets," for Paramount. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklin Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "White

Shoulders," "Smart Woman" and "Sour Grapes," for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guinea. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellicott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. The Kid in "The Iron Man," and leads in "Up For Murder," "Heaven on Earth," "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and "Gallows," 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," Otto in "Daybreak," and Tommy Osgood in "Guilty Hands," all for M-G-M. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. College boy in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Millionaire in "Rich Man's Folly," and star of "Through the Window," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Tarnished Lady," dual rôle in "My Sin," and star of "The Cheat."

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. Male lead in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Father in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Star of "The Man I Killed," Paramount.

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," Cary Lockwood in "The Last Flight," and star of "Alias the Doctor," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," and stellar rôles in "The Cisco Kid," "Surrender," and "The Widow's Might," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free-lance player. Luke in "Tolable David," Columbia. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Detective in "Homicide Squad," Universal. Capt. Swope in "Then Hell Broke Loose," Columbia. Baggett in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Paramount.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Bill in "Min and Bill," gangster in "The Secret Six," aviator in "Hell Divers," and title rôle in "The Champ," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Young Buffalo Bill in "Battling With Buffalo Bill," Universal.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to Marquis de la Coudray; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Stephanie in "Bought," Warner Bros. Star of "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox, Jr.; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Hush Money," and "She Wanted a Millionaire," Fox. Now in New York.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Star of "East of Borneo," Universal. Racketeer in "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Football coach in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal. Male lead in "Men in Her Life," and racketeer in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Sue Leeds in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Mary in "Then Hell Broke Loose,"

(Continued on page 96)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

William Haines	January 1	Frank Albertson	February 2
Kenneth Thompson	January 7	Russell Gleason	February 6
Chester Conklin	January 11	Ben Lyon	February 6
Warner Richmond	January 11	Ramon Novarro	February 6
Kay Francis	January 13	Eddie Nugent	February 7
Bebe Daniels	January 14	Ronald Colman	February 9
David Torrence	January 17	William Collier, Jr.	February 12
Oliver Hardy	January 18	Mary Brian	February 17
Ralph Graves	January 23	Lew Cody	February 22
Joyce Compton	January 27	Joan Bennett	February 27

Introducing the First Star of 1932



MARIAN MARSH

in **"UNDER EIGHTEEN"**



"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final" . . . You made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"



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REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

Look to the stars for your beauty—the stars you see on the screen. Miss Biddle tells you how to learn invaluable beauty secrets from them



Do men admire natural color? JUST ASK ONE!

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural! . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today . . . so admired by men! 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 own natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

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NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

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To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up"

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HOW many of you have ever tried to copy some favorite movie star? Come, now, be honest. Haven't you, perhaps, tried to fix your hair like Greta Garbo? Or, maybe, to acquire that trick of Joan Crawford's of looking up, from under straight, direct brows, out of those enormous eyes of hers—with the head lowered just a trifle? How many girls do you suppose copied Clara Bow in her heyday—hair wild and woolly, figure belted just a trifle too tight, skirts hitched up more than a trifle too short?

And while I'm asking all these questions, I might just as well break down and confess that I, myself, once tried to copy the coiffure Gloria Swanson wore in "Male and Female." Remember? The long hair was swathed elegantly across the brow in the manner of a headache bandage, and there was a much-puffed effect on the top of the head. It looked lovely—exotically lovely—on Gloria. But—for goodness sakes!—it was a hairdress which would require the expert technique of an artist. (It was, I believe, Hatty, the famous colored hairdresser of the old Paramount studio, who did all Gloria's coiffures—and she *was* an artist if ever there was one.)

However, that is an extreme case. What I started out to say was this: I think it is a splendid thing—and a very smart thing—for you to endeavor to copy details in the dress and get-up of some adored movie personality. All I ask is that you choose a model whose type is similar to your own. The danger is that every type of girl—slim, plump, short or tall—will adopt the hairdress, manner and make-up of, say, Greta Garbo! (Surely she is the most copied woman in the world.)

Suppose, for example, that the only claim to beauty which you possess is straight, regular features. No pretty hair or gorgeous skin or glamorous eyes. Just a nice nose and a well modelled chin and a prettily contoured face. You are very fortunate. I suggest that you take for your model Miss Norma Shearer. Observe that Norma never clutters up her appearance with detail. Her hair is usually brushed clean away from her face. She has a lovely hair line—true. But did you know that you can improve your own hair line by gentle brushing of the hair, back and up, from the temples and the forehead? Norma's make-up is never

an obvious thing—either on the screen or in real life. She accents her eyes, yes—but with well-blended eye-shadow rather than too-heavy mascara.

NOW, on the other hand, suppose you are a girl without particularly good features. Look at Ruth Chatterton. She admits that hers are not beautiful. But who is ever conscious of her irregular nose and rather too heavy chin? All you are conscious of is a warm, gracious charm—tasteful attire—a beautiful voice. Yes—I know—you can't buy charm in a jar and apply it to your face at night. But you can learn to be charming. You can watch Miss Chatterton on the screen and note the graceful motions of her hands, the animated, *interested* look of her eyes. You will note, too, if you're wise, that her coiffure is always of the simplest (unless she is playing a character rôle).

Let's talk about lips for a moment. It's frequently very easy, you know, to make an attractive mouth out of one that isn't naturally quite beautiful. The trick is not to attempt to make your mouth into something it isn't but to soften its least attractive aspects by the judicious application of lipstick. Look at Joan Crawford's mouth the next time you see her in a picture. Joan is rouging her lips in a rather different and, to my mind, a much more attractive manner. She has a very strong mouth. It expresses character. Joan has decided to *let* it express character—not to try and make it pretty-pretty. Take a tip, girls with wide mouths.

We can all learn a great deal from Gloria Swanson's coiffures. Gloria is a very small person with a tiny, well-shaped head. She has quite a mop of hair. But you never see it bulging out in line-destroying bumps. I remember one smart trick she used in "Indiscreet," when she wanted her coiffure to be close to the head in back and at the sides, but loosely arranged in the front. Her back hair was braided and arranged, very flat, across the nape of the neck, and then looped up as far as the ears on each side, where it was pinned securely. The braids did away with the possibility of any loose ends escaping. Then, of course, you all must remember Gloria's "hat coiffure" which she used in "What a Widow!" Gloria let her hair down before putting on the hat; arranged the front hair as she wanted

(Continued on page 105)



Now

quickly, easily, in your own home

A Complete "Beauty Parlor" Shampoo and Wave Set for 10¢

WHY pay a dollar or more for a professional wave set, when it's so simple and easy to get the same results yourself, for a fraction of the cost?

With this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set (shown above in actual size), you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smartness and finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set—and lasts just as long!

Thousands of girls, all over the United States, already wave their own hair with our famous Sta-Bac Curl Set. (Over 3 million bottles sold last year.)

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Sta-Bac Brilliantine gives to your permanent or finger wave a beautiful sheen and lustre. Just spray a small quantity over the hair; you will be delighted with the results. Delicately perfumed.



Whether you are an old friend or a brand new user, you'll be delighted with this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set. Clear and complete directions for use with each set. Get one today, at S. S. Kresge stores.

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Vi-Jon Talc... Vi-Jon Theatrical Cleansing Cold Cream.

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PREPARATIONS

The Secret of Lovely Lustrous Hair



THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Brief and pithy reviews of all the pictures playing around the country at the present time



Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE *New NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the *NEW Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

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AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Billie Dove's come-back picture. You'll be surprised—and delighted—at the new Billie. It's a story of a husband, wife and stenographer. Fair—but it would bore children.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—George Arliss in his impersonation of the famous historical character. Mr. Arliss' performance overcomes a weak story. June Collyer and Doris Kenyon are the ladies concerned. Good—children will not be particularly interested although they ought to be.

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Will Rogers getting mixed up with one of those mythical countries. Very good—very fine for the youngsters.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Theodore Dreiser's famous novel in talkie form with Sylvia Sydney, Phillips Holmes and others. In this screen version it becomes a pretty strong but depressing court-room story. Very good—but better leave the tots at home.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)—Wesley Ruggles—who directed "Cimarron"—idea of the present younger generation. Very good—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.

THE ARIZONA TERROR (Tiffany)—A Western with Ken Maynard—and also some pretty good humor. Very good for Western fans—great for the kiddies.

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 57. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. Excellent—children will be bored by it, however.

BAD COMPANY (RKO-Pathé)—Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in a gang picture. There's an ending which will surprise you. Good—children will like parts of it.

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn in Vina Delmar's best-selling story. Full of wonderfully thrilling human interest stuff. Excellent—but children may be bored by it.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—Paul Lukas as a guardian and Dorothy Jordan as the little orphan who falls for him. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are good but the real honors of the show go to Charles Ruggles for his grand comedy. Good—children will like parts of it.

BRANDED (Columbia)—Typical Western stuff with Buck Jones in the leading rôle. Very good if you are a Western fan—splendid for children.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers as an American business man who goes to Europe in an endeavor to corner the market on steel for razor blades. Will is quite up to his usual good form. Excellent—children will like parts of it.

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe in a sequel to "The Arizona Kid." The feminine interest is supplied nicely by Conchita Montenegro. Very good—children will love it.

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a story of an ex-prize fighter and his son. There are some wonderfully gripping scenes. Excellent—fine for the kids.

COMPROMISED (Warner)—Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart in a story about a boarding-house drudge and the rich man's son whom she helps—and gets herself into a misunderstood situation by so doing. Good—but it would bore the young ones.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—Two fellows and two girls—and one of the fellows marries the one of the girls he doesn't love, in a moment of pique. From then on the plot thickens. Good—but children won't care for it.

CORSAIR (United Artists)—Chester Morris as the football hero who becomes a bootlegger, pirate and hi-jacker. If you like action pictures you'd better not miss this. Good—children will like it, if you don't mind their seeing gang stuff.

CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez. Excellent—children will like Jimmie Durante's and Ernest Torrence's comedy and Tibbett's singing.

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox) Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the famous old story of the little orphan who falls in love with her guardian. Excellent—little girls will adore it.

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia)—Pretty much hokum with Ralph Graves and Jack Holt. Nevertheless, there's plenty of excitement and some good laughs. Good—children will like it.

DELICIOUS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. Reviewed on page 56. Very good—children will like it, especially little girls.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Fredric March. Reviewed on page 58. Very good but a bit too gruesome for the youngsters.

DEVOTION (RKO-Radio)—Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in a simple little comedy about a beautiful English girl who makes herself homely in order to be near the man she loves. Ann Harding does her best but it must be admitted that the acting honors go to Leslie Howard. Very good—but children may be bored.

THE DOVE (RKO-Radio)—Dolores Del Rio. Reviewed on page 56. Fair—children may like parts of it.

EXPENSIVE WOMAN (Warner)—Dolores Costello's return to pictures. All about a wealthy girl who falls in love with three men consecutively—with the inevitable trouble stirred up. Anthony Bushell, Joe Donohue and Warren William are the three men involved. Good—not for children.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF (Warner)—Edna May Oliver as the trouser with the heart of gold. All the old hokum is in this one—plus the advantage of Technicolor. In spite of the very weak story, Edna does well. Fair—children should like it.

FIVE STAR FINAL (Warner)—Thrilling exposé of the modern tabloid newspaper method of obtaining news and building circulation. Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh and others do well. Excellent—but don't take the kids.

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—Kathryn Crawford and Bert Lahr in a musical of the new type. It's a relief after the long succession of non-musical stuff. Very good—and the children will enjoy it.

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)—Weird stuff. Reviewed on page 57. Excellent—but it's likely to give the kiddies bad dreams.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (RKO-Radio)—Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita, Eric Von Stroheim and Frederick Kerr in a story that isn't much. Poor.

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Another spy story with Ivan Lebedeff, Betty Compton and Genevieve Tobin. There are enough complications for three stories. Fair—children may like it.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman as a couple of very high class gold-diggers. Plenty of sophisticated stuff and some good laughs here. Very good—but not for the children.

GOOD SPORT (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. Fair—not for children.

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY (Educational)—Kidding the mystery stories. A short comedy. Good—grand for the children.

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—two famous stage figures—in a delightful trifle about an actor who isn't sure of his wife's fidelity and who disguises himself as a Russian Cossack and makes love to her. Excellent—but it will bore children.

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore in a thrilling murder story—the treatment of which is different from the usual run of this sort of thing. Kay Francis is good in the leading feminine rôle. Excellent—suitable for children.

HEARTBREAK (Fox)—A story of aviation during the war. Charlie Farrell, Hardie Albright and Madge Evans. Farrell's not as good as he has been in other pictures. Good—children will like parts of it.

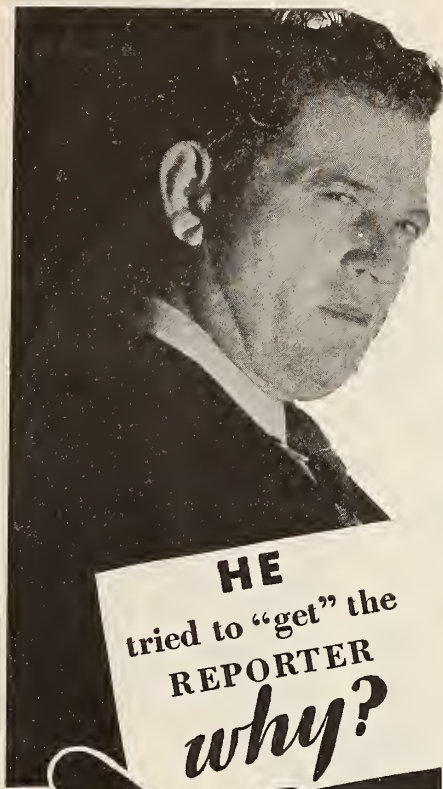
HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Anita Louise in something or other about the Mississippi. Poor.

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)—Reviewed on page 56. Very good—and the children will enjoy it.

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Gangster stuff with Leo Carrillo. As the beer baron his work is memorable. Good—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stories.

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY (Warner)—Warren William and Bebe Daniels in a tale of duelling days. Good—children will like parts of it.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a story which reminds one of the sort of athletic thing Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is famous for. Good—grand for children.



“X Marks the Spot”

Wanted for murder—hunted and hounded by the police—and yet he turned on the man who tried to help him cheat the electric chair! “X Marks The Spot” is one of the most exciting newspaper dramas of the decade.

Featuring
LEW CODY

SALLY BLANE WALLACE FORD
FRED KOHLER MARY NOLAN

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

KARAMAZOV (Tobis)—The famous Russian novel, “The Brothers Karamazov,” in talkie form. It’s done in German with Fritz Kortner in the leading rôle. Excellent, if you understand German—but not for the children who do.

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—James Cagney as a gangster. Joan Blondell is the girl he loves—but she marries a good man. And then—Good—not for children.

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—The story of “Nikki and her War Birds” in a talkie form with Helen Chandler, Richard Barthelmess, David Manners, Johnny Mack Brown and Elliot Nugent. The story doesn’t quite come up to what it set out to be but, nevertheless, it’s—Very good—but children will be bored.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a college boy who can’t amount to very much unless he is being championed by the girl. The usual misunderstanding with Joe finally coming through with colors flying. Good—quite all right for the young ones.

THE LOVE STORM (British International)—English melodrama that has pretty nearly everything in the way of excitement. The all-English cast is pretty good. Good—children may like it.

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore as an insane ballet instructor. Something of the sort of thing he did in “Svengali.” It seems that John Barrymore the romantic lover is no longer with us. Marian Marsh is good in the leading feminine rôle. Very good—children may like parts of it.

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—The part the women played at the front in the Great War. Poor.

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as a captain of industry who retires because of ill-health, only to discover that work is his best cure after all. Very good—suitable for children.

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an evangelist. There are some exciting moments but Barbara is not nearly as good as she has been in other pictures. Fair.

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers are here again in another of their delightfully insane stories. Most of the honors go to Groucho and Harpo. Excellent—couldn’t be better for the children.

MORALS FOR WOMEN (Tiffany)—Bessie Love and Conway Tearle in a story of a stenographer who is more to her employer than she should be—and how she rights herself with the world. Fair.

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead in one of those things about a woman whose past keeps confronting her at every possible moment. Fair (if you’re a Bankhead fan.) Not for children.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (M-G-M)—William Haines in the immortal Wallingford rôle and Jimmie Durante as Schnozzle. Plenty of amusing comedy in this. Very good—amusing for kids, but not edifying.

ONCE A LADY (Paramount)—Ruth Chatterton as the Russian lady who marries into an English family, regrets it and then runs away and has a lot of affairs in Paris. The main plot is her attempt to make her daughter avoid the mistakes she herself made. Fair—children would be bored.

OVER THE HILL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn, Sally Eilers and Mae Marsh in the talkie version of the famous silent. Excellent—okay for children.

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor and the most beautiful chorus ever seen on the screen in a typical Cantor opus which is full of laughs and good fun. Charlotte Greenwood aids and abets Eddie. Very good—children will eat it up.

PEACH O’ RENO (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee. Reviewed on page 58. Good—and it will amuse the tots.

PENROD AND SAM (Warner)—Fine kid stuff with Leon Janney and others doing excellent work. Excellent—for kids of all ages.

THE PHANTOM OF PARIS (M-G-M)—John Gilbert again. John has done something or other to his voice but this picture certainly does not restore him to his former popularity. Fair.

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a story about a girl who makes good in the way she planned—at the same time finding love. Be sure and wait for the ending. Very good—but take the children to see something else.

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. Reviewed on page 57. Excellent—but much too advanced for the young people.

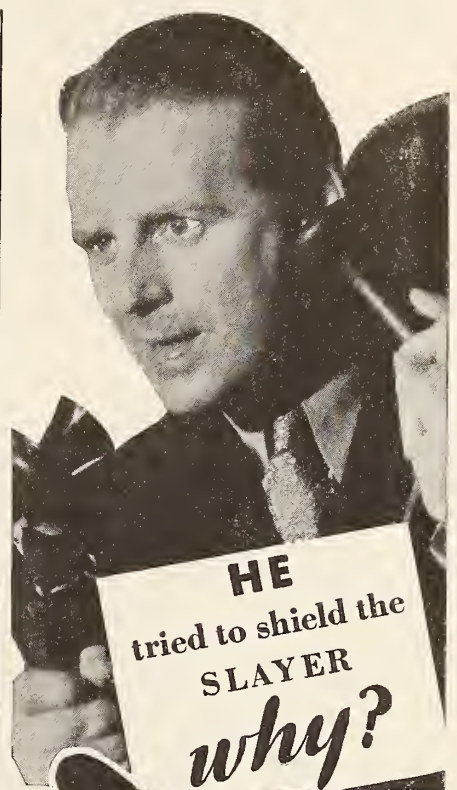
RECKLESS LIVING (Universal)—Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke. Reviewed on page 58. Fair—children wouldn’t like it much.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—William Powell in a story about a heart-breaker who finds permanent happiness finally with another man’s wife. Good—but children won’t like it.

THE RULING VOICE (First National)—More gangster stuff—a little differently treated, though—with Walter Huston, Loretta Young, Doris Kenyon, David Manners and Dudley Digges. Fair.

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix. Reviewed on page 57. Very good—and splendid for the children.

(Continued on page 111)



“X Marks the Spot”

A fiendish killer at large—a chance to win fame by exposing him! Why did the star reporter protect the slayer? Why didn’t he turn him over to the police? “X Marks The Spot” is sensational—different—compelling.

Directed by Erle C. Kenton
Produced by Sam Bischoff

“KEEP YOUR EYES ON
TIFFANY PICTURES”

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

. . . Cookies, this month. Try these recipes—then try to keep the kids, and the menfolk, too, away from the cooky jar!

HOW long since you've made cookies? Uh, huh! Just as we thought! We have been around gathering statistics on the cooky situation and been forced to the conclusion that the old-fashioned home-made cooky is, unless we do something about it quickly, like the silent movies—on the road to complete extinction. Now we feel that the cooky jar is a truly great American institution—and we are for upholding it—not alone in theory but in practice. We want a cooky jar in every home—a cooky jar full of crisp, wholesome home-made cookies—the kind that the children and the grown-ups alike both adore.

Now, of course, we know that cookies are supposed to be the exclusive delight of the youngsters, and out of respect for this entirely unfounded myth we decided to turn to the famous children of the talkies to find out just where the cooky stands with children nowadays.

Thoughtfully arming ourselves with a large batch of our own favorite cookies, we set out for the Paramount studios, with the intention of seeing at first hand how the truly famous child feels about cookies. The first youngster we found was little Robert Coogan, Sooky himself. Now, if you ask this boy about his latest press notices or his newest rôle you will find him as disinterested in your conversation as though you were speaking in Chinese. But at the magic word "cookies" there came a



Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green, and Bobby Coogan sampling the cookies which the Modern Hostess thoughtfully took along to the Paramount studios. The favorite cookies of these famous young people are in this month's recipes.

We would like to remind you once again that the Modern Hostess Star Recipes are now available absolutely free of charge. Simply mail in the coupon at the lower left-hand corner of the page, with your name and address printed plainly on it in pencil. Send no stamps nor money. Incidentally, we still have left a few of the recipes from previous issues. We are glad to let you have these free of charge, too, as long as they last

gleam of interest into those big brown eyes, and Bobby showed a marked willingness to get conversational. Especially when we showed him what our cooky jar contained. And before you could bite a hole in a chocolate cooky, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl had joined us and were eager to discuss

their preferences and to give information between bites.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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

Kindly send me the recipes for February—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name
(Print in pencil.)

Address
.....

SO you like cookies," we very obviously stated. "Yeah!" they replied, as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"What particular kinds?" we persisted.

"All kinds," they retorted.

"But you don't understand," we said. "Do you like home-made cookies or. . ."

"Home-made," Jackie interrupted and the others backed him up.

"What kind of home-made cookies do you like best?" we continued.

"Raisin," said Mitzi.

"Cocoanut," said Jackie.

"Ginger," said Bobby.

And then we discussed some of their other favorites, during the course of which discussion chocolate and date and oatmeal and molasses and (Continued on page 112)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . On this page you may have your own say-so about the talkies and the stars. Write your real, honest opinions to MODERN SCREEN'S editor

Dear Friends:

I know that Dareos' Hollywood prophecy for 1932 on page 40 of this issue will stir your imagination.

And every new moment in film history seems to present some unexpected development, some new personality to look forward to, some fascinating picture, some amazing happenings in the life of one of your favorites. Mingled with the interesting and happy developments, you will always find tragic or disappointing ones.

Here are examples of both sorts chosen at random: Charles Rogers will make no more pictures when his present scheduled films are completed. Nancy Carroll and Claudette Colbert, it is rumored, are making their last pictures for Paramount. If it is true, will another company bid for their services? Robert Williams, after a brief burst of glory, is dead. Despite Dareos' more optimistic prophecy, the Garbo-retirement rumor is stronger than ever. Gloria Swanson is to be a mother again. Maurice Chevalier, whose throat trouble caused by war wounds made him fear he could make no more pictures, has conquered his ailment for the present at least and is being teamed again with charming Jeanette MacDonald. Lionel Barrymore has become a bigger box-office bet than his hitherto more successful brother, John. And they should be magnificent together in "Arsène Lupin." John will then make pictures for Radio. Then there is that rumored cast for "Grand Hotel": Garbo, Gable, Crawford, and Gilbert. And finally, there is a potential cinema comet of whom you've not yet heard. It is a gentleman named Charles Laughton who recently gave the finest individual performance on the New York stage in "Payment Deferred."

Yes, something new every moment. And it is MODERN SCREEN'S boast that it brings you the latest news first. But you must remember that, because of the ever-changing structure of Hollywood, because of the time it takes a magazine to go to press, something you have read in your daily newspaper may have happened too late to reach our pages. But, despite these unavoidable discrepancies, MODERN SCREEN always tries to be first and, if you'll pardon a boast, succeeds.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Some impressions from a British fan. Your letter was too lengthy to do real justice to, Mr. Millward, but we enjoyed every bit of it immensely

Without a doubt there is considerably more action in American films than there is in British films. But, overdone, it is apt to spoil a good film. In the fighting scenes, the "one against many" type, it is overdone . . . Clara Bow—she is exceedingly fascinating and alluring. But, please, cannot someone tell her to speak more plainly?

. . . (The dresses worn in the films are) beyond reproach and many times alone worth a visit to the cinema. And this from a mere man! . . . And your film stars seem to abound with a superabundance of energy. What is the explanation of this? All the stuff we read about the wickedness of Hollywood must be just bosh. No person could live wrongly and maintain such a degree of physical fitness . . . Your humor is rather varied. I hate slap-dash comedy. I find more humor portrayed in the long films than in the short ones. Charles Ruggles is a master . . . America is full of interest but the film producers don't seem to think so. Considering the size of the country and the amount of American films shown in England, we know and see very little of America itself . . . And for goodness' sake, cannot someone inform Hollywood that all

Englishmen do not wear eye-glasses and say "What ho"? The impression seems to be that the population of England is divided between "What ho's" and "Blimeys." . . . The unity of actors and actresses in pictures shows what sports you Americans can be. If there is a great deal of professional jealousy in Hollywood, it never asserts itself in films.

A. MILLWARD,
Manchester, England

No insult was intended, Edna May—merely a fair statement of two much-discussed marriages

I have always been a constant reader of MODERN SCREEN, but no longer. The reason? There was an article in October's issue which simply made my blood boil. One of your writers stated that there was "world-wide resentment" when Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli married. Where do you get that "world-wide" stuff from? Because you and a few others failed in weaving a romance between Charlie and his co-star, Janet Gaynor, you say the whole world is disappointed. How dared you throw such an insult at Mr. Farrell and Miss Valli? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

EDNA MAY LYBARGER,
Newark, New Jersey

Did you like the cover on our
December issue, Virginia?

I want to say how much I enjoyed Clark Gable and Greta Garbo together in "Susan Lenox." Let's have them together in many more pictures. Certain stars seem to play together perfectly. A few of these pairs are Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor; Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan; and Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett.

VIRGINIA THEOBALD,
Savannah, Georgia

A few of the million or so Gable letters

I was impressed by your inquiry in the November issue concerning Clark Gable. He's a tremendously intriguing character any way you take him. Whether it's that his personality has various types of expression or whether it's the parts he's been given—the fact remains that he's good both as a hero and as a villain. PAULINE SCHOUW,
Tacoma, Washington

(Continued on page 113)

MODERN SCREEN



Gloria has been very secretive of late. Perhaps she has good reason to be—see page 64. At any rate, neither she nor Michael Farmer would make any statement as the S. S. *President McKinley* set sail from Los Angeles harbor for Paris.

GLORIA SWANSON and her twice-married husband, Michael Farmer are expecting a child . . . to be born in France . . . soon . . . !”

The above words were not uttered by either of the famous parents-to-be . . . they were surprisingly quiet about the subject. In fact, as they locked themselves in their stateroom in Los Angeles harbor on the liner *President McKinley*, they refused to have *anything* to say about any subject!

The startling statement came from the ship's doctor, after Gloria and Michael had been aboard about an hour. His discovery was not based upon such a short acquaintance, however. Gloria and her husband had boarded the liner at San Francisco a day and a half before. During the time that the boat was en route from the bay city to Los Angeles, the official medical man aboard had plenty of opportunity to make observations. And his further statement was:

“ . . . I believe that their child will be born next spring in France . . . I say France, for I know that to be their

. . . Here is definite substantiation that Gloria is going to have a baby. The statement was not made by Gloria herself nor by Michael Farmer. It comes, however, from a very authoritative person

first destination. . . .”

And with this in mind, we can now understand why Gloria and her international playboy were so difficult to locate for even a short interview. Ever since they arrived from the East a few weeks ago, tongues have been wagging. And when they failed to put in a public appearance many rumors were started. Last month MODERN SCREEN gave you exclusive news of their probable marriage in the East. This has since been made a public fact. We also told you that they would be married again after Gloria's divorce from the Marquis became final. This is also a matter of fact now.

NOW we have the exclusive story on the future heir of that marriage. As we go to press, the rest of Hollywood is guessing . . . we have the word of a reputable medical man who has had the famous star under his professional care for two days!

Gloria's refusal to talk to reporters was thought to be another item of interest since she had made a statement in San Francisco to the effect that she would see the press in Los Angeles upon her arrival and answer any and all questions. This was taken at its face value and the northern papers awaited her story from southern representatives.

In spite of her promise, Gloria hurried past the reporters at the dock and reached her cabin in the least possible time. Once safely inside, she proceeded to lock herself in securely. Michael Farmer made a short statement—with the door locked—to the effect that his wife had nothing whatever to say.

It was after this refusal, that your representative looked up the medical attendant aboard the *President McKinley* for his version of the facts. His short but startling statement is printed here exclusively for the readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Gloria Swanson and Michael, her fourth husband, were secretly married at the home of Dudley Field Malone in Elmsford, New York, on the sixteenth of last August. This marriage was not legal in California for the reason that Gloria's divorce from the Marquis had not yet become “final.” Hence, five minutes after the last decree was entered, Gloria married Farmer again at Yuma, Arizona on Monday, November 9.

No action was taken against the couple for their former secret marriage before the final divorce had been entered. The second marriage, performed for the purpose of complying with the laws of California, has been recognized as a move to perfect the prior marriage.

Gloria has always said she wanted another baby. But—at this rather critical point in her career—will motherhood alter the attitude of her fans? To us she will always be glamorous, charming, seductive Gloria. A clever actress—a beautiful woman. Somehow, we think her fans will always feel the same. Good luck, Gloria—and Michael!

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

CONSTANCE BENNETT and the Marquis de la Coudraye are married at last!

The marriage left a great number of questions in the minds of the film colony. Only a few months ago, the Marquis had given out a statement of the reason for his divorce from Gloria in which he had said that "... there is altogether too much publicity ... never any privacy or quiet home life ... the public eye and the never-ending spotlight is what robbed us of our happiness." What is Connie, Hank, a shy little violet? It looks to us as though it was a leap from the frying pan into the fire ... as far as privacy goes.

At any rate, two slender bands of platinum in a double-wedding-ring ceremony on November 22, made Constance Bennett and Henri le Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye man and wife. ...

The ceremony took place at the home of George Fitzmaurice, film director, and Justice Lewis R. Works of the Appellate Court read the simple service.

In a beautifully decorated alcove of the Fitzmaurice drawing room, the bride was given away by her father, Richard Bennett. Standing beside Connie and acting as maid of honor was Eileen Percy, former actress who is now a newspaper writer. Joan Bennett, sister of the bride, also acted as attendant. The duties of best man were performed by the French consul in Los Angeles, Henri de Didot.

As the wedding march began, Connie entered the room from the far side, escorted by her father. She appeared radiantly happy and very lovely, in a Mainboucher model of star-sapphire blue, with hat to match. Around her neck she wore a stunning rope of pearls. In her arms she carried orchids and lily-of-the-valley.

Justice Works read the ceremony beneath a bower of white chrysanthemums and lily-of-the-valley, before a small group of very intimate friends: Barbara Bennett Downey, sister of the bride; Neil McCarthey, Connie's attorney; Gene Markey; Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice and Marion Davies.

After the wedding vows had been taken, quite a number of other friends of the couple were received at a reception. Many of those who arrived for this latter event were unable to get to the house for about an hour on account of the hundreds of fans who had gathered for a

glimpse of the famous couple following the marriage.

A belated honeymoon is planned for the early spring. Connie is just finishing a picture ... after which she will do one more before an opportunity presents itself for an extended tour of Europe.

There were rumors in some parts of Hollywood following the ceremony to the effect that Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer will still be in Paris when Connie and the Marquis arrive there next spring. Guesses were flying thick and fast as to the probable outcome of their meeting abroad. Also, most of Hollywood was surprised to learn that Richard Bennett, famous stage actor and father of the Constance, had given away his daughter in marriage. This action was wondered at for the reason that Connie was supposed to be at odds with her parent because she divulged certain facts to an interviewer in New York.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Rex Bell and Clara Bow are married! Although Rex denies it, two men insist they witnessed the marriage in Las Vegas, Nevada. After the secret ceremony Clara and Rex went back to Bell's ranch.

Clark Gable will play the lead opposite Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus."

Jimmie Dunn is romancing with June Knight, a dancer, since his break with Molly O'Day.

Paramount will re-make "The Miracle Man" as a talkie with Tyrone Powers in the rôle of Lon Chaney.

Norma Shearer passed her American citizenship examination. She was a Canadian, you know.

William S. Hart will play the rôle of Patrick Henry in the Washington Centennial Pageant next June.

Barbara Stanwyck's going to do "So Big" for First National. Colleen Moore did it in the silent films.

Gloria Swanson has finally completed "Queen Kelly" at a cost of \$800,000. It's quite risqué. Will probably be released abroad.

Edmund Lowe has been signed for the lead opposite Elissa Landi in "Disillusion" for Fox, after same company's having recently failed to renew his contract.

Lya de Putti died on November 26. She swallowed a chicken bone and blood-poisoning resulted.

Robert Ames was found dead under mysterious circumstances in the Delmonico Hotel, New York City. He had come East to play in "Her Confession" with Claudette Colbert.

Gilbert Roland will play a leading rôle in "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Buster Keaton.

his hunting and so on. And Ruth has been almost frantic completing her contract with Paramount, under circumstances that weren't entirely congenial—so that she could transfer to stardom at Warner Brothers. As we write this, she is at Lake Arrowhead, helping Warners select her first starring part for them.

RAYMOND HATTON dropped out to the M-G-M café the other day for a bite of lunch and a fond hello for the old gang. Everyone was sure glad to see him. Raymond was once a greater star than Wallace Beery—then they were co-starred in comedies—and then

IF Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes really get a divorce in the near future, as we hear they are planning to do, it will mark the end of one of the most hectic marital relations Hollywood has ever known. Two or three years ago, Ruth and Ralph were separated for several months, and everyone thought they would take their troubles into the divorce court then. At that time Ruth was finding it hard sledging in pictures—and Ralph was going top speed. Then Fate changed the order of things, and Ruth became one of the leading stars—while Ralph was relegated to lesser parts. However, instead of getting a divorce, they quietly made up their difficulties and everything seemed harmonious once more.

Of late, Ralph has been living the life of a gentleman, thoroughly engrossed in his polo,

Extra! Extra! All about the wedding of Connie and the Marquis!



The sad death of Robert Ames on November 27 was a great shock. He had come to New York to make a talkie for Paramount.



The wedding party at the nuptials of Connie Bennett and the Marquis. Standing: Neil McCarthy (Connie's attorney), Henri de Didot, Judge Lewis R. Works, George Fitzmaurice, and Gene Markey. Seated: Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Marion Davies, Eileen Percy, Connie, sisters Joan and Barbara.

came practical oblivion for both of them. For some unaccountable reason Raymond Hatton has never been able to recover from that temporary set-back and now that his old friend Wally is on top of the heap it must be a tough memory for Ray. He told us that he is almost ready to sign for a picture with a small independent company. Who knows . . . ?

Eddie Lowe arrived in New York from Europe on a hurry-up call from Hollywood . . . and was immediately put on the spot by a gang of reporters. It seems that reports have been drifting back from London and Paris to the effect that Eddie and Lilyan were breaking the home ties for good. Eddie, however, put the boys right with the news that "everything is quiet on the eastern front—and Lil and I are on the same terms as before!" Spiking another rumor!

THE rumors persist that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are about ready for the divorce courts. Sue is in New York at this writing and is said to be having a marvelous time seeing old friends and dashing about generally. While his wife is thus engaged, Nick is holding down the home fort. We are still in hopes that these two old-time friends will be able to avoid this last resort so often utilized by Hollywood couples. They are swell people!

Lola Lane, on the other hand, says that her marriage to Lew Ayres was the means of stopping all the quarrels they had been having during their long engagement. A new reason for marrying, ycs?

CHARLIE FARRELL almost suffered a break-down from over-work in his latest picture, "Delicious." Directly after the final shot, he and wife Virginia Valli hopped into the Farrell yacht and started full steam ahead for southern waters. The last we heard of them, they were off the coast of Mexico. Let's hope that the short rest and ocean air will help Charlie avert the break-down.

Janet Gaynor, by the way, who co-starred with Charlie in "Delicious," is vacationing in the East.

THE show must go on" is just as true a saying in Hollywood as it is in New York. When young Robert Williams died, the Connie Bennett picture in which Williams was playing the lead was well into production. What was to be done? Fully a dozen young actors were tested for the part opposite the blond Connie in "Lady With A Past." Finally it was decided that one of her former leading men, Ben Lyon, would be excellent. So the show is now going on with Ben playing the part written for Robert Williams. And, after spending two days on the set watching Connie and Ben, we can warn you that it will be a swell picture!

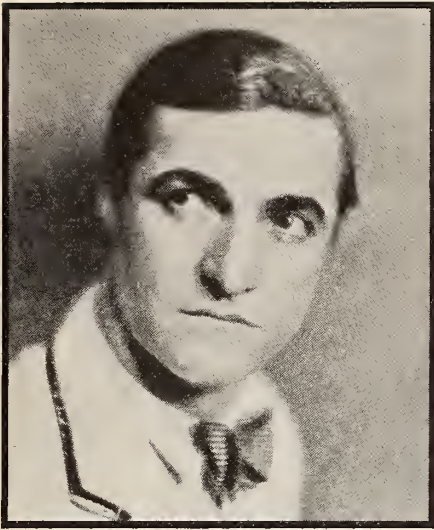
A little nine-year-old girl in Hollywood got a break recently that every little girl in the country will envy her for. She came out to the M-G-M studio to interview Jackie Cooper. While waiting for Jackie, she had lunch with Roscoe Ates—and we never heard anyone laugh quite so heartily as that little girl at Ates' stuttering. After that, she spent an hour with Jackie and finally had her picture taken with the youthful star. Quite a big day, what?

FOR quite some time now, Connie Bennett and sister Joan have gone to great lengths to show the world that they are the best of friends. There used to be a lot of stories to the effect that the two girls were not so fond of one another.

Now the stories are about to start over again—just when they had everybody convinced of their mutual friendship. When Connie was married this week, Eileen Percy (a former actress who is now a newspaper writer) acted as maid of honor! Now we will all probably see a lot of news stories to the effect that "Connie and Joan have had another falling out." And when we do, you will have to be the judge . . . the girls have us fooled, too!

There are those who seem to think that Joan Crawford and Dong, Jr., are going to New York together for the express purpose of being seen with each other sufficiently to quiet the rumors of impending divorce. If you will read Joan's statement on page 44 of this issue, which

Are the marriages of Ruth Chatterton and Sue Carol tottering?



Tom Mix, stricken with appendicitis on the eve of his come-back, has so far been spared. The Western star put up a tough fight.



International

Lady Milbanke, Charlie Chaplin, the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland. Rumor has it that Wales rather resented being placed next to Chaplin (see below). Which might account for his decidedly pained expression. Chaplin, however, seemed perfectly at ease. The occasion was a hospital benefit.

was given exclusively to MODERN SCREEN, we think you will have your own ideas on this rumor!

HOW would you like to see Maurice Chevalier and William S. Hart co-starred in a musical Western? Sounds almost fantastic, doesn't it?—but that is just what's being talked over at Paramount. Maurice and Bill are quite good friends and are both anxious to do the picture. It certainly ought to bring the shekels pouring into the box offices!

A YOUNG American playwright was assigned to work with the German Ernst Lubitsch on the preparation of "The Man I Killed." The first day at the studio, Lubitsch got into an argument with another writer, also a German, and for hours their German accents were flying fast and heavy. The playwright couldn't get a word in edgewise.

When he went home that night, his wife asked, "Well, how did you like working with the great Lubitsch?"

"Ach! It was vunderful . . . vunderful!" he automatically answered. And that's what is called the Lubitsch influence.

Jimmie Dunn admits that the romance with Molly O'Day is all washed up. No hard feelings, though—they parted friends. We're inclined to think Jimmie isn't ready to be serious about any girl just yet. He's always said he wanted to have at least \$100,000 stored away in the bank before asking any girl to share his heart and home.

ONE trade paper printed that Clara Bow and Rex Bell had split up, and that Clara's new favorite is Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. The red-head and young Bell have been going together for about a year and we all thought they would be married by this time.

Maybe this is just a lovers' quarrel. Hope so. Clara and Rex are two swell people, and have stood together through all of the ugly publicity that she has had over the past months. They certainly were in love when we saw them last . . . and our guess is that they still are.

IT looks pretty much as if the Prince of Wales was snubbing Charlie Chaplin at the ice carnival for benefit of a London Hospital. Charlie sat next to Wales. On Charlie's right was Lady Milbanke. On the Prince's left was the Duchess of Sutherland. (See picture above.) It is said that the Prince was annoyed at being placed next to Chaplin and that he spent most of the evening talking to the Duchess on his left. So Charlie, not to be put out, spent most of the evening talking to Lady Milbanke.

Of course, the Prince's preoccupied manner may have been caused by his memories of the Countess Rosemary Ednam. She was killed in an airplane accident the summer before last and is commemorated by the hospital ward for which the benefit was held.

In the picture above one can't help noticing the Prince's pained expression. Chaplin, on the other hand, appears not at all embarrassed by Wales' supposed snubbing. Anyway it was a triumph for Charlie to sit next to Wales. Remember, Chaplin is the son of poor London parents.

Big doings at the Harold Lloyd extensive hillside estate. Little Harold Lloyd, Jr., can say "Da Da"—and has two teeth. Papa and Mama Lloyd are tha-rrilled!

ROMANCING along:

Young Karen Morley has been going places with Paul Bern, M-G-M executive. Mr. Bern is quite a favorite with the ladies in Hollywood.

Billy Bakewell and Helen Mack . . . two youngsters quite a-dither about each other.

Oh, ho! Mae Clarke and John McCormick back together again? They're lunching and dining with each other several times a week. Mae and John were formerly engaged just after Colleen Moore got her divorce.

Eddie Quillan and Irish Maureen O'Sullivan have been that way ever since they did a picture together.

Dot Mackaill and Neil Miller still romancing—even if they are husband and wife.

Ditto Bill Powell and the blond Carole Lombard.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 AND 92

What's this about the Prince of Wales snubbing Charlie Chaplin?

FRIENDS AGAIN

Their recent reunion adds a chapter to the fascinating Hughes-Dove romance

BILLIE DOVE and Howard Hughes are friends again—and the story behind this renewed friendship that started as a glamorous romance and ended in a six-months' quarrel, provides a real human interest angle to a love story that has so intrigued Hollywood!

In the beginning it was a romance that held all the attributes of popular fiction. The Beautiful Girl. The Rich Young Man.

They were very much in love, these two, although they never deigned to admit it or make a public holiday of the fact. You see, the heroine was too recently separated from her husband to want her name romantically tied to that of another man. Billie had met Hughes while she was still married to Irvin Willat. Her separation came so soon after this meeting, that the whisper brigade was worked overtime with tales of a probable triangle. But it is a story that was never proved and which is still doubted by many people. Billie and her director husband had been on the brink of separation years before the millionaire from Texas came into the picture. It is fairer . . . and no doubt truer . . . to believe that he had less to do with their final parting than their own radically opposed temperaments!

It was after the granting of the interlocutory decree that Billie and Howard began to be seen constantly together. There was no doubting the deep affection which the tall, rangy, boy-producer manifested toward Hollywood's great Beauty. He believed in her as an actress, as well. He believed that if she were given the right opportunity she could be as great a star as she had been a clothes-horse. With this in mind, he purchased her contract from First National Studio at a very large figure. Considering the fact that First National was having little if any success with Billie's pictures, this purchase price of many thousands of dollars politely amused Hollywood . . . where it was looked upon as a "love is blind" gesture.

Only a few months to go until the final decree . . . when suddenly Billie and the Rich Young Man quarreled!

THAT wasn't in the cards! That wasn't what people had expected. At first, it was taken as a temporary breach. There were stories that Billie had objected to Howard's airplane activities. There were also stories on the other side to the effect that Hughes did not want to risk his star and sweetheart in an air accident. They were both crazy about aviation . . . it is believed that they quarreled about it.

The quarrel came at a very embarrassing moment. Billie was just going into production in her first talking

picture under the Caddo banner . . . a company owned and controlled by Hughes. The story had been selected . . . the cast assembled . . . and the producer and his star were not on the best of terms!

"They'll get over it," the wise ones remarked.

But as time went on, the picture went into production and the same strained relations continued. The gossips began to ferret for a deeper cause for the rift. Here are the stories . . . what's your choice?

That Billie had showed too-marked a preference for the dancing society of Lew Ayres at a party given at the home of Marion Davies—and that Hughes had objected!

That Hughes had purchased a beautiful gown for Jean Harlow to be used for personal appearances on tour . . . and that Billie had objected.

That Hughes was beginning to find Lillian Bond, the youthful and pretty English girl, very attractive.

That Hughes was rushing pretty little Dorothy Jordan right out of the arms of Don Dill-away.

Frances Dee's name came in about here because she is said to have helped the young millionaire receive his guests on a yachting trip to Santa Barbara. There was also another story that Hughes business advisors objected to his marriage to the beautiful star and that after a time, their advice finally "got to" Hughes.

For six months they were on the "outs." "The Age For Love" staggered along through production. Billie attended the preview, but Hughes was conspicuously absent. Also, the picture-wise were quick to notice that Billie was not the star of the picture . . . really only the featured lead.

In view of all this, you can imagine the surprise of the reporter who happened into the Grove one night only to find a secluded table occupied by Billie and Howard.

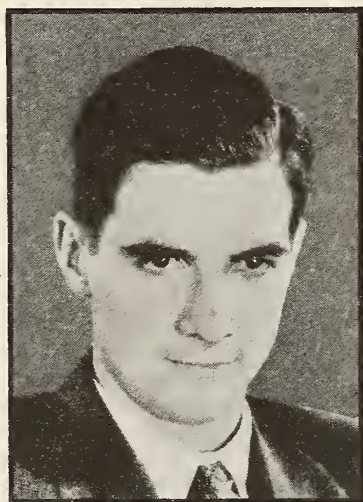
Two nights later, there was a Mayfair dance—and who should arrive but Billie Dove escorted by Hughes. The next night the Darryl Zanucks entertained and there they were again . . . and together!

And here's the big kick of their making-up again:

Billie Dove and Howard Hughes have become friends again at a time when Hughes is reported to be comparatively "broke"!

If this is true it may mean that the former millionaire catch will develop into a hard-working producer of hoped-for box-office successes! It may mean the end of many dreams of ambitious young ladies in Hollywood.

But Billie, the girl who was originally supposed by the gossips to be interested in the Howard Hughes millions alone . . . has proved to be a friend again!



P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Mary Astor has just finished playing opposite that ace of male stars, Richard Dix. "Lost Squadrons" is the name of the picture they are appearing in together. Mary is healthier right now than she has ever been. She plays handball every morning at seven o'clock with her doctor husband. That helps keep her fit. She also indulges quite a lot in horse-back riding—her husband usually accompanies her on these jaunts. A daily canter in the saddle does its bit, too, toward keeping the young lady in the best of trim. Mary and her husband have a new home in the charming Toluca Lake section.



Photograph by Hal Phyte

"While Paris Sleeps" is the interesting title of Victor McLaglen's newest picture. They do say it gives Mac a chance to do some excellent acting. He has a five acre estate at Flintridge which takes up most of his leisure time, as he does the landscaping himself—cultivates roses and breeds thoroughbred dogs and pigeons. His son and daughter help him. Folks say Mac's much the same off-screen as he is on—and just as likable.



Photograph by Irving Lippman

Loretta Young is playing the rôle of a Chinese girl in "The Honorable Mr. Wong," opposite Edward G. Robinson. Loretta is rumored to be romancing with Ricardo Cortez. When "Mr. Wong" is completed Miss Young will spend a little vacation in New York with her mother. The main object of the vacation will be to see all the new shows and make some considerable additions to the wardrobe. Loretta is a very gay young person these days.



Photograph by Earl Crowley

Richard Arlen is now in New York working on "Wayward," the film in which Nancy Carroll is playing opposite him. Jobyna Ralston, Dick's wife, accompanied him on the trip and will stay as long as he does. It's the first time Arlen has been in the big city in seven years. On his way here he visited his parents and old friends in his home town, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MODERN
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Photograph by Ray Jones

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Lew Ayres' latest film is "The Impatient Maiden." This was the picture which it was once rumored Clara Bow was going to play in. Lew and Lola Lane have stopped squabbling since they became man and wife. They live in Lew's modest apartment atop one of Hollywood's hills. The young husband's favorite costume is old flannels, tennis shoes and a sweat shirt.



Photograph by Irving Lippman

Joan Blondell finished "Union Depot" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. She is now busily at work on "The Roar of the Crowd." She plays opposite James Cagney in that one. Joan will wed Cameraman George Barnes, according to reliable reports, when Mr. Barnes' divorce from his present wife becomes final. Joan's wedding is to be at the Little Church Around the Corner.

MODERN
SCREEN'S



UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Helen Twelvetrees has been spending her time recently making "Second Shot." She and her husband, Frank Woody, expect to spend the holidays with Helen's folks in Brooklyn. Yes, we said Brooklyn. She was born there, you know. Little Miss Twelvetress has recently blossomed out as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women. She has a beautiful home in Beverly Hills.



Mary Pickford has always been one of Hollywood's social leaders. Her royal parties are famous. Mary is far from through on the screen. She is definitely looking for a suitable story for a new picture. It is said she is going to play a little-girl rôle again. She has been thinking seriously of accepting a job as a syndicated columnist. Her brother Jack's illness has been worrying her lately. But now that he's better again she is happy.



Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, and Marie Dressler play an important part in Hollywood society

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S 400

. . . What is the status of the stars in Hollywood society?
Here, for the first time, is a really clear view of the film city's
social lights and structure—in their exact importance

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

HOLLYWOOD has gone snobbish. Once the little village nestling at the foot of the hills outside Los Angeles was a village in very truth: a spot where everyone knew everyone else and cliques were non-existent. Now it has a Four Hundred as distinct as that of Palm Beach and far more clearly defined than that of New York.

Ten years ago there was only one group in Hollywood which made any pretense of living and behaving in accordance with the accepted standards of that elusive thing, Society with a capital S. This tiny nucleus consisted of Mary Pickford and her husband, the forceful, immaculately groomed Douglas Fairbanks; Charlie Chaplin, and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. They dined each other in rotation at each other's houses, and in rotation, entertained any visiting celebrities worthy of the name. They lived in quiet luxury and they knew the technique of social contacts; while practically all the rest of Hollywood acted as if a ticket to the great motion picture center gave them

Who are the members of Hollywood's genuine 400? Who are its social leaders? And the accepted guests? What is Norma Talmadge's status in Hollywood society? And Bebe Daniels'? And Norma Shearer's? All these questions—and many others, too—are answered in this revealing article by a famous author



the same license to cut up which would be implied by a ticket to Gay Paree!

Some few others, like Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Laura La Plante and Conrad Nagel, were too busy carving out the sound foundation for a career to play at all. But the vast majority of picture people were content to spend their free time at Vernon, a famous pleasure resort on the outskirts of town; to eat in noisy cafeterias, to call each other by first names on an hour's acquaintance, and to behave in general very much like naughty high school students on a holiday.

NOW everything is changed. The cafeteria has vanished, its place being taken by the deluxe Brown Derby on Vine Street, where, in a vast domed room, quiet groups of important people gather after working hours for coffee and a final conference; or the exclusive Embassy Club on Hollywood Boulevard, where no one but members are admitted during luncheon, and where the stars and important executives can eat in peace and quiet the (Continued on page 108)

HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIAL



Pictures on these pages obtained through the co-operation of Wide World Photos.

(Left) A general view of the Mayfair on the night of the party which opened the club's new season. In the crowd see if you can find Connie Bennett, the Marquis, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Frank Albertson, Reginald Denny and others. (Lower, left) Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels arriving. Nina Wilcox Putnam mentions Bebe in the story on page 27. (Lower, right) Pola Negri arriving.



On these and the following pages are fascinatingly intimate

SEASON OPENS

400



You can imagine the thrill the crowd got as they stood outside the Mayfair Club and watched the stars going in. What pushing and shoving and neck-craning! Here, with these wonderfully intimate pictures, you get the same effect without the trouble of having to be there. (Above) Marie Dressler. (Right) Bob Montgomery. (Below) Lionel Barrymore and his wife.



shots of the opening party at the exclusive Mayfair Club



The large picture at the top of the page will give you a thrill—for it shows none other than the perfect screen lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, dancing at the Mayfair opening. Janet was with her husband and Charlie was with his wife—but Janet and Charlie had a few dances together. (Immediately above) Kay Francis and Lothar Mendez. (Right) Richard Dix and his new wife arriving. This picture was taken in the lobby of the Hotel Biltmore—of which the Mayfair room, where the party was held, is a part.



What a night it was! Every movie celebrity you could



(Pictures at top of page, left) Lily Damita and Sidney Smith, her fiancé. Behind them, to the right, you can distinguish Dick Barthelmess and his wife. (Right) Harold Lloyd dancing with May McAvoy. Bill Powell can be seen behind Miss McAvoy. Below that, Fatty Arbuckle (alias Mr. Goodrich), June MacCloy, with Arline Judge and Skeet Gallagher in background. Below that, Connie Bennett making up. (Large picture to the left) Howard Hughes and Billie Dove. It was at this party that they made friends again after their recent quarrel. Yes, maybe they'll marry, after all.

Pictures on these pages all Wide World photos

possibly imagine was there.

What fun and furore!



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

MALIBU TOURNAMENT

Herbert Brenon, famous director, gave a tennis tournament at his place at Malibu Beach. Many of the famous were there. (Above) Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, Bob Montgomery, Jim Gleason, Buster Keaton, Lew Cody, Joan Marsh, Mrs. Gleason and Leo Carillo. (Below) A corner of the court and the grandstand. Brenon is on the court and you can see Ben Lyon standing by the wire netting.



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

(Above) Leo Carillo, Nils Asth r, a non-professional, Vivian Duncan, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, Dick Barthelmess, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Herbert Brenon and Warner Baxter (both kneeling). (Right) Brenon, Ben Lyon, Clive Brook, Dolores Del Rio and Bebe Daniels. (Below, left) Richard Barthelmess, Mrs. Barthelmess and Herbert Brenon on the ocean side of Brenon's Malibu cottage. (Right) Brenon and Dolores Del Rio handing the prize to the winners, Gilbert Roland and a non-professional. Everyone had heaps of fun.



Wide World



Wide World



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

PARTY AT THE EMBASSY

(Right) Helen Twelvetrees and husband Frank Woody at the entrance to the Embassy Club.

(Below) The party was in honor of the singing début of Neil Miller, Dot Mackaill's husband.

There he is with Dot. (Below, right) General view with Dorothy in the foreground. Pictures at bottom of page: (Left) Lady June Inverclyde and Evelyn Brent. (Right) Helen Chandler and her husband, Cyril Hume. He's a famous novelist, you know.



Wide World

The ACADEMY DINNER



Wide World

At the dinner of the Motion Picture Academy which was given when the annual awards were presented. (Left) Marie Dressler, Vice-President Curtis, Lionel Barrymore and Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Marie and Lionel received awards for their work in "Min and Bill" and "A Free Soul" respectively, you know. (Below) A general view, and (left) Dressler and Barrymore with their awards, (right) George Arliss presenting the award to Barrymore.

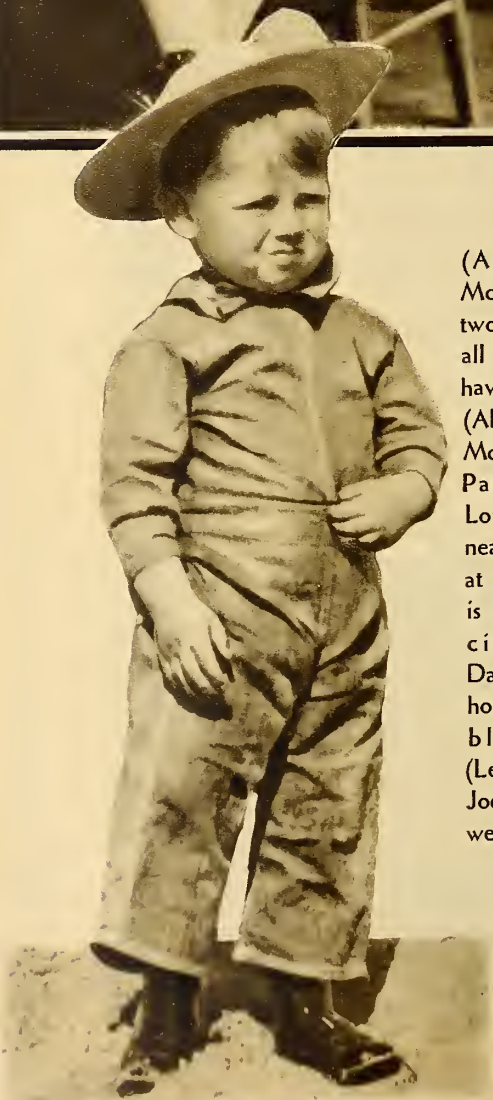


Wide World



Wide World

UP THE HOLLYWOOD



(Above, left) Joel McCrea at the age of two, no less. Wouldn't all the young things have adored him then? (Above, right) Mrs. McCrea, John, Joel, Papa McCrea and Lois. They are sitting near the pleasure pier at Santa Monica which is now famous. Incidentally, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon's home is about half a block away—now (Left) A close-up of Joel in the outfit he's wearing on the beach. Cute, isn't it?

. . . Joel spent a grand childhood—right in the film city. He grew up with the famous town and knew all the famous stars when

By WALTER RAMSEY

THERE are letters coming to Hollywood in mail vans; letters which indicate that Joel McCrea has got feminine audiences a-twitter. These letters and certain carefully tabulated box-office returns are responsible for the news that Joel McCrea is going to star for his company after one of the shortest leading-man apprenticeships known to Hollywood.

This sort of thing can do one of two things to a young man like Joel. It can spoil him into a terrific case of "actoritis" like a certain other young screen idol. Or it can mean the climax in the career of one of the most likable kids who ever grew up with Hollywood since it was an orange grove. Our bet is that Joel keeps his feet—and, more important, his head.

IT is only this unsettling fame racket of Hollywood that is new to Joel. As for the town itself, he has known it since Hollywood was acres

YEARS WITH JOEL MCCREA



There was nothing that kid Joel liked better than spending a day in the woods chasing birds and climbing trees. (Above, left) John, Mrs. McCrea and Joel on just such an outing. (Above, right) Joel with his father, Thomas P. McCrea. That strange looking thing behind them is an early automobile. And in those days it was considered a neat job.

of vacant fields, and Hollywood Boulevard was an orange grove. Until the ladies, and fan mail, started happening to Joel, Hollywood was merely to him what Kalamazoo is to me, and Fort Worth, Texas, might be to you—just the old home town. It is true that the home town industry was the movies, and not automobiles or parlor furniture. It is true that the kids Joel played with were the son of Douglas Fairbanks, the daughter of Cecil DeMille; that the customers along his newspaper route were Lois Weber, Mabel Normand, Jack Holt, Sessue Hayakawa and Geraldine Farrar; that the man who lived in the big house on the hill and often gave him nickels to spend was Cecil DeMille, the great director. But home towns are home towns, newspaper routes are newspaper routes, neighbors are neighbors, and life went on in Joel's early years very much as it goes on in Podunk.

He was born in South Pasadena, November 5, 1905, but when Joel was five years old his family, consisting of both parents, a brother, John, three years older than him-

self, and a sister, Lois, three years older than John, moved to Hollywood. Mrs. McCrea felt that South Pasadena was growing up too fast, too many automobiles cluttering up the street, too many speeding bicyclists. The calm streets of the adjoining suburb, Hollywood, with its orange

groves and general country atmosphere, seemed a far more suitable place to "bring up" three growing children!

The McCrea clan settled in a large, rambling house in the hills of Miller's canyon, now known as Laurel canyon, where many famous stars have their homes. Joel loved the house—and he was crazy about the hills that rose above the canyon. So often did Joel attempt to climb the hill back of his home, that by the time he was nine, a very neat little footpath led from his back door to the top of

As a boy, Joel played with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Michael Cudahy and Cecilia DeMille. He was newspaper boy for Mabel Normand, Jack Holt, Sessue Hayakawa and Geraldine Farrar. Joel thought all parties "sissy" and spent his time trapping in the Hollywood hills. He worked as a teamster in the first paving of Hollywood Boulevard

the rim. "Climbing the mountain" was about the only occupation that interested Joel for several years. He had flatly refused to attend kindergarten because at kindergarten one had to cut out paper dolls and make paper baskets and things, and that was "sissy" for a boy of five,



Joel McCrea is one of the Hollywood young men whose mere appearance makes the feminine hearts flutter. But when he was a kid he flatly refused to attend parties where girls were present. It was "sissy," you know. (Right) Even now, Joel gets embarrassed by the attention of the ladies, sometimes.



WHEN he was seven his family finally browbeat him into enrolling at Monte Vista Grammar School, but they were also cutting out paper dolls at Monte Vista, so Joel was moved, by request, to the Gardner Junction Grade School in West Hollywood.

Joel was not a particularly good student—for an amazing reason. He grew sentimentally attached to a room and a teacher and was known to weep bitterly when "promoted" out of the old familiar surroundings. Years later when M-G-M let him out of a contract he had the same feeling. He had grown used to the Metro lot and when he left he was homesick for it.

The overwhelming fear of his childhood was that someone—some "other kid"—might think him a "sissy." To

counteract this impression, which certainly did not exist, he would engage in battle at the slightest drop of the hat, and while he had a natural inclination to be obedient in the classroom he invariably went out of his way to be unruly, because it was the tougher, more masculine thing to do. Joel's "sporting blood" earned him considerable respect on the school grounds but did nothing toward improving his report cards.

It disturbed him considerably that he liked a little girl named Leila Laird, who sat in front of him. He struggled manfully against this weakness. He showed his regard for her by being as grouchy and ugly as possible whenever in her presence. But Leila was wise to him.

EVERY afternoon after school she would go home and sit down on her front porch. Joel, who had a small red bicycle, would ride past and do stunts without passing a word with her. If he fell, and that was often, he would get up, nonchalantly brush himself off and pedal away. This was his first love—though in its entire duration he exchanged no more than two civil words with the lady. At home, however, he talked continually of Leila. It was "Leila this" and "Leila that." "Is Leila your girl?" his mother once innocently inquired. Joel nearly choked himself to death registering scorn.

"Naw," he barked, "I hate her!"

Because he was afraid that by some unguarded act he might betray his real feeling for Leila, or even Helen

Williams, another juvenile blonde who had caught his eye, he flatly refused to attend parties, or to permit one to be given for him—even on his birthday. This deplorable business of "liking girls" was something he was going to have to thrash out all by himself.

When Joel was nine he formed a close friendship with a French-Canadian boy, Louis Corbett. The eleven-year-old Louis was a "man's man" if there ever was one. He was an amateur trapper of wild animals, and as he did most of his trapping in the hills back of Joel's home, that young man immediately joined up with him as chief assistant aide. Every morning during vacation Joel and Louis would fare forth in their trappers' outfits to trap . . . well, coyotes and skunks . . . if folks must know.



(Above) Hollywood Boulevard as it is today. Believe it or not, our friend Joel helped work on the first paving of that famous thoroughfare! (Right) A portion of the Boulevard as it was when Joel first met it. (Lower, right) With Louis

Corbett, his pal, at the spot which is now the end of Hollywood Boulevard.

(Below) When the present Boulevard was first taking form. As a teamster Joel helped cart the dirt away from the excavations—in one of which he is so nonchalantly reclining.



Louis had an enviable record—he had trapped nine real wild cats! Above all things did Joel want to trap a wild cat and bring it home alive.

After days, weeks and months of arduous trapping—that ambition was finally realized. The happy hunters returned to the McCrea backyard and tied their snarling, insane prize to an orange tree. Mrs. McCrea, who was practically frightened out of her wits, called the boys indoors and told them they would have to dispose

of the animal immediately. After a whispered consultation, Joel and Louis decided to sell the beast to a zoo. They called every zoo in town, including the famous Selig Zoo and the studio zoo at the Universal Studio—but apparently none of them wanted an A No. 1 wild cat. The boys flatly refused to shoot it because it was tied and, by now, exhausted. They compromised by taking snapshots of the delightful animal and then carrying it back to the hills where it was set free.

Joel earned his first money (*Continued on page 120*)

WARNING!—DANGER



Dareos has a surprising prophecy to make for Ina Claire. It concerns an affair of her heart. And what he says about David Manners will please that young man immensely.

The planets show an amazing future for Pola Negri. Quite a surprise to those of you who thought she was through. No such propitious signs for John Gilbert, unfortunately.

... In this unusual interview, Dareos, famous Hollywood prophet and seer, makes startling predictions for the cinema town in general and the cinema players in particular

By HARRY LANG

DAREOS—the Hollywood seer—is a little, fast-spoken, beady-eyed individual who for years has held his position as the foremost among the several soothsayers whose warnings, predictions and prophecies have played an undeniably large part in the doings of the film colony. To Dareos go so many of the stars that, if he were ever to tell even one-tenth of the secrets that have been confided to him by some of the prettiest lips you see on the screen, it would shake Hollywood like a California earthquake!

And, to tell the absolute truth, Dareos uses much of his actual knowledge on which to base his predictions and advice; his intimate knowledge of cinemaland's secrets, plus his knowledge of the planets' influences, give him the answer to many a question that disturbs certain cinema celebrities.

DAREOS has built his reputation well—for he has forecast many of the happenings in movieland; happenings at large, and happenings to individuals. And, for the reason that so many of these prophecies have come uncannily true, the stars and executives still look to Dareos for advice and guidance.

And so, when Dareos was asked to forecast 1932 for you fans, his prognostications are well worth noting.



According to Dareos, the fans will not much longer have the pleasure of viewing Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor as a team. (Above) As they appeared together in "Seventh Heaven."

AHEAD, HOLLYWOOD!



Garbo is going to leave Hollywood—according to the famous Hollywood prophet. But not for good. Fredric March will be the envy of the rest of the Hollywood players.

Ah, ha! A surprise in store for the followers of Lupe Velez' heart affairs. In fact, two surprises! And a surprise for the followers of Gary Cooper's heart affairs, too!

SOME OF THE PREDICTIONS FOR 1932—

Four divorces of big stars.

An attempt to kidnap the child of a famous blond player.

Serious domestic strife in the households of four famous film couples—in none of which these signs of unrest are noticeable now.

The death of a famous star in the midyear.

One of the greatest scandals that has ever happened in Hollywood will break in the summer.

Garbo will leave Hollywood for six months.

George Bancroft may be in a very serious airplane accident.



William Powell and Carole Lombard will remain together during 1932, but after that, Dareos warns them, they must beware to safeguard their happiness. They'll travel a lot during the year.

Hollywood itself will, no doubt, read this with interest. Here are Dareos' predictions:

One of the biggest scandals that has ever happened in Hollywood will occur about the middle of the year.

It will involve two of the biggest names in the star ranks—a man and a woman. It will revolve around a big, wild party.

And there is a possibility that the murder of a prominent screen star will result!

At any rate, according to the planets, the affair will entangle many of the most prominent names in Hollywood, and the scandal thereof will last for many a day.

There is the likelihood of a fire, which may be disastrous, in one of the larger studios during the middle part of the year.

No change in the present line-up of producing companies, and little change in the line-up of stars and players. Continued and increasing financial prosperity for movies as the year advances; little work for newcomers—the stage, instead, will make some inroads on the ranks of prominent screen players.

AND now for individuals! Clark Gable: The year's indications, professionally, are again felicitous for Gable. He can go ahead to tre-



If the prophecy for Joan Bennett comes true—and we sincerely hope it doesn't—poor Joan will be sorely tried.

mendous things, yet at the end, the summary will show the year to have been very unsettled, and although his position will be better professionally, many strange things will have happened to his career.

He will encounter a great deal of trouble, arising from jealousy, and involving several women. Yet the planets indicate no disruption in his home life, despite the jealousies which hover about him. He will have to watch his step, for his path will be strewn with dangers. The stars indicate that in the future (although not in 1932) another heart affair will play a great part in his life.

Greta Garbo: Despite all rumors of her retirement from the screen in 1932, the planets say that her acting career will continue, and continue successfully.

However, she will go on a journey, and will remain away from Hollywood for at least six months. The only thing that will prevent this (for Dareos admits that the dicta of the stars may at times be thwarted by earthly machinations) will be a tremendously increased salary which Garbo will expect to remain here when her contract expires in the spring.

Toward the fall of the year, the likely indications are that Garbo will turn at least temporarily from the screen and find success on the legitimate stage, either in the United States or abroad.

The planets portend absolutely no romance in Garbo's life during 1932. However, Garbo will face the possibility of a scandal, not as a result of any actions of hers, but because of scandal-mongers' activities, some time during the year.

"Incidentally," says Dareos, "Gable and Garbo should be a great success as a team. Their various astrological

Nancy Carroll had better watch her step, says Dareos. If she doesn't—well, things happen quickly in Hollywood.



Those planets say that Clara Bow is through with headlines for good—and that she'll return to the screen, married!

signs show that they can achieve great success as a pair—professionally, that is."

John Gilbert: The stars hold no promise for John Gilbert in 1932. And even beyond that, there is only the indication that his professional career is virtually at an end—according to the planets. He may make a few more pictures but none of them will be great enough to re-establish him.

Fredric March: March, according to his planetary prospects, looms as one of the biggest star bets of the year. The favorable indications continue for at least seven or eight years.

The spring of 1932 will bring him one great success; and the fall offers the prospect of another.

His domestic life will be very happy, with no disturbances of any consequence at all.

During midsummer, there is the danger of a serious aviation accident hovering over him. Naturally, by keeping out of airplanes, he can avoid this menace.

Ina Claire: Professionally, 1932 will bring her continued success.

In affairs of the heart, she will find she has entered a year of romance. Before 1932 is over, Ina Claire will have become betrothed to a man, now a stranger to her. He will not be in the motion picture or stage ranks. In 1933, she will marry him, and will find happiness.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and Joan Crawford: I have to deal with these jointly, as well as individually, for their fates are so interwoven as to be, in many instances, inseparable.

Joan's tremendous power over Doug, her charm and her masterful mind, have been (Continued on page 106)



George Bancroft will be in danger of a serious accident during 1932. It will happen while traveling in a very modern type of conveyance.

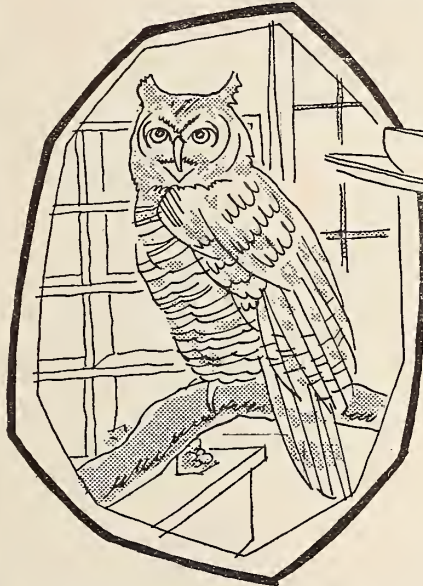
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



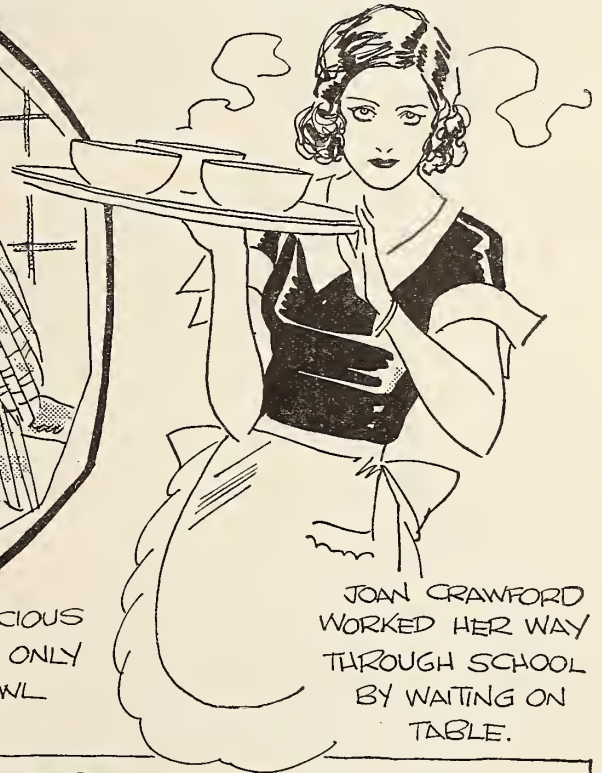
WHEN HER FEET AREN'T INCLUDED IN THE CAMERA'S SCOPE FOR A SCENE GARBO USUALLY ACTS IN OLD CARPET SLIPPERS.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT CAN'T WHISTLE.
(PROFESSOR SHAW PLEASE NOTE.)



LUPE VELEZ' SPACIOUS
LIBRARY CONTAINS ONLY
A BIG STUFFED OWL
— NO BOOKS.



JOAN CRAWFORD
WORKED HER WAY
THROUGH SCHOOL
BY WAITING ON
TABLE.



WALLACE BEERY WAS A DITCH DIGGER JUST BEFORE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD AND PICTURES



International

Joan and Douglas (above) arriving in New York on their recent trip. Joan's remarks on the subject of "those rumors" are delightfully intelligent.

By JANE DREW

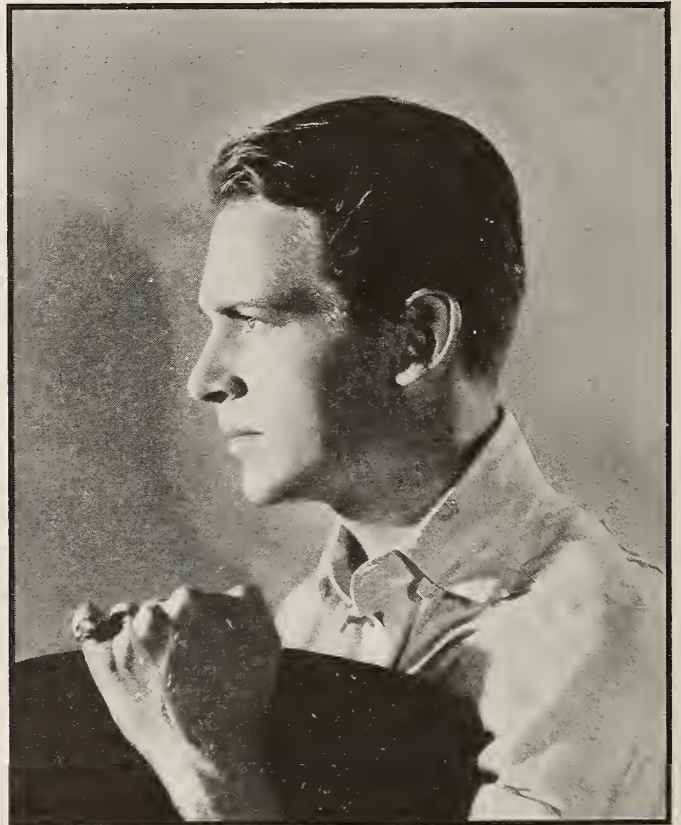
"I'm not going to make any foolish statement and say that nothing will ever come between us. I'm not a fortune teller."
 "... I refuse to say: 'I will never divorce Douglas.' It might happen before this story is read ... probably it will never happen."
 These are some of the interesting statements Joan makes. And her sincerity is splendid

IF all the hints, innuendos, whispers and even *printed* gossip stories of "trouble" existing between Joan Crawford and her young husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were spoken through a megaphone into one of Hollywood's favorite canyons they would give back an echo that could spell but one possible result—divorce!

Rumors ... hundreds of them ... sharp ... biting ... cruel ... many of them frankly malicious, are striking at these two young people who were, until six months ago, acknowledged the most sincere love-birds of Hollywood. Where the gossip started ... or how it gained such a deal of momentum in such short time ... is unknown. But the point is that "they" are talking. "They" are saying (with the usual inconsistencies of all gossips):

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH—

... In love with another man?
 Divorcing Doug, Jr.? Joan answers
 the gossip-mongers frankly



That Doug, Jr., is "chiseling" with (a) an extra girl with whom he was seen motoring in broad daylight on Wilshire Boulevard, the most crowded thoroughfare in Hollywood; (b) Rose Hobart, his leading lady in "Chances" and with whom he was once seen lunching; (c) a lady, vaguely designated as "married," whom Doug scandalously called on the telephone one morning and invited to play tennis; (x y z) any other three women you care to mention.

Joan, according to "them," is even busier cheating! She is "madly ... crazily ... frantically in love with a leading man" (whisper: C—k G-b-e) and "so madly does she care for the gentleman that their love scenes in their latest picture are printed on asbestos!" Or, if you don't care



Photograph by Hurrell



"Really," says Joan, "I don't see how it is physically possible for two people to be as unfaithful as Douglas and I are accused of being." (Right) Joan with Clark Gable in one of the famous love scenes from "Possessed."

for that, do you prefer the story of Joan's hot and heavy romance with a Fairbanks' house guest? *Which* house guest? Oh, either one of the boys who have visited them within the last six months. Another rumor concerning Joan is so obviously malicious and untrue that it shall not be mentioned here. But Joan had heard it—yes, she has heard them *all*! All of the things both she and Douglas are supposed to be doing without one another's knowledge, she has heard.

And her answer is a laugh. She isn't mad. She isn't sulking or feeling abused. She isn't up-in-arms. She is merely gloriously amused!

But she realizes her fans are eager to know the truth. So she frankly explained to them, through me, just the exact state of affairs under which she and Doug are attempting to live and be happy at the present moment.

"Really," she chuckles, "I don't see how it is physically possible for two people to be as unfaithful as Douglas and I are accused of being. Frankly, after eight or ten hours spent at the studio—plus time for interviews and photographic sittings—dress fittings—managing my home and visiting my mother occasionally, I wouldn't have the necessary *vitality* left with which to be so amorous!"

BUT seriously, the real situation between Douglas and myself is this: Believe me when I tell you that all this talk hasn't caused a bit of misunderstanding between us. We are just as happy as we ever were. We actually laugh and kid about our so-called '*love lives*.' Even in the first days of our marriage, I don't think Douglas and I had as deep an understanding as we have now.

"I'm *not* going to make any foolish statement and say that nothing shall ever come between us! I'm not a fortune teller nor a mind reader. I don't know what the years hold for us. I hope ours shall be a lasting and permanent happiness . . . but if something should ever occur to part us, *you may be sure that it will have a much more definite foundation than a handful of silly rumors!*"

"Just this morning I strolled down to the set where Garbo and Novarro were working. Ramon was just between scenes and when he saw me standing there alone, he rushed up to say 'hello.' As a matter of fact, he threw his arms around me and kissed me. I'm certainly glad it *was* Ramon Novarro . . . he hasn't been billed from one end of the country to the other as a *great lover*. I'm not in love with Ramon . . . I really like him a great deal and we are the best of friends.

"But, while you will never read or hear any rumors concerning a romance between Ramon and myself, I *am* supposed to be madly in love with a certain *other* actor in Hollywood! I have been told that I am. I have been in-

formed that our love scenes in a new picture are the 'give away.' We are supposed to be inspired. I'll admit that I was inspired during the making of that picture. I lived, breathed and dreamed that picture from the start to the finish. I *wanted* the love scenes to be real! And I can sincerely say that I felt every single love scene from the bottom of my heart! But really, the love and romance in the picture was not one whit more *inspired* or *real* than the most casual scene of putting on a hat or entering a room! I certainly hope I put as much sincerity into the dramatic crying scenes!



"Honestly, that is the real truth about my muchly-hinted romance. Before the camera we were in love. Now that the picture is over we are merely good friends!"

"As for the other two men with whom my name has been linked in gossip—what more can I say than they were our guests . . . and I was their hostess? It just so happened that Douglas had to work one or two nights during each of the visits. What was I supposed to do under the circumstances? I might have sent our guest down to the corner drug store for his dinner . . . had the servants bring my dinner up on a tray and locked myself in my bedroom until my husband got home. Instead, I thought it would be perfectly safe to have our dinner served in the dining room . . . even though we had to run the risk of the compromising situation of '*dining alone*!' Oh, isn't it all *too* silly . . . too absurd?"

"I am not so optimistic as to believe that these are the very *last* rumors that will ever be circulated about Douglas and myself. No, there will be plenty more . . . But if you know in advance that we will, in the future (just as in the past), go out with others if we choose—and if I tell you now that there is a possibility of divorce for Douglas and me—then you may be able to discount much!"

"I haven't meant to infer that there is a single existing reason or thought of divorce now . . . but I can't foresee the future. For that reason I refuse to say: '*I will never divorce Douglas.*' It might happen before this story is read . . . probably it will *never* happen!"



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Surprise! Surprise! Who is it? Betty Blythe? Barbara La Marr? We'll give you fifteen guesses and even then we'll wager you'll be wrong. As a matter of fact it's Anita Page—the new Anita Page—as she appears in "Under Eighteen," the Warner picture. When Anita was lent to Warners for that picture, they decided they'd dress the Page girl all up different and give her some sex appeal. Think they've succeeded?



Ramon Novarro's answer is typical of a charming gentleman who would face the end with quiet dignity.



Joan Crawford would meet the finish in an original—and extremely daring way. Just like her.

ONE DAY TO LIVE

By

JACK JAMISON

IT began at a party the other evening out here in Hollywood. A group of us were sitting around talking about a young fellow—we'll call him Charles, which was not his name—who that afternoon had died. Charles had been an ordinary, quiet, well-liked young chap. Nothing dramatic or sensational had touched his life, ever. And then suddenly, for no apparent reason, he had commenced a career of wild spending, drinking, gambling, women, and all the rest of it. He had done mad things. As we sat around the fireplace, talking, we wondered what on earth had happened to Charles to set him running wild.

"I know what happened to him," someone said, quietly. "A couple of months ago he wasn't feeling well. He went to a doctor. The doctor told him he had just a little while to live. I don't know what was wrong with him—heart, maybe, or cancer. Anyway, knowing he was only here for a short while longer, Charles did what he did."

There was silence. And then we fell to wondering, aloud, what *we* would do if a doctor should tell us we had only a few weeks on earth—or, say, a single day! We agreed that there would be no surer way to learn a person's innermost philosophy, what he truly is, than by watching him under such conditions. What better way to learn the truth, and the real truth, about the stars' most hidden selves, for example?

AND so I went to some of the stars and asked them that grimmest of questions. I was curious to know what they would say. And the answers I got from them are a revelation.

Dick Barthelmess was striding briskly along a path at the studio, on his way to the set. When I stopped him, and asked suddenly, "Dick, what would you do if you had only one day to live?" his face changed instantly. At first he thought I was joking. Then, when he saw I was in earnest, he became grave.

"One day to live!" he murmured, his eyes deep and brooding. He sighed. It's rather a shock, that ques-

tion! "I know what I'd do. I'd spend the day on the yacht, or on some sort of a boat, with my family—far away from everyone else. And I think—yes, I'd want a good book to read. A really good book. And, one thing more. This will surprise you, but I mean what I say. I'd want lots of good Pilsener beer to drink!"

There stands the reply of a man who has lived a wide, large life, and who has gained from its living a true philosophic calm.

You will never know Dick better than you know him now, after hearing this about him. Contrast what he

said with the answer of Charlie Butterworth, that grand comedian!

Charlie made his answer in precisely three words:

"I'd get drunk!"

"Cowardice," some people will say. But one isn't so sure. Charlie lives to laugh. You can't laugh at death. And so—he'd drink himself into a stupor, in which state he would have exactly no emotions at all.

When I asked Sylvia Sidney the intriguing question she answered

. . . What would you do if you had just twenty-four hours to live? Answered honestly, it's a revelation of your real character and beliefs. And, herein, some leading players do answer with absolute sincerity and fearlessness. See what they're really like—from their answers

without a moment's hesitation:

"I wouldn't make a single change in my schedule. Not a single one. I'd go on just as I am. Let's see—twenty-four hours." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "Nine p. m. That means I'll die at nine o'clock tomorrow evening. All right, I'll tell you just what I'll do. Tomorrow morning I'll get up at my usual time. I'll come to the studio in my usual way. I'll go to work on the set just as always. I'll work hard, and give everything I have to every scene we make. At twelve o'clock, when we knock off for an hour, I'll go to lunch with my friends in the company. When we finish work in the evening, I'll go home and have dinner with my mother."

Here speaks true happiness. What she is doing is so satisfying to Sylvia that she asks nothing better on



Barthelmess' last day on earth would include a sail on a boat, a good book and some beer.



Perhaps Sylvia Sidney's projected last day is the most unusual of them all—unusual because so usual.



Clark Gable! His answer tells just what he is—a good fellow with a definite trace of loneliness.

her last day in life! Only to go on! How many of us are so well fitted to our place in life that we would ask nothing better, no change away from it, on our final day under the sun?

THERE'S only one thing I'd be particularly careful about," she added. "The evening. Almost every evening, you know, a lot of friends come to my house. Well, on my last night, I'd just want to make sure that none of them would forget to come. With nine o'clock to be the last hour I'd ever hear strike, I wouldn't have much time to talk with them, would I? But maybe I'd ask them all to have an early dinner and come right over after, or maybe come over for dinner. And then—and then, we'd just sit around the way we always do, and talk as we always do. I'd want my last few minutes to be spent among clever, amusing people." She closed her lovely eyes for a moment, and then opened them again, with her sweetest smile. "Yes—that's all I'd ask for!"

Next—Clark Gable. Clark's answer ought to be interesting because he always swears so furiously that there is nothing unusual about him, that he is the normallest of the normal. Whether this is true or untrue ought to show up in his answer, and it does.

"What would I do if I had only one day to live? Shucks, I dunno. So many things can change a man's ideas. What I might do one week or one month, I might not do at all the next. Who knows what he would do under certain circumstances, until he is actually faced with those circumstances?

"I think that, first of all, I would straighten out all my personal affairs. Almost everyone would do that, I imagine. There are always things which we put off

until another day, which we could be forced to do if we knew that we only had a few hours of life remaining. Uh-huh; I think I'd probably phone a lot of guys I know, for one last talk, and some good women friends. And I'd sit down and write a lot of letters that I owe to relatives and friends, too. When I was gone, they'd at least have the letter to remember me by, until they lost it or chucked it away.

"And then, I'd get into my car and take a long drive. I'd drive up and down streets that have memories for me—you know, buildings and streets where things have happened to me. Then I'd ride along the ocean. I'd sit for a long time by the ocean—I've always been nuts about it—and think. I wouldn't think about anything special, I'd just think. I wouldn't want many people around me, and I wouldn't want anyone to know I was going to kick off. A lot of sympathy and bawling and hand-shaking would give me a pain in the neck. The rest of the time I'd spend with my family, alone."

A lonely disillusioned chap, Clark. As an amateur psychologist, I'd be almost willing to bet, after studying that reply, that in Clark's life somewhere there is a bitter secret, a terrible unhappiness, which he is keeping from everyone. What it is we shall probably never know, but it's there—

Think of the different ways there would be of spending the last day—if you had to give up life tomorrow. And then see if any of your imaginings coincide with what the stars would do if they had to pass on tomorrow. Amazing, the different manner in which various players would spend those twenty-four hours! Some quietly, some riotously, some daringly—all interestingly. Which way do you most approve of? Which way would you yourself choose?

WHOM to ask next? But of course you can guess! We *couldn't* let Joan Crawford dodge a question like this. For one thing only, there has been a lot of talk lately about whether Joan is a dancing daughter or a doting wife. One rumor had it that she was turning those big eyes on none other than Mr. Gable, mentioned above. Another said that she was as mad as ever about Doug, and that the chit-chat about a separation was hokey sponsored by the publicity office in order to stir up interest in more modern maiden and flaming youth pictures for her. Both sides win, her answer to the question would seem to indicate.

I put it to her bluntly enough, I'm afraid. "What would you do if you had one (Continued on page 110)



RODDY JOCK

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE



THEY rounded the Hollywood Boulevard corner from opposite directions; and all but collided. For the fraction of a second they stared at each other in embarrassed surprise. Very awkward—after pretending so many days that they were trying to avoid one another—being, oh, so indifferent.

Ruth Tearle blushed and stepped far to one side in skirting the man. Barry Clay flushed, too, and raised his hat with elaborate formality. Both made as though to pass stiffly on their respective ways.

Down the boulevard clattered a rattletrap truck, full of swarthy men and women and children and dirty bundles. As it passed Ruth and Clay, the rueful black face of a Scottish terrier appeared over the truck's low tailboard.

At sight of the man and the girl, the Scottie was galvanized into new life. With a joyous yelp which was lost

in the clatter of the truck, he launched himself over the tailboard, leaping into space and in their general direction.

The dog smote the roadway with a force which sent him rolling over and over. At the same moment a fast-driven car whizzed down upon him from the direction of Laurel Canyon.

Barry Clay went into action. In his best football style he flung himself forward, seemingly to suicide. Without slackening his terrific speed he scooped up the scrambling little dog as he ran. The fast car's mudguard grazed the man's side as it flashed by.

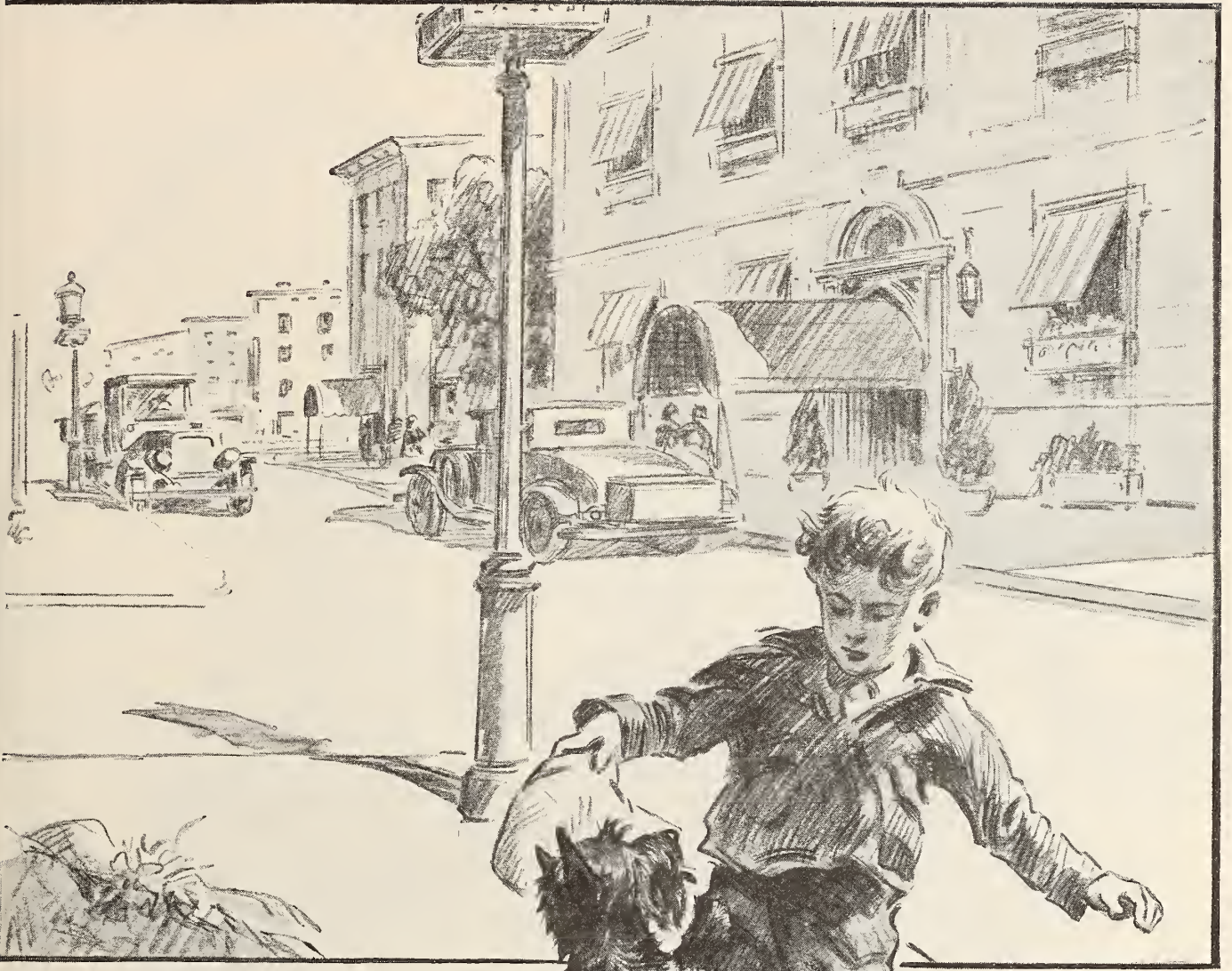
Ruth Tearle cried aloud in stark horror. Then the dust settled. Recrossing the road toward her came Clay, the retrieved Scottie tucked footballwise under one arm.

To mask his own wrenched nerves and his normal masculine shame at a melodramatic act, he grinned cheerfully at the frightened girl, mumbling:

"When a man rescues a dog, I suppose it's news."

"It was gorgeous of you to save Roddy from—from

A man and a girl in the midst of a lovers' quarrel is difficult,



Illustrated by
Morgan Dennis



Instead of going to either Ruth or Barry, the Scottie scampered over to a small boy who happened to be passing. Barry was mortified at his dog's disloyalty to him. Ruth was mortified at her dog's disloyalty to her. What to do in this situation?

such a hideous death," faltered the girl, still shaken and white, "but it—it was an insane thing to do! It—"

"It was insane, all right," he assented, the grin now less forced. "Only, his name's not Roddy. It's Jock. I lost him that night last month when the gypsies made their clean-up of all the dogs around here that were worth stealing and that were friendly enough to let themselves be kidnapped. I had only had Jock a week, and it was silly of me to leave him out on the porch while I was at dinner. Chief Boyle told me nineteen dogs—five of them

Scotties—were stolen that same night. He says it's an old gypsy trick to grab good dogs and then sell them in another town. I suppose they got fond of this little fellow and decided to keep him. But wasn't it clever of him to recognize me so quickly and make that wild jump? Why, he—"

"It was clever of Roddy to recognize *me* so quickly and make that wild jump," Ruth said emphatically. "I'm sorry if you risked death to save a dog you thought was yours. But Roddy belongs to me. It was a natural

but when each claims a certain stray Scottie—the barking begins!



As the truck passed, the rueful black face of a Scottish terrier appeared over the truck's low tail-board. At the sight of Barry and Ruth the dog suddenly became galvanized into life . . .

mistake. The poor little chap looks so fearfully mussed up and unkempt. But I knew him, the instant I—"

"The dog evidently has quicker and better powers of recognition than you have," interposed Clay, with icy sarcasm. "That is why he jumped out of the truck when he saw me. That is why he's so squirmingly happy to be back with me again. Jock and I got to be grand pals, even in the short week we knew each other."

"I'm afraid I'm not interested in your palship with a dog named Jock," said Ruth freezingly. "And your mistake is natural. Just as I said. You had your dog only a week; and you were at the studio most of that time. I had Roddy, here, for ten days, all day and every day. I'd know him anywhere. I told Chief Boyle I'd give him fifty dollars if the police could find him among the gypsies for me. I can't very well offer you the cash reward. So you'll have to be content with my thanks."

"I'd be more than content with your thanks, if the dog happened to be yours. But he isn't. And— Please don't

yank him that way," as Ruth's gloved hands clasped the wriggling Scottie. "You'll hurt him."

"He *wants* to come to me. Don't you, Roddy, dear? Please let go of him, Mr. Clay. This is ridiculous. Please—" The Scottie adopted a perplexed look.

"Hold on!" suggested Barry Clay, crossing to a vacant lot, while Ruth followed angrily. "We'll try the old infallible test. I'll put him down on the grass midway between us. Then we'll both call him. The one he runs over to is his master."

"His mistress," coldly corrected Ruth. "All right. Set him down. He always came at my call, from the very first day I had him—*Roddy!*" she finished, as the Scottie was placed on the ground.

"*Jock!*" Clay called in the same moment.

The Scottie's stumpy tail (Continued on page 122)

FADEOUT

. . . Robert Williams struggled hard for screen success. At last he got it. Then, just at that moment—fate snuffed out his life mercilessly!

By CURTIS MITCHELL

WHY does the life of which we dream and for which we slave turn so often to emptiness? I ask that in behalf of the thousands who were Robert Williams' newly acquired fans for I have just come from watching the staccato vitality of his performance in the film called "Platinum Blond"—and today Robert Williams is . . .

But wait. This is the story of a young man barely across the threshold of life who deserted Broadway to break his lances on the windmills of Hollywood. It is a story of toil and failure and finally success. And then it brings us to a square white room in a Hollywood hospital.

That macabre building has seen the healing of many a film favorite. Now it holds Bob Williams, sick unto death. Appendicitis. Doctors are with him, fighting destiny with all the ingenuity of science. Two friends wait in a roadster at the curb, their faces white with suspense.

Suddenly, over the tumult of street sounds there seemed



Robert Williams and Jean Harlow in "Platinum Blond." It was in this film that real cinematic recognition came to him—too late. For now Robert Williams is dead.



to come a hush. And through the stillness came a frightful sound, a woman's anguished sob.

The men glanced at each other. The hospital door swings ajar and through it treads Bob Montgomery, Bob Williams' pal. He reaches the curb.

"It's all over," he mumbles.

Above, a white hand reaches up in Robert Williams' room and pulls a green window shade until it touches the bottom sill. Now the window looks like the eye-socket of a sun-bleached skull.

ROBERT WILLIAMS had entered that hospital under protest. Stricken while filming "Lady with a Past" with Constance Bennett, he had fought against calling a doctor. At the hospital, with his body packed in ice, he didn't want an operation. "I'll be all right," he insisted, because he had a terrible aversion to the idea of an operation.

Doctors knew he was wrong and they told him. But Bob refused to listen. He had never been ill, never indisposed. Surely such drastic measures couldn't be absolutely necessary . . .

Eventually, the operation was performed—but the appendix had ruptured. Peritonitis developed and a second operation became necessary. Then Bob Williams rallied enough to look up at Bob Montgomery and say, "I'm all right, pal. I'll get well now."

But he didn't get well. Doctors exerted every effort. In vain! Fate, the ruthless jade, imposed the ultimate penalty.

Penalty for what? The whole world wonders. Bob's friends and loved ones, beaten down with grief and bewilderment, wonder.

(Continued on page 116)

THE MOST INSPIRING WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD



Norma Shearer was asked to present Marie Dressler with the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best acting of the year done by a woman—for Marie's portrayal in "Min and Bill." Remember, Norma won the award in 1930?



With Jean Hersholt in a scene from Marie's latest production, "Emma." It was this characterization which Miss Dressler acted out in a restaurant for Faith Baldwin, the author of this story. Marie is wonderful in it.

By FAITH BALDWIN

WITHOUT question, Marie Dressler is the most inspiring woman in Hollywood. There is no one else who has won so much, lost so much and won again—and, through it all, managed to keep a level head. And, even now, when her fame and success is far greater than she ever imagined it would be, she remains unchanged—a talented woman who is wise enough to be constantly prepared for what the morrow may bring, regardless of whether it be favorable or unfavorable.

I have noticed that the majority of articles written about Marie Dressler stress—and to my mind entirely too much—her age and her "come-back." It is not just, to my way of thinking, for I have always felt that a performance, whether on stage or screen, on canvas or between the covers of a book, should be judged wholly upon its own merits and not because the performer is sixteen or sixty. I even feel this way about infant prodigies. When one is hailed as the poet of a generation because she or he is ten or twelve or two it exasperates me to madness. Either

the poem is good or it isn't. If you are going to say, "Here is a piece of work done by a four-year-old child," that is another matter. But for heaven's sake, don't say, "This is a great poem *because* a four-year-old child wrote it."

It is not fair to Marie Dressler to say that her screen performances are magnificent, and her reading of character superb, *because* she has passed the usual screen age for success and because she wins no beauty contests. Her performances are memorable because she is a very great artist. She has been a great artist for a long time. Stardom is not new to a woman who played on Broadway for thirteen years without ever leaving that street of heart-break and glamor. She has had, along with the rest of us, her ups and downs, her fortunes and misfortunes. And I wish very much that her work might be judged on its own merits rather than because she is not a young woman. For there is really no earthly reason why an actress with thirty years' experience or more shouldn't be exactly thirty years or more better than an overnight star with but a



Photograph by William Grimes

. . . "Courage is, I think, one of her outstanding qualities. An ability to laugh it off, if life's joke is on her; an ability to weep for others . . ."



From the Harold Seton collection

(Left) Caught on the M-G-M lot. (Above) With Joe Weber in "Twaddle Twaddle," which was produced at Weber and Fields in 1905. This was in the days when Marie was first tasting success.

a few bedazzled years to her stage or screen credit.

It seems to me that there are many more valuable lessons to be learned from Marie Dressler's life, and the way in which she meets life than from any of the usual commonplace success stories. I imagine she would laugh heartily at the idea of herself as a real philosopher and a teacher. But she is, nevertheless. She has something to teach us all.

I LUNCHEDED with her the other day. We were a party of four, in an extremely high-hat dining room. We were, if I dare say so, a very nice party. First and foremost there was Miss Dressler, in a gown which became her beautifully and a hat that was really a hat and not a sublimated pancake; second, there was Miss Dressler's friend and traveling companion, whom I accused of being a sophisticated gypsy; third, there was a very delightful young man, and fourth, there was myself, all eyes and ears.

Here are some of the things I learned.

Marie Dressler is ageless. Ageless in her heart, and in her understanding and her grasp of essential things. As the years advance, the body, of course, feels the burden.

At, say, fifty-nine, one cannot (*Continued on page 116*)

MODERN SCREEN



TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)

Not since the days of her earlier triumphs has Gloria Swanson given us so fine a film. As the temperamental prima donna in search of love, and yet afraid of it, the glorious one is truly superb. The picture itself is loaded with laughs, and holds plenty of romance.

Gloria is tempted almost to the point of surrender by the dashing Melvyn Douglas who pretends to be a gigolo. But at the crucial moment she hesitates, and he proclaims that it's "tonight or never" for their romance. There's a happy ending in which the hero turns out to be a perfectly nice young man. It's Mr. Douglas' film debut, and an auspicious one.



DELICIOUS (Fox)

The sure-shot Cinderella theme, mightily glorified by Gershwin melody, brings back the unbeatable love-team of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. And the couple is ably aided by El Brendel, Manya Roberti, Virginia Cherrill and others.

The plot doesn't count as much as the music, but if you must know, Janet is a little orphan Annie immigrant, who eludes officials and slips into the Land o' the Free in a polo pony's stall. Don't be too surprised when you learn that the polo player is Charlie. Before their honeymoon, however, there are many complications which threaten to break Janet's heart. But you know all will end well.



HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)

It is to laugh! So if you feel like hilarity, visit those mirth-provokers, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling, and giggle all your troubles away. Beside these Four Horsemen of Ha-Ha, the gracious, graceful Marilyn Miller is among those present. And with the help of Ben Lyon, provides the picture's beauty and love interest.

It doesn't seem a difficult task for Ben and Marilyn to romance convincingly. Wonder how often they think of the days when they were sweethearts off-screen instead of on? Well, anyway, the story doesn't matter much here. There are songs, dances and witty sayings sufficient to provide several evening's entertainment.



THE DOVE (RKO-Radio)

Not even the lavish production can save this one from being an outmoded piece weighted, as the saying goes, with everything but the kitchen sink. The individual performances of Dolores Del Rio, Leo Carillo, Norman Foster and the others are good. But the whole thing is a bit too melodramatic and theatrically unreal for comfort.

In case you've forgotten the old play, the romance concerns a dance hall girl, her gambler boy-friend, and a strutting villain who is the "bes' dam' caballero in all Méjico." The boy faces all sorts of death in protecting his lady-love before the happy ending arrives. There's plenty of action and lots of shootin'. But nothing new.



THE CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)

Just as your eyes are going dewey over the moonlit, flower-scented romance of Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez, along come Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and Ernest Torrence to transform your tears into hilarious laughter. Beside the sighs and giggles there are gorgeous songs.

As one of three Marine Musketeers, the singing star wins a little peanut-vendor under Southern palms, only to lose her when his troop is ordered to the wars. He marries another, but hearing the girl's haunting song in a café, leaves everything to search for the lost love. He finds her—she is married and the mother of many children, one of which is named for him.

REVIEWS

It's often a problem what movie to see. But not if you read these reviews

One of the smartest, most amusing pictures ever produced on the Camera Coast gives Norma Shearer the best vehicle of her career. As the charming, amorous spit-fire of Noel Coward's scintillating play, she shines as a truly brilliant star. And there are also Robert Montgomery, Reginald Denny, Una Merkel and Jean Hersholt for good measure.

Norma and Bob, you see, are veteran matrimonial battlers who meet again when each is on a honeymoon with a new spouse. There are passages at arms (and that goes both ways) which end with the couple eloping and the discarded partners finding solace in one another. The film is excellent—hilarious in every episode.

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)



Technically exquisite, and enriched by fine characterizations from Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, Richard Bennett, and A. E. Anson, there's still some doubt that this adaptation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about physicians and scientific research may be classed as entertaining movie fare. It's all pretty much of a psychological study, spiked with pointed satirical pokes at methods employed by some members of the medical profession. Decidedly, it is a cinematic achievement of the highest class. But it will be most appreciated by select audiences rather than the rank and file of amusement seekers. Colman is excellent as the young country doctor who becomes a famous physician.

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)



In this famous Civil War melodrama, stalwart Richard Dix rides to love and glory in the form-fitting regalia of both North and South. For Richard is a dashing Union officer sent through the Confederate lines as a spy. There's plenty of action, suspense and romance to delight you all.

Dix, wounded, is nursed to health by a belle of the Old South. What more natural than that he should fall in love with Shirley Grey? And she with him. But Dix is a soldier first and between love and duty his choice is obvious. Rebel rifles almost finish him. But he's spared to fight another day and to marry Shirley. It's a well done melodrama.

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)



You'll keep whistling in the dark after you've seen this hair-raising horror-drama about the man who manufactured a monster! It's guaranteed to chill your spinal column and to hold you powerless in its hypnotic spell, for the strange literary classic has been wrought into a film thriller that is grotesque, weird, eerie, terrible.

The maniac, Colin Clive, creates a man-like creature devoid of a soul. The thing breaks from its master's control and wrecks ghastly havoc on the lives of the picture's people. Even Mae Clarke, the heroine, succumbs to its terrors, despite the efforts of John Boles and Edward Van Sloan. Boris Karloff, as the monster, is magnificent.

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)



One of our latest Hollywood Cinderellas becomingly wears the glass slipper of stardom when little Marian Marsh, John Barrymore's "discovery," makes her stellar debut in this exciting romance of young love, its trials, tribulations and triumphs. And the film itself, with Marian and Regis Toomey as central figures, is far above average.

The story has slight originality, but director Archie Mayo has woven new color into the old triangle tapestry of love, separation, and reunion. Little Miss Marsh is as charming an actress as she can be and Warren William and Norman Foster contribute to the entertainment, while Maude Eburne and Emma Dunn win honors.

UNDER EIGHTEEN (Warner Bros.)





**DR. JEKYLL
AND MR. HYDE**
(Paramount)

GOOD SPORT
(Fox)



If you recall John Barrymore in this dual rôle, you'll have an idea of the thrills and horrors awaiting you in the present version. Fredric March is the drug-tormented hero of the weird tale about the physician with a split personality. Such distinguished players as Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart, and Holmes Herbert are in the cast, but it's March's picture all the way. It's pretty night-marish stuff, although there's no denying that it carries a big kick.

The rather distasteful theme of naughty ladies and their protectors brings Linda Watkins to the screen as this film's heroine, and introduces John Boles as a man who will marry only when—and if—he must. Hedda Hopper heads a feminine contingent composed of a half-dozen charmers, and Allan Dinehart is a two-timing husband. It's not very clever, and it is pretty repetitious. But there are some moments which help. It tries to be naughty but succeeds only in being not nice. The players are adequate.



**PEACH
O' RENO**
(RKO-Radio)

**WEST OF
BROADWAY**
(M-G-M)



This is about the best of the Bert Wheeler-Dorothy Lee-Robert Woolsey vehicles. If you are one of many who are rendered hysterically hilarious by the trinity you'll agree that the film is really uproarious. It's fast-moving farce of the slap-stick variety, and features the comics as Reno divorce shysters who do business at bargain rates. Plenty of fun is poked at the marital mill and Reno's wide-open aspects. Zelma O'Neal, Sam Hardy, Joe Cawthorne and other reliable comedians aid in the fun.

John Gilbert isn't helped much by his presentation here as a drunken wastrel home from the wars. The plot consists of the hackneyed fable about the man with a few months left to live who plans to squander them in wild revelry. Of course, the result is the breaking off of old alliances and the discovery of a new love in a sullied dove. Lois Moran plays the misunderstood street girl, while Madge Evans is the jilted fiancée. El Brendel contributes the funny business. Gilbert does as well as possible.



**RECKLESS
LIVING**
(Universal)

**WORKING
GIRLS**
(Paramount)



A race track yarn should have plenty of speed, but this one is left at the post. Ricky Cortez is a bookie who conspires to get Norman Foster out of the way so he may wed Mae Clarke. Norman and Mae run a speake which is a blind for Ricky's villainies. The boy seems in the villain's power when he loses money on a race. But it's all straightened out, Cortez gets another jail sentence, and the young love interest ends in a clinch. Poor Ricardo! Lately he's always going to the hoosegow on the screen.

Dorothy Hall, of Broadway's theatre, makes her début in this entertaining romance in which she is adored by Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers. The film is an adaptation of the stage play, "Blind Mice," and tells the adventures of girls alone in a Big City who dwell in one of the many semi-charitable girls' clubs. Hectic love affairs form the backbone of the piece, with comedy, provided by Stew Erwin, and drama about evenly balanced. It is of interest that Miss Hall once lived at the Three Arts Club.

THE ROVING CAMERA

... Some more of those marvelously informal snapshots picked up by our almost-human camera—both in Hollywood and elsewhere

(Right) Douglas Fairbanks at Luxor on the famous Egyptian Nile. You know, of course, that Doug's picturization of his round-the-world tour is said to be great. (Below, left to right) Charles Starrett crossing Hollywood Boulevard. Reginald Denny waiting for somebody outside the M-G-M commissary. Ruth Chatterton and Richard Wallace, director, on the grounds of the Paramount studios.



MARION DAVIES' PARIS WARDROBE

By
VIRGINIA T. LANE

All Marion's evening gowns have accompanying jackets. This jacket, which is worn with the gown at the right, is black velvet, made in tight-waisted fashion, and quite simply. White fox borders the bracelet length sleeves.



MARION DAVIES is infectiously gay. At a tea not long ago someone called her "the sunny side of Hollywood." An apt term. There is no gloomy corner when Marion's around. It's not an obvious cheer that she spreads but a warm, glowing one that does something way down inside of you. And how does this golden-haired, merry-eyed lady dress? Usually in soft pastels, my dear—and in a most charming manner.

She returned from Paris with ten trunks full of clothes. Not a press agent's statement, by the way, but a customs officer's report. And such clothes! Fragile, slinky gowns, pert little street frocks, trim suits with squared tops, hostess pajamas that are something to dream about.

"Oh, I had a perfect shopping orgy," chuckled Marion.

Lelong, the designer of this black velvet evening gown, called it "Prelude." It's a slender, form-fitting model, designed as only a French costumer could design it. Clever cutting makes it hug the hips closely and flare in graceful fullness from the knees. The shoulder straps are braided—of self-material. The belt, also, is self-material. (A favorite Paris way with belts these days, by the way.) The only trimming is the huge white velvet flower set right plunk in the center of the front. Notice how little jewelry Marion wears—that simple pearl necklace is her favorite. And a single bracelet—that's all.



. . . Marion loves shopping—she goes in for a perfect orgy of it twice a year—usually in Paris. You'll adore her vivacious descriptions of her new clothes—and her surprisingly practical hints, too

Departing slightly from our usual procedure in this department, we are presenting for your inspection the gorgeous clothes Marion Davies brought back from her last trip to Paris. Miss Lane has written a fascinating article about the ten trunksful of lovely things Marion purchased abroad



(Left) The silver cloth jacket to be worn with Marion's "glitter dress." It is bordered, collared and cuffed with mink. Note that the "Gay-Ninetyish" jackets remain in favor—short, nipping the waist closely and very rich in fur trimming, like this one.

This gown was designed by Redfern. It has a name, too—"Charmante." Very appropriate, don't you think? Marion calls it her "glitter dress." It's made of silver cloth. Rather severely plain, as befits such stunning material, it relies upon the ruffled peplum and the three flowers in the front to relieve its severity. The lower skirt, intricately seamed, has a stand-out fullness which swirls beautifully when Marion walks. Look at the small picture (right) of this dress with its jacket and note how the peplum falls in line with the jacket and seems to be part of it. Petite people please note that peplums have a heightening effect.

"I adore to shop, anyway. I'd do it every day if I had the time. Since I haven't, I collect a new wardrobe twice a year *and* have my old things made over. That's a big item in any woman's wardrobe—clever, made-over dresses. Your new frock is some designer's idea; your re-fashioned frock is your own, and nine times out of ten you can make it more satisfactory than the original. Take old fur trimming, for instance. It's an easy matter to have it renovated so that it looks brand new and then think of the thousand things you can do with it! A smart choker, a collar and capelet, fascinating cuffs—why, there are any number of uses for the fur on last winter's coat . . . or the winter-before-last's! All it needs is a spark of imagination and a thread and needle. Personally, I get quite as big a thrill out of a garment that defies detection of



(Left, below) A Lelong street frock, called "Star Dust"—navy blue crêpe, studded with silvery nail heads. Notice how all the detail is applied above the hipline: the short peplum, the cute little bows tagging sleeves and shoulder, and the off-center neckline. (Left, above) In our opinion, the most beautiful dress in Marion's collection: cream Venetian lace, over a molded satin slip. Fullness in the skirt, a slight train, and a crystal and emerald belt—that's all. Augustabernard, the designer, calls it "Nuit Venétienne." (Above, left) The two jackets—one a bolero, and the other fox trimmed and lined with emerald-green satin—to go with Marion's lace dress. (Above, right) A Lucien Lelong sport coat of grey wool, with a clever yoke and raglan sleeve effect. Collar and cuffs are of beaver.

being a leftover as I do out of a newer-than-new model."

THAT'S the artist speaking. If Miss Davies were not an actress I imagine she would be a highly successful rival of Madame Chanel, Agnès, and the other famous couturières. She loves to explore in clothes, to achieve new lines, new effects. Changing the style of a dress is a hobby of hers rather than a bore, the way it is with most of us.

But to get to the contents of these trunks. Ah me, now I know why they can speak of a "poem of a dress," a "symphony in color." There is, for instance, an evening gown fashioned of cream lace that's so exquisite it might have been used for a royal wedding veil. It is worn, of course, over a molded satin slip and falls to the floor in a lovely unbroken line. The skirt has smartly placed fullness at the bottom that terminates in a little swishing train. These new sculptured formal dresses always remind me of Venus rising out of the sea—they're so form-fitting above and billowy below. You simply have to wear a smooth foundation garment underneath, like the corset-and-brassière-in-one, otherwise the top of your garter belt or corset will make a disconcerting ridge at your waistline. The only trimming of this lace gown is a crystal and emerald belt and Miss Davies wears a bracelet and ring to match it. This gown has two jackets. A short-sleeved bolero of the lace, and another lace jacket lined with the same shade of green satin as the stones in the belt. The latter has wide cuffs of blue fox fur. (Look at the top of this page for pictures of the gown and jackets.)





(Above, left) An afternoon coat from Lelong, called, fittingly enough, "Ritz." It's a dull, dead black woolen material, with a fichu collar and interesting cuffs of ermine. The little brimmed hat is from Rose Descat. (Above, right) A Lenieff dinner frock of black chiffon. A pink net gilet very finely tucked, is seen through the cape-like bodice. A soft bow is caught at the center front with a diamond brooch. (Right, above) A brown and white velvet ensemble. Marion loves brown and white. The jacket has four brown velvet buttons and deeply notched revers of brown caracul. The skirt is quite plain. (Right, below) Polka dots, unevenly scattered on black crêpe, return in this cute little street frock. The cut is simple, leaving the polka dots to capture the interest—and the white tied bands at elbow and neck.



Perhaps the outstanding feature of Miss Davies' wardrobe is its versatility. A dress for every mood. Imagine this, for example: a dance frock of navy blue in a material that resembles nothing so much as patent leather. It's as tailored as a man's suit. It even has a tailored collar on both the dress and the diminutive bolero jacket. What with her blond hair and creamy skin, Mademoiselle Marion creates a sensation when she marches into a ballroom in that attire!

NEXT comes the "glitter gown" of silver cloth that catches every direct and stray ray of light. It's almost severe in its simplicity. Three flowers of the material, and a fluted peplum soften its appearance. A sweeping hem-line swirls about Marion pleasantly as she walks. The wrap that accompanies it is bordered, collared and cuffed with mink. (See page 61.)

In contrast to these dresses is a "misty moon" creation—delicate and shimmering as a young girl's first love. It's of white chiffon (if you want to be romantically beautiful and mysterious wear white chiffon). Liquid lines has this gown . . . they melt and flow into the figure. Half-moons of rhinestones are scattered up and down the dress and they harmonize with the silver brocade wrap that goes with it.

Then there's a Grecian gown of white angel skin satin. Nothing can be so flattering as this type of dress—if it's worn correctly with the shoulders back where they belong and the body slanting forward. Miss Davies wears it superbly. Her frock has a belt (Continued on page 94)



LET ME BE A HUMAN BEING

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

. . . That is Gloria Swanson's plea. Gloria craves the sort of happiness which you and I have—but which fame denies her.

Can she achieve it—ever?

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER



ONCE again Gloria Swanson has reached out for love.

Once again Gloria Swanson has staked her claim to happiness!

But why, I can hear thousands ask, were Gloria and Michael Farmer so secretive about their marriage? Why did they wait until the other members of the Dudley Field Malone house-party had gone off on some pleasure expedition before driving to the mayor's house, where they awakened him, and arranged for him to perform the ceremony? Why did Gloria marry before her California decree became final? And why, oh why, did Gloria and Michael Farmer do everything to create the impression that they weren't married; might never marry, in fact?

The answer to all this is simple. Very simple.

Gloria has reason to fear having anything known regarding her activities, no matter how logical, matter-of-fact, or natural these activities may seem to her. For, since she has been a great and famous star, Gloria has not been permitted to be a human being. Everything she does—no matter how small—has been newspaper copy.



And often enough her motives have been deliberately misconstrued in order to make more sensational reading.

Gloria may have had some fantastic notion that she could keep this latest marriage secret for always, or, at any rate, for a long time. She is an incurable romanticist and optimist. Certainly she realized the longer the miracle of secrecy could be maintained the greater chances



After a gay night in Montmartre they went down to Les Halles to see the French farmers bring in their produce. Gloria and the Marquis were two happy human beings, then. But the world wouldn't let them remain human beings. Will the same fate befall Gloria's new love?

she and Michael Farmer had for happiness. But, as you know, less than three months after their secret wedding at Elmsford, N. Y., on August 16, every detail was emblazoned across the front pages of newspapers everywhere.

Let us consider Gloria's past so that we may see how, as a wife, an actress, a friend, and a mother, her happiness has been either partially or entirely destroyed because of the spotlight in which she is forced to live. It will, I think, help us to understand Gloria better.

Gloria, the Wife

IT was May in Paris when Gloria Swanson met the Marquis de la Coudraye. The chestnut trees

along the Bois were in bloom. Was there ever a more perfect place and time for a meeting? He taught Gloria how to play. He, after all, had been born to leisure. And her career had left her little time for anything but work.

The Marquis knew that little place just a short motor's trip from Paris where you eat your breakfast high up in an old tree. He knew the rarest vintages and the sparkling wines with the most subtle bouquets. He knew the chef famed for sole Marguéry.

Together he and a wide-eyed Gloria stood before the works of the moderns in the Luxembourg. After a gay night in Montmartre they went down to Les Halles to see the farmers bring in their produce, to watch the farmers' wives arrange the bunches of red radishes, the

crisp, pale green lettuce, the cauliflowers like stiff bridal bouquets, and hang the stalls with dewy lilacs. Then, in the little soup bar, sitting on high stools with the farmers and their wives, they had onion soup in thick earthenware bowls, toast and cheese encrusted on the top of it.

Through his intimate little stories he brought to life sights that otherwise wouldn't have been one half so wonderful. He led Gloria gently to the Arc de Triomphe and showed her the simple little tomb in which the unknown soldier sleeps, above which a flame may flicker but never goes out, and where there is engraven in the stone, "*Un soldat a meurt pour sa patrie.*" A soldier died for his country.

For the first time in too many years Gloria wasn't just a celebrity on parade. She was a woman. And she learned that in all the world there is nothing better than to be a woman walking with love.

After such days, is it odd that both of them would lie awake remembering? Gloria remembering over and over how boyish his laugh, how marvelous his zest for life, how wonderful his knowledge of many things, little things and big things. And the Marquis remembering over and over how lovely gray slate eyes can be, how tiny were Gloria's hands and feet, the throaty timbre of her voice and the wonderful way she followed him as if he were a prince and she a slave.

And so they were married. To each other they weren't a famous movie star and a Marquis. They were a man and a woman, belonging to each other, facing the future hand in hand.

On a de luxe liner they set sail for her land. Five days later in New York bay a welcoming committee came out on a tug to meet them. Motion picture officials, dignitaries, reporters. . . .

Now it was Gloria's turn to take Hank by the hand that she might show him the way. He listened to her as she made the reporters and the photographers, the officials and dignitaries, at home. He watched her graciously avoid a question she felt it better to leave unanswered, a pose she felt undignified and unbecoming. And he was proud. Proud of his love for her. Proud of her love for him. But not for long. . . .

Given a little more time, their belief and trust in each other might have been cemented against gossip and rumor, they might have come to accept the depth and sincerity of their affection for each other without question, they might have been very happy.

THE HEADLINES AT THIS TIME SAID GLORIA SWANSON HAD ACHIEVED A COUP D'ETAT IN HER FEUD WITH THE TITLED POLA NEGRI—THAT GLORIA HAD BROUGHT HOME A MARQUIS!

Gloria, the Actress

AFTER weeks of intense work and long hours the picture was finished. The company was dismissed. The leading man went off for a few days' trout fishing in the cool mountains. The director hurried to New York by plane. The thousands and thousands of feet of film were handed to the cutter. For the cutter is the magician who brings forth a finished product from chaos.

Telegrams came from all over the country to hurry with the cutting because exhibitors were impatient for the picture to be released.

Gloria Swanson, who was the star-producer of the picture, looked worried. Often people spoke to her twice before she heard them. Her eyes were a dark, troubled blue. She knew, you see, how important it was that this be a good picture. She couldn't afford to have it otherwise. New personalities were constantly coming to the screen. Many thousands of dollars were being spent to glorify lesser stars. And she wasn't at all sure that the backbone of the new picture, the story itself, was all that it should be. She had been dubious about it from the very beginning but the executives of her company had urged her to go ahead with it. She felt there were some episodes that were not convincing. To her clear thinking mind, at any rate, as she had viewed the rushes, there had been two or three places that had seemed illogical. And if the picture wasn't cut to cover these weak spots she felt the entire production would suffer and that her own characterization would not be properly motivated.

Gloria was tired from months of production, from sessions with the author and dialogue expert, from con-

ferences with the film salesmen who had visited the studio during a convention, from long, tedious fittings at her dressmakers. Not to mention her work before the mike and camera. And the little room where the film was cut was suffocatingly warm, especially at noonday when the California sun acquires an almost malignant intensity. Nevertheless, Gloria went into that cutting room herself. She felt she must do everything in her power to see that the picture was as good as it could be. To do anything less would be to let down the public that would patronize that picture because of her name.

From early morning until late at night the silvery lengths of film slipped through her small firm hands. For Gloria knew her business from the ground up. She has, after all, been in pictures since the early days when players sometimes were obliged to pinch-hit in many capacities. The little tricks of the cutters' trade were taught her by several different experts.

She looked very tiny sitting up on that high stool. And sometimes as she threaded the film through the projector to verify her memory of (Continued on page 119)



Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer tried to keep their marriage a secret—because Gloria knows that publicity is fatal to love and understanding. She was right! The moment the event became known, ugly rumors started flying about.



Wide World

**MEET
MRS. CLARK GABLE**

Yes, here she is, girls! The wife of the new Valentino, the new heartbreaker, the new what-a-man. Mrs. Gable is the former Mrs. Franklin Langham, of New York City. She and Clark were remarried at Santa Anna on June 19, following their original marriage in the East a year ago. This is his real love—on the following pages you will see him with his screen loves.



THE SCREEN LOVES OF CLARK GABLE

. . . Clark's screen love-making really made him a star. On these pages, follow his meteoric career

Starting immediately to the left and reading up and around the two pages clockwise: With Helen Twelvetrees in "The Painted Desert," one of his first films. With Anita Page in "The Easiest Way." With Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Laughing Sinners." With Madge Evans in "Sporting Blood." His famous rôle opposite La Garbo in "Susan Lenox." With Dorothy Jordan in "Hell Divers." Although completed some time ago, this film has not been released at this time. As the gangster who fascinated Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." The large picture on the left of the opposite page is from "Possessed." Gable and Joan Crawford are wonderful in it.



GARBO STEPS OUT—

By CARTER BRUCE

Garbo is being seen places in Hollywood these days! And dressed in the height of fashion, too. Concurrently comes the news that when her present contract expires in the spring, she's going back to Sweden forever. Can it be that the idea of going home has brought her out of her famous shell?



IT is something of a local joke that Greta Garbo is beginning to give every evidence of wearying of her years as a secluded hermit and is "stepping out," just as Marlene Dietrich goes into seclusion.

For the last year there have been a host of rumors to the effect that Garbo is growing tired of living up to the rôle of a "myth" . . . that she is growing impatient with the real loneliness the "lonely legend" has built up.

There have even been whispers that Garbo would be glad to talk to the press. Yet, neither Garbo nor her studio knows how to go about unraveling the tangle of her mystery. She has been silent so long and gained such a reputation for wisdom that it would be almost impossible to live up to it.

However, Greta at present is going about the business of emerging on a small, but promising scale.

In the first place she has given up her hedge-hidden house near the sad, sea waves of Santa Monica.

And the natives along the beach are protesting that Greta hasn't made a midnight stroll along her adored deserted beach in many months.

To add to all this, the lunchers at the Ambassador Hotel have been pleasantly surprised recently to glance up from their lamb chops and behold a very stylishly garbed young woman with a feminine companion laughing and gossiping at a nearby table. The young woman is none other than Aloof Greta. At her first appearance, the headwaiter, almost fainting from surprise, managed to offer her the little booth against the wall. "No," she said, indicating a prominent table, "I tank we sit here."

But more surprising than the table she chose—was her ultra smart mode of dress. Greta's attire would have done credit to our foremost "well dressed women."

Her companion at luncheon was Mercedes Acosta and it is possible that they may have been talking about

philosophy and such—but if so they must have hit on the purely humorous angles, for they laughed considerably.

If people were staring uncomfortably, Greta gave no sign that she was conscious of it. When one little girl of about ten or twelve ankled slowly toward her table and paused to stare with childish rudeness at the lady Mamma had pointed out as the great Garbo, Greta lifted her eyes and smiled cordially at her youthful admirer.

At the finish of the meal there was even one of those polite little feminine skirmishes over who should have the check. Greta won—or lost—all according to one's view.

On her way out of the hotel she stopped to observe an announcement to the effect that Gus Arnheim was leaving the Cocoanut Grove and that another band was coming. "He's good music," Greta was overheard to say, "I get him on the radio."

It's surprising how many people about Hollywood seem to have met Greta recently. Frances Dee has met her. "She's charming, really," observes Frances, "not at all the gloomy person she's been painted." Claudette Colbert, during her brief visit to Hollywood, met Garbo. Pola Negri and Garbo have become very good friends. When Pola recently gave a Sunday party at her beach home, Greta was among her guests. She drove her own car to Pola's house and came in with a great deal of chatter about an accident she had narrowly escaped.

Even the people around the studios are beginning to talk of how frequently one now sees Greta about the lot. The other day she strolled casually in, looked about for a table, found them all occupied, then walked over to the fountain and ordered her lunch on a stool!

It begins to look as though Greta was to become a very flesh and blood young lady in Hollywood, one with a sense of humor and a lot of pretty new clothes . . . and not at all the "myth" of the past.

DIETRICH GOES INTO SECLUSION

. . . Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich change places! Garbo is giving up seclusion, becoming positively gay—while Dietrich gives up gaiety—for a reason



SINCE the day of her arrival in Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich has fought hard, with every weapon at her command, to escape being compared with Greta Garbo.

At first, Marlene loved to wear plain, tailored, manish suits about the studio, but when she heard that this was an "exclusive" Garboesque costume, at least as far as Hollywood was concerned, she immediately took to satins to down the snicker that she was "pulling a Garbo."

But lately a development has taken place that is forcing Marlene into a Garbo tradition. In spite of what the gossip writers say, Marlene is going into seclusion!

No longer is Marlene granting interviews to the press.

No longer is she a conspicuous "first nighter."

They say Marlene has even abandoned her little circle of professional friends, including Joan and Doug, Jr.

How different this new seclusion is from Marlene's first eighteen months in Hollywood.

When the German girl first arrived at the Paramount studios she was the pride of the publicity department. She was the reporters' delight. In her fascinating German accent she talked frankly of every phase of her life . . . her marriage . . . her motherhood . . . her career in Berlin . . . her deep admiration for Greta Garbo . . . her gratitude at her American reception. Unlike Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer she even had no scruples about being photographed with her child.

As for keeping herself aloof from the crowds, there was none of that in Marlene. She, and her constant companion, Josef von Sternberg, were as much a feature of the Hollywood premières as were the spotlights.

But all that is over now!

Marlene will see no one. She has become as difficult to locate for a story interview as Garbo. She has said that she might "consider" a story angle if the angle par-

ticularly appealed to her. A great many possible interview angles have been presented to her in the past few months and the statement has come back: "Miss Dietrich is not interested in talking on this subject."

What is the reason for this sudden aloofness?

Those who know her insist that Marlene has been deeply hurt by what she considers the scandal of Mrs. von Sternberg's alienation of affection charges. To no avail it has been pointed out to her that American stars have successfully weathered gossip and rumor far more scandalous than the legal difficulty in which she now finds herself. But Marlene will not be consoled by such explanation. She has the typical continental woman's slant on newspaper notoriety. In Europe, it seems, divorce actions are handled very quietly and seldom reach newspaper headlines. Marlene cannot seem to realize that in America divorces are more frequently in the headlines than are the news events of the world.

Marlene feels exactly as she would if these headlines had broken in Germany instead of America. She feels that she wants to hide away from them: Not that Marlene is hiding from Mrs. von Sternberg's charges . . . she vehemently denies all of them. But she does want to hide away from people who wish to discuss the case.

To a girl at the studio who enjoys Marlene's confidence, the German star said, soon after the unfortunate publicity broke: "These kind people who have been so friendly to me . . . what will they think now!"

Marlene seems to feel that no longer will the reporters seek her out for some friendly little story about her child . . . but that they would demand "love pirate" tales. She speaks frequently about returning to Germany for good.

In short, Marlene's feelings are hurt and she has gone into retirement, no matter what the gossips say about "pulling a Garbo." That, at least, is no "scandal"!

LET'S TALK ABOUT



Wide World

Connie's trying to scrunch down behind the Los Angeles City License Bureau's typewriter, but we recognize the Marquis. The famous pair getting their marriage license. See page 15.

WHAT with Reno, Nevada, divorcing so many of the stars, and Yuma, Arizona, marrying all those that are willing—Hollywood hasn't been eye-witnessing weddings or domestic relations court battles lately. Dot Mackaill and Neil Miller revived the fad for Yuma elopements when they flew there to marry. Then Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer drove to that town across the Arizona border and took the vows just four hours after Gloria got the final papers on her divorce. When Gloria applied for their first license in New York last August, she gave her age as thirty-two—but in Yuma (four months later) it had dwindled to a mere thirty-one years. As the humorist, John Medbury, said—"Farmer is three years younger, but at that rate, it won't take him long to catch up to her!"

We just got word that Marjorie Rambeau stole a march on Hollywood and trekked off to Yuma to marry Francis A. Dubger, retired Florida business man. Marjorie is the former wife of Willard Mack, the stage actor and screen writer and director. Her age was recorded as thirty-nine, and she plans to give up the screen, temporarily at least.

Also the deep-voiced and very blond young actress, June MacCloy, crossed the state line and returned to Hollywood as Mrs. Charles Schenck. Mr. Schenck (not

of the Hollywood Schencks) is the son of a New York financier; he spends his time in the film city leading an orchestra. June was a hatless bride and wore a red sports ensemble. A far cry from the elaborate Hollywood wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, for which five figures of good gold were blown in!

We finally found an owner of a Hollywood miniature golf course who has a sense of humor. He posted a sign saying: "Anyone caught playing on this course will be fined ten cents." Even Mary Pickford's miniature course has folded up.

WHEN Ina Claire in Hollywood, received the news of Robert Ames' tragic death in the Delmonico Hotel, in New York, she collapsed.

It was strongly rumored that they had been planning to be married although this is doubted in some quarters. They had, however, intended to come to New York together, but Ina was forced to remain in Hollywood for a new film, so Bob had gone on without her.

Ames' mysterious death came as a complete shock to everyone.

NOW that Billie Dove and Howard Hughes are that way about each other again, everyone is wondering how and when they made it up.

We happened to be on a large week-end party which Billie attended with young Charlie Lederer, and Howard with another charmer. Regardless of their respective escorts—Billie



Acme

Mary Pickford presented President Hoover, at the White House, with the first ticket to the National Motion Picture Benefit Association's recent show for the unemployed.

HOLLYWOOD

. . . There soon won't be a secret left in Hollywood—if we can help it. Here are delectable bits of film chatter for you to store up to tell your friends

and Howard had eyes only for each other. And they seemed to come to a deeper understanding than ever before during their hectic Hollywood romance. Although Lederer and Howard's companions were a little put out, they understood, because everyone who knows Billie and Howard has felt right along that these two weren't permanently over being sweethearts. The actual making up occurred at the Mayfair party (see picture on page 31).

A marriage for Mr. Hughes and Miss Dove? We wouldn't be at all surprised!

Not many months ago there were rumors that John Miljan and his wife (the former Mrs. Creighton Hale) weren't on speaking terms and that a divorce would soon follow.

But the Miljans have patched up any difficulties they might have had—and there's a



Acme

Joan Bennett, remembering her own recent hospital term, visited Harlem Hospital on her latest trip to New York. Joan is with Dr. Connors, Commissioner Greff and patient Dorothy Meader.

baby Miljan on the way—or if you prefer, the Miljans are expecting a visit from the stork.

A HANDSOME actor who has been concentrating on villainous rôles of late—and quite successfully, too, having been signed to a long-term contract by one of the biggest studios—wasn't satisfied with his married life. He realized that he and his wife weren't compatible . . . and that the best thing for both would be a divorce.

But wifie recognized a good meal ticket, and refused to sue him for the divorce. Now he's torn between getting his own happiness—or continuing in the rôle of "a perfect gentleman."

So far his better nature has prevailed . . . but he admits to friends that the breaking point is not far off.

The day before the pretentious Hollywood première of Universal's "Strictly Dishonorable," little Sidney Fox, who has the leading rôle in it, surprised the entire studio by presenting each of the girls working in the telephone exchange out there with two seats to the opening.

You can bet little Miss Fox rates ace-high with her studio's telephone operators!



International

Marjorie Rambeau with her new husband, Francis A. Dubger, retired Florida business man. They were married at Yuma, Arizona. The screen may lose Miss Rambeau—temporarily.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 14 AND 92

STEPCHILD OF THE ROYAL FAMILY



(Above) As he appears in his latest film, "The Man I Killed." He plays the rôle originally intended for Emil Jannings. Some honor! (Left) With Elissa Landi and Walter Byron in "The Yellow Ticket." (Lower left) In "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer. His work in it won him the Academy's 1931 "best male acting" award.



AS recently as a year ago even, picture-wise Hollywood was referring to Lionel Barrymore as "The Stepchild of the Royal Family." This, for the main reason that for almost twenty years two more glamorous members of his family have held the attention of the public . . . Ethel and John. Ethel's husky, sobbing voice has been imitated by the women of two continents. As for John . . . he of the classic profile, the slim, sinister *Hamlet* . . . he has been the American girl's ideal for everything that is attractive in manhood ever since he first cast his famous shadow on the New York drama.

From the beginning, it has been no secret from critics

of the calibre of George Jean Nathan that John and Ethel had an equally talented brother, Lionel. But Lionel was no matinée idol or temperamental performer of flaming rôles. Off-stage, he was no Don Juan of sensational marriages, amours and divorces to intrigue the public imagination. So, while they did not forget him, (his performances in "The Copperhead," "Peter Ibbetson," "The Jest," and others were far too outstanding for that) he was relegated to third place in the glory of the Barrymore tradition.

When Edna Ferber wrote her subtle burlesque, "The Royal Family," it was a thinly disguised Ethel and John who held the center of the dramatic spotlight. There wasn't even a hint of Lionel in the entire play!

But if Lionel Barrymore's off-stage personality has held but little interest compared to that found in his brother and sister, it has been entirely in keeping with his own wishes.

HE has never sought the spotlight! Never wanted it. If for these many years his talents have been overlooked, he has not complained. Study, hard work, seclusion have been his real wish—and above all . . . peace!

And to know the strange personality of this man who has but few intimate friends and very little social life, it is necessary to know one outstanding, pivotal problem in his life—a problem which heretofore has been secret:

Lionel Barrymore is never free of pain . . . an intense



The man who is talented in an amazing number of mediums. For years his body has been racked with pain—it's kept him to himself and denied him the fame he deserves. (Right) With Doris Rankin in the stage production of "The Copperhead," which was produced in 1918. He made a silent picture of it, too. Do you remember it?

physical pain that has racked his body for years!

Can you, who have seen him in some of his more recent pictures, realize that this man's compelling artistry is coming to you, sifted by an indomitable will power, through a physical suffering that is at times almost unbearable? Lesser men would have been beaten by it. Lesser personalities would have used it, long ago, as the basis for the "sob-story" type of publicity. Yet, in spite of the public's lack of knowledge, Lionel Barrymore's body has been tortured by inflammatory rheumatism for over fifteen years!

Possibly, if you are a keen observer, you may have noticed his eloquent hands in the jury scene from "A Free Soul." And if you did, you will remember that one of them is swollen and inflamed to *twice* its normal size!

It might have added to your appreciation of his physical agility in certain scenes of "Guilty Hands" had you known that at the time of the filming of that picture, Barrymore's condition was so aggravated that he was forced to walk with a limp . . . except when the camera was grinding.

Yet it would be impossible for the public to know these things through any statement from Barrymore. Half of his actions in public are made with the single intention of disguising this ailment on account of the curiosity . . . sob stories . . . and pity that might attend our knowledge. It is mentioned here, not in an attempt to arouse sympathy for Lionel Barrymore. He would despise such a reaction! He does not walk across the

. . . Why is Lionel Barrymore—who has been awarded the Motion Picture Academy award for the best male performance of the year—only now receiving the acclaim which has always been given to the other Barrymores?

By WALTER RAMSEY



From the Harold Seton collection

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot briskly and with determination when others are watching . . . only to slow down to a stiff, painful faltering when he thinks himself unobserved . . . because he wants my maudlin sympathy . . . or yours.

SOFTNESS is not a part of the make-up of the man. He would hate to have it exhibited towards himself. He is of the character mettle that asks no quarter from life, and grants little. A great many people consider him gruff. An even greater number are afraid of him. His tongue is coated with a rapier wit that stabs at hypocrisies and sham. His conversational expressions would often put a longshoreman to (Continued on page 123)



Claudette Colbert makes all her pictures in New York. Husband Norman Foster makes all his in Hollywood. They recently managed to meet in Chicago for a few hours!



Nancy Carroll is making pictures on the Coast and her husband, Bolton Mallory, is editing a magazine in New York. Does this make two people more appreciative of each other, or—?

LONG DISTANCE



Wide World

Elissa Landi and her husband enjoy another one of those transatlantic marriages. For while she is working before the cameras in California he is practising law in London. They see each other every two years or so!

. . . Would you be able to make your marriage a success if you and your husband were as frequently separated—for as long and as far apart—as some of the married movie players?

AND so they were married. And five minutes after the ceremony, Mr. Newlywed Movie Star received a wire summoning him to New York to make a picture. And Mrs. Newlywed Movie Star couldn't go along because she was under contract and her next starring vehicle was due to start in two days—in Hollywood. Mr. Movie Star had to remain in New York for three pictures instead of one and Mrs. Movie Star's studio dispatched her to Honolulu on a location trip. Six months later they finally got together for a belated honeymoon. But by that time the divorce rumors were flying thick and fast and Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star spent their honeymoon denying to the press that they intended to separate. Sounds like an odd arrangement, doesn't it? It's the way things happen in Hollywood. Long distance marriages are quite usual. The people concerned seldom even complain any more.



Marlene Dietrich and her husband are the classic example of the long distance marriage. From Hollywood to Berlin is a long way. And most of the time Marlene has only her child.



Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are frequently separated by their respective jobs. Yet such separations have never once interfered with their love and understanding of each other.

MARRIAGE

By HARRIET PARSONS

There is no one—with the possible exception of a traveling salesman—who has as frequent and legitimate excuses for prolonged absence from his home and hearthside as a movie actor. What with location trips, calls to the east coast studios, personal appearance tours and maybe an occasional stage play, it's just a wonder he ever does get a chance to see the little woman. And when there are two careers in the family and the little woman has to meet the demands of a profession also—well—it's just too bad. Marriage boils down to a question of long distance telephone calls, wires and—in instances of rare good luck—a week-end together.

Of course, in a way it adds romance and glamor and sustained interest to marriage. You can't get too used to or tired of a marital partner when he's on the opposite side of the continent. On the other hand, most people aren't content with mere telephone conversations as the substance of marital companionship. And some husbands and wives not only enjoy each other's occasional company but actually like to have each other around all the time. In cases like that the long distance system is pretty trying.

NOW take Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. They have the very dickens of a time trying to see each other. Claudette is under contract to Paramount's New York studio and all her pictures are made in the East. Foster's a free lance, but a succession of pictures has kept him in Hollywood for many months. Every once in a while Norman and Claudette get a little bit desperate about it. There was the time when Norman had a week between pictures and Claudette had three

days. They hopped trains and met in Chicago for a few brief hours. Just recently their long separation gave birth to a lot of annoying divorce rumors . . . Claudette got tired of all the talk and dashed out to Hollywood at her first opportunity. She only had two weeks' vacation which made a 3000 mile jaunt a pretty hectic affair. But after all, she's fond of Norman even if she does hardly ever see him. And she wasn't going to let idle gossip break up their home—or should I say homes? So Claudette spent half her vacation on the train and the other half of it being seen with Norman at all Hollywood's most popular places in order to squelch all the nasty old rumors. Now she's back in New York having offered proof of her marital bliss (albeit long distance). And Norman's still in Hollywood. And goodness knows when they'll see each other again. For two people who love each other it doesn't strike me as the most felicitous arrangement in the world. I should think Norman would sort of forget what Claudette looks like—and vice versa. Still—they can always go to see each other in the movies!

Then there's the case of Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory. The ink was barely dry on the marriage license when Nancy was summoned home to Hollywood by Paramount. Groom Mallory's job is in New York (he's the editor of "Life") so he was compelled to remain in the East, consoling himself with the thought that he had acquired a lovely and famous wife although for all practical purposes he was still a single man. It must have been tough for Mr. Mallory to have the red-haired beauty whisked away practically on the eve of their wedding. But apparently he is an understanding soul and realizes that

Nancy isn't necessarily less devoted to him because she happens to love her career, too. As for Nancy—she is more or less accustomed to the trials of the long distance system. She and former husband Jack Kirkland, had to put up with a good many such separations when their work took them to opposite points of the compass.

IRENE DUNNE and her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, had to put up with an eight months' separation when the movies called Irene westward. Hollywood offered Irene a golden opportunity; Griffin's practice kept him in New York. Had her doctor-husband stood in her way it might have been even more trying to their marital happiness than the many months of separation. Had Irene rejected her movie offer to stay at her husband's side she might have regretted it bitterly afterwards. It's a difficult problem any way you look at it, and there really isn't any satisfactory solution. Now that Irene has attained stardom the situation is even more perplexing. You could hardly expect Doctor Griffin to give up his excellent practice in New York. But unless he does so or unless his wife gives up her very successful career in pictures they are going to have to continue to carry on their marriage in the long distance manner. After she finished "Consolation Marriage," Irene made a trip East to see her husband. They enjoyed a brief visit together—and then she had to hurry back.

Of course, the Griffins telephone one another frequently. In fact, it seems to me the chief beneficiary of these long distance marriages is the telephone company. It would almost pay Hollywood husbands and wives to organize a telephone company of their own!

Bebe Daniels is considering doing a play before she returns to pictures this winter. If she accepts the offer which has been made her to star in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" she will have to be in San Francisco during the Christmas holidays. That means that she will be unable to spend Christmas with husband Ben Lyon and baby daughter, Barbara Bebe. And it's Barbara's first Christmas. Of course, Ben would understand. He's been on the stage and in pictures long enough to know that these separations are sometimes necessary for the sake of one's career. But I wonder whether Bolton Mallory, Dr. F. D. Griffin and other non-movie husbands of movie wives don't sometimes resent taking second place to a career.

In Bebe's case, her marriage comes first. She may leave Ben for a short time—as she did when she went East to fulfill a radio contract last spring—but she says: "If my husband and baby really needed me I would go to them no matter what the cost to my career. They come first. But unless the issue were a vital one I would stick to my job. And I would expect Ben to do the same. I would not send for him or interfere with his work in any way unless it were absolutely necessary."

Such mutual understanding and trust is a fine thing and without it a long distance marriage would be bound to go on the rocks. But I wonder if it's possible to retain such a sane and understanding point of view in cases where the separation lasts a year or more. I'm thinking of Elissa Landi and her barrister husband whom she left behind her in England.

ELISSA and her fellow foreign stars are, of course, the outstanding exponents of the absent treatment method of marriage. Elissa came to Hollywood over a year ago—and she has just now paid her first return visit to England. Even before she came to Hollywood she was in New York for some time rehearsing for and playing in "Farewell to Arms" on the stage. Husband John Cecil Lawrence made a hasty trip to New York to see her open in the play—but he could not stay long. His law practice demands his constant presence in London. Altogether

you could inscribe on the head of a pin the total number of hours which Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence have been able to spend together in the past year and a half. Yet they love each other and their marriage has been a happy one.

Then there's the Marlene Dietrich-Rudolph Sieber arrangement. Marlene was in Hollywood many months before she returned to Berlin to visit her husband and child. She seemed lonely and unhappy here. Yet she came back. And after her return she seemed quite contented in Hollywood—her loneliness apparently vanished. True, she brought her little girl with her—but her director husband was still six thousand miles away. And when at length he came here to visit her, his stay was brief and shadowed by the Von Sternberg entanglement. He appeared in public with Marlene and Von Sternberg, was photographed with them in ostentatiously friendly poses—and then went his solitary way back to Berlin. To me, he's a pathetic figure, this Rudy Sieber whose frau has suddenly become a world-famous figure with the eyes of millions focussed upon her. He goes about his work on the other side of the globe, dimly illuminated by reflected limelight—a long distance husband if ever there was one. I don't think he likes it much.

IF the partners of these much-interrupted marriages really love one another—and I think they all undoubtedly do—it seems to me they are putting their love to a pretty severe test. Yet, what alternative is there? If the Irene Dunes, the Elissas and the Marlenes turned deaf ears to Hollywood's tempting call, might they not be dissatisfied for the rest of their lives? Might they not feel that the sacrifice had been too great? Which is better—a wife at home who is wishing she were elsewhere, or a wife thousands of miles away who is wishing she were home? It's a puzzler.

There are, of course, several outstanding cases of women who were unwilling to subject their marriages to the test of prolonged separation. Women who gave up magnificent opportunities rather than risk their marital happiness and seemingly did it without a qualm. But they are so exceptional as to seem sensational. And to Hollywood which accepts the long distance marriage as inevitable and natural they are astounding. The movie colony is still gasping over Edna Best's whirlwind departure. Edna, an English stage favorite, was brought out to play opposite John Gilbert. She was given much publicity and it was the chance of a lifetime for her. But after two weeks in Hollywood she fled precipitantly on the very day the picture was to start. Husband Herbert Marshall was appearing in a successful play on the New York stage and the prospect of being separated from him for weeks longer was just too much for Edna. She tore back to New York and Herbert as fast as extra-fare trains would get her there and left Hollywood speculating as to her sanity.

As for Barbara Stanwyck—Hollywood just doesn't understand her at all. She gave up a really brilliant future on the New York stage to trot docilely westward with husband Frank Fay who had signed a movie contract. Then, ironically, it was Barbara and not Frank who achieved fame in the movies. Recently when Frank, a cinema flop, returned to Broadway, Barbara showed every sign of being about to kick over the traces again and follow him. I think she'd have done it, too, without turning a hair, had not so much pressure been put on her by the companies to whom she is under contract.

Just how long can a long-distance marriage last? Doesn't husband Norman Foster sometimes wonder what wife Claudette Colbert does with her evenings? Isn't husband Bolton Mallory thinking that a honeymoon without a bride is pretty much of a washout? What mood do you suppose husband John Lawrence was in when he put wife Elissa Landi on the boat for America the second time? I wonder!



MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper for their amazingly human portrayals in "The Champ."



Photograph by Freulich

We honor Walter Huston for his fine characterization in "The House Divided."



Photograph by John Miehle

We honor Gloria Swanson for the heights she reaches in "Tonight or Never."



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

We honor Mae Marsh for her superb character delineation in "Over the Hill."

BING CROSBY'S DEBT TO LOVE



Dixie Lee gave up a career for the joy of being Bing's wife. She has never regretted it. It was she, incidentally, who helped make Bing the terrific success he is today.



Bing paid his debt—in full—by conquering a dangerous habit. And, of course, a woman is responsible for his victory

By HESTER ROBISON

MAYBE you've heard him singing over the radio with that little appealing trill that comes into his voice every now and then; maybe you've seen him on the screen in Mack Sennett comedies, or on the stage in one of his many personal appearances. But I'm sure that wherever you've seen or heard Bing Crosby, you couldn't have missed that sad note that comes into his voice when he talks or sings of love. There's a story in back of that voice, one of the most pathetic stories of frustration and a man's weakness and the loyalty of a beautiful wife that has ever come my way. If it had not been for the loyalty and love that his wife, Dixie Lee, gave him when he needed them most, Bing Crosby's story might have had a tragic ending.

This story actually begins many months ago when Bing was singing with Paul Whiteman's band, and when Dixie was under contract to Fox Films. They didn't know each other then. Bing didn't care much about women; he was absorbed in another vice, for vice it was—drinking.

When Bing couldn't fulfill a singing engagement it was known that drink had gotten the best of him. But he was only twenty-six and youth recovers quickly from all-night brawls. The pity of it is that youth is also quickly pardoned and given another chance to make good. This constant forgiveness on the part of people who needed the magic of Bing's voice and good looks almost ruined him. He took advantage of that forgiveness.

ONE night he was singing in the Montmartre Café in Hollywood when Dixie Lee walked in with a crowd of movie folk. Now Dixie herself has a beautiful, throaty voice, and when she heard Bing she immediately felt drawn to him through an appreciation of his singing. They met and fell in love and, naturally, wanted to be together as much as possible. Then it was that unlooked for circumstances, engineered by people with purely selfish motives, beset their romance to such an extent that the two youngsters were driven almost insane.

For one thing it became obvious that powerful forces were at work in the Fox Studios to separate Bing and Dixie. At first, Bing accepted the fact that the studio should want to keep one of its popular players from marrying and thereby spoiling the attitude of the fans toward her. As time went on, Dixie would frequently tell him of little warnings and unpleasant hints that had been made to her about her romance—and probable marriage—with Bing.

As she and Bing were seen together more and more, Dixie's career, which had seemed so definitely established and on the upgrade, began to slip. Instead of playing important rôles she was humiliated by being assigned to bit parts or work that an extra would have done. Still she refused to let it break her morale or interfere with her romance. Bing, it must be admitted, did not help the studio situation at all. He went his merry way drinking to his thirst's content, and further antagonized Dixie's

employers—making it more difficult for Dixie.

ONE day she was called into the office of a powerful official and handed an ultimatum: "Either you give up Bing Crosby or your career at this studio is over!" "Then I'm through," she said with youthful defiance. "I'm going to marry Bing Crosby."

She had no one to turn to in her dilemma. Her parents, not understanding, perhaps, thought she should give up Bing because the studio had her interests at heart. So she went to Bing and he took her in his arms and said, "To hell with the movies. We'll get married and you'll make a career of being my wife."

Quietly they slipped away and were married. Dixie had no regrets over her career, no regrets at having given up for the sake of love everything that had mattered so much before. Bing, after the marriage, was a little frightened at the responsibility. He realized that if it hadn't been for him Dixie might have become a great movie star. Being worried, beset with fear over the responsibility he had shouldered, led him to one thing—more and more drinking.

Dixie was terrified; she was afraid it would affect his voice. She believed in him, wanted him to make good so that she could turn in triumph on those who had advised her against marrying him. With a sinking heart she watched him drink, watched the habit take a firmer hold on him, worried when he was unable to fulfill singing engagements. But she was too proud to command and too weak to insist that he stop. She refused to stoop to nagging. As long as she could she kept her terror to herself. Then she could bear it no longer. People began to talk and the rumors came to her ears. Bing was this, and Bing was that, and Bing's drinking would keep her from ever getting another chance in the movies. Dixie felt ashamed before her friends—felt let down after the great sacrifice she had made for the sake of a man.

They quarrelled. Friends—those sort of friends who lick their chops over a choice bit of gossip—lent their ears for Dixie's side of the quarrel. Dixie wanted advice. After all, she is only twenty-two, and having made one important decision which cost her her career, she was wary about making one she considered still more important—to get a divorce. The "kind" friends said:

"He's confirmed in this habit of drinking, Dixie. Why don't you get a divorce? He isn't worth sticking to."

And Dixie listened and thought the matter over. Meanwhile the friends gossiped and a short time later various newspapers all over the country carried the story that Dixie was getting a divorce from Bing. It was the first time that Bing became conscious of the harm his drinking was doing. It was the first time he actually realized the seriousness and responsibility that marriage entailed. And it was the first time that he appreciated Dixie's sacrifice.

That was over three months ago. And since that day when he made his decision to give up drinking, Bing Crosby has not touched a drop of liquor. Since then he has skyrocketed to fame and Dixie is always by his side, beaming with happiness. Her sacrifice has been vindicated. She doesn't care a hang for the forsaken career.

"To me," Bing says, "my success makes me happy mainly on account of Dixie. Personally, I don't care for fame. I'd rather be happy-go-lucky—fishing for swordfish off the coast of California, or golfing. It's for Dixie that I'm working so hard—although some people may say I'm just talking a lot of hogwash. But then—it's not every man whose wife has sacrificed stardom for his sake."

And liquor? Well, I asked him recently, when he was playing at the Paramount Theatre in New York, if he still had to fight the old habit. He didn't have a chance to answer. His brother, Everett, who happened to be in the room at the time, answered my question:

"Three months ago, when we were on our way to New York, I brought along a suitcase full of liquor. Everyone on the train was drinking and I poured drinks for Bing, too. But he didn't touch a drop of it. Even today Bing can go into speakeasies with his friends and sit around without touching a drink himself.

"As a matter of fact, liquor didn't harm his voice as much as too much smoking—he used to smoke incessantly. Another thing that drove Bing to drink was his lack of self-confidence. That was before he met Dixie. He used to drink so that he'd have nerve enough to sing and to make public appearances. Even today, though Dixie encourages him constantly and keeps telling him he's the greatest singer in the world, he gets stage-fright when he comes out before the footlights."

Bing told me that he used to consider liquor a good lubricant for his vocal cords. Well—I've noticed that man can always find an alibi for almost any weakness. Bing doesn't need alibis today—he has overcome his weakness for liquor.

Bing's main weakness today is a little brown-eyed blonde who calls herself Mrs. Bing Crosby, and who has turned down lucrative vaudeville offers because she preferred not to leave her husband for out-of-town performances.

Bing today is well in the \$6,000 a week class of singers. He has a radio contract which stipulates that, if he should fail unreasonably to fulfill a singing engagement, he must forfeit \$1,000. This is merely another indication of what Bing's reputation for drinking has cost him—the implicit trust of those who employ him. But we think it won't be very long before that cautious little clause is removed. People have learned that they can trust Bing Crosby—that he'll keep his singing engagements now. With the aid of Dixie, each day is strengthening this trust in him—and in two years Bing will be able to retire if he wants to.



Bing and Kalla Pasha in "One More Chance," one of the series of short comedies in which Bing is appearing on the screen.

There is an unusual clause in Bing Crosby's contract—it concerns a former weakness which he has now conquered

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

(Right) Sylvia at sixteen, when she was playing in the New York stage play, "Crime." (Below) Shortly after she joined the Paramount forces.



. . . The fascinating story of a girl who didn't want to get in the movies! But read how Sylvia Sidney changed her mind—and found the greatest thrills of her life in her movie-made success



SYLVIA SIDNEY'S childhood wasn't a particularly happy one. She was such a sensitive little thing. When her father and mother sent her away to school, trying to accustom her to other children and help her overcome that sensitiveness, Sylvia only became more unhappy, more retiring.

When Sylvia saw Doris Keane in "Romance," she made up her mind she wanted to be an actress. At ten, she began elocution lessons. At fifteen she entered the Theatre Guild School. She did well but one day she "talked back" to one of the chaperons and was expelled from the school.

Finding a job on Broadway wasn't easy. Sylvia traipsed from agency to agency.

During this trying period, Sylvia tried film work. But she hated it. The legitimate stage was her only love in those days.

At last she got a part! In "The Challenge of Youth." It opened in Washington, D. C. On the first night Sylvia was as excited as a bride. But on the *second* night, she determined to be more collected—to improve her characterization all that she could. To make it perfect.

In one part of the play she was supposed to run to the back of the set to look through a window. She started, with graceful steps, to make that run. A horrible blackness began to overcome her. Then she fainted. Fainted when she was so anxious to make good.

They carried Sylvia into the wings and laid her on an old sofa.

"Appendicitis," said the doctor they called, looking grave. "I'm afraid this little girl will have to be replaced for a time; that we'll have to operate."



(Above) In her first talkie, "Thru Different Eyes," with Warner Baxter. Sylvia played a murderess in this film. (Left) When she was with Fox, in the early days of the talkies. (Below) In the stage production of "Bad Girl," with Paul Kelly.



FOR months Sylvia had waited to get back in the theatre. And now this! She tried to get her breath over the great weight that had settled upon her heart. It tried her courage much more than the pain in her side.

"I'll consider what you say," she told the doctor with a little smile. However, had either her mother or father been there they would have known perfectly well that that smile meant Sylvia already had made up her mind.

"If I decide to have the operation," she continued, "I'll let you know in the morning."

When the doctor had gone she asked to see the company manager. "Don't worry," she told him. "I'm going to keep right on. I'm not nearly as badly off as he would have you believe."

However, looking at Sylvia's pale face and the dark circles under her eyes, the manager wasn't so sure. He was careful to have an understudy ready. But Sylvia finished that week's engagement and then, when the play closed, she went for a surgical examination. It wasn't appendicitis at all. She had torn a ligament in her right side in a fall she had sustained sliding down banisters during a rehearsal. She spent the next two weeks in bed. Restless, of course. Fuming at the enforced idleness. But, sensibly, realizing that it had to be.

A police escort sped Sylvia through New York's busiest traffic for



(Above) Sylvia with Gary Cooper in "City Streets," the film in which she hurriedly replaced Clara Bow. (Below) With Gene Raymond in a scene from "Ladies of the Big House," which will be her next—and her fifth talkie in less than one year.

(Above) With David Landau in that terrific moment in "Street Scene" when Rose Maurant (Sylvia) sees her father dragged away to prison. (Below) With Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy." Both these films showed Sylvia's gift for tragedy.



DURING the next few years there were successful plays and there were failures. There were parts that advanced Sylvia and parts that did nothing more than afford her an income. She played in "The Squal" and "Crime." She played in "Mirrors" and "Don't Count Your Chickens." Other members of these companies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Chester Morris, are now her neighbors in California.

Sylvia was the artist, dissatisfied with anything less than the best of which she felt herself capable. She decided she needed the experience stock work would offer and joined the famous company in Denver the same season Fredric March played there as leading man. Work of this kind, of course, meant she must put aside every other interest. Matinées and evenings she played one rôle, mornings she rehearsed in another play, and in between times there were the lines of yet another play to memorize.

However, with that company, Sylvia crowded years of experience into a few months. One week she would wear the gay tarlatan of a première danseuse, the next week she would play a slattern, covering her shining hair with a drab wig, and the week following, likely as not, she would be a demure nun.

The movies, ever on the look-out for talent, watched this Denver company. And spying Sylvia, Hollywood was like a bumptious suitor jingling gold pieces in filled pockets. With the result that when the summer season was over Sylvia headed further west.

On the Fox lot she was cast in "Thru Different Eyes." As a murderess. And she was only eighteen. You know perfectly well that only a child of an histrionic line or else a child with an inheritance such as Sylvia's could have played this rôle convincingly at such an age.

"Thru Different Eyes" was the third talkie the Fox company made. The studios were crowded with all the stage people who had arrived in the first gold rush. The microphone was reducing casts and directors and technicians to hysteria. Sylvia hated every part of it. The lights burned her eyes, none too strong at best. She loathed the disconnected manner in which scenes were filmed. She felt she had made a mistake and, contract or no contract, she determined to quit immediately after the picture was completed.

SYLVIA was homesick, too. Driving to her hotel in the evening she would grow forlorn at the purple shadows settling over the mountains. These mountains seemed to close in and shut out (*Continued on page 125*)

"Street Scene's" première. Could any girl ask a bigger thrill?



(Left) On the First National lot. He's under contract to them but other studios are borrowing him right and left. (Above) With his mother. She lives with him in Hollywood.

ARE YOU

By HARRIET PARSONS

YOU'VE been hearing a lot about William Powell's suavity, about Ronald Colman's gentlemanliness (if there is such a word), about Ramon Novarro's charm. Maybe you've heard a whisper or two concerning Clark Gable's terrific appeal for the ladies on both the paying and receiving end of the box office. But there's a lad living quietly in Hollywood who has an edge on all these famous Lotharios of Limelight Land. He has the polish of Powell, the quiet distinction of Colman, and he's as heart-whole and fancy-free as the professional bachelor, Ivan Lebedeff. Maybe he's not as aggressively virile as Gable—but he has that newest nominee for the Valentino crown beaten to the goal post, too. For Clark is married, and David Manners (that's his name) is as unhampered by marital ties as Jackie Cooper.

You've heard about David from time to time and you've admired his handsome face in the fan magazines—ever since he played young Raleigh in "Journey's End," but you haven't yet realized what a serious contender he is for the title of Hollywood's leading Don Juan. You haven't realized it because Dave himself doesn't know it yet. Because, for all his laughing amiability and gracious charm, he's a very serious and thoughtful young man with a great deal on his mind besides feminine conquest.

Tall, slender and perfect of feature, David has a physical beauty that puts most of the screen's current heroes to shame. But—and here is what makes him a true romantic menace—he is not the rapid, empty-headed type of juvenile—far from it. He is a cultured, well-read,



Right now, David is somewhat scared of the idea of another marriage. The unhappiness brought him by his first venture has made him decidedly wary about girls and matrimony.



With Madge Evans and Ina Claire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." David was borrowed by United Artists from First National for the romantic lead in this important picture.

MANNERS-CONSCIOUS?

sensitive young person with a leavening of humor. A well-groomed, well-bred, well-mannered young man you'd be proud to be seen with—yet anything but a tailor's dummy or a good-looking gigolo. Possessed of brains, intelligent and stimulating. Something of a phenomenon in Hollywood, this Manners lad.

THE fact that he is not known and publicized as one of Hollywood's foremost sheiks is something of a mystery at first glance. Oh, Dave steps out occasionally. He's been seen with Evalyn Knapp, Sylvia Sidney, Rose Hobart—numerous other lovely and prominent young ladies. But never often enough with any one particular girl to encourage even a shadow of a rumor. What's the matter with the boy that he doesn't do his duty by the chatter writers?

I'll tell you what the matter is. David Manners has been hurt. And he has no intention of being hurt again if he can help it. He's taken the count in the not-so-distant past. He's still bruised—and he's wary. He knows what it feels like to have a great romance shattered—to watch a great love turn to ashes. And he'll think twice before he gives his love, his dreams and his peace of mind into a woman's hands a second time.

When David came to Hollywood two years ago, he brought a wife with him. His marriage lasted just six months after his screen debut in "Journey's End." He is now divorced and his wife has remarried. Yet few people in Hollywood know that the personable Mr. Manners has ever been married.

People thought David snooty during those first months in pictures. His natural reserve was intensified by the bitter unhappiness through which he was passing. He was abstracted, harassed—his mind constantly on the problems

. . . If not, you ought to be, for
David Manners has as much talent,
suavity and charm as almost any
three actors combined

which awaited him at home. When acquaintances addressed him, more often than not he didn't hear. When fellow workers joked with him he could not joke back. There was no gaiety in him. He was worn out with worry, distracted by the continual effort to save a marriage which had been doomed from the start. The consensus of opinion was that David Manners was either a very dull young man or a very high-hat one. Those early acquaintances marvel at the change in him when they meet him now.

The tragedy of David Manners' marriage was the tragedy of family interference. Had David and his wife been left to work out their problems alone they would probably still be happily married. But shortly after they settled in Hollywood, during those first difficult months when David was gaining a foothold in pictures, Mrs. Manners' mother came to live with them. David will still tell you that his wife was the one woman for him—that she was ideally suited to him. But she was completely dominated by her mother. And when the Manners marriage, instead of being a happy partnership between two lovers, became a three-cornered affair with mother at the helm, its death warrant was (Continued on page 127)

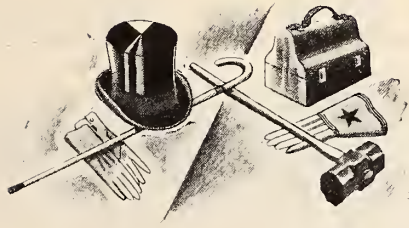
SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



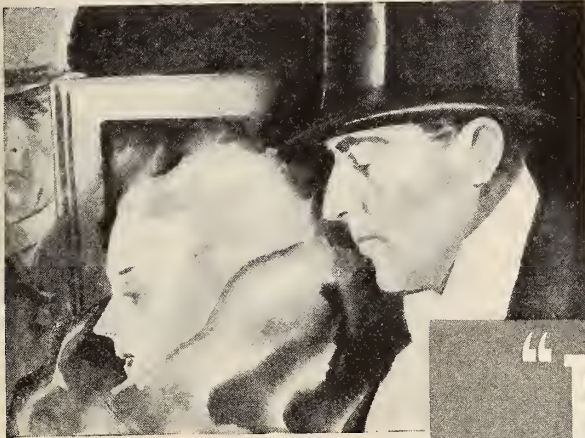
. . . That busy reporter of ours brings in a couple of up-to-the-minute shots—and then runs out for a ride on a horse-car

(Above) Can you imagine Ramon Novarro doing a comedy dance for Mack Sennett? Well, you don't have to—for there he is in all his Terpsichorean splendor. 1920 was the vintage of that darling little specialty number. "Your eyes shine like a new Ford's fenders," says the gentleman (right) with the vegetables around his forehead who is none other than the Emperor of Emotions, John Gilbert. The girl with the Empire State Building headdress is R  n  e Ador  e (three accents, please). This was a scene from the famous tearjerker, "La Boh  me."





HIGH-HATS or OVERALLS!



This man is the typical millionaire! He has an imported car—servants—money. Yet all his wealth can't help him if his teeth and gums are not healthy.



This man has muscles of steel. But his gums, being soft, trouble him. "Pink Tooth Brush" is no respecter of people. For all people, millionaires and workmen, eat soft, creamy food.

**"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"**
*doesn't care who
you are*



Women especially should be concerned about the looks of their teeth and their husband's teeth. Follow the new dental developments. Use Ipana and massage. Beauty of the teeth, preservation of the gums in a healthy state will reward you.



This is Ipana Tooth Paste. Use it on your teeth. Massage it into your gums. Keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be delighted with the fine, clean appearance of your teeth—the only teeth you will ever have.

You may live on Easy Street, or work like a slave—either way, you can have plenty of grief from soft gums. "Pink tooth brush" can happen to *anyone*!

As a child, you had good, sound gums. But now? No! Why? Because, like all the modern world, you eat soft foods. And soft foods don't give your gums enough work to keep them vigorous and firm.

Gradually your gums have become lazy, touchy, and tender. They probably leave traces of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And unless you set them to work right now, gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea might follow. And why endanger the health of sound teeth?

Get after "pink tooth brush"—beginning today. Brush your teeth with Ipana

—twice each day. But each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

You'll notice more sparkle in your teeth—and your gums will be harder and healthier. Go on using Ipana with massage—and forget about "pink tooth brush"!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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1932, B.-M. Co.

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD



Photograph by William Grimes



Acme

(Above) L. B. Mayer of M-G-M gave a luncheon recently to honor the members of the American Newspaper Association. See if you can find Marie Dressler, Vice-President Charles Curtis, L. B. Mayer himself, Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Dolly Gann, Irving Thalberg, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Will Hays, Robert Montgomery, and Harold Lloyd. (Left) Young Jackie Cooper attended the Hollywood premiere of "The Champ" and was asked to "say a few words to the radio audience." Jimmie Durante is giving Master Cooper a boost up to the mike.

Clark Gable has had his eyebrows plucked for the camera!

THE sudden and unexpected death of young Robert Williams brought sadness to a host of friends both in New York and Hollywood. It also marked the end of one of Hollywood's most beautiful friendships—that of the late actor and Robert Montgomery. The two Bobs fought their way to success together on the New York stage, and several years later were reunited when Williams joined the film colony and became a frequent visitor at the Beverly Hills home of Montgomery.

Among a host of notables who also paid tribute to their friend and co-worker were Ina Claire, Bob Ames, and Constance Bennett.

May we offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Nina Penn Williams, his widow, and his legion of loyal friends.

THE other day on the Paramount lot we were treated to a scene that is seldom witnessed in Hollywood—a producer bawling out his star in front of the cast for a period of one hour!

Marlene Dietrich was the victim of the berating tongue of Joseph von Sternberg. While the entire company waited (at a cost of a thousand dollars an hour) Von Sternberg marched up and down the stage with Dietrich walking at his side. He was giving her a good piece of his mind, all right, and sparks of professional tempera-

ment flew right and left! It is whispered that the famous team of Dietrich, star, and Von Sternberg, director, may shortly break up. We were unable to ascertain the truth of this rumor before going to press . . . but we shall attempt to have the lowdown on the whole situation before you hear from us again.

Claudette Colbert who, according to Walter Winchell, has the best looking pair of legs on Broadway, had lunch at the Embassy while on her visit to Hollywood. You should have seen the fellows at the renowned Bachelors' Table in the exclusive eating place strain their necks to get a glimpse of the famous Colbert limbs!

A CHAP came up to Richard Arlen. "I'm so glad to meet you," he said happily. "I've always been a great admirer of your work. And my son, too—a little boy—agrees with me. In fact he always says that you're the only screen star he really has any use for, Mr. Lyon."

Arlen hid his surprise as best he could. The man went on: "I wonder if you'd mind autographing this book for my boy? It'll be the greatest day in his life if you do." "Of course," said Dick. He took the book and then hesitated. If he signed "Richard Arlen" the boy would undoubtedly be disappointed. (Continued on page 128)

WASHDAY DRIVES ME CRAZY.
SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, YET
CLOTHES LOOK DINGY

DICK, WASHING CLOTHES
JUST KILLS ME. I CAN'T
STAND ANOTHER WASHDAY

BUT LOOK DEAR, MRS. WOOD
SAYS HERE THAT RINSO
WASHES CLOTHES WHITER
WITHOUT SCRUBBING. TRY IT



WEEK LATER

I'M SO HAPPY, DICK.
LOOK AT THESE LOVELY
WHITE CLOTHES AND I
DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT.
RINSO IS GRAND



AND Easier washdays now in millions of homes

THOUSANDS write to tell us how much work and time Rinso saves on washday. "Rinso's creamy, lasting suds soak out dirt and save scrubbing," writes Mrs. W. A. Graff of Los Angeles. "It gets white clothes so much whiter—colored things so much brighter," says Mrs. Annie Rines of Salem, Massachusetts.

Even in hardest water, Rinso gives the thickest, creamiest suds imaginable! "I never need a softener any more," says Mrs. Nettie Wood of Dayton, Ohio. Rinso saves the clothes, too—they don't need to be scrubbed threadbare.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps—suds that are safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

"Use Rinso" say makers of 40 washers

The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. Great for dishwashing and for all cleaning. Get the BIG household package.

Valuable Illustrated Book—Free. Send for your free copy of "Whiter Clothes—Easier Washdays". Packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 792, Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons
and linens—white or colors

Millions use Rinso
for whiter washes
in tub or machine



2 SIZES most women buy
the large package

Millions also use it
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(Continued from page 63)

and shoulder straps that are braided, and silk flowers trailing down the front of the bodice. The jacket? Of course there's one! There is to all of her evening dresses. It is of velvet with a shawl collar and flaring cuffs of ermine.

The wrap she uses with a beige crepe frock is of matching stain and three quarter in length. It has a blue fox collar and the frock is embroidered in rhinestones.

"If it's a velvet gown you want this winter, don't think of having it in anything but the deepest tones," Marion observed. "Tones like sapphire, dark ruby red and emerald green. They're so rich and luscious. I chose black—there's nothing deeper than that!—because, being a blonde, it's one of my preferences. This dress, too, has woven shoulder straps and belt of self-fabric. Paris, as well as Hollywood, seems to favor this for trimming." A large white flower in front provides an interesting note. The high-waisted wrap has bracelet length sleeves edged with white fox—a perfect complement for long white kid gloves. (There are pictures of gown and wrap on page 60.)

ORCHIDS are Marion's choice for an evening corsage. Always. And she raises her own! Down at her beach home she has a hothouse where she grows rare varieties, not all of them lavender in color. Some are a lovely speckled green, others are pure white with daintily tinted centers in yellow and purple. It's an astonishing thing to hear her say, "Do you want an orchid? Just a minute and I'll go over and cut you one"—quite as though it were larkspur or any other kind of common garden flower she was offering.

She wears jewelry with great discretion. Many of her gowns are so sheer and fine they would be overbalanced by heavy jewels. A string of pearls is the necklace she uses most frequently for formal occasions. Sometimes in the afternoons you see her in costume jewelry, but not very often.

Strangest of all facts—Marion never knows what to put on when she's going to a party. Now really I thought that last-minute panic about the tremendous problem of what-to-wear was confined to us fans and never included the stars. But Marion belongs to our sisterhood. "I puzzle and worry and fret until it's almost time to go—then I dash madly into something. Anything. It usually works out all right and I'm happy."

In the evening Marion is the charming orchid lady, witty, amusing, poised. Around her home she looks like a most attractive madcap wondering what sport she can have next. When she gets up in the morning she slips into a sailor suit—regular Jack-Tar trousers, tight coat trimmed with brass buttons and a sailor cap perched perilously on the back of her head. And she keeps it on all day until it's time to dress for a tea or din-

ner. With this outfit she wears plain tennis shoes . . . and chiffon underwear. All her underwear is of chiffon in various delicate shades with fine drawn-work.

JUST to take the sharp edge off the winter blizzards let's talk about the kind of bathing suits we'll be donning next summer. Marion's suits give us a preview of them. One, named "Wai-kiki," is fringed with raffia and has a pineapple cloth over-skirt and lei necklace of rubber flowers. Most of the new



A Maria Nowitzky bathing ensemble, with a lei of rubber flowers and pineapple cloth wrap-around skirt, fringed with raffia.

swimming suits will have matching skirts. Another shows a decided Russian influence. The brilliant red Cosack coat is trimmed with the same shade of blue as the suit. It seems we won't be all pajama-ed on the beaches as we have been for the past two years. No, we'll be adopting the styles of all nations so that the water's edge should have a very cosmopolitan atmosphere!

Sport clothes are in high favor with Miss Davies. She has them of many hues and cuts. There's a little gray cloth dress that is set off with a dashing green scarf caught under a diagonal slit in the blouse and again under the stitched belt. It is completed with a drooping brimmed hat that sponsors a gay feather of the same vivid green. She also has a tailored frock, Spanish tile in color, with a vestee and four-in-hand tie of white piqué. Her sport

coats have dash—quantities of it—which, after all, is the essential element in such coats. One is of a colorful Scotch plaid, very voluminous and very swanky. Lynx fur places emphasis on the elbows and edges the collar. The collar is an intriguing affair that you can swing up over the head to give a hood effect . . . a marvelous wind-breaker on cold days in the country. The other coat, warm gray in color and developed in diagonal woolen, has an interesting yoke and raglan sleeves that are set off with beaver. A stitched belt and a flaring hemline add further interest. (See page 62.) Miss Davies selects a Robin Hood hat to go with it, one with a saucy feather trim. This type and the Tyrolean seem to be the most popular of those that have survived the first sudden onrush of diminutive cocked hats.

A BLACK wool crêpe dress is almost a necessity these days. Marion's is a chic tailored model and it's liberally sprinkled with white polka dots. Small ties below the elbows and a white collar furnish the trimming and the hat she wears with it has a white band. (There's a picture on page 63.)

Among her afternoon dresses there's a black and white also. It is made of crinkly wool georgette and has a vestee and cuffs of white satin.

White and black—the always smart combination. She has two afternoon coats that give good reason for its continued popularity. Both are black, dull blacky black (you know there are various tones even in that negative color!) A luxurious ermine collar and cuffs trim one (see page 63) and the other has a scarf and novel cuffs of white American broadtail. A second black afternoon dress is of crêpe quaintly fashioned with a tucked ruffle around the neckline and with puffs demurely set at the elbows. The hip-length blouse ends in a peplum . . . just another evidence of how young and chic an all black dress can be.

Brown and white is also a combination that Marion loves. She has a velvet ensemble of it. The short coat is white, with four brown velvet buttons giving it a double-breasted effect. Brown caracul forms the deeply notched revers and sweeps down the sleeves in the modern manner. The plain skirt is of brown velvet and so is the little hat. (See page 63.)

"Don't you think dark blue and Annapolis blue are trying to supplant the much-favored black now?" Marion laid aside her tea cup and a Boston bull terrier came racing across the room to sit at her feet. "I picked up a little navy blue dress studded with silvery nail heads . . . oh yes, here it is." The dress is called "Star Dust" by its designer, an excellent title for it. It has fascinating bows on the left shoulder and tagging the three quarter length sleeves. A V-

(Continued on page 99)

Wave your own hair...

RESET YOUR PERMANENT THIS SMART WAY

WITH hats that show half your hair, your wave is more important than ever before. It must be firmly set, with hardly a hair out of place... yet it must be soft, feminine, and above all, *natural*.

Thousands of smart women are finding they can easily wave their own hair and re-set their permanents with Wildroot Wave Set. It gives a smooth, lasting, natural wave... and is actually *good* for your hair! Greaseless, free from gum or sugar, it does not leave the hair sticky, nor does it leave those annoying white flakes... *a pure vegetable product*. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

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WITH YOUR HAIR?**

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For sale at all S. S. Kresge Company stores. Larger bottles, 35¢ and 60¢ at drug and department stores, hairdressers, barber shops. Insist on the genuine. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



THEY'RE TWINS! THEY'RE SMART!

*And you can get just as good results with
your own hair, if you use Wildroot Wave Set.*

**WILDROOT
WAVE SET**

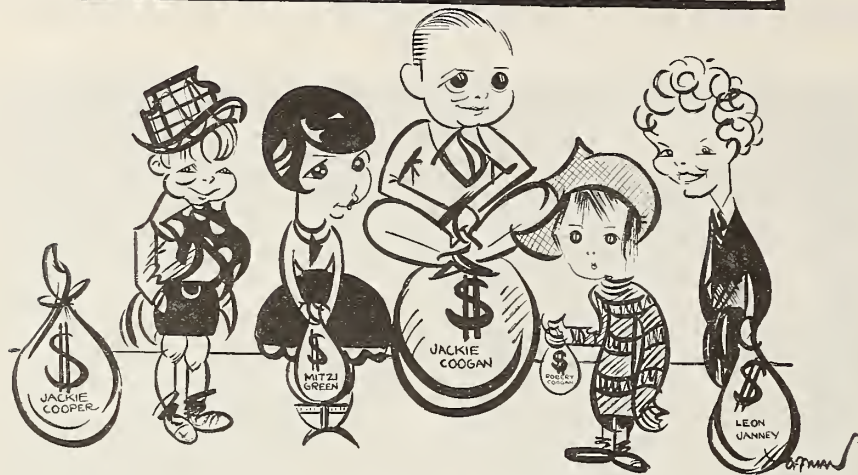
The SAFE wave setting fluid

10¢

ACTUAL SIZE BOTTLE
FOR SALE AT ALL
S. S. KRESGE CO.
STORES.



LITTLE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD



Talkie Kids: "Oh, yeah?"

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

and lead in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia. Featured roles in "A Good Sport," Fox, and "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Maloney in "Night Nurse" and Ann in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros. Schatz in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists. Ruth in "Union Depot," First National.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," and featured role in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine leads in "Women Love Once," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbis; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Bart Carter in "Seed," Victor in "Frankenstein," and romantic lead in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Star of "A Good Sport," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," Mollie in "Kick In," all for Paramount. Star of "Get the Woman," Rork Independent.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Star of "Slide Fleet," "Timber Beast" and "The Big Gamble," all for RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "City Streets" and "Murder on the Clock," Paramount. Featured role in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Janitor in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Comedy lead in "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Featured role in "Delicious," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Francine in "High Pressure," Warners.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Heroine in "The Fred Page," Caddo-United Artists. Evelyn in "The Run-around," RKO-Radio. Millie in "Homicide Squad," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "East Lynne," Fox. "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead, "Silence," "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Dover Road," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," star of "Local Boy Makes Good," and "Fireman, Save My Child," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Football hero in "The Last Flight," First National. Juvenile lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, England. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Leslie

Darrow in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Featured role in "Fifty Star Final," First National. Featured role in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured roles in "The Millionaire" and "The Public Enemy." Leading male roles in "Larceny Lane," "The Blue Moon Murder," and taxi driver in "Taxi!" Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee," "Palmy Days," and "The Kid from Spain," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Constance in "Graft," Universal.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Nick Cotrelli in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Louie in "Homicide Squad," and Santa Cruz in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal. Star of "Race Track," Cruze-Tiffany. Caballero in "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

CARTER, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Night Angel," "Personal Maid," feminine lead in "The Man I Killed," and co-starred in "Wayward," 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; "The Last Flight," First National. Lenore in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio. Featured role in "Heart and Hand," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "What a Man," "High C's," "Rough C's," "The Panic Is On," and "The Krisco Kid," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Unfaithful," "The Magnificent Lie," "Once a Lady," 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-United Artists. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement" and featured roles in "Trallin'" and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title role in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and song writer in "One Hour With You," for Paramount.

CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National. Divorced in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Charley Chan

Carries On," "Ambassador Bill," and "Sugar Daddies," all for Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Star rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Star of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Gangster moll in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Waterloo Bridge," "Reckless Living," and "Frankenstein," Universal. Featured rôle in "Blond Baby," Columbia.

CLIVE, COLIN; married to Jeanne de Casalis; born in Melbourne, Australia. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Star of "Journey's End," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Sennett studio. Contract star. Doc Martin in "The Dog Doctor," Pop Martin in "Speed," Pop Martin in "The Cannonball Express," and "His Fishing Trip," Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Capt. Von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience" and Wally Webber in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Tip Scanlon in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and star of "Street of Women," co-star of "His Woman," all for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Sam Kaplan in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount. Featured rôle in "The Brat."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists. Now in Europe.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Helga in "Three Who Loved," June Loring in "The Lady Refuses," and Baroness Gori in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract 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 rôle in "Skippy," Paramount.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman," co-star of "The Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; child actor; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Skippy" and featured rôle in "Skippy," Paramount. Midge Murray in "Young Donovan's Kid," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "The Champ," and title rôle in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Transgression" and "White Sulphur Springs," RKO-Radio. Stellar rôle in "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Reckless Living," Universal. Goldie Gorio in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

COSTELLO, LOREES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write in 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. Star of "Turner in 'Paid," Bonnie in "Dance, Fools, Dance," and "This Modern Age," star of "Laughing Sinners," and "Possessed," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Day After Tomorrow," and "Fifty Fathoms Deep," John Shreve in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "The Guilty Generation," and "Yellow," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Emma," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Washington. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Last Parade," Columbia. Ingénue in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

DACOWER, LIL; unmarried; born in Germany. Write her at Warner studio. Lottie in "The Captain's Wife," Warners, will be her first American rôle.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," and "Chi Chi and Her Pappas," RKO-Radio.

DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Lead rôle in "The Honor of the Family," and "Strictly Confidential," First National.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studios. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," all for M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal. Ingénue lead in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 98)

Shanghai Lily knew many men



... loved but one

THE Shanghai Express hurtles through the night—out of control! . . . its engineer and fireman raked at their posts by machine gun bullets from a rebel freight racing along on a parallel track . . . in the cars behind, a motley collection of uneasy, but unsuspecting passengers . . . frightened Chinamen fearing the dangers of the rebel-infested country they are passing through . . . powerful, plotting, lecherous Chang on a journey of intrigue . . . clean-cut English Captain Donald Harvey, on a surgeon's errand of mercy . . . delicate Hui Fei, soiled flower on life's broad highway . . . and the fascinating Shanghai Lily wandering up and down the China coast as aimlessly, as unguided as the train on which she now rides.

Earlier in their journey, Captain Harvey had halted in shocked surprise to face the woman he had loved, with whom he had quarreled and parted five years before.

"Are you then—the Shanghai Lily?" he asked with a hint of horror in his voice.

"Yes," she replied contemptuously, "it took many men to make that name."

And so the train roared on, but though its passengers were not destined to die that night by trainwreck, other perils lay in their path before the Express should steam into Shanghai station next morning.

Would its finished run mean journey's end for the two troubled hearts which had wearily sought happiness apart throughout five long years?

The story of Marlene Dietrich's latest picture, is beautifully told in the February issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**, which is on sale now at all newsstands. The complete stories of nine other recently-released or soon-to-be-released talkies appear in the same issue, and each is abundantly illustrated with dramatic scenes from the actual productions:

Falling in love with a gigolo! That was the horrible thought Nella Vago would not admit even to herself. But it was true, and what's more, it was giving her perfect singing voice the passionate fire without which it could never achieve greatness. "TONIGHT OR NEVER" is *Gloria Swanson's* latest story and one of her best.

His proud family forbade his marriage to Lia Toerrek, the cabaret dancer . . . but to wed Baroness von Schwarzdorf, that was something else again! The joke was on the family, though, because Lia and the Baroness were one and the same person! And *Marilyn Miller* makes them both adorable in "HER MAJESTY, LOVE," with the support of *Ben Lyon*, *W. C. Fields*, *Leon Errol* and *Ford Sterling*.

One day his sweetheart, the next his queen! That is *Pola Negri's* relationship to *Basil Rathbone* in "A WOMAN COMMANDS," a fiery story of royalty and revolution. *Roland Young* is in it, too.

Beautiful, talented, sympathetic, wealthy, and yet she couldn't hold her husband. So she decided to find out why and she learned many things including the fact that love, like gold, is where you find it. *Linda Watkins* is the "GOOD SPORT" in the picture by that name. *John Boles* and *Greta Nissen* are also in the cast.

He thought she married him because he only had six months to live! So he determined to get back into shape, live to a ripe old age, and cheat her out of the fortune she had hoped to inherit. But the body-building all had to take place a good deal "WEST OF BROADWAY," and that's where *John Gilbert* went, with *Lois Moran* hot on his heels.

Beautiful blonde Cassie couldn't hold a job because she had the skin employers loved to touch and a conscience which resented such familiarities. She didn't like men—so of course she would run into one who hated women. *Jean Harlow* and *Walter Byron* make "BLONDE BABY" a story that will keep you guessing.

The screen's best actress of 1931, *Marie Dressler* makes her first picture for 1932 in "EMMA," the story of a faithful old housekeeper who for twenty years looked after one family. An unexpected offer of marriage from the head of the house came as her reward, but the fruits of joy turned suddenly to ashes. *Jean Hersholt* is also in this stirring tale.

These are only a few hints of the absorbing drama which awaits you this month between the covers of **SCREEN ROMANCES**. For the most interesting and up-to-the-minute stories on the newsstands, buy a copy today—NOW!

Screen Romances



Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo in a thrilling emotional scene from "Mata Hari," Garbo's newest picture.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 96)

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Confessions of a Co-ed," "Caught," and "Sondra Finchley in 'An American Tragedy,'" and Ann Trumbull in "Rich Man's Folly." Paramount. Featured role in "Nice Women," Universal.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Lita Andrews in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Sporting Chance," Peerless, and "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio. Contract star. Star of "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

DELROY, IRENE; married to William Leicester Austin; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends," and "Men of the Sky," Warners.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured role in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DEVINE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Santa Clara, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Truck in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and featured role in "Law and Order," Universal, and "Blond Baby," Columbia.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in

"The Blue Angel," Amy Jolly in "Morocco," Stellar role in "Dishonored," and "Shanghai Express," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," stellar role in "Young Donovan's Kid," and star of "The Public Defender," "Secret Service," and "The Lost Squadron," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Women of All Nations," and "Fleur-de-lis in 'Cure for the Blues,'" both for Fox.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Male leads in "Tonight or Never," United Artists, and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Avery in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Waterloo Bridge," and son in "Heart and Hand," Universal. Now appearing in "Nikki," on the New York stage.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at Caddo-United Artists studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Now starring in "The Age for Love" and aviator in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-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. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

ESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract

star. Marie in "Reducing," stellar rôle in "Politics," and "Emma," all for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Male leads in "Bad Girl," "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill," and "Dance Team," Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to non-professional; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio, and "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Mary in "Consolation Marriage," and title rôle in "Marchesa," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to Jean Olsen; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Snozzle in "The New Wallingford" and O. O. Martin in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

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," star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," all for Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôle in "Scarface," United Artists, and "Sky Devils," Caddo.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Mike in "Laughing Sinners," comedy lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Hell Divers," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bad Girl," "Dance Team," and "Over the Hill," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ole Olesen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch," "The Magnificent Lie," and "Working Girls," all for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Son of India," co-ed in "Boarding School," featured rôles in "Sporting Blood" and "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Heartbreak," Fox. Polaire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Skyscraper," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," and Chick in "Union Depot," 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," and star of "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," United Artists.

FARELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Mal Andrews in "Body and Soul," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," and stellar rôle in "Heartbreak," 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; Maggie Tiffany in "Newly Rich," Paramount; Elvira in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Comedy rôle in "Blue Blazes," Universal.

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 in "Up Pops the Devil," Paramount; Doggle Hymn in "Reckless Living," Universal; Alf in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Star of "The Impatient Maiden," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Transgression," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Girls About Town," Paramount. Margery in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M.

GABE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Gambler in "A Free Soul," and male lead in "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," all M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Co-starred in "Possessed," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," and "Mata Hari," 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 "Daddy Long Legs," and co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takamah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Spurs," for Universal, and "Wild Horses," "Gay Buckaroos," "He Rides Again," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Gladys Ingram in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate," "The Phantom of Paris," and "West of Broadway," all for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Comedy lead in "The Big Gamble," "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé, Cool Kelly in "It's a Wise Child," and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M. Sleepy Jones in "Sweetstakes," RKO-Pathé. Star of "High Hats and Low Brows," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "The Homicide Squad," second lead in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and juvenile lead in "Nice Women," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parsley in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," Mike in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Secret Service," RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 100)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(Continued from page 94)

neckline, with the V off the center front line, and a peplum help to achieve its smartness. To complete it Marion has opera pumps and a hat of navy blue, and soft suede eight-button gloves. (See page 62.) "I'm partial to blue. Extremely so. The shade I like best of all is just a bit lighter than powder blue—Davies blue, the people from whom I get my clothes have named it, because I invariably ask for it. I have a new dinner gown of that color in chiffon; it's very long and has a draped collar. . . . No, I have no hobbies in clothes—unless it's fine white linen handkerchiefs which I buy by the wholesale lot. But I have a funny superstition. I never purchase a street purse for myself. Never. And I seldom carry those my friends give me. It's an old hobgoblin of the stage, I guess. I *do* carry evening purses, though, so you see I'm not very consistent in my pet superstition!

FROM what I see of the new clothes I should say they were making new women of us. And, of course, that's rather fun. Sport togs button higher . . . in fact, all necklines have crept up closer to the chin, at least in front. Shoulders are very wide, waistlines are definite, skirts have a long slim appearance. The 1932 clothes in my estimation are more thrilling, more subtle than they have been in many a long year."

Since our hats are directly responsible for all this change, I think we ought to expect a great deal from them. Notice how a number of Miss Davies' hats have small soft brims that frame the face becomingly. They may be perfectly simple sport hats but they *look* feminine. Very much so. They strike a singularly harmonious note with her costumes, adapting themselves to the neckline and carrying out the general effect of each dress. That's what a hat is meant to do but some of us, I'm afraid, don't quite realize it. When we buy a dress that we think looks well on us we're apt to let the accessories take care of themselves. Especially the gloves. After the hat, they are the most conspicuous part of our apparel. We're constantly using our hands . . . to drive, to receive, to gesticulate. If they're not well groomed they give us away as being careless about little things. The relationship of gloves to sleeves is worth a great deal of consideration. It's more important even than color harmony. It depends upon length and shape and appropriateness.

For example, there's the slip-on glove. Long sleeves for street wear usually require this type. The wide-flared, stitched gauntlet has a style all its own that is lost if the sleeve is other than a severely plain long one. The eight-button glove is frequently worn, over a tight fitting sleeve with a straight edge, for after-

(Continued on page 101)

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For color balance use Phantom Red Cosmetics. Lipstick \$1.00, Junior Size 50c. Rouge Compact 75c. All Purpose Cream 50c and \$1.00. Phantom Red Natural Skin-tone Face Powder 75c. Sold at the leading Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. Purse sizes may be secured at all chain stores.

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DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 98)

- GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured role in "Dirigible," Columbia and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M and in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.
- GRANT, LAWRENCE; married to non-professional; born in Bournemouth, Eng. Write him at James Cruze studio. Free lance player. Gen. Stafford in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Equerry in "Newly Rich," Sir Basil in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured role in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.
- GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer" and "Duck and Berry Finn," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured role in "Dude Ranch," "Skippy," and "Daisy Tait" in "Newly Rich," all for Paramount.
- HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Just a Gigolo," "The New Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," and "Turn to the Right," M-G-M.
- HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal, "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Sporting Chance," Peerless.
- HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Miami, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Minor role in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National. Factory secretary in "Her Majesty, Love," and welfare worker in "Union Depot," First National. Sewing girl in "Manhattan Parade," Warner Bros.
- HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitmer; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob in "This Modern Age," M-G-M. Male leads in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and "The Great Lover," and title role in "Tarzan, M-G-M.
- HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox, "Devotion," and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé.
- HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," all for Roach-M-G-M.
- HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, Jr.; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Dr. West in Los Angeles, Calif. Caddo contract player. Title role in "Goldie," Fox, and featured roles in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Caddo-United Artists, and "Blond Baby," Columbia.
- HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married to Tsuru; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ah Kee in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.
- HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Madelon in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Leora in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.
- HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Hor. Schabach in "Daybreak," and Herman in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured role in "Susan Lenox. Her Fall and Rise," "Private Lives," and "Emma," M-G-M.
- HOBBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Linda Randolph in "East of Borneo," Universal. Feminine lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount.
- HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Confessions of a Co-ed," Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy," and co-starred in "This Is New York," and "Wayward," and featured role in "The Man I Killed," all for Paramount.
- HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "A Dangerous Affair," all for Columbia.
- HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Rose in "Twenty-Four Hours," Ivy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and feminine lead in "Jazz Kings," Paramount.
- HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from non-professional; born in Hollidaysburg, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Prodigal," M-G-M and "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.
- HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Bensinger in "The Front Page," and comedy lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Comedian in "Smart Woman," RKO-Radio.
- HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. 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. Male lead in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.
- HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Cruze-Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured roles in "The Great Air Robbery," and "Unwanted," Columbia.
- HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Bartender in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Doctor in "The Public Defender," RKO-Radio. Bachelor in "Bad Company," and comedian in "The Second Shot," RKO-Pathé.
- HUSTON, WALTER; separated from actress-wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Star of "The Ruling Voice" and "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," First National. Whitlock in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Stellar roles in "St. Johnson," and "Heart and Hand," Universal. Commander Corlaix in "The Captain's Wife," Warner Bros.
- HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Phantom of Paris," and Connie in "Men Call It Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Surrender," Fox.
- JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.
- JOLSKO, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Big Boy," Warner Bros. Now on the stage.
- JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Shipmates," "A Tailor-Made Man," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured role in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.
- KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kans. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Sidewalks of New York," all for M-G-M.
- KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsburg, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Billie in "Welcome Danger," for Harold Lloyd. Younger sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Feminine lead in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé. Ingenue lead in "Emma," M-G-M.
- KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "The Ruling Voice," First National. Featured role in "The Ruling Voice," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Philippa in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros. Mother in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.
- KERR, GEOFFREY; married to June Walker; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who makes his talkie debut in "The Runaround," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Once a Lady," Paramount.
- KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Black Camel," heavy in "Hell to Pay," and "Over the Hill," Fox.
- KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Bargain," Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," Irene in "Side Show," and Helen in "High Pressure," Warner Bros.
- LAKES, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.
- LANDI, ELISSA; married to London barrister; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Lila in "Always Goodbye," Star of "Body and Soul," and co-starred in "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.
- LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianapolis, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Flirt in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Featured role in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.
- LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Liken Are Liken," "That," Columbia, and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless.
- LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," Roach-M-G-M.
- LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoljai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Henri in "Bachelor Apartment," Star of "The Gay Diplomat," and "The Marquis," RKO-Radio.
- LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Caught Plastered" and "Peach O'Reno," RKO-Radio. Julia in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.
- LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Anna in "Paid," M-G-M. Mabel in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and young wife in "Pagan Lady," Columbia.
- LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Now in Tahiti after long illness.
- LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show." Title role in "Big Hearted Bertha," Flossie in "She Means Business," and Doris in "Manhattan Parade," United Artists.
- LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul Whitman; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Smart Money," First National. Bertha in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.
- LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Are These Our Children?" and "The Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.
- LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Stellar role in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy," "Feet First," "Soon to star in 'The Gate-Crasher.'" "Manhattan Parade," United Artists.
- LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman," and "Sky Brides," Paramount.
- LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Rosie in "Everything's Rosie," and featured role in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Towhead in

(Continued on page 102)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(Continued from page 99)

noon. The twenty-button glove is for very formal occasions and is not seen so often now, principally because many of the new evening gowns have puff sleeves or dropped shoulders that serve as sleeves. Such long gloves would detract from their smartness. If your cuff is fancy your glove must be plain.

Balance in every part of a costume—that's the keynote of style.

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

Perhaps I shouldn't come to you with this but I've reached the point where I'm desperate. I simply adore lovely clothes. I study them in exclusive shop windows by the hour—and that's all the good it does me. I can't afford them. The dresses I do manage to buy are necessarily of cheap material and they look cheap, although some of them are kind of cute. Is there any way for me to be better dressed on twenty dollars a week? Is it wrong for a young girl to love nice clothes as I do?

JEANNETTE

MY DEAR JEANNETTE:

Of course it isn't wrong to love beautiful clothes, even to the point of distraction. That's as natural for a woman as breathing. I believe I can help you best by telling you about a young girl who came to me a year ago in much the same predicament that you're in—and that thousands of other girls are in, too.

Mildred very nearly wept in my office. She was taking the matter altogether too seriously. You have to make a sort of game of it . . . trying to see how smart you can look on a very little sum of money. We had a heart-to-heart talk, Mildred and I. That same evening she enrolled in a dressmaking class at a high school near her home. She didn't know one stitch from another but she was very much in earnest and she persevered. Three evenings a week she went to the school. It wasn't long before she acquired the knack of cutting out a dress and sewing it together properly. Soon her work ceased to have an amateurish look; it showed thoughtful care. She, like you, studied the gowns in exclusive shop windows and she grew amazingly clever at copying them.

One day she discovered a magnificent material in one of the large stores marked down from thirty-five dollars a yard to ten dollars. It was hand-made by a French peasant family—a cream silk that could almost stand by itself. Woven in it were flowers of the most gorgeous shades you can imagine. She bought two and a quarter yards and made herself an adorable formal dress. Naturally she didn't require any trimming with such luscious material. She wore an inexpensive plain gold neck-

(Continued on page 103)

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Spend just 5 minutes a day with these marvelous Olive Oil preparations to keep your skin soft and beautiful!

● Every woman has struggled with the problem of preserving her beauty during Winter . . . If outside exposure doesn't spoil her good looks—indoor heat does!

Chilling winds crack the skin . . . make it red and rough. Over-heated homes and offices dry out its natural oils . . . rob the complexion of youth and loveliness.

Simple 5-Minute Beauty Treatment

Don't deny yourself the thrill of winter sports! Stay out of doors as long as you like. But . . . protect your skin this easy way. Spend *two minutes* every night removing all dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Follow this with a thin film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream. Leave it on while asleep.

In the morning, "pep up" your skin with OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream comes next, as a protection for your skin and a smooth adherent base for powder. Now rouge your lips (using Lipstick or Lip

and Cheek Rouge) and then the cheeks. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. If your skin is oily, use the *Lightex* blend. Should you prefer dry rouge, apply it after the powder. This morning routine takes *only three minutes!*

Care of your skin is so delightfully simple when you use OUTDOOR GIRL! For here is a complete assortment of exquisite beauty products, each with a base of pure, soothing Olive Oil. This famous ingredient is one of the most effective skin conditioners known to science. It not only beautifies the complexion but *protects* it, as well.

So inexpensive, too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to \$1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders. Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Avenue, New York City.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 100)

"Heaven on Earth," Universal. Helen Weston in "The Woman Between," and featured role in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

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," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal. Featured role in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND, married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title role in "The Spider," Monty Greer in "Transatlantic," and Dunn in "The Cisco Kid," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA, unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," Fox. Eyle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Skyline," Fox. Featured role in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Joyce in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

LUGOSI, BELA, unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title role in "Dracula," Universal. Tar-nevoro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Stellar role in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL, married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Heavy in "City Streets," male lead in "Women Love Once," star of "The Vice Squad" and stellar role in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Male lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal. Gigoio in "Evenings for Sale," Paramount.

LYON, BEN, married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscret," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mack-aill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Male lead in "Night Nurse," and "Her Majesty Love," First National, and "Bought!" and "Com-promised," Warner Brothers.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE, unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox. Feminine lead in "One Hour With You," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY, married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour," "As Good As New," and "Safe in Hell," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID, separated from Suzanne Bush-ell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Bill Mer-rick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Shep Lambert in "The Last Flight," First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia. Jim in "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros.

MARCH, FREDRIC, married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "The Night Angel," Paramount. Starred in "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," and "The Master Key," and Dick Grady in "My Sin," Paramount.

MARSH, JOAN, unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Con-tract player. Featured roles in "Dance, Fool, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARIAN, unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Tribby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore. Jenny Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Renée in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Brothers. Stellar role in "Under Eighteen," Warner Brothers.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS, married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. Featured player. Featured roles in "Young Sinners," and "Skyline" for Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE, married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Walter Burns in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Captain Rogers in "Friends or Lovers," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Forbidden," Columbia.

MERCER, BERYL, divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "East Lynne," Landlady in "Always Good-bye," Fox. Mother in "Man in Possession," M-G-M. Boardinghouse keeper in "Merely Mary Ann," Fox. Featured role in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio.

MERKEL, UNA, unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Margaret Rogers in "Six Cylinder Love" and featured roles in "Sob Sister," "Wicked," and "Daddy Long Legs," Fox. Featured role in "Private Lives," M-G-M.

MILLAN, JOHN, married to the former Mrs. Creigh-ton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studios. Contract player. Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," and circus owner in "Susan Lenox," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN, divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First Na-tional studio. Contract star. Title roles in "Sally," "Sunny," and "Her Majesty Love," First National.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT, married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ship-mates," "Man in Possession" and co-starred with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKEY, child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy roles in "The Squawman," M-G-M, "Seed," Universal, and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Ne Leads in "Star Witness," First National, and child roles in "Husband's Holiday," Paramount and "Manhat-tan Parade," Warners.

MOORE, MATT, unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Schofield in "Penrod and Sam," First National. Featured role in "Con-solation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Featured role in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, OWEN, married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Uni-versal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal. Featured role in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS, unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Judy Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured roles in "The Spider," Fox, "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

MORAN, POLLY, unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Made in "It's a Wise Child," Polly in "Politi-cs," and Aunt Maggie in "Guilty Hands," 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. Featured role in "The Bargain," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN, unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M. Anna Cornwall in "High Stakes," RKO-Radio. Featured role in "Scar-face," Caddo-United Artists. Crystal in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

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. Male lead in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MULHALL, JACK, married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Co-starred in "Lover Come Back," Colum-bia.

MUNI, PAUL, married to Bella Finkel; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Vallant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Tony Muni in "Scar-face," Caddo-United Artists. Now on the New York stage in "Counsellor-at-Law."

MUNSON, ONA, divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Broadminded," and Kitty Carmody in "Five Star Final," First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES, married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood" 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.

MCCREA, JOEL, unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "Girls About Town," Paramount. Featured role in "The Lost Squad-ron," RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR, married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Annabelle's Affairs," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," male lead in "Wicked," and star of "Disorderly Conduct," all for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD, married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Husband in "Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Uni-versal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Will Darsay in "Son of India," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA, divorced from Prince Mdivani; born in Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Stellar role in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, her first American picture in two years.

NISSEN, GRETA, unmarried; born in Oslo, Norwav. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations," "Six Cylinder Love," "Transatlantic," and vamp in "Ambassador Bill," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN, married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty, Babe Ellis in "Sweep-stakes," RKO-Pathé, and "Women Go On For-ever," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-star of "Private Scandal," Headline Pictures.

NOLAN, MARY, married to Wallace Macready; born near Louisville, Kentucky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Mary Turner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé. Featured role in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

NORTON, BARRY, unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Sensation Murder Case," featured role in "Dis-honored," 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 roles in "Daybreak," and "Son of India," M-G-M. Co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," M-G-M.

NOVELLO, IVOR, born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bennett Cloud in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

NUGENT, EDDIE, married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Ship-mates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse," Jackie Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Wally Pierce in "Local Boy Makes Good," First Na-tional.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT, married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Last Flight," First National.

(Continued on page 104)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(Continued from page 101)

lace and drop earrings with it. I don't believe the wealthiest woman in Los Angeles had a more beautiful gown in her wardrobe.

The first night Mildred wore it she met a rich young polo player. Three months later they were married. And the extraordinary part of it is, she insists upon making most of her clothes although she could afford the finest now.

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm the mother of four children, two of whom are in college, and I find it more essential to keep up my appearance now than I did when I was younger! This is getting quite difficult as I grow larger with the years. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall and . . . well, let's call it bulky. Particularly through the hips. What styles would you advise me to wear? Thank you for your kindness.

Sincerely,

MRS. H. K. J.

DEAR MRS. J—:

I'm inclined to think that fashion favors the larger women in the new modes. For instance, cowl necklines continue to be tremendously popular and nothing softens the face more. Then, the snug fitting hips and vertical skirts tend to make the hips appear narrower, as does the concentration of interest above the waist and the broadened shoulders.

For street wear, a wineberry crêpe with a narrow white surplice collar and matching tailored cuffs showing beneath slightly flared sleeves would be most attractive on you. A black crêpe dress with a yoke and the lower part of the sleeves of lace would be excellent for afternoons. Then for dinner, why not wear a black velvet with a softly draped neckline and black shiny lace set up into the skirt in V-points—deep ones. Short fluted sleeves could also be of the lace.

CONNIE BENNETT'S WARDROBE

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TO avoid doubt, delay or forgetfulness, Miss Lucy Costello makes this remarkable gift offer to every reader of this magazine.

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Don't delay. There's a coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it to Miss Costello today—by return mail you get the special Gift Package which is our way of introducing this amazing sanitary invention to new users.

The moment you see it, you'll realize that it is in no sense merely another "sanitary pad."

For it is not made from mere layers of crepe paper as are ordinary pads. But is made from an entirely New material—the same that silky underthings are derived from. Thus it is *super-soft*—as downy and gentle as the finest of silk itself.

The center of this new pad is completely *swathed*. Not built up in layers with harsh edges.

Thus—due to the total absence of *edges*—it can never "cut" or chafe. Nor can it ever cause discomfort by "packing" while in use.

It Differs These 3 Ways

Veldown—as this remarkable new discovery is called—differs from ordinary sanitary pads 3 vital ways.

First: It is amazingly soft because it is made from Rayon cellulose.

Second: It is made with a patent inner-"wick" which renders it 3 to 5 times more absorptive.

Stop and consider what this means—you may go *wherever* you please, *whenever* you please, for as LONG AS YOU PLEASE—with perfect assurance and poise.

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avoiding all fear of embarrassing incident. And rendering extra protective garments unnecessary—even with filmiest frocks.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 102)

- NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. writer. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.
- OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Featured role in "Touchdown," Paramount.
- OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Charlie Chan Carries On" and leading role in "The Black Camel," Fox. Heavy in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Fu Manchu in "Daughter of the Dragon," and war lord in "Shanghai Express," Charlie Chan in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.
- O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "The Seas Beneath," "Trallin'," and "Hell to Pay," all for Fox.
- O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount. Steven in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "Flying High," M-G-M.
- O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Jane in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Title role in "The Brat," Fox. Featured roles in "Dance Team," "First Cabin," and "Salomy Jane," Fox.
- O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Skyline," Fox, and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.
- PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Sophie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.
- PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allis; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. Eddie in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured role in "Pleasure," Tec-Art.
- PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Judd in "Dude Ranch," and villain in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," and featured role in "Girls About Town," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.
- PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Ont. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title role in "Coquette," Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title role in "Kiki," all for United Artists.
- PITTS, ZASU; separated from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kas. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Theodor "Tad" in "Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Comedy role in "The Guardsman," M-G-M. Nora in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.
- POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Hero of "Man of the World," and "Ladies' Man" for Paramount. Stellar roles in "The Road to Singapore," and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.
- PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Samia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Margo in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Featured role in "Sporting Blood," and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Vamp in "Reckless Living," Universal.
- PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Roxanna in "Just a Gigo," and Mrs. Wetherby in "The Man in Possession."
- QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "The Lady Killer," stellar role in "Eddie Cuts In," and auto camp owner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.
- RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced from Willard Mack; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diane in "This Modern Age," and featured role in "Son of India," M-G-M. Molly in "Silence," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox. The duchess in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.
- REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Shelah Fane in "The Black Camer," Fox. Featured role in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.
- RICH, IRENE; divorced from David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Celia in "Strangers May Kiss," Jenny in "Five and Ten," and society matron in "The Champ," M-G-M.
- ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Roumania. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Barber-gambler in "Smart Money," leading role in "Five Star Final," Chinese importer in "Hon. Mr. Wong," all for First National.
- ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured role in "The Lawyer's Secret," Co-starred in "The Road to Reno," and featured role in "Wayward," "Second Classes," and title role in "The Jazz King," all for Paramount.
- ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kans. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Eddie Cuts In," and feminine lead in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.
- ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Con-
- tract star. Stellar roles in "Young As You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," and "Ambassador Bill," all for Fox.
- ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail," "The Seas Beneath," and "Young Sinners," all for Fox. Now appearing in Hal Roach comedies.
- RUGGLES, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Star of "Charlie's Aunt," Christie-Columbia. "The Girl Habit," Paramount. Comedian in "The Dove Road," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.
- SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Murder in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia, and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.
- SHANNON, PEGGY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Wanda in "The Secret Call," dual role in "Silence," Lee Millet in "Working Girls," and featured roles in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," "Touchdown," and "Second Chances," Paramount.
- SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starring role in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul," and "Private Lives," M-G-M.
- SHERMAN, LOWELL; married to Helene Costello; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Stellar role in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.
- SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two-reelers for Universal.
- SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Featured roles in "An American Tragedy," "Shy Girl," and "Blind Mile," Paramount. Rose in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.
- STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Safe in Hell," First National. Stellar roles in "The Miracle Woman," and "Forbidden," Columbia.
- STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Ma Leads in "The Star Witness," and Mrs. Townsend in "Five Star Final," both First National.
- STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Always Good-bye," Fox. Co-starred in "The Phantom of the Opera," M-G-M. Featured roles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal, and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M.
- STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Jovene in "Joy Street," Fox, and "Grandma's Girl," and "Television," Mack Sennett. Juvenile lead in "Sundown Trail," RKO-Pathé.
- SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Sander in "Gambling Daughters," comedy lead in "Reckless Living," and co-starred in "Pudge," Universal.
- SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Trespasser," "Wives and Husbands," and "Tonight or Never," all for United Artists.
- TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Laura Endicott in "Murder by the Clock," gay divorcee in "The Road to Reno," and Marie Bailey in "Girls About Town," Paramount.
- TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Dixie Lee in "Cinarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," and mother in "Street Scene," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.
- TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; separated from 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 Southern Boy," and stellar role in "The Cuban Love Song," all for M-G-M.
- TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine roles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring role in "Boys and Girls," all for Universal. Diana in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.
- TODD, THELMA (her name has been changed to Alison Lloyd); unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Zasu Pitts in "The Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Feminine lead in "Corsair," United Artists.
- TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Star of "Graft," Universal. Jimmie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.
- TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Shipmates," "Sporting Blood," "Reckless Living," "The Cuban Love Song," and Blackie Daw in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 115)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 8)

it; took the side strands and pinned them loosely up on top of her head; put on the hat; and tucked the back hair up out of sight. A splendid idea for long-haired people who want to keep a new and becoming hat on all through a bridge or luncheon without suffering from that excruciating tight-hat feeling. It's a good idea, too, to let your hair down when buying a new hat. Never mind what the bystanders think of you—it's your hat you're buying and you can judge its smartness much better.

THERE'S one beauty item where I do *not* believe in following the stars. That is in the matter of slimness. I have the feeling that most of our favorites would look just the least bit underfed in real life. Remember, it is necessary to be ultra-slim for the screen. The least little attractive plumpness is picked up by the camera and exaggerated into double chins and spare tires of unbecoming fat.

Now I'm going to get real gay and giddy and recommend false eyelashes. Yes, I said false eyelashes! There's a new kind on the market which are really the last word in cosmetic smartness. Several of the talkie stars use false eyelashes—for off-screen wear. And very alluring they can be. The kind to which I refer are nothing more nor less than little snips of natural hair—about three-quarters of an inch long—which you apply to your own eyelashes one by one. You take the false eyelash daintily by one end with a pair of tweezers, dip it in a sticky, waterproof fluid, and put it on the underside of one of your own upper lashes and hold it in place for a few seconds. The false eyelash and the real one should overlap about two-thirds of the way. Certainly—it takes the patience of Job, but the effect is well worth the effort. One application will last a week or ten days, bearing up beautifully under washing, cold-creaming and all. Be sure that your eyelashes are absolutely free of cream or moisture when you apply the false ones—otherwise they won't stick. And don't wash your face or cold-cream for two or three hours afterwards. I'll be glad to give you the name of this preparation if you care to write for it.

RETURNING to less flighty subjects, I would like to remind you that you have excellent models for grace, posture, walking and standing, in the movie stars. Almost all of them have studied dancing—not because they expected to become professional dancers, but because dancing is the best known method of developing grace and poise. If you have a little extra money and extra time, you would be very wise to enroll in a dancing class in your own town or the nearest big city. Not ballroom dancing—that seems to come naturally enough to young people. But

(Continued on page 112)



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Warning, Danger Ahead!

(Continued from page 42)

a great influence in helping him. Although he may not fully realize it, he did very wisely in choosing her for his wife, because he needs the complementary influences she gives his character.

The astrological signs for the year indicate great domestic unrest before them. They will have to strive desperately to avert the dangers that beset their path as a married couple, lest without these strenuous efforts, disaster overtake them.

There is a probability, according to the planets, that a child may be born to them before the end of 1932. If this happens, the signs will be so changed that the domestic disaster which overhangs them will be definitely averted.

Professionally, for both of them, the signs portend a gloriously successful year. For Doug particularly, 1932 will be the best year of his career so far.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford: Like the Fairbanks, Juniors, the seniors must be considered jointly.

There are little or no signs of romance. Their "house of romance" lies behind them. They will remain together, certainly, but not, of course, with the flaming young love of newlyweds.

Mary, according to the stars, will outlive Doug. Very little personal danger, however, threatens either of them during the course of 1932—Doug may suffer much from severe colds, even pneumonia, but he will recover.

The stars confirm his announced intentions of traveling. They indicate, too, that Doug will turn to writing, and will produce a successful work. There are no future indications of professional acting for Doug.

CHARLES CHAPLIN: Charlie Chaplin will marry again in 1932. She will be a very prominent woman, probably a foreigner, if the astrological signs are correct.

He will return to the United States now—but later, the stars indicate, he will definitely and finally turn his back on America. He will do very little more picture work—what little he does do will begin late in 1932, the result of public demand rather than financial desires on Chaplin's part.

Like Fairbanks, Chaplin will turn to writing in 1932, and will do some interesting work.

The marriage of Chaplin will take place abroad, probably during the latter part of the year. There is one faint sign that leaves the slight possibility that the marriage will not occur until 1933, but 1932 seems very much likelier.

Jimmy Durante: Durante is mentioned here, with Chaplin, because the stars indicate that Durante may take Chaplin's place as the foremost screen comedian, with the passing of the months. Not necessarily in 1932, but certainly in the future. His rise in 1932 will be phenomenal.

Marion Davies: Marion will pass through a most strange year. Illness and possible fatality beset her path. It will

be someone close to her, the stars say.

Professionally, the stars indicate continued success for her, with continuance in pictures similar in style to her "Five and Ten."

Dangers threaten her from strangers and through litigation.

LUPE VELEZ: Lupe will not change. Her year is still replete with romance.

The stars say that twice, within 1932, she will announce her betrothal, each time to a different man. Yet she will marry neither.

Gary Cooper: Professionally the signs of 1932 are good.

Gary may marry toward the end of the year—an eastern society girl whom he now knows.

Clara Bow: Clara will marry early in 1932, and will find great domestic happiness. The planets indicate she will marry Rex Bell, and they will attempt to keep the marriage secret.

There is no more scandal ahead of Clara, definitely not in 1932, and no indications of it for a long time ahead.

She will return to the screen, and that return will find renewed success for her in 1932.

Roscoe Arbuckle: Fatty will definitely make his reappearance on the screen in 1932, with neither success nor failure attending that come-back. He will achieve his greatest success as a director.

During 1932, he will marry Addie McPhail, and the marriage will bring happiness to both.

Pola Negri: Pola enters, in 1932, the most phenomenal year of her life. Success follows her throughout the year, and the stars say that no matter how great her past, her greatest success still lies in the future. The year 1932 will bring her great screen success, but even greater fame lies ahead on the legitimate stage.

Pola will become very spiritual. Earthly romances will mean little to her. Her real love will be her career.

The stars indicate no marriage for her in 1932.

Gloria Swanson: Gloria has entered a new "house of love." She was born for romance, but the stars say that she will never remain a wife only. She is too great an artist.

Professionally, she will do lovely things, but no great picture. In two years, she will turn to the stage, and score greatly.

Ruth Chatterton: She made a mistake in leaving Paramount, but despite obstacles, she will recover from the slump in which her career will fall at the beginning of the year, and will emerge with new laurels.

Domestically, the stars portend no change. However, they do indicate that 1932 will give her husband, Ralph Forbes, a great opportunity for individual success on the screen.

In the late part of 1932, or in 1933, Chatterton will turn her back on the

screen and return to the stage.

In 1932, she must watch her health and her nerves, menaced by trying to do too much.

NORMA SHEARER: The stars warn against continued sex pictures, and indicate success with society dramas. Her domestic life shows unruffled happiness throughout the year, with good health for herself and hers.

She will travel much in 1932. She may suffer from a big robbery or theft of some kind, and is also threatened with financial loss through speculation.

Nancy Carroll: The year of 1932 is unkind to her. She must be very, very careful, both professionally and in her heart life.

The stars portend a year of many and great trials to her, both in her work and home. The summer looks particularly black. Her work will demand her attention more than domestic affairs, with the resultant danger of marital unhappiness.

Constance Bennett: Connie is in the House of Romance. The stars indicate great happiness in her marriage to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise.

During the year, Connie will be seriously ill, with the necessary dangers of a major operation.

Some day, but not in 1932, Connie will turn to the legitimate stage and become one of the greatest stars in that field.

Joan Bennett: The stars portend no marriage for her in 1932, nor in the coming few years. Nor is there, in 1932, any sign of an important romance.

Professionally, she will never reach Constance's heights, but her baby will grow up to carry on the Bennett tradition and be a great star.

The year shows threats for the baby, though—both in health and person. Towards fall, an attempt to kidnap the child will be made, for reasons other than ransom.

George Bancroft: The stars indicate professional success continuing, as well as domestic tranquility.

However, there is a very strong portent of a serious aerial accident during September or October.

Bebe Daniels: A recurrence of illness, serious in nature, is threatened in the early spring, which may prevent her return to the screen until late in 1932, or after the end of the year.

Otherwise, her future in 1932 is tranquil, with domestic happiness certain.

Betty Compson: She faces a marvelous romance, with marriage quite likely. There will be no regrets if she does marry. He will be a man not of the acting or screen ranks. She knows him now.

DAVID MANNERS: Manners will give other male players a run in 1932, and by the end of the year will have attained stardom. He will probably make a change in contract, or affiliation, but it will be to his good.

Charles Farrell: Professionally, Farrell and Janet Gaynor will definitely separate forever.

Farrell will continue in success, and his domestic life with Virginia Valli

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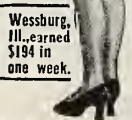
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will continue to be happy. No baby is indicated by the stars for 1932.

Janet Gaynor: Janet must be careful, for the planets portend domestic upheavals, particularly toward the latter part of the year when illness will also fall upon her. She will end the year in sickness and worry, which, however, will not come until after a year

of fresh screen success.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin will find continued happiness in marriage, with every likelihood of a baby in 1933.

William Powell and Carole Lombard will remain together through 1932, but the stars beyond that indicate a rocky road for love, unless they are careful. They will travel much in 1932.

Hollywood's 400

(Continued from page 27)

expensive, sophisticated foods which many of them have only recently learned to demand! Exclusive Hollywood now week-ends at big country estates or on yachts, spends its leisure playing bridge, golfing, swimming or sword-fishing, and draws strict social distinctions which are not apparent to the outsider.

Entertaining is now done almost entirely in the home. The smart set of Hollywood lives and conducts itself almost exactly in the manner of Palm Beach. I ought to know. I have a house in Palm Beach and have spent the last fourteen winters there, and I may say authoritatively that Palm Beach society is far easier to get into than Hollywood society. For example, party crashing really exists in Palm Beach. People whom the Palm Beach hostess never saw and doesn't want to know frequently walk into her house without an invitation, however aristocratic her name. But this never happens in Hollywood. The stars are so well guarded that party crashing is unknown.

MOST striking evidence of a new social order in Hollywood is the fact that the leading local newspapers now devote a page to the doings of society and under this heading the names mentioned are more than ninety per cent picture names, whereas formerly, mention of the stars was confined to the motion picture page, or to the news columns. Taken at random, I quote the following as an example. "Herbert Brenon Entertains at Dinner Dance." The following list of guests is given: Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, Mr. Don Alvarado, etc. In the same column I read that Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante) is entertaining for Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. And so forth, over a space of five columns. Some of the names one most frequently sees are the Talmadges, the Barrymores, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Janet Gaynor, Lowell Sherman, Elissa Landi, Ronald Colman, and the William Powells. Mary Pickford's name in the society columns is no longer the only picture name featured as a society leader, while in spite of his recent association with kings and potentates, Chaplin, socially speaking, is accepted merely as an amusing and delightful man-about-town.

NORMA TALMADGE is one of the most important hostesses in Hollywood, and her beautiful beach house is as hard to storm as a fortress. It is surrounded by a high wall into which is set a wooden grill, concealing a telephone. If you know the house you know where to press the spring which opens the telephone niche, press another button and pick up the 'phone. A manservant answers it and when you tell him your name he consults his list and if you are on it, another servant lets you into the spacious patio. Crossing that, you arrive at the house itself and if you pass the scrutiny of the next employee, you are in. This procedure is typical of most stars' houses, an innovation society matrons might profitably copy. During the past summer Norma entertained luncheon parties of forty or fifty guests each Sunday, and each time practically the same people appeared. Almost inevitably one found there Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Billie Dove, Conrad Nagel, Marilyn Miller, John Barrymore and his wife, Louella Parsons and her husband, Doctor Martin, the Buster Keatons, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, the Myron Selznicks, Anna Q. Nilsson and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Carter is one of the *grandes dames* of this group, and the deference shown her by the younger folks is a charming thing to see. Of an entirely different type is Marie Dressler, but her social standing is, if anything, more important than that of Mrs. Carter. Miss Dressler has for a great number of years been the eagerly sought-out guest of the rich and fashionable all over the world. She is a woman of great culture and social knowings, and her position in American society has been unquestioned these twenty years past; so it is only natural, then, that she should take her proper place automatically in Hollywood's upper circles. And it is curious to note, also, that practically all her screen successes have been in the characterization of simple, lower class women. May Robson, however, the third in the triumvirate of Hollywood's fashionable old ladies, has always played her true self in portraying the sort of part which swings a wicked lorgnette without embarrassment. All these and many others—the list is as long as the Boston Social Register—can be found

frequently at the Talmadge household simply because Norma Talmadge is a poised and gracious hostess who understands the successful handling of a social gathering. She never makes the mistake of inviting misfits through charity. And an uninvited guest would find scant mercy at her delicate little hands. She is a born social leader and her important position has come to her naturally and without effort.

BEBE DANIELS is a very popular hostess too, but with another, rather less sophisticated flavor, for Bebe is essentially interested in her work and society comes a distinct second. But her crowd comprises about the same people as Norma's.

And these people really do constitute Hollywood's Four Hundred. By that, I mean Four Hundred in its accepted sense, as being the smart, sophisticated, polished set which is gay and amusing without being dissipated; who dress fashionably and set the standard of what is correct in the way of living and entertainment. They live, look, act and entertain so much like smart Eastern society that there is not really two pins worth of difference. But, as with the real Four Hundred of any other community, there is unmistakably a remoter, unorganized group which they touch only occasionally. The Four Hundred, be it in New York, London, Paris or Palm Beach, is the brilliant, organized, controlling group which actively constitutes society. And in any of these important places there is always a shy, shadowy scattering of genuine born aristocrats who have the right of entrée to the Four Hundred but seldom exercise the privilege. Hollywood is no exception. And the Hollywood Four Hundred welcomes these aristocrats eagerly when they can be coaxed to a small dinner or indeed to any function whatsoever. But your true aristocrat seldom is society-minded, preferring to live a very simple quiet life, occasionally seeing a few intimates, and entertaining rarely. Therefore, one seldom sees John Boles and his lovely wife at a party. But let it be known that Mrs. So-and-So has wrung an acceptance from the Boles, and everyone else accepts for the same function. Ruth Chatterton works the same magic for a hostess and so do the George Fitzmaurices, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Montgomery and a few others.

IT is pretty difficult to omit names without treading on somebody's toes, but the fact remains that many really fine artists of the screen, whose work and character would seem to justify a high standing in the social life of the community, have nevertheless little or no social position.

The requirements for a social position in Hollywood are exactly the same as anywhere else in the world. The prime requisite is, of course, social compatibility. The next is a well-bred manner, accompanied by good taste and discrimination in personal dress and possessions. Many famous screen

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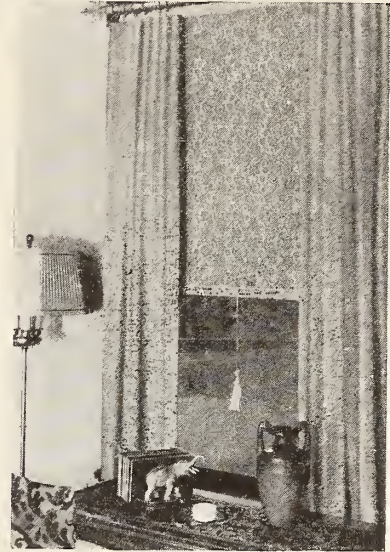
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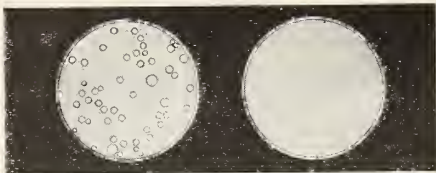
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actors and actresses "look Hollywood." They dress to be conspicuous and that damns them socially, just as it would anywhere else. Many individuals who have made a great success with their clever performances are not equipped for organized society in the purely social sense; many will never acquire this equipment, but many, too, of those who are more truly intelligent and ambitious, are learning rapidly. Meanwhile they are excluded. It is merely a repetition in miniature of the whole history of society in any democratic country.

Hollywood has its *nouveau riche* crowd, whose expensive entertainments are widely advertised. So has Palm Beach. So has the Mayfair circle of London. But the fact of their expensive entertaining gets these newly-rich nowhere. A big house in Beverly Hills no more buys an entrée into Hollywood society than a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year penthouse on Park Avenue assures its possessor of an invitation to Mrs. Van Astorbilt's dinner table. Hollywood has its "Circus Society" of wild young people, and its group of earnest young intellectuals, and all three of the last-mentioned groups contain many world-famous names—but they are distinctly not society names.

ONE important element in Hollywood society cannot be overlooked here, and that is the group comprising certain of the studio executives and their wives. At any gathering of the

real Four Hundred one is sure to find Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer. One finds Abraham Lehr, high executive of United Artists, with his wife, who is an extremely important force in organized charities on the Coast. One finds Samuel Goldwyn, William Le Baron, David O. Selznick and many others. While such directors as Harry Beaumont, Frank Borzage, Howard Hughes, and, of course, the DeMilles, and Edwin Carewe have a genuine social standing of great importance.

THERE is no doubt that the advent of talking pictures, with its influx of the aristocracy of the stage, is in part responsible for the development of an established Four Hundred in Hollywood. But it is not wholly responsible, by any means. Hollywood is no longer experimental headquarters for an art against which public opinion was originally focused almost unanimously. The industry started in the hands of the dregs of the show world, circus men, side show artists, vaudeville failures, and cheap promoters. It has grown to be one of the most important of the arts, employing, literally, some of the best brains in the world, both in its artistry and its industry. It calls for men of the highest executive ability—for financial giants. The best writers, the finest actors are none too good for it. Why, then, shouldn't it have a *bona fide* society? The answer is, it has!

One Day to Live

(Continued from page 49)

day to live, Joan?" I asked.

"But that's a question it's almost impossible to answer!" she objected. "It would depend on the mood and the moment. I don't think I'd be scared. I might be sort of awe-struck and numbed, but I wouldn't be scared."

She wouldn't be, either. Chalk up one for the "brave and reckless" theory. "That's telling how you feel, Joan. But what would you do?"

"Well, I imagine I'd spend a few hours of the day attending to various business and personal details. We all think our affairs are in order, as much in order as possible, but there would be a million things to do. I have a few belongings which are dear to me, and I'd like to send them to friends who would love them as I have.

"I know I'd want music around me, all day; all my favorite pieces. Music calms and rests me more than anything else.

"Well, after I'd taken care of all the necessary details, I'd want to spend the rest of the day with my mother and Douglas. There would be so much to think about and talk about."

Chalk up one for the devoted daughter and wife!

"Perhaps—perhaps I should do one thing I have always wanted to do. High

places have always terrified me. They make me want to jump out into space and fall—fall—fall. If I knew, definitely, that I had only a few hours to live, perhaps—perhaps—" and Joan's eyes grew larger—"I would go to the highest cliff or the highest tower I could find, and jump! . . . It would mean only an hour or two less of living, and it would satisfy a longing I have had since childhood! I might not do it. But—I might!"

Chalk up another for the reckless dancing daughter. Most certainly, after that! That's a dead give-away. All doubts are settled. There's a wide streak of reckless, devil-may-care, to-hell-with-it, abandon in Joan, all right, or she would never think of such an end for herself. There would be no calm waiting, for Joan. One grand finale—and get a thrill out of it—is her idea.

And now, one star more. When I asked him the question, I got an answer which silenced me. Few finer words have ever been spoken in Hollywood.

I won't tell you his name, right away. After—

"First of all, I would want to put all the affairs of my daily life in trim. As I live from day to day, I try to

'keep my house in order.' So, there would not be a great deal of final arranging to do. Then I would go to church, and spend long hours there. To anyone who has been reared in the atmosphere of religion which has always surrounded my life with its richness and with its beauty, the church means much—much, indeed. I should turn there, for strength, and for peace of mind.

"I would talk with my family. I should want all of my brothers and sisters around me. (My mother and father are with me always.) I would want to talk to them, to tell them what I hoped and prayed for them, to explain to them the many mistakes which I have made.

"After that, I should like to be alone for a while with my piano, in the study

of my home. Music does more for me than anything else. When I am playing, or singing, I am happy. I should like to sing all the songs I love, just for myself. . . . And, in my life as in the life of everyone, there is one person who understands me better than any other; who brings me more of peace than anyone else can bring. I should like to sit quietly with that person. Dying, we all need to be with someone who understands. There would be so many things to talk about, for one last time!

"And then, when the hour came, I should simply sit quietly and wait for it, trying not to be sad, trying to resign myself. God has been good to me. I am ready to go. Death I do not fear."

So spoke Ramon Novarro!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

SIDE SHOW (RKO-Radio)—Winnie Lightner as the noble-hearted gal of the circus who sacrifices love for friendship. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood in a very funny comedy with Buster at his best. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, the famous stage actress, does an amazing piece of acting in this excellent drama. It's a story of a mother's sacrifice—but far better than the usual type of this material. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier's latest movie effort. Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert in the leading feminine rôles. Direction by Lubitsch. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—James Dunn and Linda Watkins in a newspaper story. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Thrilling mystery murder story, the action of which takes place in a theatre. Edmund Lowe has the leading rôle. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Lew Ayres in a different type of football story. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Warner Baxter in the famous old melodrama, directed by Cecil B. DeMille. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—Chic Sale, Walter Huston and others in the story of a family who are persecuted by a gang because they were witnesses to a gang murder. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Sylvia Sydney, Estelle Taylor and Buster Collier in a story which depicts the tangled lives of the inhabitants of a New York tenement. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—Love and war with Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)

—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. **Excellent—but the children will be bored by it.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson. Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—children may enjoy parts of it.**

TOUCHDOWN (Paramount)—Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Peggy Shannon, Regis Toomey and Charlie Starrett in a football story. **Very good—great for kids.**

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (Paramount)—A thrilling drama of modern New York life—the action of which all takes place in one day. Clive Brook, Regis Toomey, Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

UNDER EIGHTEEN (First National)—Anita Page, Marian Marsh, Norman Foster and Regis Toomey. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—little girls will like it.**

THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman as the master crook who is elected by a gang of crooks to superintend the robbery of an old man. But the old man has a beautiful daughter and Colman falls for her. Then the fun begins. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—A gripping story of a girl stranded in London during the war and how she meets love and yet can't accept it. Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. **Excellent—but not for the young ones.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Seth Parker, of radio fame, and his little band of Maine folk arrive on the screen. **Good—and take the kids.**

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—John Gilbert. Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—children won't enjoy it.**

WICKED (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a story which is far too sentimental to be very interesting. **Poor.**

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (RKO-Radio)—Lily Damita in a story about a boy who falls in love with his step-mother. **Fair—not for children.**

WORKING GIRLS (Paramount)—Charles Rogers. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—little girls may like parts of it.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in a thrilling story of pre-revolution Russia. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

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22 with her
Gloves
ON



32 with them
OFF

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The story which finishes at the top of this page—"One Day to Live"—was written by the well-known Hollywood writer, Jack Jamison.

In our next issue—March—Mr. Jamison has a story called "Garbo on the Set."

He takes you right into the studio where Garbo is working—something you couldn't do even if you were in Hollywood itself—and gives a thrilling picture of the famous Greta at work.

MODERN SCREEN, March—on sale February First

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 105)

rhythmic or folk dancing. Don't let the fact that you don't know one step from another hold you back. Or the fact that you're much overweight and would look like an elephant. The dancing will help get rid of the excess weight—and much of your youthful self-consciousness. And watch the stars when you go to the movies. Watch Kay Francis glide across a room. Watch Ruth Chatterton's manner of sitting down in a chair and getting up—no fussy, unnecessary motions. Watch Joan Crawford—that girl looks full of vitality when she's sitting still with her hands crossed in her lap! And take a tip from

Carole Lombard—they say she practices walking with a good-sized book balanced on her head, pointing her toes one directly in front of the other. If you can learn to do that without letting the book fall, your posture will be practically perfect!

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, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



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Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 12)

sugar and lots of other cookies received honorable mention, and we thought that in view of the general popularity of the whole cooky family it was lucky that we knew a good basic cooky recipe out of which any number of different cookies could be made. But more of this later.

We decided to see if these youngsters could be bribed. "If you could get more cookies would you drink more milk?" we asked hopefully.

"NO!" they shrieked as one child.

Hmmm. A nice evidence of the incorruptibility of youth.

"Do you like cookies to eat with your ice cream, or your prunes or apple sauce?" we asked, changing the subject quickly.

"Yes!" Again there was perfect unanimity of thought.

"Do you enjoy your cookies more if they are cut out in fancy shapes?"

"You bet!" and again an argument broke out, as to whether bunnies or ducks or bears were preferable shapes for cookies to be made in—and while they argued we thought of the cute little cutters in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades which are so perfect for cutting out bridge party cookies. And we also thought how complete the assortment is at the Kress and Kresge stores, and what fun you can have picking out designs to delight your youngsters, or to please your friends.

THERE developed some dissension in the ranks over whether cookies should be frosted, filled or plain, with each kind being vigorously defended by each child in turn. Cookies can be classed under three general headings—rolled, dropped, and the so-called "ice-box" kind. These last are the newest. They are mixed and then the dough is packed into empty baking powder tins or pans with close-fitting covers and stored in the refrigerator for several

hours. When and as they are wanted, cookies are sliced from the roll or loaf, with a very sharp knife, and baked on a greased cooky sheet or pan in a moderate oven.

Then, of course, there are all sorts of cookies under each of these general classifications. Nut, fruit, frosted and filled, molasses, ginger, spice and sugar are but a few of them. Fortunately, as we mentioned above, several kinds of cookies can be made from one batch of cooky dough, with little extra effort. Following is a basic cooky recipe which can be changed into almost any kind of cooky by a simple adding of a little of this or a dab of that.

BASIC COOKY RECIPE

- 1 cup butter or shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¼ cup top milk
- 3½ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream the butter; add sugar a little at a time, continuing creaming. Add beaten eggs and beat all well. Add milk and fold in sifted dry ingredients. Add flavoring. Dough should be stiff enough to roll. Toss on floured board and roll to one-third inch in thickness, cut with cooky cutter and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven.

If you prefer, pack dough in empty baking powder tins and place in refrigerator until needed. Then with a sharp knife cut off thin slices and bake on greased cooky sheet in moderate oven.

We suggest that you make up a batch of this cooky dough and then divide it into four portions. To the first add chopped peanuts, to the second raisins, to the third spices, and to the last chopped dates and walnuts. After the

additions have been made, the four portions may be packed away in the refrigerator in separate containers, or rolled out and baked at once.

IF you prefer, you can cut this basic dough out and place the cookies on greased cooky sheets, sprinkling some of them, before baking with pistachio nuts, brushing others with diluted egg white and sprinkling them with sugar, and leaving some of them plain, frosting these after baking with a plain icing. The baked cookies can also be put together in pairs, with a layer of frosting or jelly between them. The above recipe is for the rolled or ice-box type of cooky. If you want to make drop cookies the dough must be somewhat softer.

We are sure you will also want recipes for Mitzie Green's Raisin Cookies, Jackie Searle's Coconut Cookies and Bobby Coogan's Ginger ones—as well as for our Hermits—the same ones which we put into the cooky jar and took with us that day when we went to see the Paramount kids. We feel sure you will be as enthusiastic as they were.

We have made up these recipes on filing cards, and they form the latest number of the Star Recipe Series which we prepare for you monthly. And isn't it splendid that these recipes are now sent to you absolutely free as a special service to readers of MODERN SCREEN! If you have not been sending for these recipes there is a pleasant surprise in store for you when you receive your first set—and we feel sure that once you start collecting our Star Recipes you will send for them every month, without fail. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and soon one of the Modern Hostess little blue folders will be delivered to you.

Because cookies keep so well in covered containers, they are perfect to keep on hand for any between-meal snack; or to send off to children away at school or college. And, of course, there is nothing nicer to add to the school lunch-box than home-made cookies, as they supply a wholesome sweet which isn't difficult either to pack or eat.

Next month Ivan Lebedeff is going to talk about Sunday Night Suppers. Watch for it!

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 13)

Now about Gable—let him stay as is! He has won his acclaim by what he has done—not by what directors can make him do. These directors are not always right, either.

M. C.,
Cedar Grove, New Jersey.

I have always been fond of motion pictures and was always interested in



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players, but never to the extent of taking a minute like this to either praise or criticize; but now I find myself stating in writing that if Mr. Clark Gable were not married, I'd pack my bags and fly to California and marry him. As it is, I'm going to search the world for another like him (if there should be another).

JUDITH WARD,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Well, girls, we imagine all discussions about Gable are more or less heated

We have just been having a much heated discussion on the great popularity of this celebrated star Clark Gable. It seems that women all over the country adore this man. But we can't see what there is about him that makes their hearts flutter so. He isn't handsome, has a forced smile, looks as though he hadn't shaved for a month, and hasn't any neck at all.

MARY MULLER,
HELEN YOUNG,
JANE HARRISON,
Geneva, New York.

According to the very meager information we have about Garbo, she has a pretty healthy appetite—and eats plenty!

There is one thing I would like to see and that is this: why in the world doesn't Greta Garbo eat a little more and fill out all those places that make her look as though she were a walking skeleton?

A. M.,
Nashville, Tennessee.

All right, Curious, we'll start the Baltimore ball rolling with you

In the December issue you asked for frank, honest criticism. I can find no fault with your magazine and I have read many, but I do notice that the letters printed are received from persons not residing in Baltimore, Md. Is it because we Baltimoreans fail to write? Or what is the reason? Baltimore is not the smallest town in the world, you know.

CURIOUS,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Yes—there's Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman, and the Arlens and the Lloyds, and—dear me! What is the name of that other couple?

For gosh sakes! Is there anyone in Hollywood who stays married long enough to have rice and old shoes thrown at them? Of all the divorce markets, Hollywood is the best.

MILLIE R.,
St. Louis, Missouri.

A very nice letter about Ivan Lebedeff

In your December issue of MODERN SCREEN there was a story about Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, "The Most Misunder-

stood Man in Hollywood." It asked how he would treat servants and how he would treat women, but it left out one of the most important things, to my mind—and to my race. Just how would he treat the negroes? Some time ago I wrote to Mr. Lebedeff, telling him I was colored and he answered right back by air mail. He said that he had seen enough in his life not to snub the human being for looks, color of skin or social position. . . . I have since had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lebedeff personally and shaking his hand. . . . He is better looking off screen than on. He is more than a prince and a gentleman.

HELEN FERRIS,
New York, N. Y.

Thanks for that bit of information,
Donovan

Nearly all the present-day Hollywood stuff is weighted with labored efforts to make a hit. You can't see the forest for the trees. Too darn arty when there's no art near, nor none needed. . . .

I wonder how many people know that Warner Baxter is married to the former Mrs. Edmund Lowe and that, some fifteen years ago, she was a swell actress.

DONOVAN THORPE,
Washington, D. C.

We'll endeavor to fill the first two wishes, anyway, Billie

I wish: MODERN SCREEN would please not give the same players' pictures every month; also that you would quit leaving out the "Directory of Players"; but most of all, I wish to see Buddy Rogers in person.

BILLIE BRINGLE,
Salisbury, North Carolina.

Miss McMahon is playing on the
New York stage at present

I should like very much to have the pleasure of again seeing Miss Eileen McMahon in a part which gives her as much or more chance to display her personality as her rôle as Edward G. Robinson's secretary in "Five Star Final." Miss McMahon is an attractive, capable and, to me, very interesting actress. She has the quality of being different.

N. L. W.,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

AND MAY WE AGAIN
REMIND YOU—

That your letter is not omitted from this department for any reason except lack of space. There just isn't room for all the letters—even for all the most interesting letters. And we would like to point out that the most interesting letters are those which give reasons for a preference or a prejudice. It is all very well to write and say "I think Clark Gable is marvelous," but it isn't very exciting to others unless you say why, is it? And that goes for people you don't like, too.

Players' Directory

(Continued from page 104)

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Douray in "Six Cylinder Love," and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," and "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Pathé. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Babe Company," "The Second Shot," and "Breach of Promise," all for RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Isle of Lost Ships." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia, and "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Klsward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man." Featured rôle in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros. Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now in Europe.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Molly in "Expensive Women," Peggy in "Larceny Lane," Polly in "Taxi," and telephone operator in "Manhattan Parade," Warner Bros. Daisy in "Union Depot," First National.

WARNER, H. B.; married to a 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. Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, and "First Cabin," Fox.

WATKINS, LINDA; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Fox studio. Title rôle in "Sob Sister," and feminine lead in "A Good Sport," Fox.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured part in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Bob Denton in "Men Are Like That," Clint Turner in "Duty Bound," and football hero in "Yellow," Columbia.

WEEKS, BARBARA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Feminine lead in "Palmy Days," Goldwyn-United Artists. Featured rôle in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

WHEELER, BERT; married to Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Co-starred in "Hock, Line, and Sink," "Full of Notions," and "Peach O' Reno," all for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôle in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany.

WHITE, MARJORIE; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Sadie in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and Pee-Wee in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Altken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros. Featured rôles in "The Honor of the Family," "Captain's Wife," and "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Universal. Second lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Law and Order," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loreta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returns to American screen after two-year absence in England as Ling Moy in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured rôle in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in Florida. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Vice Squad," and in "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Too Many Cooks," Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Full of Notions," "Caught Plastered," and "Peach O' Reno," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Unholy Garden," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now playing on the New York stage in "Nickel."

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; 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. Star of "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany.

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "I Like Your Nerve," First National. Sob sister in "Platinum Blonde," Columbia. Society girl in "Taxi!," Warner Bros.

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FALLING in love with a gigolo! That was the horrible thought Nella Vago would not admit even to herself. But it was true, and what's more, it was giving her flawless singing voice that passionate fire without which it could never have achieved greatness.

He had stolen into Nella's consciousness very slowly, this mysterious, silent stranger, but now wherever she went, he seemed to be there too, staring at her. At the opera house he was most evident—keen eyes above an expanse of white shirt front, coolly watching her performance.

Late one night the great and haughty Vago gave way before the woman Nella, and she found herself knocking on the door of his apartment. That was the beginning of a series of thrills and surprises for this fascinating woman who had finally met a fascinating man.

Gloria Swanson interprets the rôle superbly in her latest picture, "TONIGHT OR NEVER!" The complete story and nine others from the newest and best talkies appear, profusely illustrated, in the latest issue of that unique, all-screen-fiction magazine—

Screen Romances

February Issue Now on Newsstands

Fadeout

(Continued from page 53)

He was born on a farm near Morganton, North Carolina. At twelve, he ran away from home to join a tent show. The life of the world of make-believe became his life. Three hard years crammed with learning, grease-paint, and unshaded gasoline flares flashed by. He had abandoned the tent show for a Mississippi river show boat when he read that a company up north needed a juvenile lead and wired his application. A return telegram ordered him to report.

He was fifteen years of age, remember. He spent his last dime on a one-way ticket and his first pair of long pants. Imagine the boy rolling northward to his first real job, dreaming the dreams of fifteen and building for himself those magical air castles the best and the worst of us have conjured.

When he reached his destination, he was rejected. Too young. "I'll show you," he said. "I'll organize my own company and run you out of this territory." The manager—amused by the boy's nerve to say such a thing—changed his mind and at fifteen Robert Williams became a leading man.

There followed a succession of tent shows, medicine shows, stock companies, vaudeville. A hard life—but all the while he worked with his eyes ever on the golden beyond. Finally, he reached Broadway and played with Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." He appeared in "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and "Rebound." Leading man for Ann Harding and Ina Claire. Pretty good, that, for a little boy off the farm.

THEN Hollywood beckoned with a golden finger. He traveled west and helped make the stage play, "Rebound" into a talkie. What would it do to him? Would he be just another one-film Broadway actor or would he catch the popular fancy? The box office answered those questions. Bob Williams was a flop. The company for which he worked lost interest. True, they put him in "The Common Law" and "Devotion" but every one understood that he would never be a star. Why? Well, he had

no Barrymore profile, no princely figure, no Clark Gable magnetism.

Then someone had an idea. Change his face. Employ the miracle method of plastic surgery. He listened as serious men told him that he could never be a success until he altered his features. And he tentatively agreed. But Nina Williams, his wife, refused, and after thinking it over, he agreed with her. Those motion picture executives walked out of the conference and washed their hands of Robert Williams, actor.

Then destiny thrust him into a brief moment of glory. Another picture company borrowed him and gave him the lead in "Platinum Blond." There he found himself. It was as if some spark within suddenly ignited and fused his abilities into a flowing characterization. "Platinum Blond" became his picture. And it brought him closer to the end of the rainbow than he had thought was possible. New contracts were offered. Companies fought for his services. He won the most coveted rôle in Hollywood—the male lead opposite Constance Bennett in "Lady with a Past." Success was his, acclaim, fortune. For him and his wife, Nina Williams, and his little daughter it meant—everything. Everything in the world.

And then fate—not Hollywood—decreed that Robert Williams must never make another picture... life is a will-o'-the-wisp that slipped from his grasp just when he thought he had caught it.

Why was he who had the magic gift of giving others pleasure stricken in the fullness of his success? Why is that ingratiating smile hidden today under black earth? If there be an answer I pray Heaven to grant it to Nina Williams and the little daughter who survived him. Grant it, too, to those others of us who want to understand but cannot understand why the life of which we dream and for which we slave turns so often to emptiness.

I ask that in behalf of the thousands who were Robert Williams' fans—for I have just come from watching the staccato vitality of his performance in the film called "Platinum Blond"—and today Robert Williams is—is dead.

Most Inspiring Woman

(Continued from page 55)

romp through life as one could at nineteen, without becoming tired, without a slackening of pace, without a knowledge of the years. But Miss Dressler's vitality conquers, and radiates from her every word and gesture.

SHE gestures a lot. She told me, sitting at the luncheon table, the touching and human story of her next pic-

ture, "Emma." She acted it out for me, then and there, and I watched and listened as entranced as if I were in an audience in a darkened theatre. When she wasn't talking about "Emma," she was talking about people, about her stay in New York, and she was remembering funny stories for me. And her eyes, which are very sagacious, laughed, and, I thought, watching her smile, that

she has perhaps the sweetest smile I have ever encountered.

Naturally one cannot expect Marie Dressler to bounce about a screen as an eighteen-year-old or to insert herself into Norma Shearer frocks and rôles. But life can be just as exciting, just as crammed with drama and comedy, with pathos and tragedy as the years go on. She has an unlimited field to choose from; she can play great ladies or scrub-women; and she can make each one of them unforgettable to an entire audience.

She laughs easily, with her eyes as well as her mouth. She is impulsively and quickly kind. I was with her when she stopped to speak to the hotel chambermaid and apologize for the "trouble" her multitudinous flowers had, presumably, caused the girl. I listened to her exchanging gentle wisecracks with the floor clerk at the desk. And I realized from these trivial episodes and from things she said to me that she was intensely interested in people.

She had once walked briskly onto the scene of a trolley accident, just in time to see a defenseless woman fly through the air and land on the sidewalk. There was a lot of excitement and Miss Dressler was first on hand at the side of the victim. She would be. Not from curiosity but with a desire to render really practical aid. She made a pillow of her coat for the woman's head while crowds stood by and the woman's young daughter, who was with her, wrung her hands helplessly. People suggested hospitals and drugstores.

"Nonsense," said Miss Dressler calmly, "she's all right. I'll take her home." This she proceeded to do, and added, in her narration that she was unusually wealthy that day, "I had a dollar and eighty cents," she told us, laughing.

The woman lived, it appeared, in Harlem. To Harlem they drove, the three of them. The invalid seemed fully recovered. "Do you," Miss Dressler asked of the daughter, "live in New York?"

No, they were only boarding in Harlem, the daughter answered. She added, with resigned astonishment, "We only got here this morning. And when we had the accident I was taking mother to see a nerve specialist!"

Marie Dressler has never forgotten that incident. I shan't forget it either. The idea of a frightened out-of-towner on her way to consult a specialist because of shattered nerves and being flung rudely from trolley cars en route but surviving without visible signs of injury has its own particular humor; a humor which Miss Dressler fully appreciated. I've no doubt she believes that a little physical shaking up takes one's mind off the nerves and must be a good prescription.

I DO not believe that anything astonishes Marie Dressler very much. She views the world and its curious people with clear eyes. Her advice, if you asked her for it, would be sane and sympathetic but lighted with a tolerant laughter. She'd make an excellent justice of something or other. I'd like to endorse her nomination myself!

She is, I think, unique in the annals of Hollywood; a woman who understands perfectly the chances and changes of the game, who looks with wise and shrewdly tender eyes upon the mad antics of a younger generation, struggling for place, struggling to retain a foothold. Who should know better than she the precarious steps of the tilting, swaying ladder? Who should know better the feeling of insecurity just when one thought one's self so safe?

It is this wisdom which has enabled her to take her great success in her stride, as it were; not taking it so much for granted as a gift from the gods. She knows what it is worth; she has a sense of values. Her screen success is not, you see, her first success. Perhaps it isn't even her sweetest. I don't know. I didn't ask her. I have an idea that the early success is the sweeter and the more exciting; but that the success which comes, so to speak, like a second wind, must be the most satisfactory.

People forget that Marie Dressler was successful, fêted, a star, long before the screen and its people were ever heard of. Young people go to see her now and do not even realize that the screen was not her first medium of contact between herself and the public.

But all this is why I say that her work should not be judged by the fact that she has reached an age when most actresses are laid tenderly away upon a shelf of public oblivion, but should be judged upon its own outstanding merits. She has given us, for a great many years, the best that was in her. She is still giving it, and I think that she is growing all the time in artistic stature.

MARIE DRESSLER is a little puzzled by the star system. Why it means so much to people to star, why they fight to retain stardom. She has been, you see, a "star" for so very long that she cannot view the position through the covetous and beglamed eyes of youth. She agrees with me, as it happens, that the all-star cast on stage or screen is a splendid and a wholesome thing.

She meant it. Her idea of the perfect screen play is not of a more or less weak story carried by some one particular star but of a good story carried equally by a number of people, each perfect in his or her part, each giving something to the other, each sharing the burden, and making of the entire performance a flawless affair.

She likes to play with stars of the first magnitude.

There aren't many like that. But you see she has learned all the lessons life has to teach her and she is very generous and wise as well as very courageous.

Courage is, I think, one of her outstanding qualities. An ability to laugh it off, if life's joke is on her. And an ability, too, to weep for others. Courageous and kind. . . .

If she is afraid of anything in this world it is of fear. I fancy that she has faced, and many times, despair and disillusion, grief and the sudden end-

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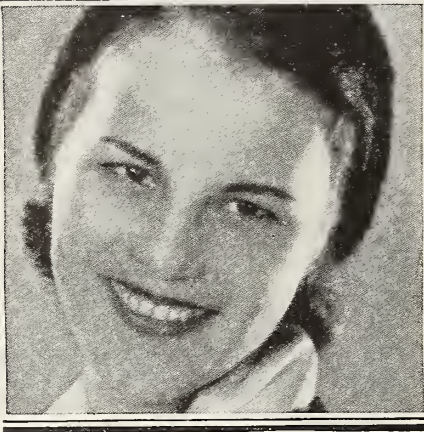
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ing of joy. Not to be afraid, whatever happens, that's her prayer, I fancy. "Fear," she said, sitting in the bright warm sunlight, high above Fifth Avenue, "fear is the most deadly thing in the world."

She didn't tell me her formula for banishing it. But I am sure she has one. I wish I had asked her for it. I could use it. And so could you.

But I imagine that it is a faith in her star, a star of no earthly making. And a trust in life, no matter how often life has betrayed her. For if it has let her down, as it has all of us, it has also given her good things, and happy things, and glorious memories, and hope for the future.

SHE has great charm; a warm embracing charm which has nothing relaxing about it. It is as bracing as a salt wind, and as kind as sunlight. She makes no effort to appear other than she is. She does not, as do so many women of her age, seek pitifully upon the shadow of youth. I compared her with many women of my acquaintance of the same generation, idle women, their faces smooth as ivory and empty as flattery, haggard under strong lights; women who dressed like their daughters and comforted themselves like their granddaughters. There is none of this tragic unnatural youth about Marie Dressler. She wears lovely and becoming frocks, to be sure, her hair is softly waved, she makes the most of herself. But she *remains* herself. The lines in her face have been engraven there by the ruthless chisel of life; she intends them to remain there; she has no wish to look, if she could, like some soft piece of flesh which has experienced nothing and which has concentrated all its efforts upon keeping the body young, to the neglect of the mind.

I think every line in her face means something to her, is the stamp of some experience of growth, some gaining of wisdom. If more women would follow her example and be themselves, this would be a happier world in which to live. The woman who courts youth to the exclusion of everything else courts disaster. The woman who grows old, not only gracefully but with laughter, is winning success. Many women can learn wisdom from Marie.

MARIE DRESSLER is a big woman. Big in body, big in feature, big in heart and soul and mind. There is nothing petty about her. I did not gain a hint of the tinsel pre-occupations, worries, and vanities which are often usual to a woman of her age. She carried with her a youth which is beyond and above the body; a youth which expresses itself in a vitality which even the body's weariness cannot defeat, in enthusiasms, in looking forward with eagerness, and looking backward with a smile and a tear.

She likes youth, as it happens, other people's youth. She likes young men, young women. She sympathizes, she

understands, she warns, I imagine, when she can. I marvel that, loathing fear as she does, she does not fear her friends. For she has so many. So many people making their demands upon her time, her sympathy, her affection, her advice. So many people looking to her to give them a "lift"—and a lift is always upward, in the right direction. So many people waiting to have her coax them to confidence, waiting to have her woo them to laughter. They must be a terrific strain upon her, yet I doubt if she could do without them. All her life she has had friends.

I know this, for I myself spoke to her of a member of my family who had known her many years ago. She remembered, and her face lighted up, and she smiled at me, and paid a very lovely tribute to this one of my own people who is no longer here. It sent me away from her very happy—very grateful.

There is a lesson in Marie Dressler for all of us. There's a lesson, you know, in most stories of real people, who have attained anything; just as there's a lesson in the stories of people who have attained and who through their own lack of wisdom, have not thought much of growth but have remained content with their attainment. But in Marie Dressler there are lessons not only for those of us who are young but for those of us who are nearing Miss Dressler's beautiful and important years. I don't mean for a moment that we can all stop worrying about Junior at college, or the pie in the oven and rush out and implore a motion picture producer to give us a part. Because, as I said before and cannot impress upon you too strongly, Miss Dressler is not a great actress because she happens to be fifty-nine, she is a great actress who has reached fifty-nine years of age, and she didn't become great overnight, you know. No. Very few of us are talented and the years do not bring talents, they merely develop the talent we were born with. But we can learn a great deal, just the same, from her. From her fear of fear, and her gallantry, and her laughter, and her secure knowledge that the best is yet to be.

Charm does not cease with the first gray hair; nor mental growth with the first wrinkle; nor should that unhappy sagging of muscles mean an end to enthusiasms and happiness.

Before I left her, Miss Dressler spoke to me with a pity and understanding, wholly removed from patronage, of the hundreds of stage and screen people who, outgrowing the sort of rôles in which they had become popular, were afraid to play the older parts, afraid to play second fiddle. She was, she said, sorry for them; if only they would understand that they could make second fiddle sing as beautifully as first fiddle, with a mellow, deepened tone all their own. If only they would understand.

If only we would all understand! Marie Dressler can help us.

In our next issue, Faith Baldwin, whose story you have just finished, gives a fascinating picture of Richard Arlen



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That was the sign which drew Linnie to her first air ride. But the thrill of flying through clouds found unexpected competition in the flashing smile of her pilot.

He was hard-boiled about girls, he told her, but that didn't stop Linnie from going out with him whenever he asked her.

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Sweetheart Stories

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of how they die and all the time their little babies are growing up until they have babies of their own. And of how they die. And of how it goes on and on and on like that."

For just a moment Gloria's eyes grew dark and moist and she held the little girl close to her. Perhaps she was thinking that only children ever face reality and are unafraid. Then she laughed and her eyes grew blue and bright again and she called to a little boy, flushed from sleep, who was running from the house to the sleigh and the mitten he had dropped when his nurse had called him for his nap.

"Brother," she called, "Oh, Brother! Come over and help Gloria and me with this igloo. We need a *man's* help."

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BECAUSE THEY'RE DEFORMED AND DEFECTIVE!

Is it strange, in view of these discouraging experiences, that Gloria wanted to keep this new love of hers safe and secret for as long as possible?

Alas for her hopes! In a few short weeks this romance was discolored by ugly rumors concerning the possibility of Gloria being prosecuted for ignoring the California divorce laws. As if her good, wise friend, Dudley Field Malone, at whose country house the ceremony was performed, would have permitted her to do anything illegal! But they were married again at Yuma, Arizona, after Gloria's decree became final.

With all my heart I make the old wish for Gloria and Michael—and the child which is said to be on the way.

May they live happily forever after! In spite of sensational headlines!

Up the Hollywood Years

(Continued from page 39)

from trapping. The boys learned that the Funston Fur Company would pay at the rate of \$3 per wildcat skin, and over a period of ten weeks Louis and Joel caught eleven of them—making \$33 dollars to be split between the busy hunters.

On Saturday afternoons Joel and Louis used to come down on Hollywood Boulevard to picture shows. The Iris, the one and only house (incidentally the Iris is still in operation across the street from its former location) featured exciting Western films starring William S. Hart and two or three serials with Pearl White, Ruth Roland and others on Saturday programs. William S. Hart rated in Joel's heart only next to animal trapping. "It must be wonderful to be an actor like that and get to ride horses all day," Joel confided to Louis on one of their long walks home. "Ever think of being an actor when you grow up?" Louis asked.

"Nope," said Joel. "I guess I'll be a teamster. Mr. Miller out in the canyon has offered me a job as teamster when they get ready to pave Hollywood Boulevard next fall."

AND so it came to pass that Joel McCrea, who was later to ride in the back seat of Connie Bennett's town car, and to drive his own sport phaeton down the famous little street in the heart of Hollywood, is riding over a road he helped build! For Joel accepted the Miller offer, and at the age of thirteen he reined his horses and wagon down the dirt path that was one day to rate as one of the most famous thoroughfares in the world.

Joel loved horses and took such good care of them that the fact was brought to Mr. Miller's attention. In addition to his teamster work, Joel was hired

at a salary of \$1 weekly to feed the horses in the Miller private stables. Later on this magnificent sum was increased to \$7 weekly for Joel to drive the horses while Miller plowed. As a result of his hard work on the improvement of Hollywood, Joel managed to have plenty of spending money during school terms. One summer he saved so much money that he was able to pay Rex Bell (later to become Clara Bow's fiancé) \$80 for a horse, saddle and bridle. The horse was a good bargain and Joel had not owned him a week before he had an offer from Jack Holt, who had just built a home at the foot of the canyon, to buy the animal for \$750. But Joel wouldn't sell. He was determined to start a "stable" of his own—an ambition which was partially realized when two girls out in Hollywood trying to break into the movies, were forced to return home to Chicago and sold Joel their mounts for \$60.

With three horses at his command Joel cut a mean figure along Hollywood Boulevard. Every evening he would ride down to the Hollywood Hotel, "hitch" in front of the hostelry, and step over to Graham's Ice Cream Parlor for a soft drink.

IT was at this time that Joel became close friends with two other fourteen-year-old blades of Hollywood—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Michael Cudahy. The three of them would go on long twilight rides together. Fairbanks, Sr., had a San Fernando Valley Ranch, and the old Italian caretaker there taught young Doug and Mike Cudahy to ride. These kids, growing up together, didn't suspect what a strange prank Fate had in store for them. Mike and young Doug were later to figure prominently in the life

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things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you'll see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. Obviously the roots were alive!"

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of the same girl—Joan Crawford. Joan was just getting over an unhappy romantic experience with Mike Cudahy, play-boy supreme, when she met and loved and married his old childhood chum, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Something tells me there is not much friendship lost between young Doug and Mike Cudahy now—but the grown-up problems of grown-up people were far away from those kids who rode and laughed through the valleys of San Fernando.

Mike Cudahy and his family lived in one of the first mansions to be built on Hollywood Boulevard. It had originally been built by Mr. Ralph, the local grocery king, and the imposing white stucco house with its bright red roof and its elaborate grounds was one of the original show places of the rapidly growing community. Later, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck bought this property and it was their home several years before their separation. Now it is untenanted. But at the time the Cudahys lived there it was the mecca of many gay evenings, and a smart crowd of motion picture people. Mike and his pals, young Doug and Joel McCrea, were much too young to mingle in the festivities but they loved to "hang around" and look on.

Rudolph Valentino, then a leading man at the old Metro lot, was a frequent visitor at the Cudahys. At first Joel and Mike were not so sold on Rudy. He looked and acted like a "hand kissing Wop" but one afternoon after a tennis game, Rudy and Joel got in a conversation about horses—and from then on they were very good friends. Rudy not only talked horses well—he actually knew them. He went up in the McCrea estimation sky high when he admired Joel's favorite mount, the one he had bought from Rex Bell, and told him he had a great animal in the pretty little horse. Just for that, Joel let Rudy ride his pet. Joel says: "Rudy was the most graceful rider I have ever seen. He loved horses. He knew how to handle them."

ANOTHER frequent caller at the Cudahy home was a young fellow named Arnold Gray. Gray's resemblance to Wallace Reid was so startling that an independent motion picture company was on the verge of launching him into a starring career of his own on the strength of his likeness to the late Paramount star. Gray's first picture was to be a Western. He looked brown and virile—just a great out-door type—but he had never been on a horse in his life. He confided his troubles to Joel and offered him the job of teaching him how to ride before the picture went into production. It was a pretty big job, but Joel thought he could do it. He received \$10 weekly for his instructions to Gray, and while the latter didn't qualify as a stunt rider by the time the picture went into production, he gave a creditable account of himself.

Joel's first visit to a Hollywood studio was when he dropped over to see how his protégé was getting along. The



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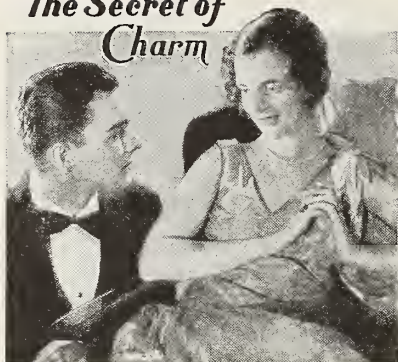
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company was filming a location scene with a lot of heavy riding and for the first time Joel got the impression that an actor's life was not all "sissy." When Gray confided to Joel the salary he was making (\$250 a week) it was the beginning of Joel's first half-hearted ambition to become an actor himself. If one could ride horses all day long and draw \$250 weekly in the bargain, it was a far more lucrative calling than his original ambition of being a cowboy rancher.

Hollywood was growing up and becoming world famous. The movies were moving into gilded palaces. Movie stars and their doings were becoming of paramount interest all over the world. Joel's father was beginning to make a good deal of money on his property holdings and he had become one of the community's most progressive citizens—but to Joel, Hollywood was still the place where he and Louis trapped wildcats in the hills. He still assiduously avoided parties and girls, preferring a Lone Wolf existence with his pal, Louis.

THE fall of his fourteenth year he entered Hollywood High School. He was still only casually interested in his studies—but managed to get by, principally because a certain scholastic showing was required before one was eligible for athletics. Above all things he loathed and dreaded any form of responsibility. At one time he was nominated for President of the student body, but excused himself by saying he had to work before and after school and had no time for the responsibilities of the job. Later, after Joel became a star, he confided to an interviewer that any form of responsibility was the bane of his existence. "That's one reason I have tried to stay shy of falling in love. Love is a responsibility—and a big one."

In his third year of high school his utter self-sufficiency was upset by a charming brunette girl named Elizabeth

Lippincott. In spite of all he could do to prevent it—he fell for Elizabeth, and fell hard. She was a pupil at the Hollywood School for Girls. Many daughters of film folk attended this school—Edwin Carewe's daughter, Rita; Francis X. Bushman's two daughters and Cecelia DeMille, whom Joel had known for years. Elizabeth was just at the age when she liked to go to parties—and the situation evolved itself into this: if Joel was to be her "friend" he was going to have to learn to dance. Elizabeth must have had a strong influence over Joel, for he not only learned to dance (a very painful process) but he joined the Junior Bachelor Club. Probably to counteract any bad impression connected with his social activities, Joel affected plaid shirts and old cords with heavy army shoes and a wide-brimmed Stetson hat for school wear. In that he-man outfit certainly no one would think he had gone "sissy."

ELIZABETH was the first girl Joel ever kissed. He was eighteen years old. One night when he was driving her home from a dance they argued about another boy who had danced twice with her at the party. Joel didn't like him. She said he was being very silly. "Well," said Joel, independently, "you probably won't see me again . . . it's too bad but that's the way I feel about it." By this time they were at her front door and Joel was fumbling with the key. "I promise I won't ever dance with him again—if you'll come back," Elizabeth conceded. And before he knew it Joel had kissed her. He was so surprised at his own daring that he could hardly open the door for her. He felt weak in the knees. He sat in his car one hour after Elizabeth had gone in, too stunned and surprised to drive off. Here was romance with a capital R and it had happened to him of all people.

(To be continued.)

Roddyjock

(Continued from page 52)

wagged vibrantly. His stumper legs danced with pleased excitement. His shining black little eyes turned inquiringly from one vociferous claimant to the other. His head was tilted on one side, in seeming indecision. Then, suddenly his choice was made.

He galloped eagerly over to a small boy who stopped at the curb to watch the odd sight. Around and around the youngster he frisked; barking shrilly and pawing the boy's legs and even licking the newcomer's shoes. In brief, he gave every exuberant Scottie manifestation of rapture at meeting an adored and long-lost owner.

Very evidently the boy was not used to dogs. This noisy exuberance frightened him. He took to his heels. After him cantered the Scottie. Looking over

his shoulder and finding he was pursued, the boy stooped for an imaginary stone to hurl.

At this gesture, the Scottie halted in his glad pursuit. With lofty dignity he abandoned so ungracious a stranger; and came loping back toward Ruth and Clay, who had been staring after him in unbelieving chagrin.

"Might play Solomon, and cut him in two, and each of us take half," suggested Clay, trying to cover his annoyance at his canine chum's dearth of loyalty.

"In order to 'play Solomon,'" retorted the girl, as annoyed at the Scottie's dereliction as was Barry himself, "one should have at least a tithe of Solomon's brains. The rôle doesn't quite fit a man who can't think up a

cleverer excuse for staying away from his own engagement dinner than to say he fell asleep at five o'clock that afternoon and didn't wake up till after one o'clock the next morning. Solomon could have told a far less idiotic story than that, I'm sure."

"He couldn't, if he told the truth!" flared Clay. "I explained to you fifty times that I had been working nearly all night long, for a week, at the studio, on account of that special we had to finish on schedule; and I was dead on my feet. You know it was my big chance! I got home at five o'clock and I thought an hour's nap would brace me up. I didn't wake up till—"

"Till you had made me the laughing stock of the whole movie colony," she finished. "I told you then that there was nothing more to be said about it. Please give me my dog. I must get home."

"I'll give you my dog, if you insist. But as you sent back all the other things I gave you—"

"Wait!" she broke in. "I know how we can settle it, past all doubt. I bought Roddy from Chief Boyle. The Chief raised him from a puppy. He'd know him, at one glance. I'm going over to that service station and telephone to police headquarters and ask the Chief to drive up here, right away, and settle the matter."

SHE vanished into the service station's scarlet-painted office, leaving Clay and the Scottie blinking after her.

Presently she was back again, triumph in every line of face and slender body.

"The Chief will be up here in ten minutes," she announced. "And from my description, he's certain it must be Roddy. Of course, that means you'll have to sacrifice ten whole minutes talking with me, here, till he arrives. I'm sorry to inflict such an ordeal on you; when really there seems to be nothing we can say to each other. But it can't be helped, I suppose. He says—where are you going?" she broke off with something akin to dismay.

For, tucking the Scottie under his arm, Barry Clay also vanished into the service station. Ruth took an uncertain step after him. Then she paused, standing irresolute. In three minutes Clay emerged from the office and re-joined her.

As he crossed the street toward her

he was laughing—rather unaccountably.

"You said ten minutes, didn't you?" he said to her, still grinning. "That'll be about right—Boyle is just starting. I told him to bring along the snapshot of Jock he showed me the day I bought the dog from him."

AS Ruth listened the lines around her mouth softened considerably. Then, suddenly, seemingly for no reason, the two of them burst out laughing.

"Didn't Solomon say something about profiting by past foolishness and false pride and all that miserable sort of thing?" asked Barry, his eyes holding Ruth's. "If he didn't, it's time somebody did. And I can go him one better in something else: instead of cutting the dog in two, let's own him, jointly, shan't we? And we can call him 'Roddyjock.' It's a swell name. How about it?"

"But—but where is he going to live, then?"

"With us, of course. In the Beverly Hills house we're going to build."

Ruth's eyes grew very soft and she smiled and caught hold of Barry's arm.

As they drifted away, with Roddyjock scampering rocking-horse-like at their heels, a fat man bustled into the service station.

"May I use your phone?" he asked the clerk excitedly. "I've just seen a dog of mine that was stolen some days ago. He is following a man and a girl. I want to call up Chief Boyle and tell him."

"Sorry," said the clerk sullenly. "There've been too many people using the phone already this morning."

"But, my dog!" The man cried. "It's a Scottie! I must get him."

The clerk yawned wearily. "Say, listen," he said sagely. "Forget it. No one can tell his own Scottie from anyone else's—I know. I've had three—and lost them all."

"I don't care if you had fifty Scotties, I've got to talk to Chief Boyle!" the man thundered. "He raises them. He'll know my dog."

"Don't waste your time," the clerk said wearily. "A girl was just in here—and after she left, a man. They both called the Chief. I could tell from what they said that the Chief went to Pasadena this morning and isn't expected back till tomorrow. So long."

Stepchild of the Royal Family

(Continued from page 75)

shame. His admiration goes to the fighters of life . . . not the romantic and colored figures of sentiment. Personally, he does not consider himself a stepchild of the Royal Family . . . or any other family—"Hell, no!"

The real reason for revealing the fact that Barrymore is suffering continually from an affliction is that it might possibly explain so much of Barrymore's

personal and professional restlessness. That terrific pain in his knee . . . the swelling of his right hand . . . the taut expression in his face . . . all of these might help to build a basis for his present attitude towards Hollywood people and the world.

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Men who lack perfect health often lack the ability to concentrate as well. This might be one of the reasons why Barrymore has been delayed from the heights he so rightfully deserves. It is not generally known that he is actually a veteran of the motion picture industry. He began his career with D. W. Griffith 'way back in 1909—when that famous director prevailed upon the stage actor to try a rôle in a film called "Friends." He made a wonderful impression in that first effort . . . but unlike others who stayed to conquer the field, he elected to return to the stage and thus failed to become a part of screen tradition. His career wavered from Broadway to Hollywood for the next twenty years. Occasionally he would return to make a silent picture. And he started a vogue years ago that is just now becoming popular: the motion picture production of a stage hit. This, you will recall, was the time he made a picture of "The Copperhead" in which he had scored so greatly on Broadway.

THEN in 1927 he consented to return to Hollywood once again, this time to make motion picture history with his performance in "The Lion and the Mouse." His acting in that picture was widely acclaimed. He could have named his own ticket in any studio in Hollywood . . . but he chose to play the piano instead! For quite a few months following the release of that picture, nothing was seen or heard of him.

Suddenly, as if by magic, he appeared again. This time under contract at M-G-M. He was hired as an actor. But no sooner had he arrived at the studio than he was begging for a chance to direct! Finally they gave him a chance on a short subject, "Confession." Overnight, all of Hollywood was talking about Lionel Barrymore, the director! The studio immediately decided that he was to do no more acting. He was too valuable as a director. He directed "Madame X" and "The Rogue Song." Every star on the lot was asking for his guiding genius. He could have any star he wanted . . . any story he desired . . . and any assistance he needed—if he would only direct!

It was right at this climax that he

decided to return to acting. He had found a part in a picture that he thought he would like to do: the lawyer in "A Free Soul."

His performance in that picture won him the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences' Award for the best male performance of 1931.

Of course, the studio immediately realized that he was a much greater actor than he was a director (just as they had, a year ago, come to the conclusion that he was a better director than an actor) and so they implored him to stay in the acting end of the profession. Barrymore was a bit dubious. He wanted change again. But the heads of the studio got together and hired a special writer to prepare a starring picture especially for him: "Guilty Hands." Just for your own information, the picture coined money at the box office.

WHAT will he do next? Will he do the regular thing and give up Hollywood entirely for a year or so . . . meanwhile appearing on the stage in New York? Or will he return once more to directing?

Those few who know and enjoy the friendship of Lionel Barrymore are unable to answer the question. They will tell you that his private life is almost as changing and hectic as his professional career. Not that he does a great deal—he doesn't! As a matter of fact, the man loves to loaf! He exercises his right to change by finding new and more delightful ways of loafing. When he is unable to find perfect peace and contentment at home, he goes to his apartment in "The Town House," an exclusive apartment overlooking a picturesque park. It is said that it is here that he does most of his beautiful etchings . . . which may be true. Some are inclined to think that he has a favorite easy chair hidden away down there.

He doesn't go in for fishing on account of the painful knee. Hunting gets the same answer. He loves his brother John, but thinks that yachting is rather inane. He "absolutely refuses to appear at Hollywood's dancing meccas" . . . but just the other evening he was seen at the Coconut Grove. True, he looked bored to death and rather sullen . . . but he was there. He doesn't want to become a star . . . nor does he enjoy the idea of even becoming popular in pictures for the reason that he detests being interviewed and hates to talk about himself.

But if one knows the background of Lionel Barrymore . . . some of his accomplishments . . . a few of his characteristics . . . the reasons for the lines of pain and suffering so apparent in his face, one might be able to understand why he becomes vehement as he vows that he isn't the stepchild of the Royal Family . . . or any other family. . . .

"No, sir!"

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO NANCY CARROLL?

Watch for the answer in our March Issue

Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 87)

all the rest of the familiar world. Sylvia fairly counted the days until the picture would be finished. And then came the word that there would be retakes. She was desperate. She left the studio and made her way upstairs to her dressing room. She wondered how in the world she was going to endure another week of it.

There was a knock at her door.

"Who's there?" she asked.

A leading-man called his name. "I want to see you," he told her.

Sylvia let him in and almost immediately his arms was about her slim waist.

"I noticed you leaving your set," he said. "You looked unhappy and lonely. And, you know, a pretty girl like you doesn't have to be lonely . . ."

"No?" Sylvia freed herself and there was rebuff in her voice. But he didn't even seem to notice. He asked her if she wouldn't be his guest at his beach house. He asked her to lunch in his dressing room. And in spite of Sylvia's chilly refusals he began placing insinuating hands upon her shoulders. Again Sylvia pulled free.

"I'm not yet sufficiently lonely to be interested in you," she told him. "Frankly, I doubt that I ever shall be. If I change my mind I'll let you know." And she held the door very wide for him to leave.

"That," says Sylvia, "is the only unpleasant experience I've ever had in all my job hunting and theatrical work. I doubt that any girl out in the world has had less."

AT last the retakes on "Thru Different Eyes" were finished. Sylvia boarded the train for the East. New York came at last. Her mother and father waiting eagerly behind the ropes that cleared the way for those coming from the train!

In the taxi on the way home they had to hold Sylvia's many bags back with their feet when the cab careened around corners and slithered in and out of the elevated poles on Sixth Avenue. New York might be a little mad but to Sylvia it was wonderful.

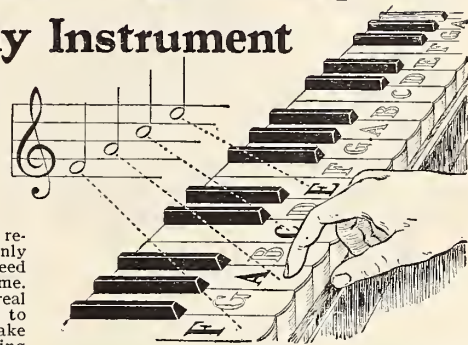
It was actually grand hunting a job, being on Broadway again. She played in "The Old Fashioned Girl," completing the run of this play with her foot in a plaster cast after she fractured a small ankle bone falling on the winding iron stairs that led from her dressing room to the stage.

Then came "Many a Slip" and "Crossroads" and finally "Bad Girl," with Paul Kelly. Her performance in this was admittedly outstanding. Sylvia had begun to gather the fruit of her hard work and her intensive training.

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Everybody was in earlier than usual, making up with special care. Obviously there was something in the air.

Just how rumors get about, it would be difficult to say, but on Broadway there is a grapevine as active as any operating inside prison walls. Rumor had it that B. P. Schulberg, managing director of Paramount's western studios, would attend that evening's performance. And it was hardly a secret that Schulberg was in New York shopping for talent.

Sylvia Sidney was the only member of the cast not excited. Schulberg meant nothing to her. Let him jingle movie gold! Sylvia wanted none of it.

Waiting for her cue, Sylvia had to make her way through the tense group that stood in the wings. Somewhere in the dark out front sat B. P. Schulberg. The gold of Hollywood was behind him. A word or gesture might charm him and the pattern of a life be changed. But it meant little to Sylvia.

First act. Second act. Last act. The final curtain rang down. Hard to say whether better or worse performances than usual were given that evening. Everybody lingered taking off their make-up. He might be back.

Sylvia pulled her hat over her dusky hair.

"Good-night," she called. "Good-night, Harry." This to the door-man who wore a white carnation in his frayed button-hole. If Schulberg did come back . . . He was always looking for types, so they said . . . Strange things happen in the world of the theatre . . .

Gradually the dressing rooms emptied. Schulberg never appeared. Unfounded rumors did get about sometimes.

THIS particular rumor, however, had not been unfounded, although no one knows how it started, for Schulberg had been careful to secure his tickets through a friend.

The next morning a Western Union octogenarian delivered Sylvia a letter. It was from B. P. Schulberg. It asked her to meet him at the Paramount Building that very afternoon at four o'clock.

"I went," Sylvia says, "because I thought it stupid from a business point of view not to go. Stage and motion picture interests were growing closer all the time. Schulberg was hardly a man to offend. But honestly, I hoped he wouldn't make me a movie offer that I couldn't afford to refuse. I had loathed Hollywood and I didn't want to go back.

"That is, I didn't want to go back when I started out. After I'd talked to Mr. Schulberg for a little while I wasn't so sure. He knew about my previous fiasco. He talked of the many things Paramount planned for the future. He explained to me how talkies had been perfected.

"He also spoke of the different books and plays and how he felt they should be interpreted on the screen. Before he had finished I found myself ambitious to have some small part in all these plans.

"He brought up the subject of a contract finally and I was delighted. I've never changed my mind so completely in all my life."

This time Hollywood was better. Her mother was with her. The mountains closing in at dusk didn't depress her. She drove to her own home when her work in the studios was done. There were her personal possessions, dear and familiar in the lamplight. The precious dressing table that had once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt. Her books, including a 1647 edition of Shakespeare. And there was the promise of visits from her father as often as he could get away from his practice.

As a matter of fact, Sylvia wasn't given much time to decide whether or not she was enthusiastic about Hollywood. Clara Bow was taken from the cast of "City Streets" and Sylvia was rushed into her part. The eyes of the country focused upon her. Would she be a carbon copy of the impetuous, carefree Clara or would she stake her claim to popularity on an equally vivid personality of her own? Magazines and newspapers ran pictures of her and interviews were scheduled for her every free minute.

THE studios Sylvia found pleasant, as Mr. Schulberg had predicted she would. There was order on the lot. The gold rush of stage people was over. The mike was important, but not all-important.

When "City Streets" was completed the executives went about patting each other on the back because they had a long term contract with the Sidney girl. They rushed her into "An American Tragedy." A new and brilliant dramatic star loomed in the film heavens.

Sylvia made a hurried trip to New York. There was a round of family parties. All the cousins looked upon her with something like awe. They had a movie star in their midst. This attitude upset Sylvia and she did everything she could to end this idol-worship and put their relationship back on the old warm, intimate basis.

"I couldn't bear them acting as if I was a celebrity . . . talking to me with constraint. I wanted it to be as it always had been. I wanted our talk to be of family things . . . of new babies . . . and new apartments . . . of the way Albert promised to make a great name for himself. . . .

"It's that way again at last. Which is as it should be."

"An American Tragedy" more than fulfilled the promise Sylvia had given in "City Streets." Samuel Goldwyn asked that she might play the leading rôle in the Pulitzer Prize play, "Street Scene," to be directed by King Vidor in collaboration with the author, Elmer Rice. Unquestionably this was a plum rôle of the year.

Weeks and weeks went into the making of "Street Scene." Again Sylvia broke her ankle. Doctors said she couldn't possibly walk for a month. But in two weeks she was on the lot. She forgot herself. She submerged her own

identity in the identity of the sensitive and frustrated, yet hopeful and youthful Rose. The final scenes were shot and Sylvia was invited to New York for the grand première.

THEN came the night. Great lights blinked on Broadway. "Street Scene . . . Street Scene . . . Street Scene." In the Rivoli lobby stood great easels with portraits of Sylvia. Police reserves were called to hold back the curious crowds, to keep a lane clear so the distinguished invited guests might get from their motors to the theatre without being crushed. There was the impressive strip of red carpet. There were flashlights.

In an exclusive little restaurant on Madison Avenue Sylvia dined with her father.

Outside, the beautiful car that was to take them to the theatre waited. The chauffeur stood at the open door. Just ahead, was Sylvia's motorcycle escort. No traffic lights were to delay her. A shrieking siren was to herald her coming; demand for her the right of way. Traffic policemen were to

salute smartly as she whizzed past.

Before she stepped into the car, Sylvia paused a minute.

"I'd like to go by way of Forty-second Street," she told the escort with a wink. "I never have been so impressive before in all my life. I may never be again. I'd like very much to make the most of this; to have it last as long as possible."

THEY sped down Fifth Avenue and turned into Forty-second Street, the siren screeching, pedestrians turning to see what celebrated person rode in that great car. It seemed to Sylvia nothing ever could equal those few minutes. She didn't know, you see, the reception that would await her under the Rivoli marquee when she stepped from her car. . . . She didn't guess the hysterical ovation that would echo and reëcho inside when "Street Scene" faded from the screen and the audience demanded that she speak to them from the stage. . . . She didn't count on the future in which, unless all signs and predictions fail, greater glory awaits—greater, even, than she knows now.

Are You Manners-Conscious?

(Continued from page 89)

signed. Love was doomed.

Not only did mother-in-law dictate the policy at home, but she would come to the studio while David was working. She sat on the set during love scenes, regarding his leading ladies suspiciously. Eventually young David, in desperation, rebelled . . . and from that time on, life in the Manners household was a species of nightmare. His hours at home were one continual quarrel. His hours at the studio were spent mentally reviewing the last battle and bracing himself for the next one. No wonder people found David unsociable and remote.

Such a state of affairs, of course, could not last. David is a very independent young man. He has been on his own since he was sixteen. He is not the type to allow his life to be taken out of his own hands for long. Furthermore, he has a well-bred aversion for scenes—an innate good taste which makes petty bickering unbearable for him.

David Manners is first and last a gentleman—but beneath his quiet dignity and gentle graciousness is an adventurous spirit. He comes by both traits naturally. Both his father and mother are members of the English nobility. His mother is a Manners and through her he is related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Cooper. Lady Diana Manners, of stage fame, is his cousin. Through his father he traces his ancestry back to William the Conqueror. His real name is Rauff Aklom.

Young Rauff left his home at an

early age. He was not happy, for he and his father have never been able to get along. Probably, says David wisely, for the reason that they are too much alike. Although his family was well-to-do, David was practically penniless when he descended upon New York to seek a career. He had been educated at the University of Toronto and had spent two seasons with a Toronto stock company when he decided to take his fate in his hands and go adventuring.

For the next few years his career was vari-colored as a crazy quilt. He began his stage career with the Theatre Guild but did not remain behind the footlights. For a time he was social contact man for an art gallery, spending months abroad. His job was to wine and dine wealthy potential customers, to charm them into making purchases. It was a position for which his intelligence, his breeding and his social grace eminently suited him—but David rebelled before long. He didn't like that sort of job. There were months spent as a cowpuncher on a dude ranch in Arizona, regaining his health after a serious illness. He tells you laughingly, "I did some of the best acting of my career during that period—playing at being a cowboy. I hope I convinced other people as well as I convinced myself!" Then there were the six months spent as a night clerk in a New York hotel.

DAVID MANNERS' entrance into pictures was a lucky accident, in a way. He was passing through Los An-



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by Harriet Parsons

GARBO ON THE SET

by Jack Jamison

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And, by the way, watch for our March cover. Joan Crawford is the subject—and it's one of the best paintings of Joan you've ever seen—or will see

Don't forget—the March Issue.
On sale February First

"If you read Modern
Screen you're movie wise"

geles on his way to take a position on a sugar plantation in Hawaii. With him was the young wife to whom he had been married a year. Offered a test for "Journey's End," he took it just as a lark. To his amazement, the rôle was given to him.

Today he is one of the screen's most popular juveniles. You've seen him in "Mother's Cry," "The Right to Love," "Kismet," "The Millionaire," "The Miracle Woman," "The Last Flight," and "The Ruling Voice." He's under contract to First National—but other studios are Manners-conscious and he has been frequently borrowed. He has just finished the lead in "The Greeks Had a Word for It" at United Artists.

A brilliant future is ahead of him, yes. But his first love has been lost

and as for another romance—well—the Hollywood girls haven't succeeded in making a Don Juan of David yet. He's watching his step. The girl who engages Dave's serious interest will be, in his own words, "strong-minded and independent. A girl who has interests of her own and is not entirely dependent on me for her enjoyment of life."

PERHAPS this explains why David Manners finds enjoyment in the companionship of such women as Pola Negri and Elsie Janis. Women older than himself, brilliant, self-sufficient, with careers of their own and wide interests. When a girl comes along who combines with these qualities a youth parallel with his own—then only will David surrender to romance again.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 92)

So Dick, being a good sport, signed "Ben Lyon" and left the father and son their illusions.

THERE'S a hair-dressing parlor in Hollywood that is a weekly rendezvous for young juveniles and leading men. Even if there are no signs of disappearing hair, these young actors must take precautions against the fateful day when they might have to use the dreaded toupée.

There aren't any booths at the hair-dressing parlor—and the boys just sit around with their shirts off in the one big room while their scalps are being treated. Some of the regular patrons are Joe E. Brown (not a juvenile), David Manners, Dick Cromwell and Eddie Woods.

Another of the month's beauty hints ought to come from Clark Gable. Clark was endowed with unusually bushy eyebrows which grew together over his nose. So they had to be plucked for the camera, and it's a great improvement both on and off the screen.

BILL HART'S appearance at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium for the weekly boxing bouts caused a lot of excitement. It's the first time the veteran actor has made a public appearance in years. He was in a party including Maurice Chevalier, Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson—and he didn't like the decision rendered for the main bout at all, at all.

"This is the first fight I've been to for two years—and if that's the kind of decisions they hand out—it'll be the last for a long time," Hart told Chevalier as they were leaving.

About her Hollywood visit, Claudette says:

"I hope I convinced everyone that Norman (Foster) and I aren't going to get a divorce. After all, I spent my entire vacation out here, and all I

seemed to do the whole time was deny divorce rumors!"

THE George Fitzmaurices celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary with a large party at their beautiful Beverly Hills home. As a surprise for Fitz—Diana Kane (Mrs. Fitz) showed a moving picture which she had taken herself. It had for its cast all the children of Hollywood's famous folk, including Mrs. Dick Barthelmess' little son, Stuart Sargeant, Mary Hay Barthelmess, little Peter Bennett (Connie's small son), tiny Irving Thalberg, Jr., Barbara Bebe Lyon—and the two Fitzmaurice tots, Sheila and the baby.

The movie was not only an innovation in entertainment for Hollywood—but it made a big hit with all the proud parents. In fact, it led to some quite heated arguments among them as to whose kid was the best photographic subject!

When asked about her wedding anniversary, Diana said: "Yes, George has decided to take up my option for another year!"

Husband Tony Bushell was in San Francisco appearing in a show, so Zelma O'Neal appeared at the opening of "Five Star Final" with young Lawrence Olivier—who is an old friend of both the Bushells.

A catty acquaintance sidled over and hissed to Zelma—"A break in the family, Zelma, dear?"

"Just a break for the family, sweet one!" came back Zelma.

AH ha! Hollywood has at last found its "Tarzan"—in the person of husky Johnny Weismuller, nationally known swimming champ. Johnny took test after test out at M-G-M for the rôle. His physique was certainly 100 percent perfect—but his nose didn't photograph well. It looked as if he had been on the wrong end of a powerful left-hook. But after a bit of plastic surgery, he got the part.

Jimmy Durante contracted a bad cold in his nose while on a fishing trip. "And when Schnozzle has a cold in his nose," added a pal, "he's a pretty sick man!"

CLARA BOW says she's glad that she decided not to go on to New York after all, because there would have probably been lots of rumors about her seeing Harry Richman, as she admits she would have seen him had she reached New York. Harry and Clara are still good friends even though their love affair is a thing of the dead past.

The red-haired actress got as far as Gallup, New Mexico, where she got a long distance phone call from Hollywood (must have been Rex Bell at the Hollywood end of the wire), and decided to retrace her steps back to Hollywood . . . and Rex. So instead of a New York vacation before starting work on her new picture, "Get The Woman," Clara will spend a quiet few weeks in the modest Hollywood apartment she has taken, resting and studying.

CLEVER little Greta Grandstedt (you'll remember her as the young blond flapper in "Street Scene") is playing a lead in "Manhattan Parade" over at First National now. That dead-pan comedian, Charlie Butterworth, has the comedy rôle in the same picture—and he and Greta have become quite friendly. The other day Greta left the studio feeling not-so-well. That night Charlie brought over a gang—and also a delectable roast chicken for the invalid.

Greta loves chicken and couldn't pass it up, in spite of a threatened case of appendicitis.

Among the most interested spectators at the opening of "The Silver Cord" were two very beautiful young screen misses—Dorothy Jordan and Barbara Weeks. Their interest, however, was more or less centered on young Donald Dilloway, who has a part in the stage play. Dot and Barbara both admit they like Don very much indeed—and Don reciprocates by saying both are lovely girls.

Wonder who will get the man?

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were also among the first-night audience of Sidney Howard's play. As usual, Joan had to have her "coke" at the drug store nearby after the performance. Evidently the young Fairbanks had had words earlier in the evening—for Joan deigned not to speak to Doug while in the store. He was trying to explain something to her . . . and she walked away, saying, "Pick up my evening bag from the counter and come on."

But this doesn't mean that the Fairbanks, Jr.s, are going to split up—or anything like it. Maybe Joan just had a headache and was feeling mean. Other people never give the stars credit for being just human beings.

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Our March Issue

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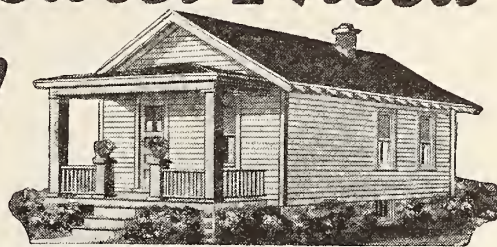
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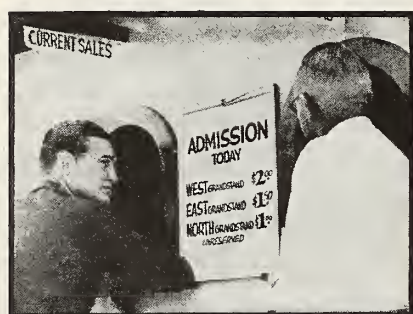
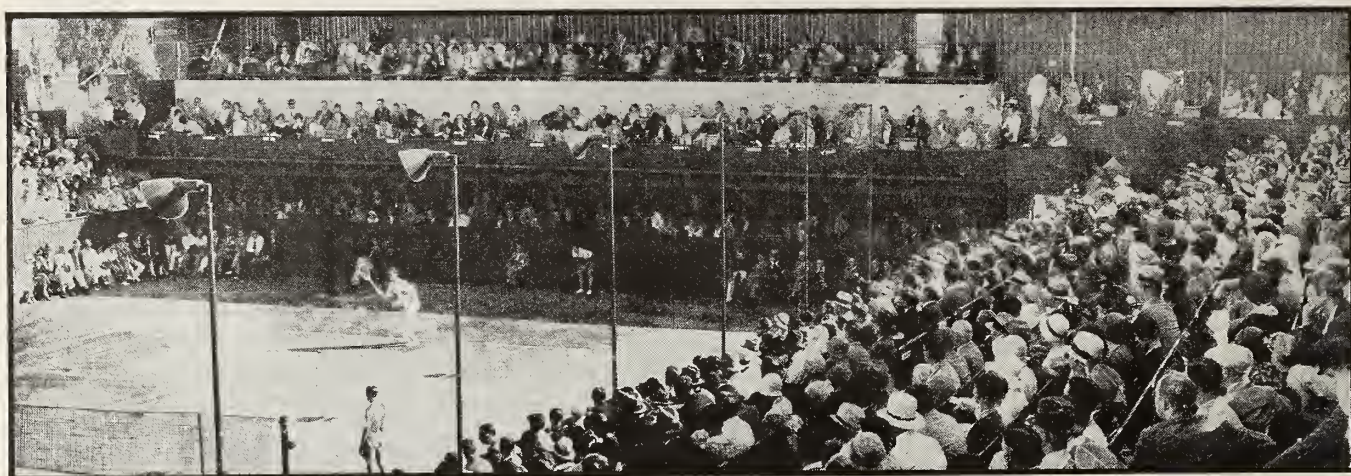
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AT THE TENNIS CLUB



At a recent tennis tournament at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, any number of the more prominent movie stars appeared to cheer on the contenders. The picture at the top of the page gives you a general view of the court. See if you can see Bob Montgomery in one of the boxes—he's wearing a very light suit. Now, starting at the right and going clockwise: 1. Charlie Farrell. 2. Robert Montgomery and Frances Dee. 3. Bill Powell and his wife, Carole Lombard. 4. Mary Brian. 5. Conrad Nagel and Cedric Gibbons. 6. Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver, his wife. 7. Richard Dix buying a ticket at the entrance to the tennis club.



Photographs by Thelmer Hoover

Some more of those fascinatingly intimate pictures of the stars

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Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

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