

THE FINEST INTIMATE PICTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE

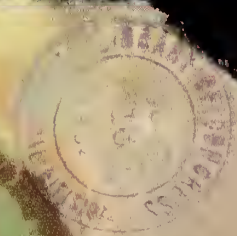
MODERN SCREEN

JULY

10¢

RETURN TO
NEWSPAPER
DIVISION
ROOM (ANNEX)

**MARIE
DRESSLER
ENEMIES!**



Glorious New Colors For Everything in Your Wardrobe and Home!

- Tintex Gives Lovely Color—
Easily and Instantly—
With no Muss or Fuss!—

Underthings—almost white from washing . . .
sportsclothes—still serviceable, but faded . . . drab
curtains and drapes . . . *there are so many things
that need the magic touch of fresh new color!*

Trust them all to Tintex!

In a few minutes they will be as bright and
colorful as when you bought them . . . or gay
with new and *different* colors, if you wish!

And it's really no extra trouble! Tintex
is so easy to use and the results are
perfect—without spots or streaks.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug
or notion counter—35 colors from
which to choose—then buy Tintex—
try Tintex...you'll be delighted!



Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a
dark frock (or any other
dark-colored article) and
are pining for a lighter
colored one...



Tintex Color Remover
will safely and speedily
take out all trace of color
(including black) from
any fabric...



Then it can be dyed or
tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new
shade to suit yourself—
either light or dark.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Buys the loveliest lingerie...
Never a thought for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don't—it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about you: "H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are

absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

Your gums *aren't* firm and healthy.

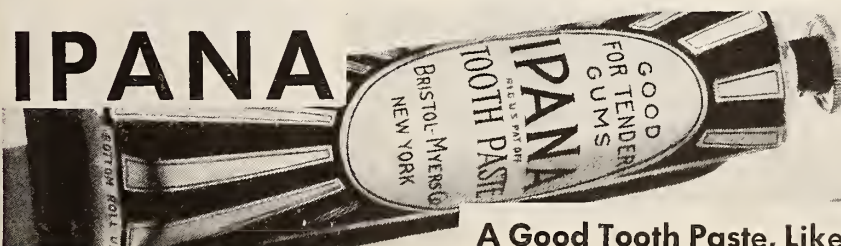
The soft foods of the present day and age don't *stimulate* your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." And it often leads to gum troubles as

serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then—each time—rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those weak, tender gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums, and keeps them firm. "Pink tooth brush" disappears—and you need never be afraid to smile!

IPANA



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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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JUN - 1 1932

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*

THE NEGLECTED WIFE — by ALBERT DORNE



SHE THOUGHT:
JIM WAS MADLY IN LOVE WHEN WE
MARRIED. WHY IS HE SO COLD AND
DISTANT NOW? IT'S NEARLY
BREAKING MY HEART



AUNT MARY, WHAT A
NICE SURPRISE! HOW
WELL YOU LOOK

BUT MY DEAR,
YOU'VE BEEN CRYING.
COME, TELL YOUR OLD
AUNTY WHAT THE
TROUBLE IS



10 MINUTES LATER

A MAN LIKES TO THINK
OF HIS WIFE AS ALWAYS DAINTY
—ALWAYS EXQUISITE. THE
MEREST HINT OF BODY
ODOR IS FATAL

"B.O."? I'M SO MORTIFIED,
AUNT MARY. I'M AFRAID
I HAVE BECOME
CARELESS



ONE MONTH LATER

NO "B.O." WORRIES NOW! AND WHAT
A MARVELOUS TOILET SOAP LIFEBOUY
IS! I WAS DEAD TIRED BEFORE I TOOK
MY BATH. NOW I FEEL FRESH AS A
DAISY FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT



ROMANCE REGAINED

SWEETHEART, YOU'RE EXQUISITE
TONIGHT. I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE
WITH YOU ALL OVER AGAIN

FLATTERER,
I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU — BUT
KEEP ON
SAYING IT!

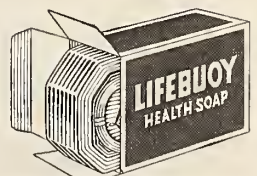
Romance fades when "B.O." (body odor) offends

TO BE less dainty, less exquisite, less careful *after* marriage than before—is courting disaster! *Never* take chances with "B.O." (body odor)—especially now, when hot weather makes us perspire more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—frees them of odor. Guards health, too, by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Here's a beauty hint

Lifebuoy for lovely complexions! Its pure, bland lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly—freshens dull skins to new, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO



THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE;
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; 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, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, 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., February 2. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; "Speed Crazy," Universal; and "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charlevoix, Penn., December 16. First National contract player. Featured roles in "So Big," "A Successful Calamity," and "The Jewel Robbery." For First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; "High Pressure," First National. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Two Kinds of Women," "Sinners in the Sun," and "Come On Marines." For Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount contract star. Featured roles in "Wayward" and "Sky Bride." Working in "Come On Marines." For Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Alexander Hamilton," "Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." For Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 20. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathé; "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "Radio Patrol," Universal. Working in "Is My Face Red?," RKO-Radio.

ASTHER, NILES; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Lettie Lynton," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklin Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "A Successful Calamity," Warner Bros. Temporarily retired awaiting birth of child.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 29. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Freaks," M-G-M; "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé; "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio. Working in "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal contract star. Starred in "Impudent Maudie" and "Night world." Working in "Laughing Boy." For Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "White Paris Steeps" and "Cheaters At Play," Fox. Working in "Back Streets," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Borsosher; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount contract star. Starred in "Rich Man's Folly" and "World and the Flesh." Working in "The Challenger," For Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount contract star. Starred in "The Cheat" and "Thousand" Below." Working in "Devil and the Deep." For Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M contract star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; starred in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M contract star. Co-starred in "Broken Lullaby," Paramount; "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin," and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Working in "The Claw," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National contract star. Starred in "Alma the Doctor." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." For First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus Ohio, March 29. Fox contract star. Starred in "Surrender" and "Amateur Daddy." Working in "Man About Town." For Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers"; starred in "Grand Hotel." For M-G-M.

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "Woman in Room 13." Working in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next is "White Fleece Glory." For Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaize; born in New York City, October 22. RKO-Pathé contract star. Starred in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Working in "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round," RKO-Pathé.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "She Wanted A Millionaire," "Careless Lady" and "Trial of Vivienne Ware." Working in "Week Ends Only." For Fox.

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Besenmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Arrowsmen," United Artists; "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé; "Scandal For Sale," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal contract star. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Nana." For Universal.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "Greeks Had A Word For Them," United Artists; "Union Depot," "The Crowd in New York Town." For Warner Bros.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobb; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox contract star. Featured roles in "Careless Lady," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal.

BOND, LILIAN; unmarried; born in London, Eng., January 18. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Man About Town." Fox. Working in "Old Dark House," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Last picture was "Kick In." Paramount. Vacationing with husband in Nevada.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carava Boat," RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount; "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "High Pressure," First National and "Attorney of the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National contract player. Featured roles in "The Rich Are Always With Us," "Miss Pinkerton" and "Week End Marriage." Working in "Mud Lark." Next is "Children of Pleasure." For First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Homeless Squad," Universal; "It's Tough To Be Famous," First National. Working in "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, Eng., June 1. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Husband's Holiday" and "Shanghai Express." Working in "Bride of the Enemy." For Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McCrae; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Fireman, Save My Child" and "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said A Mouthful." For First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Laces of the Rio Grande," Universal; "Fatal Aurore," Tren Lare. Working in "Vanishing Frontier," Darnour.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal contract star. Featured role in "Famous Ferguson Case," First National; "Information Kid," Universal. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Beauty and the Boss," First National. Working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman; "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Society Girl," Fox. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CACNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Taxi," "The Crowd Roars" and "Winner Take All." For Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists contract star. Starred in "Whoops" and "Palmy Days." Working in "Kid From Spain." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; "Girl From the Rio," RKO-Radio; "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Appearing on legitimate stage.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "Broken Lullaby" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAYANACH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chisholm, Kent, Eng., December 8. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng., April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights." Now in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach contract star. Starred in "What A Bozo," "Nickie Nurse," "Balmy Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount; "Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Next is "Children of Pleasure," Warner Bros.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount contract star. Starred in "One Hour With You." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

(Continued on page 94)

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

Clive Brook	June 1	Ricardo Cortez	July 7
Johnny Weissmuller	June 2	John Gilbert	July 10
Bill Boyd	June 5	Irene Dunne	July 14
Walter Byron	June 11	Barbara Stanwyck	July 16
Ralph Bellamy	June 17	James Cagney	July 17
Evalyn Knapp	June 17	Richard Dix	July 18
Ivan Lebedeff	June 18	Lupe Velez	July 18
Jeanette MacDonald	June 18	Phillips Holmes	July 22
Irving Pichel	June 24	Clara Bow	July 29
Polly Moran	June 28	William Powell	July 29

Modern Screen

A GREAT HUMAN DRAMA LIVES ON THE SCREEN!



with
IRENE DUNNE
JOHN BOLES

directed by
JOHN M. STAHL

ALL THEIR LIVES THEY
LOVED. SHE GAVE
ALL ... HE NOTHING.
ALWAYS SHE WAS
THRUST INTO THE
BACK STREETS, WHILE
HE ENJOYED THE SUN-
LIGHT. YET HE LOVED
HER. WHAT A SAR-
DONIC SITUATION!

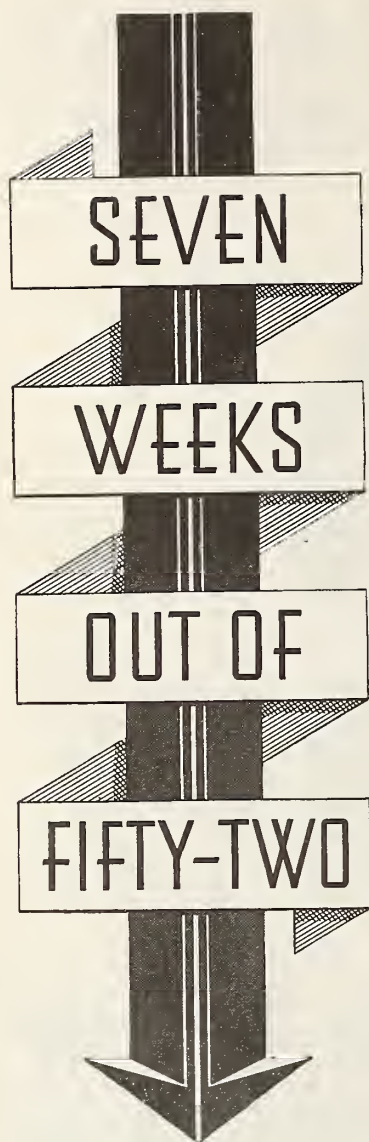
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UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

CARL LAEMMLE
President

730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)



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gives you maximum comfort and protection for the 50 most trying days of the year. It shapes to the body naturally. It is absolutely safe. Modess is priced lower than ever.

Johnson & Johnson.

MODESS

SANITARY

NAPKINS

... Don't take a chance on any old picture. Look over this guide carefully and pick only the pictures that you—and the kiddies, too—will be sure to enjoy to the utmost

ALIAS THE DOCTOR (First National)—Dick Barthelmess in a tale of a medical student who, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, becomes an eminent surgeon without the legal right to operate. **Good**—but children will be bored.

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox)—Warner Baxter in the role of a male Pollyanna who undertakes the care of four orphaned children. **Okay** if you like very sentimental stuff—children may like it.

ARE YOU LISTENING? (M-G-M)—Triangle story with William Haines, Karen Morley, Madge Evans, and others. Bill in a serious role is fine. Action centers around a broadcasting station. **Very good**—children will like parts of it.

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in highly intelligent talkie version of Sinclair Lewis' famous novel. **Excellent** if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—John and Lionel Barrymore in a story of a clever crook and a clever detective. The brothers are very nearly perfect. Karen Morley is excellent. **Very good**—children will like it.

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warner Bros.)—Marian Marsh as the homely little stenographer who suddenly learns how to be beautiful—much to the amazement of her boss. **Good**—okay for tots.

BIG TIMER (Columbia)—Ben Lyon and Constance Cummings as a prize fighter and his manager. Of course another woman looms up and the battle is on! **Good**—kids will like it.

BROKEN LULLABY (Paramount)—The story of a French boy who—because he killed a German soldier during the war—cannot forget the deed and finally goes to Germany to the boy's grave and family. Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll are good but the real acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore as the father of the dead German boy. A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.

THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)—Hot tamales, an American flyer and the best 'dam' Caballero in all Mexico make up this one. Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas and Leo Carrillo. **Good**—children will like it.

THE BLOND CAPTIVE (Pizor)—Travelogue of Northern Australia. **Interesting**—okay for kids.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers again—this time as an American business man who goes to Damascus to corner the steel market, for the purpose of making razor blades. Despite weak story, excellent if you're a Will Rogers fan—children will like parts of it.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery as a young Englishman whose father is impoverished. The problem of Robert is whether to marry for love or money. Then, when love is about to win, money gets its innings with almost disastrous results. **Good** sophisticated stuff—but children may not like it.

CARELESS LADY (Fox)—Joan Bennett, in order to seem more attractive, pretends to be married—and then meets the man whose name she has so casually taken for the time being. **Good**—but children will be bored.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Warner Oland is here again as the Oriental detective who solves all the mysteries by the bat of an eyelash plus a few homely truths. **Good**—a little involved for children.

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—An ex-police chief and a noted crook meet on a liner with some thrilling results. Thomas Meighan is in it. **Very good**—okay for the kids.

COCK OF THE AIR (United Artists)—Amusing cuckoo comedy with Chester Morris and Billie Dove. **Good**—children will like parts of it.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal)—The title tells all. In fact too much. **Poor**—except for kids.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—A story of a couple of hoofers who come to the big town to make good in the usual big way. Of course they meet with plenty of trials and tribulations. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers are the couple. **Good** if you like sweet stuff—okay for kids.

DANCERS IN THE DARK (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, William Collier and Miriam Hopkins in a yarn of love in the dance halls. **Good**—you can take the kids.

DEVIL'S LOTTERY (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a story of a house party, the guests of which are all winners of a lottery. **Good**—okay for kids.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT (Fox)—A story of the doings of the police department. Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore head the cast of players. **Good**—okay for children.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—The newcomer, Tala Birell, in a war story. **Good**—marvelous scenery. Children might like it if you don't mind their seeing war films. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—The famous old tale resurrected once again—but with new clothes—and Fredric March in the title role. **Very good** if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.

EMMA (M-G-M)—A lovable old housekeeper and her trials and tribulations ably portrayed by Marie Dressler. Richard Cromwell is good in a leading role. **Excellent**—suitable for children.

THE EXPERT (First National)—Chic Sale as the naughty old codger who just will get himself into all sorts of scrapes. **Very good**—suitable for the young ones.

FALSE MADONNA (Paramount)—Kay Francis as a lady crook who—for crooked reasons—impersonates the mother of a blind boy. Of course she decides to do straight rather than fool the boy and then things begin to happen. **Fair**.

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)—Mystery story with Joan Blondell and Tom Brown. Most of the yarn is taken up with showing how—when an important man is murdered—so many guiltless persons' lives can be wrecked by the newspapers' innuendoes. **Very good**—not very suitable for children.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warner)—A firefighter whose chief interest in life is baseball and blondes. Joe E. Brown is the firefighter. **Very good**—perfect for kids.

A FOOL'S ADVICE (Frank Fay Independent)—Frank Fay's own talkie. He plays the part of a bick. He wrote the story and also directed the picture. **Good**—the children may like it.

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Story of thwarted love with Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou. **Good**—not suitable for children.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (RKO-Pathé)—Tom Tyler in a hard-riding Western. **Very good** if you like Westerns—grand for the kiddies.

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee and Mitzi Green—among others—in a talkie version of the famous Gershwin musical comedy. **Very good**—you can take the children.

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Garbo, Crawford, the Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt in a masterpiece. **Excellent**—although young children may be a bit bored. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (Goldwyn-United Artists)—The gold-diggers and their troubles as portrayed by Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell. Lowell Sherman and David Manners are the men in the case. **Very good**—but not for children.

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Chinatown melodrama with Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Leslie Fenton and others. **Very good**—suitable for children.

THE HEART OF NEW YORK (First National)—New York's lower East Side depicted with comedy and drama. George Sidney and Smith and Dale are in the excellent cast. **Good**—okay for children.

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Two aviators' experiences in the peace-time navy. Clark Gable and Wally Beery are the aviators. **Very good**—and grand for the kids.

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—A young hospital interne and his adventures—both profes-

sional and romantic. Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke have the leading rôles. **Good—okay for kids.**

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., depicting the story of a man whose marriage is nearly ruined because he suddenly becomes a national hero. **Fair.**

KEEP LAUGHING (Educational)—Slapstick in a night club. Very funny. **Good—great for children.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver as a persuasive member of a jury. The story concerns the reaching of the verdict. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a gal who pretends to have a glamorous past in order to intrigue the man she loves. David Manners is the man she does it all for. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Nils Asther in an intense love story. **Very good—but not especially so for the little ones.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

LIMPY MAKES GOOD (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale in a human, pathetic little story. **Good—and especially so for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—A story of the stunt aviators who risk their lives for the sake of the cinema cameras. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Eric Von Stroheim and Mary Astor head the strong cast. **Excellent—okay for the children.**

LOVE AFFAIR (Columbia)—Dorothy Mackaill as an heiress who falls in love with an aviator—and finds difficulties besetting the path to happiness. **Fair.**

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in a rather charming romance. **Excellent love story but children will get restless.**

MAN WANTED (Warner)—A business woman who has a philandering husband falls in love with her male secretary with, of course, some emotional results. Kay Francis and David Manners have the leads. **Fair—dull for children.**

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (Warner)—A brilliant pianist is struck deaf by a bomb explosion and, then, after a thwarted attempt at suicide, decides to dedicate his life to doing good to his neighbors. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo in a Hollywood version of the famous spy case. Ramon Novarro plays the lover. **Excellent—but not for children.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—A. A. Milne with all-English cast. A charmingly romantic story capably played. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored by it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—Revival of the famous success of silent days—with talking, of course, and a new cast. Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, Hobart Bosworth, and John Wray head the new cast. **Very good—children should like it.**

MISS PINKERTON (Warner)—Joan Blondell and George Brent in a thrilling mystery. **Good—children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner)—Warren William in a story about law and lawyers. **Very good—but hardly for children.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—If you want chills and thrills you'll be satisfied, but if you want Edgar Allan Poe you'll be disappointed. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the kids.**

THE MISLEADING LADY (Paramount)—Claudette Colbert as a society deb who is tired of it all. Edmund Lowe as a man in engineering and Stuart Erwin as an escaped lunatic. Pretty involved to little purpose. **Fair.**

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young and Charles Ruggles. Ernest Lubitsch directed this pleasant musical, ruthlessly throwing reality to the winds. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—children probably won't like it.**

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER (M-G-M)—Jimmie Durante and Buster Keaton in a knockabout comedy. **Very funny—excellent for children.**

PLAY GIRL (First National)—Modern romance with Loretta Young, Norman Foster and Winnie Lightner. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—A sometimes tiresome love story with a circus background. Marion Davies as a circus performer and Clark Gable as the he-man minister with whom Marion falls in love. **Good—okay to take the offspring.**

PRESTIGE (RKO-Pathé)—Story of the trials of a married couple who are forced to live in a penal colony because the husband is an officer and is sent there on duty. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (First National)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Bette Davis in a married-young-man's problem story. **Good—but the young people will find it dull.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY (Universal)—Tom Mix, Tony, and Lois Wilson in a good Western that provides a splendid come-back vehicle for Mix. **Good—fine for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ROADHOUSE MURDER (RKO-Radio)—Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan in another story about headstrong youth. **Good—children can learn a lesson from it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

(Continued on page 107)



JOAN BLONDELL, featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins.

Curves, Today,

ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

NO LONGER can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimples, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B. You can obtain both of these dietary necessities in a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.



How much better it is to enjoy this delicious "cereal way" than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, ALL-BRAN furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that ALL-BRAN contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef-liver.

Enjoy as a cereal, or use in making fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, etc. ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"CHARM"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable facts on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.



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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

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BEAUTY ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. However, owing to the fact that she receives so many letters, will you be good enough to ask only one question per letter? Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

Would any of us bewail gray hair if we could look as lovely as Norma Shearer? It's a wig, of course. She wears it in the later sequences of "Strange Interlude"



I LIKE to think that there are four ages of beauty and that women can be beautiful through all these ages. There are the 'teens, for example and the twenties and the thirties. Now I *won't* use the forties as a classification because many women of forty look thirty or younger. I'll just say middle age. There are different ways of being beautiful at all these periods of our lives—different routines to follow, different preparations to use. It is silly and futile to try to look sixteen when you're thirty-five. It is equally silly, at sixteen, to use a flock of cosmetics and to assume the airs and graces of a grown woman.

I received a letter the other day which read: "I am fifteen. What shades of powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, and eyeshadow shall I use?"

I think we might as well start right there with a little advice to very young girls. With very rare exceptions, a mere child of fifteen should use no cosmetics at all! Perhaps a dab of powder on the nose. Perhaps a bit of colorless pomade to keep the lips smooth in cold weather. That's all. Now, I don't say that fifteen-year-olds—and even younger girls—cannot begin a systematic care of the skin, hair and figure. During adolescence the body is adjusting itself to the growing-up process. The skin often breaks out alarmingly. The hair often changes its color slightly, loses or develops a natural curl. The figure is often gawky or refuses to give up its baby fat. The tragic thing about this time of our lives is that we become clothes-conscious, beauty-conscious and boy-conscious all at once. We want to look as elegant as big sister all in five minutes.

The care of the skin at this age should be simple but very faithful. Wash with mild soap and warm water.

Follow with a second cleansing of cold cream. Remove it with tissues. Then give the face a second bath in soap and water to remove every trace of cream and finally dash the face with cold water. If the skin feels dry and drawn from the use of soap and water, then just use cream cleansings but pat the face with cotton soaked in a mild skin tonic afterwards. Even these dry-skinned girls should wash with soap and water every three or four days,

in addition to the cream cleansings. If blackheads appear, they should be treated with a remedial cleanser—either store-bought or home made. Pimples should be carefully doctored—and banished by strict diet. When they come to a head, they can be gently pressed out with the fingers thickly padded with tissues or cotton.

Then the spot should be dusted with boracic powder or touched with alcohol to prevent infection. The hair should be massaged and brushed daily and washed not too frequently. It should be arranged simply and becomingly. Permanents can now be given young people and even children with marvelously natural effects. I think it far more sensible for mothers to permit their young daughters to get a good permanent—rather than constant marcelings which, unless expertly and rather expensively done, will in the end break and dull the hair. Better still—there's no better time for the young girl to begin training her hair herself than when she is young. If I had a young daughter I wouldn't mind how long she primed in front of the mirror—provided she didn't go out of the house looking like something escaped from the zoo!

By
Mary Biddle

WHEN can a girl begin to use make-up—real make-up? Well, it depends a great deal upon the environ-

How to keep your beauty from Sweet Sixteen till Middle Age!

ment in which she lives. City girls naturally attain a certain amount of grown-upishness rather quickly. It is permissible for them to add a touch of faint lipstick for dress-up occasions when they are sixteen or seventeen. But I honestly do hate to see it on young faces in the street and if I were a school teacher I'd hate to see my young pupils wearing it. Why? I can give you no reason except that it just looks wrong. Be guided by good taste and your own environment.

Now let's consider the romantic twenties. Most of the nicest things in life happen to us when we're in our twenties, don't they? And it's up to us to make ourselves just as attractive as possible. If nature didn't allow us to be beautiful, then I'm all for art aiding nature. But the fundamental, common sense beauty routines must go on. To cold cream and soap and water cleansings, I advise the added use of a tissue cream, if the skin is dry. Of a protection cream, if the skin is sensitive. Of a corrective astringent and shine-remover if the skin is oily. And watch your figure as carefully as you watch your skin. If you sit all day, please wear a girdle so you won't spread. If you use your eyes all day, be finicky about getting the proper light in order that constant squinting won't encourage premature wrinkles. Yes, even consider well spent the money for rest or reading glasses. If you must be on your feet a great deal, don't skimp your shoe allowance and see to it that your shoes are comfortable and low heeled. Don't indulge in chatty, fattening teas and sodas with your girlfriends. Remember that soup, fresh vegetables and fruit are just as easy to order for lunch as a gooey sandwich and gooier soft drink. Remember that it's much easier to work off ten extra pounds (or put it on, if that's your trouble) at twenty-two than it is as you're approaching thirty. And there, as a matter of fact, we have the real beauty rule for the twenties: take precautions against the future!

THERE'S really no reason why the thirties should be a dividing line. As a matter of fact they're not—these days, when women are active and busy and athletic. They're not a physical dividing line, that is. But there does come a day when we can no longer be girlish without looking like dimwits. When bell-hop jackets and frilled organdie just seem wrong, no matter how cute and slight our figures may be. It's a mental change, really. And we can have a lot of fun with make-up. If we have been using a *naturelle* shade of powder to go with our fair skin, we can suddenly switch to dead white, wear bright lipstick, no rouge, and a bit of eyeshadow. We can wear the mauve and green—yes, that's what I said—shades of powder in the evening. And, curiously enough, if our skin is a clear, pure olive, we can wear dead white powder, too. And we can experiment with the rather new blue mascara, if we have blue or gray eyes.

(Continued on page 86)



The New Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath Instantly makes your Skin Soft and Smooth

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces an extremely thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Try this Refreshing Linit Beauty Bath

Swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath. Instantly the water feels soft and "creamy". Step into this luxurious mixture, bathe as usual with your favorite soap... then, after drying, feel your skin! Soft and velvety smooth!

The new perfumed LINIT, in the Green Cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue-package is sold only by grocers.

THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN





THE MOST TASTY, EASIEST TO FIX
AND MOST ECONOMICAL FOODS
FOR DINNERS-FOR-TWO-ACCORD-
ING TO THE PREFERENCES OF
WILLIAM POWELL AS TOLD TO

THE MODERN HOSTESS

IF you have just yourself and somebody else to cook for, you may have wondered why most cook books offer only recipes which turn out sufficient food to serve "a standard family of six." (Just what is a "standard family" anyway?) If you try to break these recipes down into thirds you are constantly finding yourself up against the problem of taking a third of two eggs or a third of one-half cup of milk. But just the same, cooking for two is the most exciting and fascinating kind of cooking in the world. That's the way we felt after our expedition to the Powells' home, where Carole and Bill live, one of screenland's most fascinating families of two, and had a long talk with the head of the house about the kind of food they liked served when they were dining just alone.

When we went out to talk with Mr. Powell about this *diner a deux* business we found that while he was enjoying a well earned vacation, Carole was hard at work,

It is a problem, cooking for a family of a mere two. But William Powell and Carole Lombard have solved the problem nicely. Carole has learnt how to buy in advance, how to make a roast over into other appetizing dishes and how to use recipes which make just enough for two people. You can learn a lot from her knowledge

and so she had not been able to get home in time to give us a few hints. We were sorry, too, that we couldn't have gotten a picture of Bill and Carole together at their own dinner table. But he was so very informative and so altogether charming that our disappointment faded.

"Of course," Mr. Powell began, "it is really Carole to whom you should talk about food."

"Perhaps," we replied, "but we are certain that in your home, as in practically every home in the land, it is *your* food preferences which are of paramount importance, and it is you for whom the meals are planned. Isn't that so?"

"Well, really now," he answered with a smile, "do you think it would be quite wise for me to admit that?"

"Of course it is," we retorted, "for we are willing to bet that your wife's answer to that question would be no different from any other wife's. And we'll bet, too, that your cook knows that there will be no complaining about a meal which *you* enjoyed."

"I thought the United States was supposed to be a country dominated by its *women*," said Bill, looking as undominated as a man could possibly look.

WAIT a minute," we hurriedly interjected, "this is getting us miles away from the object of our conversation. We have come out here to find out what you like to eat, and we will not be deflected from our purpose. Now suppose you tell us about a typical Lombard-Powell dinner, the sort which you like to sit down to when you are dining alone."

"Well, suppose I tell you what we had for dinner last night?" he suggested.

"Fine!"

Picture our joy when we discovered that the meal sounded neither elaborate nor expensive, and imagine our complete delight when we procured the recipes for the dishes which they had relished so much, and found that they were so simple that any bride could easily follow them.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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

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

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

The menu which Mr. Powell described to us was as follows:

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Vegetable Bouillon
Roast Lamb, Mint Jelly Rings
Scalloped Potatoes and Onions
Asparagus, Hollandaise
Strawberry Bavarian Cream

TO the tomato juice cocktail the Powells like a tablespoon of sauerkraut juice added for each glass. This adds a novel taste which we found delicious when we tried it. The bouillon can be made at home, but it is scarcely worth the effort, we have found, when such delicious bouillon can be purchased in cans, one can being enough for two. We have discovered that an attractive addition to canned bouillon is a quarter of a cup of finely diced raw vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, celery and onion. These are simmered in the bouillon until they are soft, about a half an hour, and they are served with the soup, of course.

We were quite intrigued with the suggestion given us for garnishing the roast lamb. You carefully take your mint jelly out of the jar, onto a plate, and cut it across in slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Then you shape each of these slices with a cookie cutter, and lay these decorative slices around the platter as a garnish.

Another favored dish in the Powell household is Beets Piquante. Here is the recipe in the correct proportions for two:

BEETS PIQUANTE

1 bunch beets
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour (scant)
1 tablespoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
A few grains pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
1 tablespoon vinegar

Cook the beets over low heat until tender. Peel and cut in quarter. Melt butter in top of double boiler. Mix the dry ingredients and add to butter, stirring until well blended. Add cream and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add beets. Just before serving, add the vinegar.

Among the other recipes we have for dishes which are favorites with the Powells is one for Strawberry Bavarian Cream, which is simply too delicious. Served in parfait glasses, topped with whipped cream and a whole fresh strawberry, it looks too dressy for words, though it is very simple to prepare. Then there is a recipe for the scalloped potatoes and onions which are so good that you could make a whole meal of them. The recipe for Mock Hollandaise sauce is much easier and safer to make than the regular Hollandaise and tastes every bit as delicious. And then there is a recipe for Lamb Shortcakes which gives you a grand way to use up some of the lamb which is left from the roast, but which doesn't seem a bit "left-
(Continued on page 91)



The greatest thrill a mother can know

HER BABY . . . thriving . . . gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health — radiant, buoyant health — through the years to come!

Can any food except Nature's food build such a baby? Millions of mothers have answered *Yes* to this question. And now more emphatically still a world-famous clinic answers *Yes*.

Living proof — in millions of healthy babies

Seventy-five years ago, Gail Borden gave Eagle Brand to the mothers of America. Today, Eagle Brand—second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility—is known as an infant food the world over. Eagle Brand has raised more healthy babies than any other food, excepting mother's milk. In practically every community are healthy, sturdy boys and girls, and men and women who got their start in life on Eagle Brand. In your own community, see how these Eagle Brand ex-babies compare.

What the scientists discovered

But newer still is the news from the

world-famous baby clinic. Two physicians fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand for a period of several months—checking with care every detail of their health and growth. Bone structure. Tooth development. Weight and height gains. Blood count. And those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves ideally nourished.

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Mail coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test of Eagle Brand. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand—feeding instructions are on the label.

FREE! HELPFUL BABY BOOK

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Please send me—free—new edition "Baby's Welfare."



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VOL. 1, NO. 5

HOLLYWOOD, JUNE, 1932

SUPPLEMENTARY
SECTION

WILL ROGERS' GARBO GAG CRITICIZED

Audience Walks Out As He and Beery Pull Practical Joke

Will Rogers meant it all in fun and when it turned out badly he took the whole responsibility.

It happened at the Hollywood "Grand Hotel" opening. After the final curtain, Rogers came on the stage and made a grandiloquent speech to the effect that he was about to introduce Garbo. Then he stepped to the wings and brought out—Wally Beery, all dolled up in feminine attire! While Wally stood there simpering, Rogers went on with his gag appeal to Garbo to please stay in this country. Funny? The audience thought not. It filed haughtily out. Rogers was severely criticized. He wired a full apology to the Los Angeles *Examiner*, which was very generous of him. He says he still thinks the gag was funny. But it seems that one just mustn't be funny about Garbo.

Jean Harlow's Red Wig Startles Garbo Premiere

As you undoubtedly know, Jean Harlow will play the leading rôle in the talkie of Katherine Brush's "Red-Headed Woman." But Jean won't be platinum blond in this—she'll wear a red wig. M-G-M, who are producing the film, thought it would be a good publicity stunt for Miss Harlow to wear the wig to the premiere of "Grand Hotel."

And as the whisper "Here's Jean Harlow!" ran through the crowd of arrival-watchers there was much craning. The report went around that it was a wig, all right, and Jean was given a positive ovation. Very lovely she looked, too.

Dempsey-Taylor Reunion Rumors Scoffed

Hollywood must have something to "rumor" about and the gossip town pounced with delight on the idea that Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor would patch up their quarrel and re-marry. At first it seemed reasonable. Jack is not a person to hold a grudge. Estelle herself admits that she is still in love with Jack (see story on page 41), even though their individual natures didn't always agree.

Now, however, it seems definitely established that these two will not be reconciled. Dempsey's friends have had a great deal to do with it. They have been persuading him that it would not work out. And they criticize Estelle's attitude during the much-publicized divorce proceedings.



Serious Studio Revolt of Players and a Director Grips Hollywood

Marlene Dietrich Suspended Cagney and Marian Marsh Dropped—Barthelmess Loyal

Hollywood is in the grip of rebellion! James Cagney went to New York because he claimed his services were worth far more than Warners were paying him. He says that if they won't come to terms he'll quit movies and become a doctor. Marian Marsh became "ill" and stayed out of several pictures. Studio released her.

Paramount is suing Joseph Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich for alleged damages resulting from insubordination. Both are off salary. Rumor has it that a Paramount executive planned to suspend Von Sternberg so that Marlene Dietrich could be made to work under another director. But Marlene quit, too.

Richard Arlen was fighting for more money at Paramount and not getting it—until Paramount discovered that Warners wanted Dick for "Tiger Shark." Then things were different. Bebe Daniels is suing Warners for one hundred thousand dollars—the terms agreed on for two pictures which Bebe was to make for Warners—but for which suitable stories have remained undiscovered by Warners. And Jimmie Dunn stayed at home until Fox saw fit to give him a raise in salary.

Richard Barthelmess is the white-headed boy of First National because he actually agreed to make his next three pictures at the salary he should get for only two!

Flashes from Here and There

John Gilbert will make one more picture and then become a director—so he says.

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper will make another picture of the type of "The Champ." It's called "The O'Shaughnessy Boy."

Rumors still persist that Clark Gable is going to divorce Mrs. Gable. But they are still seen around together.

With Joan's work in "Rain" Hollywood believes that she will emerge as the tip-top star in the movie business. Everyone believes that her Sadie Thompson will be a sensation.

Colleen Moore has signed with M-G-M and will make pictures for them shortly. First one will be with Wally Beery called "Flesh."

Wrestling stuff.

Norma Talmadge is rumored as being in the cast of "For Hire." But she will take her European vacation first.

MIRIAM HOPKINS ADOPTS BABY IN CHICAGO

Modern Screen Is the First Magazine to Get This News Break

Not all the details can be divulged at present, but MODERN SCREEN takes pleasure in giving you a magazine news scoop concerning Miriam Hopkins. Miss Hopkins has just adopted a baby boy in Chicago. She is planning to take the child to Hollywood with her when she returns.

In our next issue (August, out about the first of July) you will find an exclusive story by Adele Whitely Fletcher which will give you the complete details of the adoption, why Miss Hopkins wanted the adoption, and what plans she has for the child's future. No other magazine will be able to give you this exclusive information.

Miriam Hopkins, you will recall, was married to Austin Parker, but is at present unmarried, having secretly divorced him some months ago.

Seven Famous Hollywood Women Await Motherhood

The stork is gasping for breath trying to get around to all his appointments in Hollywood this season. Helen Twelvetrees, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, Florence Vidor, Carmel Myers, Sue Carol, and Dolores Costello are one and all expecting the visit of the old bird within either the next few weeks or months. All present or former Hollywoodites.

Dorothy Mackaill will temporarily retire from her present vaudeville engagement. Helen Twelvetrees will finish the picture she is working on. Likewise Mary Astor. None of the others is at present engaged in screen or stage work.

ZaSu Pitts Obtains Final Divorce Decree

ZaSu Pitts has just obtained her final divorce decree from Tom Gallery, although they have been separated since 1926. They were married in 1920 and had one child, Ann Gallery, who is now nine years old. ZaSu's adopted little boy, Don Mike Gallery, is the son of the beautiful Barbara La Marr.

Tom Gallery is a well known sportsman. Little is known of the reasons for his break-up with his wife. It is said Gallery left his wife some time prior to their separation in 1926. She asked him to return but he refused. At any rate, it is fairly evident that ZaSu still loves her ex-husband. She seemed genuinely broken up during the proceedings in court.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW



JEAN HARLOW becomes so famous throughout the country because of her hair that they sign her to an M-G-M contract for seven years. Her first rôle on this contract (so they say) will be the lead in the filming of the novel, "Red-Headed Woman" . . . in which she will wear a red wig! Ho, hum!

Wonder when Alice White will come home—and if she will get a swell movie job when she does. There is one little lady who showed Hollywood she wasn't through as a drawing card!

NOW that Lupe has stood 'em on their heads in New York—playing the leading part in Ziegfeld in "Hot Cha"—our little village is being overrun with wires from Flo asking other gals in Hollywood if they wouldn't like to come along. The latest wire-receiver is Irene Dunne—for the new version of "Show Boat." These movie gals certainly pack 'em in!

That gag about Garbo going back to Sweden and marrying her Swedish boy friend is sure getting plenty of berry around this town.

JEAN HERSHOLT is making quite a name for himself as a speech-maker. In fact, it has been found after actual count that he has made more speeches during the year than Conrad Nagel, our speaker-de-luxe.

Jean is trying to raise money to back the Danish Olympic Team which is going to come to Los Angeles in a few weeks. Jean calls himself the "Unofficial Ambassador to the United States." Four hundred times he has raised his voice to raise the dough!

ADOLPHE MENJOU returned from the tea-drinking country fully convinced that Wales is one prince of a fellow. Adolphe had an engagement to golf with his Highness and was so excited he forgot his golf clubs and shoes. But the Prince nonchalantly presented him with a gorgeous set of Clubs and some grand English golfing shoes—and on with the game.

Johnny Weissmuller recently arrived in New York to make a series of personal appearances following his terrific triumph as "Tarzan." He certainly has those femmes agog.

Afterwards, the Prince toasted some toast for Kathryn Menjou, and everyone had one heck of a good time.

. . . intimate movie news and chit-chat from everywhere . . .

WITH word of Gloria Swanson's plans for a British picture, drift back stories of the gorgeous establishment the Farmers keep up in London. Servants by the score. Shining automobiles.

And the best part of it all is that Gloria can gad about to shows and parties unbothered by a lot of people hounding her for autographs, etcetera.

But, we are warned, if Garbo thinks she can retire from the screen and leisurely visit London and Paris—she doesn't know them Londoners and Parisians. They'd mob her, sure, the moment she set the Garbo foot in their territory.

GILBERT ROLAND and Norma Talmadge are supposed to be quits. We guess again. It was Gilbert who met Norma when she visited Hollywood several weeks ago—and Gilbert who saw her off for New York when she left.

Maybe that's quits, but if it is, it's a new species.

John Miljan, Jr., is Hollywood's latest arrival. He didn't arrive by airplane—the stork brought him. And John, Sr., passed around the cigars.

THE other evening Rus Gleason escorted Marguerite Churchill to the theatre—and forgot his wallet. So Rus had to borrow fifty cents from Spencer Tracy to get a soda for himself and Marguerite.



(Left) "Grand Hotel" had the most impressive opening that New York has seen in many an evening. Every famous person in the city was there. (Below) The author of "Grand Hotel," Vicki Baum, with Leslie Howard at a luncheon. Have you read her opinion of "Grand Hotel" on page 36?



Acme

Wish we had a candid camera shot of Rus reaching into his pocket and finding his wallet not there!

MR. RONALD BURLA (Una Merkel) gave a dinner party in honor of the recent-weds, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn. Among those present was John Arledge.

Young Arledge was supposed to have been that way about Una before her marriage. Now they're just good friends. Happy ending for a love triangle.

A few weeks ago the circus was in town. The big hit of the evening came as Tom Mix crossed the ring to get to his seat. Tom got a bigger hand for his mere presence than any of the circus acts.

ANNA STEN, the Russian actress and ex-ballet dancer whom Goldwyn has imported to do "The Way of a Lancer" with Ronald Colman, is another of the Goldwyn contingent of foreign players. On the screen she is low voiced and voluptuous, a gypsy who suggests the Negri of "Passion." In person, La Sten is naive and ingenuous as a child, with enormous slanting grey eyes, a tiny face with the high Tartar cheek bones, and a way of saying "no" with overtones that suggests another Hollywood star. Rumor has it that she learned French in a few weeks to make a French version of "The Brothers Karamazov," and that she has already learned to memorize and pronounce English—though she doesn't understand what she is saying yet—and that in two weeks or a little more, she will be ready, without accent, to do her first American film.

When Ina Claire sailed to New York recently from the Continent, she used the name of Mrs. John Gilbert!

"Horsefeathers," the new Marx Bros. opus, was postponed when Chico cracked up in an auto accident and had to sojourn in the hospital.

So the director took a European vacation; Groucho took to polo; Harpo went to the beach—and Zeppo picked up some extra change from a radio broadcast. In fact, everyone is having a swell time—except Chico. Says he's going to try eating worms.

CAN'T help mentioning how perfectly gorgeous Dolores Costello looked at the recent preview of friend husband's new picture, "State's Attorney." Dolores wore a dark green hat fashioned along lines that would make you and me look like a mugwump or something. But she was radiantly beautiful.

After old man stork pays his second visit to the Barrymore ménage very shortly, perhaps Dolores will try the flickers again. All that beauty shouldn't be spent on housewifery. Even if the man of the house is John Barrymore.

Dolores smiled sweetly

while John signed autographs for a miniature army of youngsters.

WHEN Jean Harlow arrived from New York there were several photographers on hand to pictorially record the event. An old friend of Jean's (male) stepped up to the platform and planted a welcoming kiss on the Harlow lips. One of the photographers up and asked Jean what the name of the lucky gent is.

"Joe Zilch," the screen's blond menace seriously replied. "Mr. Zilch sells toy balloons and wooden birds to circuses and side shows. I've known him for years."

"Thank you very much," replied the photographing gent, very much impressed, as he bowed his way out of the Harlow presence.

The latest on Clara Bow is that she'll do "Call Her Savage" for Fox studio. A swell story, say we, for the little redhead's special talents.

Just who is that boy friend whom Jean Harlow presented as "Joe Zilch"? There's another rumor about Clara Bow's come-back

Clara will have to postpone having that baby she's been wanting until after the picture has been made.

COLLEEN MOORE got a grand ovation when she appeared at the El Capitan theatre in Hollywood. Her work showed a great deal of time and effort spent in preparing her stage debut. Probably as a result of her work there, Colleen will make a picture for M-G-M.

Helene Costello, 'tis whispered, has found a new love.

SOME say that Marlene had better stick with Von Sternberg, because she couldn't do anything without his direction.

Others are of the opinion that if Jo were out of the picture, Marlene could show us some of her latent histrionic potentialities which Jo hasn't let her display.

We wonder if this Dietrich-Von Sternberg team is really one of those "united we stand, divided we fall" sort of combinations. It's your turn to guess.

Bob Montgomery likes his new publicity tag line, "Kiss 'Em Quick," just as little as you do.



Hollywood Newspictures

Jean Harlow returned to Hollywood after her personal appearances in New York (see page 63). As usual, she was accompanied by her Pappy. It's rumored that she will appear in "Red-Headed Woman" under the sponsorship of M-G-M.

WARNERS are finding plenty to do—what with three of their promising young players striking for more dough. Jimmy Cagney was getting \$1,400 per week. He took a New York vacation and from there wired the studio he wouldn't return until they guaranteed him something like \$3,500. Joan Blondell is another, we hear, who wants more money. Ditto Marian Marsh.

These younger players argue that while they bring a goodly number of ticket-buyers to the theatres, they get comparatively low salaries.

STORIES on a certain famous producer continue to pour into the office. The newest is that he was betting on the horses in Cuba. He picked his favorite for the big race. During the first part of the running it looked like a cinch winner, but the jockey was thrown . . . and so the horse lost.

Later, telling some friends about his bad luck, the producer said: "My horse was winning—everything was going good—and then the caddy had to fall off!"

JOHNNY MACK BROWN has real Olympic Games aspirations. He's in regular training and every day takes a strenuous swimming lesson from a Hawaiian champion. His ambition is to qualify for the Olympics.

If he wins anything in the Games, maybe Johnnie will get another chance for good parts in the movies. *Look at Weissmuller!*

Mack Sennett's parody on "Mata Hari" will be entitled "Hadda Marry"!

RUMOR hath it that Billy Dove and Jack Dempsey are on the romance list. And, says Billie, if you consider having lunch with a man and six other people a romance—then rumor hath it aright.

The highlight of the Colleen Moore opening, for us anyway, was Jack Dempsey stopping to shake hands with ex-wife Estelle Taylor.

And Billic Dove chatting merrily with her ex, Irvin Willat.

Real pals, these divorcees.

RUDOLPH SEIBER, Marlene Dietrich's hubby, is again in town. But this time he's keeping shy of the news photographers and interviewers. Seiber, Marlene and J. Von Sternberg are again palling around together. We saw them at the theatre one night with little Maria, Marlene's daughter.

Just one happy family?

Ronnie Colman won't, after all, do "Brothers Karamazov" as his next. Instead he will star in "Way of A Lancer."

BOY, a size larger polo helmet for Mr. Montgomery. Bob deserves it. He was suffering from a bad inferiority complex anent his polo prowess. Bob's always been a good horseman but this polo thing pretty nearly had him stumped. Couldn't seem to improve his game.

Then victory. Two Sundays ago Bob scored two goals all by himself, and ever since that game his polo has improved one hundred per cent. Here's a couple pats on the back, Bob.

The newest in Hollywood entertainment is the polo picnic.

Well, here are the Barthelmess' after their very grand tour around the world. They've been here, there and everywhere—including a sojourn in Japan to take a close look at the fighting. Dick will be at work on a new picture when you read this.

Wide World





Hollywood Newspictures

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe as they arrived at Pasadena recently—on their way home. (Below) As Marshall Duffield saw Dorothy Lee off on the Santa Cecilia, everyone swore they'd been married but they both denied it hotly.

TRANSATLANTIC Jottings:

None other than Lila Lee's boy friend, John Farrow, will do the adaptation of the British film, "Don Quixote," which will introduce the famous Russian bass, Chaliapin, to the talkie world. Yes, Johnnie is still spending a young fortune telephoning Lila in Hollywood from London . . . Corinne Griffith, filming "Lily Christine" at the Paramount studios at Elstree, in one week received visits from three royal princes—Lennart of Sweden, and the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince George. And the two English princes dined informally with Corinne and husband Walter Morosco at the Morosco's Mayfair house afterwards . . . Ina Claire flew from London to Paris just to see her friend Florence Vidor and to attend a recital by Jascha Heifetz, Florence's husband . . . Lowell Sherman's first ex, Pauline Garon, and his ex-to-be, Helene Costello were seen chatting in a French café together . . . Carol and Garrett Graham, the Hollywood-exposing novelists and contributors to MODERN SCREEN, are in London doing the adaptation for Adolphe Menjou's English film, "Women Spoil Everything."

Our reaction to the rumor that Estelle Taylor and Jack are considering a re-marriage is—applesauce!



Fifi Dorsay's newest flame is the chap who used to be her secretary.

AS soon as Lily Damita can get a partner, she leaves to tour the three-a-day vaudeville circuit. Lily will sing and dance.

ALTHOUGH Hollywood has Madge Evans and Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts' ex) engaged and on their way to the altar—little Madge still insists that

her heavy sugar is back in New York town.

She'd better save her breath. Nobody believes it anyway—simply because Madge and Tom are seen everywhere together.

OUR favorite sleuth just sneaked in, took off the dark goggles, false beard and Charlie Chaplin shoes to tell us that Ann Harding hurried to a Nevada ranch immediately after finishing her last picture. There she will probably establish the necessary six-weeks' residence so that *she* and not Harry Bannister can sue for that Bannister-Harding divorce. Both Ann and Harry believe that a husband getting the divorce isn't quite the correct procedure in cases like this—so the story goes.

Anyway, that's what our gum-shoe expert tells us.

YOU'LL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 72

Rumors of unhappiness in Nancy Carroll's new marriage!

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Chester Morris and Carole Lombard both appear in "Sinners in the Sun" for Paramount. Carole's only household hobby is picking up an occasional antique. Her sports activities are limited to an occasional set of tennis. Clothes form her main interest in life. Chester (don't call him Chet) is one star who is really popular on the lot—everyone likes him. He drives a very snappy black phaeton—very high-powered. He's now at work on "Come On, Marines," with Richard Arlen. It's a he-man rôle—Chester's favorite type of character. His next will be "The Glass Key." He's happily married, you know.



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Warner Baxter recently opened his Malibu Beach home and spends all of his spare time there looking after his wife who has been ill. Warner is one of the town's most popular stars—popular in Hollywood, we mean, as well as with you fans. He recently recovered from a severe injury to his ankle caused by falling glass while making his latest picture—"Amateur Daddy." He goes drawing-room again for his next which is titled "Man About Town." He's taking a great interest in the Olympic Games.



Photograph by Hurreli

Dorothy Jordan has just appeared in "Roadhouse Murder" for RKO-Radio. Her latest released picture is "The Wet Parade." Her closest friend is Ona Munson. Curiously enough, some years ago, Ona was the leading lady in the legitimate production of a musical comedy in which Dorothy Jordan was a chorus girl. Dorothy exercises by a brisk walk each morning along the beach. She is a most un-actressish person off the screen. She's seen with Donald Dilloway a great deal. But no announcement of their engagement at this time.

However do the screen stars

HERE'S THE SECRET . .



LUPE VELEZ . . .

famous Stage and Screen Star, now making a sensational success as the feminine lead in Florenz Ziegfeld's extravaganza "Hot-Cha". Miss Velez scored a motion picture triumph in her recent MGM vehicle — "Cuban Love Song"

For an Evening of Dancing

The famous beauties of the screen realize the importance of looking their best at all times. They find there's nothing so effective as Jean Hair Nets to keep the hair perfectly groomed—and the wave intact.



Full size for long hair. Special size for the bob. Shades to match your hair perfectly — including Gray and White

MAKE YOUR WAVE LAST TWICE AS LONG
by wearing

Jean HAIR NETS
10¢ EACH 3 FOR 25¢

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE STORES

keep their waves so perfect?

THEY WEAR JEAN NETS!



For Sports, too! . . .

Doesn't Miss Velez look smart and swagger in her attractive Gypsy Cap? Wonderful for outdoor wear — tennis, golf, driving, on the beach. Keeps your hair trim, and your wave perfect. Made of rayon in gay colors and two-tone effects. Get them to match your favorite sports costumes!

While Sleeping at Night..

Do you wake up in the morning with your wave as perfect as this? Wear one of these clever Jean Water Wave Nets while you sleep — just as the screen stars do! They make your wave last twice as long! Woven of rayon in pastel and hair shades. With chin elastic. Made in France.

CAMEO COMBS



There is no need to pay more when you can buy these fine combs at Kresge for 10c. Made of smoothly moulded hard rubber. Styles for men and women — for pocket and home use.

10c EACH

SAVE MONEY . . . BY SAVING YOUR WAVE
with

Jean

**WATER WAVE
AND SPORTS NETS**

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE STORES



Ruth Chatterton is anxiously waiting to see how the public will react to her first Warner picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us." She is now in daily conference with writers discussing her next story. As yet it has hardly a theme, much less a title. During the production of her first Warner picture Ruth lived constantly in her studio bungalow. Although she had a reputation for temperament at Paramount, the Warner crowd says she is grand. She recently directed husband Forbes in a stage play he's producing called "Let Us Divorce."



Clark Gable has just completed "Strange Interlude," opposite Norma Shearer—of course you know it's the famous play by Eugene O'Neill which made such a sensation a season or so ago. Its release will be one of the cinema events of the year. Off-screen, Clark often wears a white turtle-necked sweater and drives a twelve-cylinder black sport coupé. He admits his ears are too large. He saves money. Doesn't like parties but gets loads of invitations—obviously. He is still a novice at polo. His special buddy is Wally Beery.



Photograph by Freulich

Tala Birell, Europe's newest gift to Hollywood, will first be seen in "The Doomed Battalion." Her next will probably be a story based on Zola's "Nana." It was at one time considered as a vehicle for Marlene Dietrich. Tala's real name is Natalie Bierl. She is called Talusha for short. She is quite shy except among her intimates. She's fond of gardening. She takes daily lessons in English from Laura Hope Crewes. Tala has the largest Great Dane in Hollywood and the dog is particularly vicious.



Photograph by Gaston Longet

Laurence Olivier has just finished his rôle opposite Ann Harding in "Westward Passage." He is about to take a three-month's vacation in his native England. Considering he is an Englishman by birth he is pretty much of a typical American—affects flannel trousers and sweaters almost exclusively. His hobby is traveling. He had been in Hollywood only a short time before he'd roamed all over California. He was very ill at the time he first arrived in Hollywood and lost so much weight his friends actually did not recognize him.

HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELEST STORY

THIS is the cruelest story ever to come out of Hollywood, where many cruel things have happened.

It is the story of the betrayal of the grandest heart of them all, Marie Dressler.

Betrayal? There can be no other word for it. Do you remember, when you were little and in school, reading about the dog who bit the hand that fed it? Young as we were, we decided then and there that such a dog was the most savage and contemptible creature in the world.

Well, where dear Marie is concerned, *you and I* are that dog. Oh, not you and I, perhaps—but your neighbor down the street. For Marie has been betrayed, not by anyone in Hollywood, but by her public. Not, we hasten to add, by all her public. Thank God for that! But by many of her fans. So many, many of them that it hurts the heart to dwell upon their numbers. And it has hurt Marie; hurt her so terribly that I do not think she will ever be quite the same again. *She is forced to protect herself from the public she loves.* For anyone who loves like Marie, there could be no tragedy more bitter.

Marie Dressler has stopped answering all letters that ask her for help.

THERE are stars who delegate to a secretary the answering of fan letters. There are other stars who pay no attention to them whatsoever. Marie has never been like that. I have never seen her but what she was carrying around, in her pocket or in her bag, half a dozen letters from people. How happy they made her! There was the letter from a woman in the middle west. Her husband was terribly sick. She walked the sidewalks of her town, day after day, trying to sell silk stockings from door to door. The money she earned was barely enough to buy food, much less medicine for the man who needed it so badly. She had a life insurance policy—the woman. If she killed herself, she decided, the money her husband would get from the policy would help him much more than her pitiful earnings. Before she killed herself she wanted to have one evening of pleasure, so she went to a talkie. The picture was "Emma." Marie will always keep the letter this brave woman wrote when she got home that night, ill able to afford the stamp to send it to Hollywood. "Dear Marie, when I saw how brave you were, in this picture, I decided to go on living. That is what you mean to me." There were other letters as noble, as fine, as warming to Marie Dressler's generous heart.

... It seems unbelievable that Marie Dressler—generous, open-hearted Marie—should be forced to suffer so from the very fact that she is so generous and fine. It is her very good nature which has created for her an incredible group of enemies

B y J A C K
J A M I S O N



Photograph by Hurrell

"They're what makes me want to go on in pictures. They're what makes my job worth while," Marie says.

And then there are—these other letters.

MODERN SCREEN has told you that the studio is forced to send Marie out of town between pictures, against her wish, to keep her from wearing herself out calling on persons who are ill and interviewing those who need comfort, advice, or money. Except under orders, she will not stop, and you can imagine what a drain it is on her strength. But it is not one-tenth of the strain she put upon herself personally answering her fan mail. She would never have a secretary, you see. All the while mail was arriving in bushel-baskets, and Marie not only answered all the letters in her own handwriting, but she lay awake nights trying to decide how much she could do to help the persons who wrote asking aid. Claire Du Brey, a friend, came upon her one morning sitting at her writing-desk



A woman friend found Marie at her desk one day, weeping pitifully. Marie had been reading a letter. The friend picked it up and discovered that it was the most insulting, unpleasant missive she had ever seen—you wouldn't believe how insulting until you read it. Marie was not crying from pity but from hurt. Something had to be done.

and weeping. Claire picked up the letter she was reading:

Marie Dressler:

Say, who do you think you are, anyhow? You make me sick. You're just an old woman that had a lot of fool luck, that's the only reason you got so much money. I need money, and I'm just as good as you are. You send me \$1,000, and you send it fast, or I'll go around telling things about you that will make everybody never want to see one of your dumb old pictures agen.

"Marie," Claire said, "you're ruining your health and happiness reading letters like this. I simply will not let you do it. From now on I'm your secretary, whether you like it or not."

Marie protested. "Oh, I can't. What will people

think of me if they know I don't read their letters?"

"I don't care what they think, I'm not going to let you read any more of *that* kind of letters."

AT last Marie consented, much against her will. Today her friend will not let her even see a begging letter. Marie is answering no more requests. Requests? The letter quoted above was not a request, it was a command. A threat, in fact! Are you disappointed in Marie? "Oh," you say, "but such terrible letters as that must have been few and far between." Will you believe me when I tell you that Marie has received *hundreds* as bad or even worse?

Scores ask her to adopt illegitimate children. Granted that any child would be lucky to have a mother like Marie, how could she grant these requests? How could she? It's simply impossible. (Continued on page 87)



IS YOUR

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

MAGIC lantern night at Baxter Hall—that was an event, when you had the price of admission. And on this particular night little Charlie Chaplin had the price—one penny. He scurried through the mean dark alley that led behind the stables where the old wooden tub stood. Carefully laying down the penny, grimy and moist from his tightly closed palm, he began the serious business of scrubbing his face and hands. He had trusted a precious penny to his pocket once before and it had made its way through the shabby lining. Such tragedy wasn't to be courted a second time.

These lantern slides were the only escape Charlie ever had from his cheerless childhood. The Chaplins were far, far too poor ever to go for a holiday in the country. Charlie never knew what it was to see the long grass blow in the wind or to lie under a big tree.

Contrasting these early days in Chester Street with Charlie's last visit to England you have such stuff as authors would fear to use in fiction lest their readers laugh them to scorn for being ridiculous and far-fetched.

Only thirty odd years have passed since those wretched days. And in this brief time little Charlie Chaplin, beginning as a lather boy in a miserable, cheap barber shop when he should have been in school, has become one of the greatest personalities in all the world.

Chevalier, Joan Crawford, Chaplin, Barbara Stanwyck, Menjou and Claudette Colbert—brilliant folk today, all of them! And they bought their success—their personalities—with hard work.



. . . Every human being has a worthwhile personality. Learn how you, with inherited traits, can forge a glowing individuality

PERSONALITY AWAKE?

His fame, truly enough, has been a springboard which has helped him to make his giant strides. But it isn't the funny and pathetic little fellow with shoes and trousers much too large for him and a battered derby hat that the distinguished many seek to know and, knowing, to know better. It is instead the brilliant gentleman who creates this famous little fellow that they find interesting and charming.

WHEN Charles Spencer Chaplin was in London this last time there was nothing wistful nor pathetic about him unless you happened to surprise that look which occasionally haunts his eyes. He stopped at the Ritz. He had an entourage. He was well-groomed.

To meet Charles Spencer Chaplin today—he's always that to me when I think of him personally and the more intimate Charlie when I think of him as he is on the screen—to listen to him express his opinions on anything, it is almost impossible to believe he once was an unschooled boy living in the wretched and sordid tenements of Kennington.

And what Charles Spencer Chaplin has done everyone can do!

Always he has concentrated upon the development of every potentiality he possesses for improvement and, managing to view himself objectively, always he has fought to submerge whatever unpleasant characteristics there are in his inherent make-up. *In other words, Charlie Chaplin never has allowed himself to lapse into what entirely too many people are without realizing it—an unawakened*

personality—one whose powers lie fallow.

"But," I can hear you exclaim, "Charlie Chaplin is a genius!"

So he is. Granted! Nevertheless, that single word genius isn't sufficient explanation for the amazing transformation which Charles Spencer Chaplin has achieved. He well might be a genius in his work and remain, in reality, a little cockney from Kennington.

HOWEVER, if the Chaplin example doesn't convince you that anyone can become the personality they set their heart on being, then, by all means, consider Adolphe Menjou.

Adolphe Menjou might be called by many complimentary terms but he is not a genius. It was, as a matter of fact, because he was so typically a man of the world, polished, suave, sophisticated, and seemingly to the manner born that he was given his opportunity in the motion picture studios.

The Menjous, who are worthy, respectable people but not at all like Adolphe, used to have a little French restaurant in New York City. And it used to worry them exceedingly because their Adolphe, even as a very young man, would have nothing to do with their business but insisted instead upon going to college. Adolphe graduated from Cornell with an engineering degree and it was the unsettled conditions of a post war world when he returned from ambulance corp service overseas that finally brought him to the movie studios.

Adolphe Menjou saw no (Continued on page 110)

JAMES DUNN SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT LOVE



When Jimmy speaks of love he speaks with the utmost frankness. And he has his own ideas on the subject—very definite ideas which many a girl would find thrilling indeed. And they are not just theories, either—Jimmie knows what he is talking about from his own experiences. And although his opinions may seem radical we feel sure you will see why he thinks as he does.

Interesting and revealing, what happy-go-lucky Jimmy thinks about romance.

Did you know, by the way, that he once had an unhappy romance and renounced love forever?

JIMMY DUNN wore a bathrobe and very little else when he bounced in to meet me at the private dining room of the Café de Paris. The Café for all its intriguing foreign name being situated on the Fox lot at Westwood Hills, his unconventional costume was not as startling as it would have been had our meeting occurred at its formal namesake in Monte Carlo. James was fresh from the set where he had been boxing as part of his performance in "Society Girl," his new picture. He exuded health, vigor and masculinity, while his disarming smile made me accept his apology for keeping me waiting, without a murmur.

He is an extraordinarily self-possessed, poised young man, curiously like the character which made him famous in "Bad Girl." I saw at once that in that piece he had merely played himself, and that his only artifice had been an assumption of shyness and an added touch of roughness to his speech. Like most all heroes of the movies he looks slightly older in real life than on the screen and his strong, well modelled face bears the marks of the struggle which came before success was attained.

Until I saw how well he had himself in hand I had been rather afraid to ask him the question which was on my mind—what did this new screen hero think about love? A question like that will either bring forth a silly, mawk-

ish answer or a complete, baffling silence, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But Jimmy was neither abashed nor flippant.

"What do I think about love?" he said wholeheartedly and with enthusiasm, "Why, I *love* it!" There was no mistaking his sincerity.

"And what," I asked, "do you think holds a woman best?" By way of reply Jimmy pushed his chair back from the table, and clasped his arms in an open circle in front of him as if he were holding someone to his breast.

"This!" he replied eloquently.

His answer was so complete and to the point that for a moment I was left breathless with laughter. Finally I stopped laughing long enough to ask him another.

"But seriously," I demanded, "I know you've had lots of affairs of the heart—but how about real love. Have you ever been really in love?"

That is a question," I added hastily, "which you may reprove me for asking, and if you like I'll suppress the answer in my story on you." Dunn smiled a little crooked, wistful smile.

I'LL trust you to print what you think fair," said he. "In the motion picture business we have to take what publicity we can get, and I shan't (*Continued on page 95*)

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



(Above) With Sally Eilers in his first film and instantaneous success, "Bad Girl." (Above right) With Sally again in "Dance Team." Sally and James made such a hit in these two pictures that it was thought they'd always be teamed together. But the Fox company decided otherwise, for in "Society Girl" (right) he plays opposite Peggy Shannon.





Hollywood Newspictures

Hollywood's newest exponent of he-mannishness and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. John Weissmuller. Informally, Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst.

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



HELEN CHANDLER WEARS PORCELAIN CAPS ON HER TEETH TO IMPROVE HER MOVIE SMILE.



GEORGE ARLISS STILL WEARS A MONOCLE HE HAS HAD FOR 25 YEARS.



EDNA MAY OLIVER QUIT SINGING IN A CHURCH TO JOIN A BURLESQUE SHOW.



CLIVE BROOK WEIGHED 20 POUNDS AT BIRTH.



THE ONLY NATURAL BLONDE IN THE MOVIES WITH NATURALLY BLACK EYEBROWS AND LASHES—BETTE DAVIS.



"... I expected the utmost."

"Handsome, manly and credible."

"...that the last shall be first."

WHAT THE AUTHOR THINKS OF "GRAND

Vicki Baum at the opening of "Grand Hotel." As she saw the film unreeled, she, just like all of us, had definite feelings about the work of each star. Great credit is due her for herein setting down those thoughts with such honesty.

Everyone is talking about "Grand Hotel"—and which of the stars in it really gave the finest performance. And nearly everyone has a different opinion. MODERN SCREEN is really proud to present to you the opinion of the author herself. A candid opinion about each of the main players

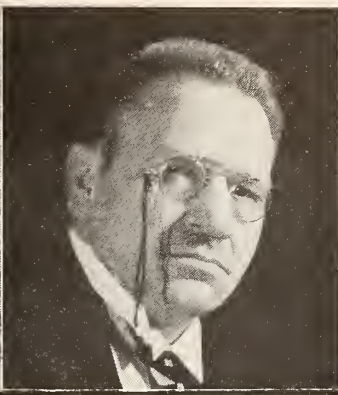
By VICKI BAUM

HAVE you ever seen a person who had nothing but a lottery ticket in his pocket and who managed to win two first prizes with it? Look at me: I'm that lucky person! The little lottery ticket which I had in my pocket when America came into my life for the first time was my novel, "Grand Hotel." I made a play out of it. The best cast I could imagine played it. The play was a hit: that was one of the first prizes. Then a picture was made out of it. They

Vicki Baum tells who she thinks does the best work in it



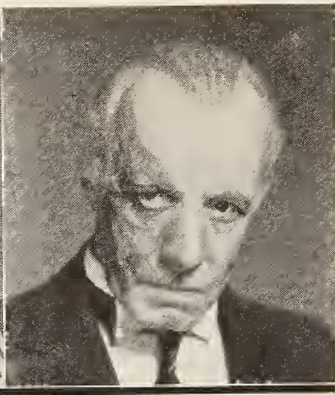
"I was thrilled and amazed . . ."



"... as I had imagined the character."



"...to those others... I can say only—



—a fleeting 'Danke schön.'"

gave me a cast such has never before been assembled. And the film is also a hit. That is the other first prize!

Nowadays I'm continually being asked how I liked the picture, whom I liked best, whether there was someone in the cast I didn't like—and a hundred such questions. It's difficult to answer them. After all, I don't sit before the screen as a critic. Nor as someone who has paid two dollars to see it. For me the screen takes characters which I have carried around for a long while—some of them for decades—and makes them alive and real. Sometimes things appear on the screen exactly as I've imagined them, sometimes quite differently. And sometimes the things that are different turn out to be better than what I had in mind. If I'm to talk about it, then there's difficulty already with the order of succession. Whom should I mention first and whom last? Should I proceed alpha-

a play and into a cast and has rendered a great dramatic performance exactly at that point where the rôle was contrary to her own being. The twittering, laughing, hopping about, in the tarlatan of a ballet skirt is certainly not what Greta would have sought out as her rôle. But she has accomplished it. She's gone the whole way which led from the first words, "I have never been so tired in my life," to the last words, "It will be sunny in Tremezzo. We'll have a guest, Suzette." That dead-tired face in the beginning—where did Greta get just those small sad lines around her mouth and forehead? Then, that face in which—between laughter and tears—love awakens! That face full of wanton joy when she is happy. That face full of fear when she awaits her beloved in vain. Unforgettable! Thank you, Greta Garbo.

Love can't be acted, not like that, if one hasn't the proper partner. I think that John Barrymore was the proper partner. Handsome, manly, and credible. The love scenes had vitality. Most love scenes on the screen are dangerous—someone in the orchestra may begin to laugh. This time the audience stopped breathing! Nevertheless, John was furthest removed from my idea of that character, perhaps because I had the clearest mental picture of the baron. My baron was the exact

image of a man who was dear to me—a man of action, an adventurer, a fiery creature—a man who was one of the first to die in the war. John Barrymore, as the baron, calmed this character down, made him gentler, added a dash of resignation and sadness.

Here I must tell you a little story: When the novel, "Grand Hotel," was first printed as a serial, I received, following the installment in which the death of the baron was described, a special delivery letter signed by a number of ladies in a small town. They simply could not face the death of this character. They simply could not endure the thought that now he was dead. Under all circumstances, I must bring him back to life in the next installment. Unfortunately that was something I couldn't do. In John Barrymore's portrayal the death of the baron loses this quality of unexpectedness, of torture—and that is advantageous to the film.

JOHN, also, had to show two faces—he is one thing in the scenes with Garbo and another in the scenes with Joan Crawford. I have seldom seen a scene more gracefully paced than that in which Joan and he become acquainted.

Beforehand, it was said by many that Joan Crawford would run away with the picture. (Continued on page 114)

HOTEL''

betically or in accordance with my gratitude? Should I politely let the ladies go first or should I begin with Lionel Barrymore, since he plays the rôle which is closest to my heart and is most important to me?

Well, I think it can't be a mistake if I begin with Greta Garbo. If I say that Greta Garbo as the dancer is much better than I expected, that's not of small consequence. For I expected the utmost. I expected that she'd be *Greta Garbo* and that would have been enough! But this time she did more than usual. She played, so to speak, two rôles. First, the weary, lonely dancer, aching for success—and then the awakened woman experiencing a great love. I've always maintained that the ability to transform one's self constitutes great acting. In movies this ability and art is seldom put in practice or laid claim to. Rôles are filled according to types. More frequently the rôle is measured and tried on and properly cut for the star's particular form until it fits without a wrinkle. In "Grand Hotel" it's quite different. There were five main rôles—the characters were there first and then came the actors—and I'm afraid that not a single one of the big stars viewed his part with much pleasure at first.

HERE Greta Garbo has achieved something which few people expected of her. She has fitted herself into

Is it Garbo? Is it one of the Barrymores? Is it Crawford or Beery?

THE TRUE STORY OF

... Ricardo's own life parallels in many ways that of the young man he portrays so well in "Symphony of Six Million"

By WALTER RAMSEY

JACOB KRANZE was born in New York City, July 7, 1900. Not in the best part of the city... nor the worst. Lexington Avenue at Seventy-ninth, to be exact. That would make Ricardo Cortez thirty-two his next birthday, and he appears to be just about that age.

"... but I feel sixty-two!" says Ric with a smile.

Which may sound like an exaggerated gesture to you who have learned to know his handsome face entirely from the screen. But after you have heard his story, after you have come to know the many milestones of sorrow that mark the years of his short life, you may ask yourself: "Why doesn't he look sixty-two!"

Seventy-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue is well known to those of you who know New York. You recognize in it a section peopled by families with children—Italians, Poles, Rumanians, Jews and Irish. Really a tough neighborhood back in the days when Ric set sail. Gangs! Every block had one. If the block was long, there were two. Fights, broken bones, hoodlums! A number of the kids he knew when he was in the third and fourth grade of school, P. S. No. 76, grew up to be among the most notorious gang leaders and racketeers in New York.

Somehow or other, the gangs—the free-for-all fighting—and the petty thievery clashed with the young Jewish boy's instincts. He found himself gradually being pushed back into his own shell. And it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he was better off alone. Being by himself became a habit—dreaming and planning. The days spent in school were sort of a little private hell to which he must go for a certain number of hours each day.

HOWEVER much he disliked the gangs, there was one thing that he must fiercely avoid: allowing any of the boys to learn that he was not "one of them" and consequently a sissy. And so the early years of his life constituted a continual struggle to remain on the fringe of the neighborhood mobs—and yet alone. Of course, the natural outcome of this boyish struggle tended to make him shy and difficult to understand. He had no intimates. Every problem presenting itself had to be thrashed out alone. This playing of a lone hand and working out every problem for himself started when he was a kid of seven, and it has continued to this very day! Ricardo Cortez has never had an agent to represent him in Holly-



Born in New York City, July 7, 1900, Ricardo Cortez—or Jacob Kranze as his childhood friends knew him—is about thirty-two.

"But I feel sixty-two," he says.

wood as every other actor in the business has. And to this day he is shy and difficult to understand.

His memories of childhood are few, probably because he lived his childhood so solitarily. He hasn't a myriad of happy events, so dear to the heart of most men, on which to pin his gradual development. His first few years were just one continual struggle. A harsh, sink-or-swim struggle to keep to himself and yet not let those about him notice it. It is impossible for him to recall the events of these early days because it was all one event. One great happening that caused him to fear and to smile—gaiety and depression of spirit—happiness and heartaches. He was so *alone* when it all took place, so absolutely shunted off from that world that is studded with heart laughs—cops-and-robbers—"gang war" and a bosom pal or two with whom to share thoughts and ideas and dreams.

Young Cortez lived this one event until he was eleven years old. Then fate manufactured something new for him: he was taken to the hospital! Going to the hospital

RICARDO CORTEZ

(Right) His mother—an understanding soul who adored him and whom he adored. (Below) Ricardo as he appeared at the age of four years. That was when he was learning the pitiful lesson of having to conform to the block gang.



to be operated upon for hernia is the first real thing that ever happened to him which he hadn't had everything to do with himself—*alone!* And if you will notice, all the major occurrences of his life are such as these. In telling me of this first recollection, he said:

"I remember being told the night before that I was to go to the hospital in the morning. I took the news calmly—as I did everything else. I went to bed without further talk on the subject and arose in the morning ready to go. Mother went with me and I remember that the rest of the family felt awfully sorry to see me go (I had two younger brothers, and my sister was two years older than myself) but I thought their fears were very childish. I wasn't afraid.

"Nor was I frightened when we actually got to the hospital and entered the elevator. But on the way to the fourth floor, it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't thought this thing out for myself! So when the elevator stopped and we got out, I sneaked back into the car without mother's seeing me and went to the ground floor once again and out of the building. I believe I walked entirely around the hospital on the outside. I must think this over calmly by myself! Hadn't I always studied out everything, alone? And here I suddenly find myself in a hospital about to have an operation . . . and I hadn't made up *my* mind about the thing! By the time I had circled around the hospital I was fully convinced that mother was right about the operation and that it would help me in the long run. So I decided to have it!

WHEN I re-entered the foyer, my mother was waiting for me. She smiled and asked

if I was ready to go upstairs. When I had explained my reason for disappearing, she told me that she understood, and we went to my room. Not *my* room, either, for there were five other young chaps in there with me. We couldn't afford a private room.

"I remember, too, that after the operation was over it suddenly occurred to me that I was being a terrific expense to the family. I recall asking mother how much the operation would cost. She told me that it wasn't important what the bill was—just so long as I hurried and got well. It was then I came face to face with the thing called mother love. I had been so much to myself all these years that it had never impressed me before. I tried to sit up in bed as I told mother she shouldn't worry—that I was certainly going to get well. Soon I would be grown-up, I assured her, and then I could get out and make a lot of money and take care of her. When she started to cry, it was *I* who turned into the adult as I attempted to dry her tears and tell her she shouldn't cry."

Adolescence brought an insatiable urge to see plays, hear good music. He couldn't expect his father to give him money for these pursuits. He must make money for himself. Saving his pennies and nickels, he collected enough to buy a box of chewing gum wholesale which he sold during the ball game at Van Cortlandt Park. Business was good. Evening found him with not a package of gum remaining. The jingle of the coins in his pocket warmed his heart. On the way home, a bunch of the tough kids from his own neighborhood pounced on him and after beating him up, took all his money. When he arrived home with a black eye, Mamma and Papa Kranze questioned him. But he had anticipated their questioning. It would have been humiliating to admit his defeat to them, so he told them he had accidentally fallen against an iron fence on the way home.

Within two days he had figured out another way to make money! During the time he attended grammar school he worked as an errand boy for a brokerage house on Wall Street, for which he was rewarded with the magnificent sum of \$4.00 per week. But these few dollars offered escape into the things he wanted to do more than anything in the world. He could see the best stage shows, the opera, the huge concert orchestras. From the balconies, true, but that was all that was necessary.

He mulled the matter over in his mind and decided that his family would hardly understand why he was thrilled by an operatic score when he couldn't read a note of music himself. He couldn't bear having them consider him a sissy, so he always told his mother he had been to a movie. On being questioned further on the lateness of his arrival home, he would explain that he had wanted to walk home. More times than not he would walk home, for even a gal-

lery seat cost every penny he could scrape together. To him the gallery represented a complete world. There he was with his own people, the poor, yet they, like himself, sat enthralled at what unfolded below them on the stage.

He realized too well that the "gang" would never understand his love for the opera and the theatre, so he never mentioned them. His most guarded possession was not a sling-shot or a kite, but rather a frayed scrapbook containing poems he had clipped from papers and magazines.

EVEN when he played basketball, it seemed that he was alone on the floor fighting a personal battle. He never forgot to work in unison with the team, but each goal was a little struggle and victory for him . . . *alone*. The team he captained won the city championship, and Ric was more proud than he had ever been before.

Then school was over. He didn't want to continue with his education. He wanted to get out and start making money. That was the important thing—making money and attaining success! Although the desire to express himself on the stage or in music was burning deep inside him, he knew he must take the thing that would give him an income immediately. He took a job in a ticket agency at \$14.00 a week. He was satisfied for a while. He came in contact with the theatrical world, in a sense, and this was as close as he could hope to get then.

One day he met Walter Morosco! As time went on he grew to know him better and finally confided his great desire to go on the stage or in the movies. Morosco mentioned that a pal of his, Al Green, was making a picture and needed a few boys to play the parts of soldiers. Ric hurried out to the studio and got the job. He was sent to the wardrobe department to be fitted for a uniform. At last he was on his way to becoming an actor! The picture was scheduled to start the following day—

That night Maurice Kranze, his father, died of influenza!

Ricardo Cortez will never forget the horror of those few hours spent at his father's bedside just before death took his father from him forever. Three days later another tragic blow felled him—his only sister died!

Two members of the family taken within four days. This boy who had always lived within himself was suddenly aroused to the realization that no longer could he consider himself.

"My boy," said his uncle, "you are now the father of the family." These words repeated themselves many times during the next few years, their responsibility urged him on.



With Irene Dunne in "Symphony of Six Million." The knowledge gained in his childhood by his natural powers of keen observation certainly helped Ricardo give a fine performance as the young Hebrew in this film.

HE couldn't take the movie job. It was gone and forgotten before he was able to look for work again. But find a job he must, for the funeral expenses combined with the doctor's bills had eaten up almost all of Papa Kranze's little estate. It fell to Ric to hustle for the family's daily bread.

Finally he tried the studios again and got a bit in a picture called "Polly of the Circus" directed by Rex Ingram. Soon he found that the carfare and lunch money consumed most of the two dollars he received each day. He couldn't choose. He must quit the movies. He found work

in a brokerage office on Wall Street, but spent the last half of each afternoon haunting the stage agencies trying to get work. He thought he might be able to hold down the job in the brokerage house and play in the theatre at night. His tour of the agencies (Continued on page 114)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LIFE . . . ?

. . . There is no love in Estelle Taylor's life. And there are no friends. That was proved only too well during her hospital sojourn. Yet life has not beaten her. Such hope demands a curious courage—and Estelle has it



YOU remember that, not long ago, Estelle Taylor suffered a broken neck in an automobile accident? Remember the weeks she spent in the hospital and the agony she suffered having her neck set? It would have been an agony if everyone she had ever known had come to her to calm and comfort her. But through it all no one came! Not a single friend—not a single acquaintance visited Estelle during her time of suffering.

Yet I know of no one in Hollywood who could have suffered the same fate if Estelle had known of it. She would have been there. She is as liberal, as thoughtful, as generous as anyone I know—and much more so than many. Her warm and compassionate hand has paid more than one hospital bill for a mere acquaintance, down on luck. Her gifts have brightened the Christmases, the birthdays, the anniversaries of dozens and dozens of persons who had no valid reason to expect remembering. There is never a shower given in Hollywood, there is never a baby born, there is never a marriage celebrated among even the hearsay acquaintances of Estelle but what her gift is among those present whether she is there, in person, or not. A gift, moreover, personally selected, thought-out, beautifully personal.

And yet, in her crisis of danger and great pain, Estelle stood alone.

Not a wire from Jack Dempsey, newspaper reports and tabloid accounts to the contrary. Not a word, not a flower, not a single "I'm sorry, old pal—a bad decision—"

And this crisis where friendship failed seems to me to be a tremendous commentary on Hollywood, on Life. . . .

In that hour, in that month or more on that narrow bed, Estelle's mind and her warm and eager heart went

adventuring. All the undigested life she has lived, the loves, marriage and divorce, the friends who were not friends, the fame that has eluded her, that long ago baby she never had, the defeats and triumphs and disloyalties of all her life passed before her in naked revue. And she brought forth conclusions about life and all of its elements that will stay with her for as long as she lives. . .

SHE said, only a few days ago: "Yes, of course I've thought things out. I had lots of time. I can give you four little bed-time stories on love and marriage and divorce—"

And I said to this dark and vivid person:

"Begin with love. After all that you have been through, what *do* you think of love?"

"I think it is wonderful—of course. The one thing. The only thing. The most precious thing—but like all precious things, it is rare. It doesn't come to us all. Not all of us are wise enough to know it when we meet it face to face. Not all of us can hold it when we have won it.

Some of us just miss it—somehow. For some special reason, perhaps. Of *course* I am not embittered, not cynical. Why should I be? Because the two men I've known intimately have failed me, or I them—but what does that prove? Nothing. There are millions of men in the world that I have never known, can never know. It will be hard for me, of course, to find another Jack. I have learned, oh surely, that I did love him, that I must always love him, that not until love happens to me again can I be free of him, or feel that I am not still his wife. Whenever any man is kind to me, wants to make love to me, I hear a small, deep-hidden voice whispering 'Oh, Jack—Jack—Jack!' But I *hope* I'll fall in love again some day. I'm still romanticist enough to dream of some remote cabin in the purple hills, a fire burning on the hearth, just two (Continued on page 97)

By
**GLADYS
HALL**

LITTLE BRAT

By HAGAR WILDE

COME here, Johnny. Don't trip over the wire, son." That was Mr. Petroff, the director. Mr. Petroff had a ferocious mustache and rolled his r's. Uncle Fred said that he was a director and that Johnny must always be polite to him. He must always call him "sir."

"No, sir," Johnny said and picked his way carefully across the set to where Mr. Petroff was waiting, his knees wide, his hands out, to encircle Johnny and tell him what to do next in the game.

Held fast in the vise of Petroff's powerful knees, Johnny listened carefully, stealing glances at Marian Maxim, the star.

"Johnny . . ." (it sounded as though Mr. Petroff were saying ZZhawney) ". . . can you be sleepy?"

"Yawn?" Johnny said.

"Yawn, and stretch, and rub your hands in your eyes. See that nice little bed over there? Your mother's going to tuck you in that little bed and sing you to sleep."

"I haven't got any mother," Johnny said simply.

"Yes, you have. Miss Maxim is your mother."

"Just a pretend mother?" Johnny asked.

Petroff avoided that question with practised skill. He'd worked with children before. "She loves you, and she has to go away and leave you tonight, but she's going to tuck you into your little bed and sing you to sleep before she goes. She wants to cry, but she's going to tell you little stories and sing to you so that you won't know how badly she feels. You'll know, though, won't you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said.



She was crying. Johnny could hear her crying. She wasn't crying quietly the way she had a couple of hours before, but she was sobbing excitedly . . . Tears had streaked her beautiful face . . .



. . . Petroff, the director, said: "Children aren't like dogs. We don't teach them. They believe." And, in this fine fiction offering, the author shows you a touching moment in the life of Johnny Marlowe, child star, who believed—

Illustrated by
Carl Mueller

"You must put your arms around her and tell her you love her. If she knows that you love her, she may not feel so bad, eh?"

"Won't she?" Johnny said shyly.

"Oh, of course not."

"Really—or just pretend?" Johnny said.

"Really," Petroff said.

He left Johnny standing there and walked over to the other side of the set to talk to the assistant director. "If these damned parents and uncles and guardians would stop yelling pretend at the kids," he growled, "I'd be able to get something out of them. Children are so simple and whole-souled that their games become real to them the moment they start. Pretence isn't in them until it's drummed in."

JOHNNY was seven, going on eight. His father and mother had been killed in a motor accident when he was three. His father's brother, Fred, had taken Johnny to live with him, his wife, and three kids. Johnny's aunt, living in Los Angeles, spent most of her waking hours

trying to get her young ones into pictures and berating the directors who turned them down. When Johnny was five, he had been taken along on one of her jaunts to the studios because she had nothing else to do with him. He had been chosen for a bit principally because of his large, mournful eyes and wistful little mouth. Mrs. Marlowe had been unable to understand it, but she grudgingly allowed Johnny to take his opportunity. When he attained his childish success she moved into a large house (using his money) and never tired of telling people that she was responsible for Johnny's good fortune, that he had her and her husband to thank for it. If it hadn't been for them, Johnny would be in an orphan's home, that's where he'd be.

"Miss Maxim . . ." That was Mr. Petroff's voice again. "Miss Maxim! Will you take your place, please?"

Marian Maxim walked onto the set, full center, and turned her large, lustrous eyes upon Petroff. Johnny's heart swam chokingly up into his throat. Her frock was so beautiful. *She* was so beautiful. His eyes traveled down to her hands. They were long and slim and white.

Nights, lying alone in his bed, Johnny had dreamed of a woman like this. In his dream, the woman was always his mother. He had never seen his mother, but he knew that she was beautiful. She must have looked like Miss Maxim. He swallowed hard and clasped his hands carefully behind his back. His palms were wet, he was so excited.

"Lights . . . camera . . ."

Johnny watched her, fascinated. Petroff's gentle hands propelled him into range of the camera. Johnny advanced hesitatingly, slowly. She held out her arms. With a choked little cry of pleasure, he went into them. She smelled like a rose garden after a rain. Johnny pressed his head against her breast and her hands went up through his hair and down again. He closed his eyes and burrowed his nose against her shoulder. He felt her lips against his cheek. She set him down and smiled at him. Johnny smiled back. There was a lump in his throat. He swallowed it and smiled again, shakily.

She picked him up in her arms and went through the door toward the little white bed. There she set him down. Johnny stared up at her.

Mr. Petroff came over and said, "Wonderful, Marian, wonderful!"

Johnny wished that she would look down and smile at him again but she was busy fixing her hair. She was so beautiful . . . so beautiful . . .

THEY were ready for the bedroom scene. She picked him up once more and held him exactly as she had in the preceding scene. She took off his stockings. Johnny thought, with a shivery thrill of ecstasy, that she did it differently from his aunt. Aunt Grace just dragged them off and threw them in a heap on the floor.

Petroff's hands were moving. Johnny felt an obscure resentment at the fact that his mother couldn't put him to bed without Mr. Petroff's butting in.

She whispered, "Shall I tell you a story?"

He nodded, speechless.

"What story do you want?"

"The one about Jack and the Giant." Petroff hadn't coached him in this but had trusted to luck.

"Once upon a time . . ."

"Cut!" Mr. Petroff again.

During the half-dozen retakes, Johnny waited anxiously. Would she go on with the story? Finally, Mr. Petroff walked over toward them. He patted Johnny's head, then he looked at Johnny's mother. "You've got the song?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Fine. Lights . . . camera . . ."

She helped him slide under the covers of the little white bed and sat down on the edge of it holding him close. She started to sing to him. Johnny's arms stole up around her neck and he hugged her first shyly and then hard.

He closed his eyes and drifted off into a world of his own. His house . . . a big house . . . dogs and cats and hobby horses. A little white bed like this, and his mother. His mother. His arms tightened again. He felt her move as though in discomfort. He was hugging his mother too hard. His little arms released her quickly and he opened his eyes, looked up at her and smiled. He heard Mr. Petroff draw his breath in through his teeth. Johnny spoke, although he hadn't been told to. "Did I hurt you, mother?" he said.

She looked at Petroff. Petroff pushed his hands down and down through the air excitedly. She looked at Johnny and smiled like an angel. "No, darling," she said, "you didn't hurt mother. Go to sleep now. Mother will sing to you."

She sang and Johnny closed his eyes again.

The scene was a big success. Petroff picked him up and hugged him excitedly. "God," he said, "God, ZZhawney, you almost make me cry."

UNCLE FRED was there to take him home. Uncle Fred had a new roadster. He didn't talk to Johnny on the way home and Johnny was glad, because he had a wonderful new secret that Uncle Fred would not understand. Johnny had a mother. Uncle Fred would laugh if he told him about it, and anyway, Johnny had a lot to think about. He wanted to take his mother a present. He planned to take something to the studio the next day. He could see himself handing it to her. "I brought you this, mother." Then she would lean down to kiss him. He could still feel the thrill that went with that swift, sweet kiss.

That night Aunt Grace undressed him. She pulled his stockings off and threw them on the floor. She said, "Go to sleep now. You have to be on the set early in the morning."

Johnny laid there and stared at her. She had unpleasant lines in her face. She was gaunt. Her hands were large and her

fingernails were a high, bright pink. She jerked the light out and closed the door, leaving him alone with his mother. He held her close in his arms all night, although she was really a pillow. He whispered good-night to her and stroked her hair and when he finally fell asleep, he dreamed of her in a white dress.

In the morning, he woke with a sense of elation. He started thinking about the present he would take her even as he dressed. Perfume? No, not perfume. After an hour's deliberation, he decided that there wasn't anything good enough for his mother. He decided to ask her what she wanted, and, in the meantime, he would buy her some flowers.

When he asked his Aunt Grace for the money, she said, "What do you want with five dollars?"

"I want to buy somebody a present," he said.

"Who?"

"Somebody," Johnny said.

"What the hell," his Uncle Fred said; "give it to him. He's probably got a crush on some kid."

"Not five dollars," said Aunt Grace. She gave him two.

Johnny took it and put it in his pocket. Uncle Fred went outside and got into the car. Johnny followed and got in beside him.

"Who's your girl?" Uncle Fred said.

"I haven't got a girl," said Johnny.

"Who's the present for?"

"It's for my . . . mother," Johnny answered, low-voiced.

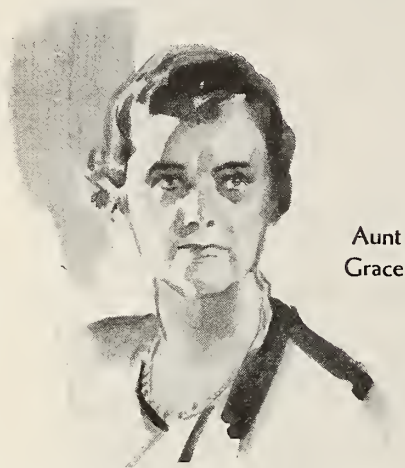
"Your what? You mean Aunt Grace?"

"No!" Johnny's voice was low but tortured. He shouldn't have said it. He shouldn't have said it.

"What're you talking about?"

Johnny just closed his mouth tight and didn't answer. Uncle Fred shrugged. Kids were funny, all right. No use trying to get anything out of them if they didn't want to talk. He drew up and waited for Johnny while he selected the flowers. Johnny bought roses because he got a lot for two dollars. He carried them carefully out to the car and got in, cradling them against his breast. He would hand them to her and say, "I brought you these, Mother."

(Continued on page 92)



Aunt
Grace



THEY ALL STOP OFF AT ALBUQUERQUE



(Left) Wallace Beery always gathers a gang of kids around him when he steps off the train at Albuquerque, New Mexico. (Right) Jackie Coogan being initiated into the Navajo Tribe—this took place on the brickwalk.

(Center picture) Gloria at Albuquerque on her famous trip when she first introduced Hank to America. (Next) Lois Wilson and an Indian woman. (Next, right) Ricardo Cortez on the brickwalk—shown across top of page.

By J. H. HOLMES

WHY go to Hollywood to see your favorite movie star? If you'll stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and stay for awhile (and not such a long while at that) you'll see all the luminaries of moviedom.

Along the brickwalk in front of the Santa Fé station in this Southwestern metropolis, kings, queens, presidents and the big shots of the sport world have trod, but a mere president or a European monarch means little in the life of Albuquerqueans.

It takes the movie stars to bring out the populace.

Albuquerque is located twenty-four hours east of Los Angeles and thirty hours west of Chicago which makes it a strategic point for the movie people to transact busi-

ness by telegram or receive personal messages.

After a twenty-four or thirty-hour ride the celebrities are anxious to take a little exercise along the brickwalk, visit the Indian curio room or perhaps eat a meal at the Alvarado Hotel. With executive offices in the East and studios on the West Coast, every movie actor of any importance has, at one time or another, clicked his heels along this brickwalk.

Many amusing, interesting and some pathetic incidents have occurred here. Here you see your screen favorites as they really are. They are not on parade.

Let the publicity department of a studio wire Albuquerque papers that a star will pass through on a certain day, and if she is popular, two (Continued on page 99)

You can't fool an Albuquerquean about the movie stars. This tells you why



Hollywood Newspictures

IF YOU

By FAITH BALDWIN

... This brilliant word picture of Gary, newly returned from African adventure, will delight you with its fascinating intimacy and insight. You'll really know him after you've read it

Says Faith Baldwin of Gary:
"Here is a man who should not marry."

"Look at his mouth which stamps him, as we are all stamped, as his own worst enemy."

"... He doesn't belong to Hollywood."

"... The most American of the young men upon the screen. He makes you think of mountains and plains..."

IF you had met Gary Cooper on the day I met him he would have been on his way to meet a lady chimpanzee! (See picture above.)

And if you had been in my frame of mind you would have wondered if luncheon with a she-novelist and, possibly, dinner with a she-chimpanzee wasn't going from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The chimpanzee is, of course, a trophy of Mr. Cooper's recent game hunting trip, while the novelist is merely another scalp which he has added to his belt by his work on the screen and his personality off the screen.

As one of Gary Cooper's *bona fide* fans I was, of course, very prejudiced in his favor when I met him; and am pleased to report that I was not disillusioned when he towered into sight and stood beside me at a height of a good foot or more over my insignificant five foot two.

As you know, Gary Cooper is Montana born; as you may also know, he was brought up on a ranch until he was twelve years old; after which he was bewilderingly sent to England to school. Later he returned home and was a student at Grinnel College, leaving there in the spring of '24 to become a cartoonist on his home town paper in Helena. Between his return to the States and his college

career he had two years as a cowboy and an automobile accident. So, you see, his life has been one long and varied adventure. Perhaps the greatest adventure was his trek to California and, after plenty of extra experience, his rapid rise to stardom.

Off the screen he appears at first sight to be merely a tall and likeable looking young man. But after a few minutes one is impressed by the exceeding blueness of his eyes, and the lean, well modelled contours of his face, and his very attractive hands.

Gary Cooper, despite—or perhaps because of—his English forbears and education is, to my mind, the most American of the young men upon the screen. He makes you think of mountains and of plains, of pioneers and of the days of Daniel Boone.

I thought of my novels and laughed a little, silently, to realize how strong a hold upon my imagination this particular type must have. For try as I will, most of my heroes turn out to be moderately fair in coloring, always tall and broad of shoulder and lean of hip, and usually with just that jaw angle which Gary Cooper possesses. Sometimes for a change I have "written" heroes who are stocky and brown eyed and have mustaches; but sooner

MET GARY COOPER

(Opposite page) As he appeared when he returned from his recent European trip. (Right) "... One is impressed by the exceeding blueness of his eyes, and the lean, well modelled contours of his face and by his very attractive hands."



or later I go back to the Cooper type and feel a good deal more at home!

So here, across a luncheon table, I had for the moment, a living prototype of one of my own pen and ink heroes, and it pleased me, although it probably would not have pleased Mr. Cooper, had he known about it, to make a little mental analysis of him just as if I were about to try and capture him—solely, I assure you, for the purposes of binding him sedately between the covers of a book.

SO here goes. And if I am wrong—and he reads this—he must make up his mind to sue me!

Gary Cooper is an anachronism. By that I don't mean that he doesn't belong in this generation—although I feel that he doesn't belong in it as wholly as others I could name—but he doesn't belong in Hollywood. I am glad that no one else thinks so, because if he had, we would

have been the loser by a great many fine and sincere screen interpretations.

But Hollywood is supposed to be the most sophisticated community in the country. I take issue with this, for I feel that what passes for sophistication in Hollywood is not sophistication at all, as I understand the term. Sophisticated or not, it works at being thought so. It is a community of "sets," of exaggerations, of backgrounds, of high lights. It is a community living under the shadow of fear . . . fear of tomorrow, fear of change, fear of the altering tempo of the public pulse. It is a community which is forced to live for the day, for the hour even, in which emotions and reactions do not flower normally and in Heaven's good time, but are forced into a hot house bloom, from, as it were, one moment to the next.

This is not the background for Mr. Cooper. He has, I think, the character which desires to strike roots, deeply embedded roots. But where in (Continued on page 98)

MODERN SCREEN



GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)

You needn't be told this is a "must see" production. A galaxy of the screen's biggest names combines with Vicki Baum's potent story of twenty-four hours of life in a deluxe Continental hotel. Garbo! John Barrymore! Lionel Barrymore! Joan Crawford! Wallace Beery! Lewis Stone! Jean Hersholt! A real all star cast. And each one superbly masterful of the demands of his rôle. Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein will show you new heights in dramatic characterization. Joan Crawford does her best work to date as the little stenographer. The director, Edmund Goulding, should be mentioned for the power of his art. And Garbo, of course, is superb.



THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)

Another court room drama in which Vivienne Ware (Joan Bennett) is on trial for the murder of her ex-fiancé, with her new sweetheart acting as her attorney. However, the director has made sure that this picture doesn't continue in the tedium so often characteristic of murder trial stories. There is not a moment of surcease from rapid-fire developments. The camera is ever at work giving you scenes behind the court room scene.

Skeets Gallagher and ZaSu Pitts furnish the type of comedy they do best as radio broadcasting reporters. Donald Cook is convincing as Vivienne Ware's attorney, and others of the cast are good.



THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)

You would hardly know that this was intended as a Bancroft starring vehicle, except for his stellar billing. It is some time before he even enters into the action as the blustering sailor who rises to power with the first sweep of the Russian Revolution. The fate of Miriam Hopkins (a dancer fleeing with the aristocrats) lies in Bancroft's hands, and he falls in love with her.

Briefly, it is an unusual love story mounted on a background of the seething Revolution with its military coups, executions, plots and counterplots. However, the film doesn't reach its full potentialities. Alan Mowbray and George E. Stone help.



TWO SECONDS (First National)

Highest honors go to Edward Robinson as John Allen, condemned wife-murderer. As he steps to the electric chair, we review with him events in his life leading to the present moment, during the two seconds before he loses consciousness. With him we relive his life as a steel riveter, the marriage he is tricked into by a venal dance hall girl (Vivienne Osborne). We see his best friend hurled to death from the steel-frame skyscraper. Then we view a man with nerves shattered, spirit broken, his very sanity dissolved by the rottenness of the woman who is his wife; whose metamorphosis to insanity leaves us gasping. A picture you won't forget.



THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)

"The Doomed Battalion" is supposed to serve as an introduction for Tala Birell to the American audience. . . . But Tala is lost in the thrillingly beautiful scenes of that part of the War fought in the mountains of Austria.

The Austrian mountain climber (Luis Trenker) says good-bye to his visitor pal from Italy (Victor Varconi) as the picture opens. War has been declared! They believe they will be allies . . . but the Gods of War make them enemies.

Varconi is sent to take a certain mountain peak held by Trenker, his friend. The attendant thrills . . . men fighting on skis . . . machine guns and dynamite . . . are great. See it.

REVIEWS

Don't see poor pictures. Read these reviews and make sure it's the type of show you'll like

Lavish production, smart and sophisticated characters and situations combine in this diverting study of the multi-millionaire class. Ruth Chatterton is the fabulously wealthy matron-of-thirty-years whose almost perfect marriage to John Miljan fizzles with the advent of another woman. Ruth turns to handsome, novelist George Brent for sympathy and falls in love.

In no way can this be considered Ruth Chatterton's best, and yet it assuredly is superior to some of her more recent endeavors. You will approve of the deep-voiced George Brent and the finished precocity of Bette Davis, who loves and loses him.

Jackie Cooper is Limpy, the little lame boy who needs a friend. He is shunned by those who should have been his playmates, bullied by the cousin who lives in the same house.

His Uncle Jonas (Chic Sale) is the only one who understands him; plays, laughs and cries with him. When Uncle Jonas leaves, the little cripple's world topples over.

It isn't the fault of either Jackie Cooper or Chic Sale that this story fails to reach great heights. They share honors equally for two grand portrayals. Dorothy Peterson and Ralph Graves are good in supporting rôles. Worth seeing.

A former attorney for the underworld becomes District Attorney. He is John Barrymore, who makes Tom Cardigan real, humorous and sympathetic. An ex-client racketeer (William Boyd) is tried for murder by Cardigan. With the testimony of the attorney's former sweetheart (Helen Twelvetrees) a verdict of guilty is assured.

But that doesn't tell the story. Helen Twelvetrees is Barrymore's sweetheart. He marries another, then refuses to be her husband when he realizes his true love is Helen.

The picture is John Barrymore's from start to finish. His flare for comic satire never sparkled more brightly.

A couple of creepy hours are in store for you, studded with good laughs and action. Those who like melodrama ushered in through padlocked doors to the accompaniment of howling dogs and quiet footfalls will enjoy this.

It seems there was an old mansion, some decayed aristocracy, a murder . . . and a huge insurance policy. Combine these elements with a handsome detective (George Brent) and a wow of a nurse (Joan Blondell). Also a flock of suspicious characters.

Joan does better than ever before, and you'll like George Brent as the detective. Mary Doran, Ruth Hall, John Wray and Holmes Herbert complete the cast.

This is the top in excellent entertainment! Joan Crawford is marvelous as Letty Lynton who runs away from her wealthy mother to escape boredom . . . only to run into a wealthy, sexy South American, Nils Asther, and become tied heart and hand. In escaping from this affair, she meets Montgomery and then the fun commences. Nils threatens to publish certain letters if he is jilted. Poison champagne . . . switched glasses . . . almost a scandal, and then the happy ending for Bob and Joan.

Bravos for Clarence Brown's direction; May Robson and Lewis Stone's acting. Don't miss this!

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (First National)



LIMPY MAKES GOOD (M-G-M)



STATE'S ATTORNEY (RKO-Radio)



MISS PINKERTON (Warner Bros.)



LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)





**THE STRANGE
CASE OF
CLARA DEANE**
(Paramount)

**YOUNG
AMERICA**
(Fox)



Somewhat reminiscent of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," this story of a girl (Wynne Gibson) who marries a no-good (Pat O'Brien), fails to reach the pinnacle of human interest scaled by the first-mentioned. Both husband and wife are put in jail for a crime he commits, and their daughter is adopted by a police officer. Years later the mother locates her daughter (Frances Dee), who is about to be married. The husband appears, learns of his daughter, and before he can capitalize on the situation is killed by his wife. Half-heartedly recommended.

That ace director, Frank Borzage, does it again. Here is a story of youth with none of the old situations. Two boys (Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage) find themselves before the Juvenile Court judge, portrayed realistically by Ralph Bellamy. The two kids are excellent. Spencer Tracy does his best work to date and Doris Kenyon is perfectly cast as his wife, the only one who befriends the juvenile delinquents outside of court. If you like your entertainment brushed with tears, hurry to the theatre where this picture is showing.



**RIDER OF DEATH
VALLEY**
(Universal)

**THE ROADHOUSE
MURDER**
(RKO-Radio)



A new type of Western picture that will be applauded by adults as well as children. Tom Mix saves the lives of Lois Wilson and her niece, also their mine. But not too heroically. Tony does his part in meting out justice to the wrong-doers.

Fred Kohler registers as the unsympathetic heavy of the story.

With the showing of this, Tom Mix and Tony will add many to their list of followers. It goes to the head of the class of horse operas.

The bad boy of "Are These Our Children?" again goes on trial for murder. Eric Linden is the super-ambitious cub reporter who frames himself on murder charges to bring overnight fame as a newspaperman and money to marry Dorothy Jordan.

Dorothy has the evidence that means his last minute acquittal. But when the real murderer steals this, Linden sees the electric chair uncomfortably near at hand. There's more before the final fade-out, but you'd better see it for yourself.



**THE STRANGE
LOVE OF MOLLY
LOUVAIN**
(First National)

**THE WOMAN IN
ROOM THIRTEEN**
(Fox)



With the rôle of Molly Louvain, Ann Dvorak again proves herself as the most promising of young actresses. Betrayed by the boy she loves, Molly goes away with Nick (Leslie Fenton), only to complicate herself and the plot.

Hiding from the law's dragnet, Molly falls in love with Scotty, (Spencer Tracy) rapid-fire newspaper reporter, who unknowingly brings her into the arms of the law. Tracy is made to order for the breezy part he plays. Others in the cast are more than adequate and the plot is cleverly developed. Altogether, this is satisfactory entertainment.

It seems that there was a discarded husband who happened to be hired to get evidence of unfaithfulness on his former wife . . . who is married in the meantime!

Not very inspired entertainment. The story fails to hold a single climax and the "smash" ending is so obvious that it might just as well never have been filmed at all.

Elissa Landi as the wife is adequate. Ralph Bellamy is sadly miscast. The honors, if any, go to Neil Hamilton as the second husband and Myrna Loy who gives a very sincere performance.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Intimate Album



... MODERN SCREEN was the first to bring you really intimate pictures. Now we offer the absolute last word in this type of feature

Pictures in this feature (except those noted) by Hollywood Newspictures.

(Left) We're willing to bet this is the most informal picture of Marlene Dietrich ever published. (Below) Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd on Hollywood Boulevard.





(Left) Joan Bennett—
now Mrs. Gene
Markey, you know.



(Right) George Brent
—Warner's new he-
man star.

You might spend half a day on Hollywood Boulevard looking for



(Left) An amusing
picture of that Wally
Beery chap.



(Right) Colleen
Moore—now a Holly-
wood star again.



(Left) Joan Blondell
does right by her
wire-haired.



(Right) Meet Harpo
without his famous
cuckoo wig.

stars. On this spread you can see eight of them in half a minute



(Left) Jeanette Mac-
Donald and her
fiancé, Robert Richie.



(Right) William
Haines, gentleman,
and wise-cracker.



... Like an invisible—but wonderfully all-seeing—eye, our camera roves down the famous Hollywood Boulevard with results that'll keep your orbs popping

Starting above and going the opposite way to the clock. 1. Skeet Gallagher, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. 2. Comedian Joe E. Brown on his way to lunch. 3. Alec B. Francis, character actor. 4. Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. 5. Víctor McLaglen and Charles Judels. 6. George O'Brien and his particular pal, Ricardo Cortez.





It's amazing, the number of stars that enjoy trotting down the most famous Boulevard in the world—and no apologies to the Boul' Mich, either. (Above, left to right) Peggy Shannon does a swell autographing job. Lola Lane—oh well, then, Mrs. Lew Ayres. Helen Twelvetrees knows how to browse. Can you browse? S'fun. (Below, left to right) Dorothy Mackaill and husband, Neil Miller. Hoot Gibson. And Mrs. Sally Eilers Gibson.





Paramount Photo

WHILE

(Above, left) Lloyd Bacon, director, Don Dilloway and Joan Blondell singing songs between scenes. (Above) Richard Arlen and Assistant Director Billy Kaplan figuring out details for a scene in "Sky Brides."



Paramount Photo

(Above) Frances Dee doesn't know you're looking at her. On the "Strange Case of Clara Deane" set. (Right) Alison Skipworth on the "Sinners in the Sun" set.



(Right) Paul Lukas while "Thunder Below" was in the making. He plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead in it, you know.



Paramount Photo



. . . How would you like to be invisible for an hour and take a peek around the Hollywood lots? Here's your chance

That's Gwen McCormick, daughter of singer John, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., on the "Love is a Racket" set. And Doug's dog, Hamlet.

THEY'RE NOT LOOKING

(Right) Mary Doran, of "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard." Ray Romero—make-up artist—in the background.



Paramount Photo



Joan Blondell, John Wray, Don Dilloway and Henry Gordon on the "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard" set.



(Above) Betch'a Miriam Hopkins is reading about herself. (Left) Richard Wallace (he's a director) and Regis Toomey wondering if one of those identical rings is an imitation.



Joan Crawford on her way home from work—hence the smile.



Isn't that a nice flower in John Barrymore's buttonhole?



Anita Page dashing away to the "Night Court" set.

A quick trip around the M-G-M lot—see them in person!



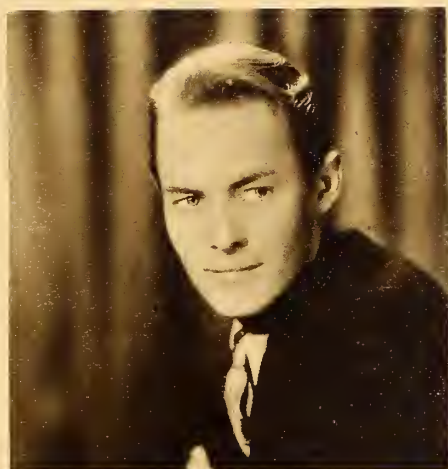
Jimmie Durante, "Schnozzle" to youse, is raising his hat to—well, maybe it's Garbo.



Jack Gilbert and Madge Evans are not that way. It's purely platonic. Yes, it is!

THE LOW-DOWN ON RICHARD

By JACK JAMISON



Among the thoroughly honest things Richard tells in this interview are his opinion of his own acting and his exact salary.



With Ann Dvorak in "Molly Louvain." Richard was lent to First National by Columbia for this picture. He was lent to M-G-M, too, when he played in "Emma."

. . . In giving this interview, young Richard Cromwell made an amazing decision—to be absolutely honest.

His candor will amaze you

ONE of the first, if not the very first story printed about Richard Cromwell

when he zoomed up from obscurity to stardom in a single picture, was given to you in MODERN SCREEN.

The title of that story was "Clumsy." We chose that word because it is one which, broadly, expresses the essence of Richard's charm; his simplicity, his ingenuousness, his boyishness. It is also a word which, taken the wrong way, has a sting to it. The present writer happens to be a friend of Richard's, and I am pretty sure that that title did hurt him, although he has never said anything about it. He was hurt because we did not understand the quality in him which made him appear "clumsy." We do understand it, now, and so, although Dick has not asked for one, we want to make an apology to him. "Clumsy" was wrong as a title.

It should have been "Honesty."

For Richard Cromwell is doing one of the most unusual things Hollywood has ever seen. He is making a wager with fate, and the stakes are his entire career, his whole future, his whole happiness.

He is taking a vow never to show himself to a single soul, inside or outside of Hollywood, other than as he actually is.

Do you realize what that means? For an ordinary man or woman not connected with the theatrical profession to resolve upon utter honesty in all his or her

dealings would bring up problems difficult enough. Now, for anyone in pictures it is fifty, a hundred times as hard. For example, suppose you went to Connie Bennett and asked, "Are you high hat?" Per-

haps Connie honestly believes she is; perhaps she has her own ideas of what "high hat" means; perhaps she'd like nothing better than to shock the hypocrites by answering "yes." But can she? Dare she? If she does, the public will turn on her overnight, such is our American contempt for the person who is better than we are or who thinks he is! In spite of all that, if you ask Richard anything he intends to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Think for a minute what this means to him where publicity is concerned. You know and I know that a movie star has to put out publicity; has to think up a colorful personality for himself in order to put himself across with the public. These are the talkie profession's little white lies—that So and So spends a million a year on clothes, that So and So owns ten yachts and repairs the engines himself. Richard says he will have none of it. No fake personalities, no fake interviews.

ANYTHING the public wants to know about me I'll tell them, and I'll call a spade a spade. But if there isn't enough to me to make anybody interested, I refuse to make up any stories. I'll (Continued on page 88)

CONNIE THROUGH JOAN'S EYES . . .

By HALE HORTON

SURELY two more opposite types of women would be hard to find than Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. The dusky, intense Joan who by sheer power of will dragged herself up from poverty to stardom—and the glamorous Connie Bennett whose champagne wit and inherited talents enabled her to attain stardom in spite of her being born into the enervating atmosphere of wealth and renown. At the age of fifteen when her beauty turned Yale Proms into riots, Connie was as sophisticated as she is today; while Joan is utterly devoid of sophistication in the true sense of the word and always will be. Yet they are friends. And, what is not generally known, very intimate friends.

Obviously their friendship is a perfect example of the attraction that develops between diametrically opposed forces. It had its inception about seven years or so ago when Connie worked on a picture on the M-G-M lot and recently it ripened into an attachment that gives every indication of being utterly sincere and lasting. But let Joan, herself, tell you just what it is that attracts her to Connie Bennett—and in view of the many published stories attacking Connie, her words should prove doubly interesting.

Joan marvels at these stories. She believes that if the fans in general and the writers in particular knew Connie as she does they would consider her one of the most delightful women in Hollywood.

CONNIE'S so perfectly natural," Joan exclaimed. "There's no pose about her at all. She is probably the most charmingly informal person I know. I'll never forget the afternoon that she dropped into my house for tea after a polo game. She brought along Henri, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, David Manners and a few others. No sooner was Connie in the living room than she slid way down in a chair until she looked as if she were sitting



Connie, cool, svelte, sophisticated, is the opposite in many ways of Joan. Yet they are the best of friends. (Left) At the recent baby party which Marion Davies gave in Hollywood.

. . . Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett are great pals. And on these pages Joan tells of the Connie she knows, with an inside slant—for the first time—on Connie's attitude to her adopted child, Peter



Joan, eager, fresh, thrilled, is the opposite in many ways of Connie. Yet they are the best of friends. (Right) Connie and Joan in "Sally, Irene and Mary," made in 1925. That was when they met.



on the back of her neck . . . then she pushed her hat up on her forehead—and there lounged our elegant sophisticate," Joan chuckled, "with that little hat perched absurdly up on her head, perfectly at home, and chatting with a nonchalance that I'd give my right eye to possess. In spite of the fact that she looks so distingué in formal gowns, she adores to wear old clothes—at least when among friends. In all truth, informality is Connie Bennett's middle name. She's as fond of bicycle riding as I am, and she gets a huge kick out of Coney Island, a place that she invariably visits when she goes to New York. I suppose it's hard for you even to imagine the sophisticated Connie Bennett riding a horse on a merry-go-round at Coney Island. Well, she's done it many a time. And she loves it. One simply can't help being fond of Connie; she has so many little funny twists to her character. For instance, during the past year she has spent more evenings putting picture puzzles together than she has in night clubs. Connie has changed a great deal in some subtle way, perhaps this change is due to her deep love for Henri, or to the adoration with which she warms the life of her four-year-old boy, Peter. "Connie Bennett adores the very ground her four-year-old son walks on.

Her untiring devotion to him should be an inspiring revelation to those who call her a cold-hearted and brittle sophisticate. But being a modern mother Connie never allows her love to be obvious.

"To the world she may seem a brittle and cold sophisticate, but in reality Connie is one of the most thoughtful, tender and affectionate women of my acquaintance. Never shall I forget how she helped me through an embarrassing predicament one night at a party of hers. She knows that I'm frightfully self-conscious when entering a room with Doug, especially when the room is filled with people. I'd rather take a beating than make an entrance. On this occasion my heart was in my throat as I stood in the doorway watching the hordes of famous names milling about amidst bursts of conversation and laughter. 'Doug,' I gasped, 'I can't do it. They'll all be watching.'

"Pull yourself together," he whispered. "It'll be over in a minute." And with that he led me into the room. As soon as Connie saw me she realized I was half paralyzed with fright. And in spite of the fact that she was busy introducing some guests, she rushed across to my assistance. "Joan, dear, I'm so glad you've arrived!" she exclaimed, and she kept me in a fast conversation until she felt that I was more or less under control; then in order to further relieve my embarrassment she suggested that we go upstairs and see her child. "We'll just run up and say good-night to him," she remarked as we left the room. "I never fail, party or no party." And incidentally Connie never enters or leaves her home without greeting or saying good-by to him.

"On this night, as we entered Peter's room, faint music reached us from down below—some soft entrancing waltz—the room's only illumination was from a tiny lamp on the bed table . . . and as long as I live I'll never forget the lovely light on Connie's face as she leaned over her son and said: 'Isn't he beautiful?' That's all she said. I couldn't answer. All I could do was look first at the child and then at Connie's face as she repeated, 'Isn't he beautiful?' . . . With his large blue eyes and curly, golden hair the little fellow looked simply angelic.

WHILE at all times Connie is gentle and tender with Peter she never seems obvious in her affection, for she's very much the modern mother. And if the child does something wrong, she never scolds or frightens him, preferring rather to point out his mistake with compassionate understanding and show him just what he should have done. As a result he never makes the same mistake twice.

"One afternoon we were standing out on the lawn watching Peter at his play, and when I asked him his name, he promptly replied 'Constance Bennett.' After smothering a little yelp of laughter, Connie said: 'Peter! You know that's not your name.'

"Well, then," the child compromised reluctantly, 'Peter Bennett.'

"Peter," said Connie, gently taking her son by the arms and looking down deep into his eyes, 'You remember perfectly well what I told you to say. Now tell Joan what your name is . . .'

"And after a moment of thought, Peter inquired cautiously, 'If I say Peter de la Falaise do you think Uncle Henri will play with me?' Now do you wonder that I think him adorable? And of course, Henri loves to play with him," Joan continued, "and so does Connie. They play with the boy every chance they get. The three of them work puzzles and romp and laugh together."

It will be many a moon before Joan forgets the afternoon that she dropped in at Connie's for tea only to find her hostess busy on the telephone discussing stories with a studio executive. Connie's little boy, standing across the room, bashfully hung his head as Joan entered. Connie wanted him to entertain Joan but the lad went shy. So as Joan recalls, Connie's telephone conversation ran something like this: "Hello, there, Joan. Let Peter entertain you for a moment . . . No, I can't say the story makes me exactly pant with excitement . . . Peter, run over and speak to Joan . . . And that one's on better . . . Peter, now don't be so bashful . . . That part doesn't suit me . . . Joan wants you . . . What's that? . . . Peter . . . Well, it may be your money but . . . Peter . . ." And only when Connie was able to give Peter a bit of undivided attention could he be persuaded to overcome his bashfulness. But then he was so nice and polite to

Joan that Connie rewarded him by lifting him up on her lap and allowing him to sit there during tea, occasionally peeking up at his mother's face in mute adoration . . .

CONNIE'S sincere affection for her boy is but one of the reasons why Joan is so fond of her. Another is the Bennett beauty. "Connie Bennett is probably the most beautiful woman in Hollywood," Joan told me enthusiastically. "And at all times, too. It doesn't make the slightest difference how she is dressed or under what circumstances the meeting takes place, I have yet to see her when she doesn't look stunning. One night I called on her when she was laid up in bed with a bad wisdom tooth. She was wearing a pale blue negligée with a baby blue ribbon around her blond head . . . and I give you my word that she must be the only woman in the world that can wear a narrow baby blue ribbon around her head, while lying in bed, without looking like a ninny. And she had absolutely no make-up on either. I tell you I'd be perfectly happy if I looked even half as beautiful in bed as she does!

"And last but not least there's Connie's undeviating honesty. In the first place she's perfectly frank and above board at all times. This may be one reason that some people seem to dislike her, but personally I consider frankness a glorious quality. It makes you so sure of a person! For example, Connie never pretends—if she disagrees with you or dislikes a thing she'll mention the fact all right, but she'll give you a darn good reason why. A reason devoid of pettiness, for you'll never find anything petty in her likes and dislikes. And she is, above all, a woman of her word. She would no more let down a friend than she would deceive her little son, Peter, even in the smallest detail. She feels that honesty between her son and herself may save many future heartaches. And the same applies to her friends."

IN stories about Connie Bennett you often see the words "shrewd business woman." You read that she can "drive a sharp bargain." The exact number of dollars she earns per year, per month, per week—even per minute are discussed. But surely such words are not a discredit to her. Wouldn't you have more liking and respect—rather than less—for a man of whom these things could be said? Of course you would! Certainly Connie can drive a sharp bargain. With producers, with studio executives, with business men generally. Why shouldn't she? They respect her all the more for it. Those same sharp wits of hers have helped them put over many a box office hit. But her clear head and keen wits have been a little too much emphasized. Her womanliness and genuineness were not, apparently, as good copy as an inventory of her worldly wealth and her expenditures for clothes, cars and what-not. Connie herself detested those stories. Perhaps you will remember that, about a year ago, she gave MODERN SCREEN her very last story on her money and what she spends it for. She gave this true account in the hope of silencing the false reports. She was sick and tired of the subject and annoyed at the wrong pictures some stories had painted of her. We are glad that we are able—with Joan's help—to give you a really true picture.

Being a "woman of her word" is one of the outstanding traits that Joan and Connie have in common. If Joan says she'll do a thing at a certain hour, she does so; despite any inconvenience. But perhaps the strongest link in the chain that binds these two opposite types is their sincere respect for each other—and if you think Joan raves about Connie, you should just hear what Connie has to say on the subject of her friend Joan.



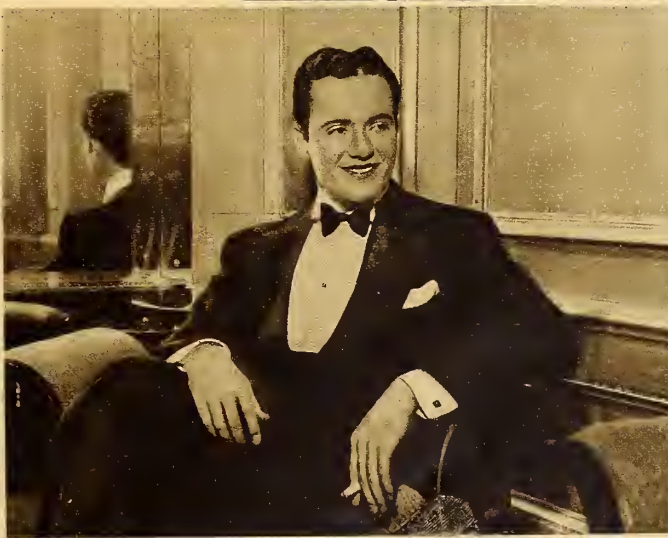
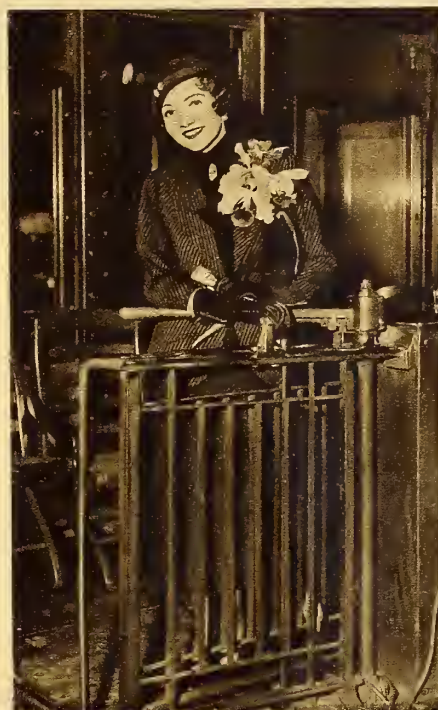
P e t e r



IN NEW YORK

(Above) George O'Brien gave the New York cops a demonstration of horsemanship in Central Park. (Left) Jean Harlow and her Pappy. She's been making personal appearances. (Right) Claudette Colbert off from Grand Central for Hollywood. (Below) Lupe Velez and also Buddy Rogers, snapped backstage at the Ziegfeld Theatre where they're playing in "Hot Cha!"

Pictures at left and below by Culver Service.
At the right by International



Intimate glimpses of some temporary Manhattanites



THE MAN

These unusual pictures, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, give you some idea of the wonderful character work Edward did on the stage—before Hollywood took him up. (Starting above and reading around the page counter clockwise.) 1. In "We Americans," a play about an immigrant family. 2. As the Impresario in "Samson and Delilah." 3. Ottaviano in "The Firebrand." 4. The Button Moulder in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." 5. Reb Feiwei in "The Goat Song." 6. Smerdiakov in "The Brothers Karamazov." 7. General Parfitio Diaz in "Juarez and Maximilian." 8. As Lazarus in "The Kibitzer." The last named reached the screen but not with Robinson.





(Left) With J. Carroll Naish and Vivienne Osborne in "Two Seconds," his latest. (Right) "He is all energy, most of it nervous. And although he is well known in University circles as a Hebrew scholar he cannot concentrate long enough to learn to play golf."



WHO CAN WEEP . . .

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is the man who made gangsters romantic by showing their weaker side. When he was still playing in "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" for the Theatre Guild, the gunmen of the screen were strong, silent and heroic, but dull. He made them exciting by playing them as men of lighter moments, emotional lapses and family ties.

With a face at once sinister and suave, and a voice that abets it by adding intensity, he wants to play all of the villains in history. Murder is his excitement. Yet when he is tense and exhausted from negotiating with directors, interviewers and film executives about how the murder shall be committed, he crumbles, defenseless, and weeps, "I'm so tired. Why won't they let me alone?"

Robinson is a little man, as everyone knows, but his voice is impelling. He is recognizable everywhere by a face that no one can forget (Al Capone first made it famous), and by the fat black cigar and the light polo coat that inevitably make a Little Caesar of him. Yet, on the screen, he would rather play Gauguin, Machiavelli and Beethoven.

Gladys Lloyd, his actress wife, who sometimes acts in his pictures, is his buffer against the world. She arranges his neckties, his interviews and his emotions. He is all energy, most of it nervous. And although he is well known in university circles as a Hebrew scholar, he cannot concentrate long enough to learn to play golf.

He went to Europe to rest, but he spent his nights throwing parties in his hotel in London and his days in showing the professional guides what to look for in Limehouse. The rest of the time he indulged in personal appearances. He was the toast of Piccadilly and the Strand and when he left they sent him a gigantic red leather,

...You have seen Edward G. Robinson in hard-boiled rôles and in an austere rôle. Yet in real life his character is by no means so limited. You'll be surprised—

gold engraved book of his press clippings.

In Paris, the night clubs hailed him and blues singers from Harlem shouted the name of the Cotton Club to remind him that he was in Paris. He terrified and enchanted the French from the garru-

lous, fly-by-night taxi drivers and the bewhiskered chiefs of police who watched for the muzzle of his gun, to the Apaches who staged street fights to greet him as brother. Even his wife was amazed at his international charm.

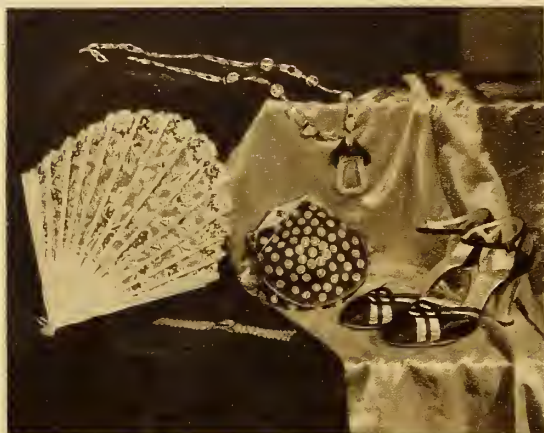
In Italy, he stalked the art galleries daily until midnight until his wife collapsed, exhausted. There were always Americans, even in hill towns, to recognize the Capone in him. He usually says what he thinks, but in Italy, from the moment his face was flashed over the border on a passport, he guarded his expressions and in all crises remembered to shout "Viva Mussolini!"

THE English thought him "quite ordinary," but wrote columns in praise of his "mug," his culture and his wife. In London the shadow of Capone pursued him to the very edge of the pit in the Tower of London where Elizabeth, once queen, now rests in formaldehyde, and a guard who "recognized" his face, tapped him gently on the shoulder to whisper, with meaning, "Jack (Legs) Diamond is dead!"

Although Robinson lives to murder, he is at heart a gentle, expansive, disturbed and excitable man, as generous to his family as he is to himself; a man frankly delighted with his success and his chance to publicly parade, yet he insists that he would not care if tomorrow it were all taken from him.

Robinson is a complete, but nevertheless charming, egoist. He can talk about (Continued on page 109)

SALLY EILERS' Wardrobe



(Above) Sally's favorite lace dress—so feminine and fragile looking that you'd never guess how really practical it is. It's French blue all-over lace. Sally wears it over a blue silk slip that has a heart-shaped bodice. For afternoon purposes, she adds a black silk belt, a pert black straw hat with French blue flowers, and black sandals. For a dinner engagement, she substitutes a matching blue belt and blue dull crêpe sandals. Note that this dress, although of feminine material, is very plain as to cut. All Sally's clothes are. (Left, from top to bottom) Formal accessories. That fan is real Valenciennes lace. The bag is black silk, studded with rhinestones. Next, accessories for formal afternoon or semi-evening. The sandals are worked out in pieces of rust-colored moiré and satin. Finally, a group of sports accessories to take hints from. Note the smart, sensible brown buckskin shoes.

What sort of clothes should the typical American outdoor girl



An evening gown of blue crêpe roma, brushed over with a star dust effect in gold. That cape drapery in the front gives the fashionable wide shoulder look. For that tight-above-the-waistline silhouette you need to be slim—but well-rounded. If Sally would turn around you could see how the capelet develops into a deep ruffle in back and borders the very low décolletage.

The same dress topped off with an adorable white ermine jacquette. (The average girl would probably have to be contented with bunny, but it would look just as nice.) Notice the cute short sleeves. And look more closely at the skirt of the dress. It's longer on the sides than it is in the middle. The deep flounce that marks the knee line ends in a knot in front.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

A PINT of golden California sunshine, a generous dash of pep, a sprinkle of sweetness—and you have Sally Eilers.

Earl Luick, who has recently moved his water colors and brushes from First National to Fox where he heads the wardrobe department, calls her the all-American sports girl. She's utterly un-selfconscious; usually curls

up on a couch in an unconcerned way when she becomes interested in a conversation. There's a swing to her walk that comes from the smooth coördination of supple muscles. There's a buoyancy about her that you find contagious. Sally is the neighbor girl you've always admired—and envied a little—and perhaps secretly tried to imitate. The one who is so popular.

wear? Read about Sally's wardrobe and see for yourself



(Extreme left) A white flannel skirt and a short yellow flannel jacket trimmed with large silver buttons makes an attractive outdoor costume. Nothing could be simpler—nor more correct. (Directly left) We like this best of all Sally's dresses. It's an eminently practical dress for the girl who has to work most of the summer in a city office. The material is dark blue georgette. The trimming is detachable collar, cuffs and cat's whisker bow of double organdie.

Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own wardrobe problems. She can help you a great deal, for she is in close contact with the head designers of the Hollywood studios. Address Virginia T. Lane, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

Ziegfeld described her as the most beautiful brunette on the screen. Ah, but she's a blonde now. A very lovely blonde with brown eyes. She had to make the change before her part in "Over the Hill," but she informs me that she'll be dark again before long. "I rather like being a chameleon, though. It has possibilities. With my hair light this way I can wear that new Olympic red I'm so fond of. And the dusty green which is so smart this summer. Somehow, when I'm a brunette they make my skin look dull. On the other hand, when I "go dark" I can wear deeper reds and yellows than I can at present. Funny, isn't it, the effect colors have on a person? Just yesterday I saw an old friend of mine and I thought for a while she had been ill because her face had such a sallow cast. Then she took off the greenish blue hat and jacket she was wearing and it was as if an unflattering light had been turned off her. She was herself again.

"Personally, I'm pretty thrilled that this is a blue and white summer. They are the two colors I like best, regardless of what shade my hair is. As a matter of fact, almost everyone looks well in them, don't you think? There's nothing that gives you that feeling of being cor-



(Above) Sally's pajamas have no nonsense about them. No wide trousers nor frills, either. These are ivory white crêpe, banded on the collar, cuffs, pockets and trouser cuffs with powder blue. The blouse is hip length and ties with a sash. Sally practically lives in them at home. And look at the sensible girl's shoes—white buckskin, with floppy tongues. They look grand with white tumble-down socks.

(Extreme right) To wear at the beach. White flannel almost-like-a-man's trousers, held up with a white leather belt. And a lacy knit sweater with a red, white and blue trim. And Sally wears three bracelets—also red, white and blue—to carry out the idea. (Directly right) Sally really swims, you see, so her swim suit is a plain blue knitted one-piece. A Roman striped silk sash dresses it up attractively for beach wear.



Photographs in this feature by Powolny,
courtesy of Fox studios

rectly dressed as much as a good white outfit with a blue scarf. Those white crêpe afternoon suits with bolero jackets and powder blue waists seem so wonderfully cool and *right*. And the dark blue cape-coats worn with blue and white printed ensembles—they're charming!"

I KNOW of no one more keyed to the mode than Sally herself. She's an exciting person. She needs these exciting clothes. Crisp, cunningly devised clothes. Trim, often tailored, and quite deceivingly simple. Like a true sports girl, she loathes fussiness of any kind even in her formal attire. Floating tulle and elaborate trimmings have no place in her wardrobe. Her clothes are purposeful; they know where they're going. Look at them. You won't find anything faddish or exotic. Very likely you'll say—just as I said—"Why, *I* could wear that!"

Take that street dress of dark blue georgette on page 68, for example. Isn't it delightful? You know the latest fashion dictate: if it is both sheer and tailored it is *chic*. Certainly, that sounds like a style contradiction, because usually we think of sheer materials in terms of dainty, feminine frocks. But here is one all smartly tucked and rather plain in spite of the beautiful rhinestone buckle on the wide suede belt. Rhinestones have invaded the fashion field in a big way this season, going even as far as the sport clothes. One of the best (*Continued on page 108*)

(Above) A new idea in practically backless backs. This tennis frock of Sally's is white crêpe de chine. The skirt is cut on a yoke and has box pleats in front and back to give comfortable fullness. The neckline in front is high. This sort of dress is indispensable to the summer wardrobe, whether you play tennis or not. Worn with white or colored flannel jackets it makes an attractive spectator frock.

"FALSE FRIENDS" —BUT TRUE!



(Left) Charles Grayson, the author of this story who has also written several novels, among them "Everything Goes," recently published—is a member of the "False Friends." He won his membership by ejecting a too gay pal from a party.

The first "False Frienders." (Left to right) Billy Bakewell, Ben Alexander, Lew Ayres, Walter Rogers and Russell Gleason. As a matter of fact it was George Cukor, the associate director of "All Quiet" who really started the name "False Friends." It was quite a gag—at the beginning.

By CHARLES GRAYSON

IN Hollywood there is an organization that is curious even for Hollywood, which makes it curious indeed. It is a group of young actors who label themselves "The False Friends Club"—and the story behind this peculiarly named outfit is one of the most interesting that I have encountered in many years of life in the sad, mad, bad, glad city of celluloid.

It all began two years ago during the filming of "All Quiet On The Western Front," considered by many to be the highwater mark yet reached by the cinema. You well remember the seven boys who played the leads—those seven small soldiers torn from their classrooms and hurled into the mud and stars of terrific combat, to drop one by one like the leaves of a dying tree.

Those boys were brought together purely by the coincidence of casting. Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, Walter Rogers, Scott Kolk, Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason and Owen Davis, Jr., were either strangers or mere acquaintances before actual shooting on the production began. But that condition did not exist for long. For a strange

thing began to happen to the lives of those seven youngsters.

THEY began to realize, as those weary labor-fraught weeks in the trenches above Laguna slowly ticked off, that there was something more than fun to be gained from this "war"—even if it was only a synthetic Hollywood affair devised for the making of a motion picture. As the long tedious hours passed, punctured continually by the whine of shells and the explosion of bombs, always before their eyes the greenish gray of dirty uniforms, muddy trenches, the massed excursions of troops, lumbering tanks and clumsy, deadly artillery, those seven boys began to believe that they *actually were in a war*.

"We actually thought it was a real fight; our squad became our whole world," Billy Bakewell declared just the other night. "Huddled in a trench, listening to a preliminary bombardment before going over the top, we were as scared as though it was an actual conflict. When Rogers died—he was the first one killed, you'll recall—I'll never forget how odd it seemed when he showed up for dinner that night. It was like seeing a ghost. And the same was true when each new fellow was knocked off . . . just like losing a dear friend."

As the days crawled by on that baking prairie, pressed

. . . Hollywood has some strange clubs, but the "False Friends" is one of the strangest—and finest. Started by a gang of boys in "All Quiet On the Western Front," it has lived and flourished amazingly



Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Louis Wolheim, Billy Bakewell and Ben Alexander as they appeared in the famous "All Quiet On The Western Front." It was during the six months sojourn, in Laguna, where "All Quiet" was filmed that the "False Friends Club" was started—more or less as a stunt.

beneath the weight of a summer California sun, it was the first time in all their young hurried lives that these boys had had time for thought. Slowly a sense of values began to develop in youngsters who before the imitation (but to them terrifyingly real) conflict were, as the late Louis Wolheim put it, "just half-baked kids."

THE boys learned a lot from the brilliant Wolly. Hour after hour he would expose to them the fund of his well-stocked mind—politics, history, economics, literature, philosophy. Similarly did they gain from the conversation of the directors, the worldly Milestone and intelligent George Cukor.

And these three men played upon their responses as they might have upon seven harps, drawing every bit of emotional reaction from them—for the good of the picture. Always for the good of the picture. Cukor, for instance, had a habit of going up to one of the bunch and saying: "Listen, you're standing out in this thing. These other kids are lousy—but you're good. Keep it up."

He privately covered each of the seven in this way before the boys accidentally happened to do a little checking up. The next day they faced him. "George, each of us thought that you were his pal. Now we find that you've been crossing us up. Our compliments, you louse."

"Yeah," Cukor replied amiably, "I'm just the false friend of you all!"

That was the first use of the phrase which later became the catchword, the loose label for their compact little organization. That evening it came definitely into use. The cast was quartered in the Laguna Hotel. Beau Rogers had a complex about being robbed, always fearful lest some prowler separate him from his toothbrush and other shirt. The boys decided to oblige him.

Entering his room shortly after dinner, they got to work. In time the chamber was stripped bare. In addition to Rogers' personal effects, they also removed the furniture, the rug, the blinds from the windows, even the electric light bulbs. Then they hid, waiting for him to appear.

Presently the victim arrived. He opened his door, entered, closed it behind him. There was a grunt, then silence. And a continuing one. The jokesters waited for ten minutes for Rogers' screams of rage. Then Ayres came out of the room where they had secreted themselves and tiptoed to the closed door, to listen.

"Looking for something, Ayres?" And Lew looked up to see Rogers, highball in hand, blithely perched in the transom!

The six conspirators indignantly huddled in the hall below his roost. "He's a falser friend than George!" one of them exclaimed. "Here we've gone to all this trouble to get a laugh—and what does he do but turn the tables on us!"

"He's the president of the false friends!" another cried . . . and so Walter Browne Rogers, of Denver and Carnegie Tech, became the first President of the False Friends Club, the humorous name—and these boys would not apply other than a gag title—to a group gathered and fashioned into comradeship by the vicissitudes of a mock but strikingly lifelike experience (*Continued on page 90*)



Hollywood Newspictures

(Above) Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the opening of Doug's "It's Tough to Be Famous." (Right) Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels and Irving Thalberg also at the same opening.



Hollywood Newspictures

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

JOAN CRAWFORD has been presented with the plum of Hollywood's story pudding. She will star in "Rain." There isn't a happier girl in the film town today than Joan and everybody is happy that she's happy. No one has fought more valiantly than she to realize her ambitions.

M-G-M wanted to buy the story rights from Joseph Schenck. But he refused and countered with a request that United Artists borrow Joan for the starring rôle. Naturally M-G-M hemmed and hawed because it's always been against their policy to lend any star of Joan's box-office standing.

Joan wanted the part. She argued. She and Doug, Jr., had planned a European vacation for the late summer. She would gladly give up this long-anticipated trip for the chance at "Rain". What else could the officials do but agree?

So they did. And now everybody's happy.

Which reminds us of Doug's statement to an interviewer. "We (Joan and he) will go to Europe this year . . . or else," the last two words in a threatening tone.

"Or else what, Doug?" questioned the interviewer.

" . . . Or else we'll go next year," laughed Doug.

CONNIE BENNETT was giving an informal party the other Saturday night. About midnight one of the guests asked if she could have a peek at Connie's little son, and the star took her upstairs. When she opened the door of the nursery there was a terrific clanging throughout the house. No one downstairs could imagine what had happened.

What happened was that Connie had forgotten the large automatic gong she had installed at the windows and door of little Peter's room as a precaution against kidnappers.

See the story about Connie on page 60.

... What's this about George Brent and Loretta Young! Another new wrinkle in petty Hollywood rackets. And all the newest gossip and chit-chat straight from the film capital



(Above) Nina Wilcox Putnam, ace writer for MODERN SCREEN who is under contract to Universal for scenarios, gave a luncheon in the Universal cafeteria to Prudence Penny, of the Los Angeles Examiner. (Left to right) June Clyde, Claudia Dell, R. D. Edwards, Miss Penny, James Gleason, Miss Putnam, Tom Brown and Arletta Duncan. (Left) Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love) and her new baby. Congratulations, Mrs. Hawks!

Did you hear about the romantic screen hero who got so angry in the studio commissary when the waitress brought him the wrong dish twice in succession that he wildly tore off his toupée?

ROBERT YOUNG is one actor that can always be reached when the studio wants him. (He was the chap, you know, who played the son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet.") Moreover, the farthest they usually have to look is on the set of some picture in which he isn't even working.

Bob spends most of his *vacation* days right at the studio watching the big stars emote and studying their technique. Hollywood is betting on Bob. He's one of the hardest working and most likeable chaps on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD enjoyed the aftermath of a recent premiere. Director Josef Von Sternberg, in correct evening clothes, hurried to his shiny automobile to be majestically whisked away. But when the chauffeur started to whisk the director away, the motor went cold. Von Sternberg, evening clothes and all, had to get out and help push the balking machine!

SOMETHING We Never Realized Until the Present: That Garbo, when speaking conversationally, or even during those rare rehearsals, speaks the English language without a trace of an accent. But the moment the camera starts to grind Greta's voice falls several tones into the almost guttural tones that her fans know her by.

Plenty of "For Rent" signs on some of the more elaborate Malibu Beach houses. Their rent during the summer months runs into big money, and people aren't speaking up for them as eagerly as of yore.

DON'T let on that we told you, but the other day George Brent told a pal of his that Loretta Young was one sweet gal.

Walter Winchell better look to his laurels. The columnist recently had it that if Grant Withers would be a good boy, Loretta might re-marry him.

VARIOUS studios are hot on the trail of some wise-guys who've been selling lists of the stars' telephone numbers to enterprising shopkeepers for \$75.

And they are worth every cent of that to the owners of smart clothing shops. The proprietress calls the feminine stars, saying: "We have just received a new consignment of exclusive models. I knew you would want to be the first to make a selection." And when it's put that way, most of the actresses fall for it.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON 14 TO 18

WHAT ABOUT THE

... Will all of the children, whose parents are famous screen personalities, follow in the luminous footsteps of those parents? And what do the parents think about it?



Culver Service

This fascinating old picture was taken years and years ago—when Doug, Jr., was only seven! At that time Doug, Sr., was not anxious for his son to be a motion picture actor. But he's changed his mind now. (At top) Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton have plans for their adopted Patricia, but—

SECOND GENERATION?



Noah Beery, Jr., was kept away from the studios as much as possible. Yet he has recently signed a contract to appear before the cameras.

Creighton Chaney, too, was never even allowed in a studio. He dug ditches, worked in a boiler factory—yet the lure of the screen got him.

Wallace Reid hated acting, Mrs. Reid says. He thought it effete. She is wondering whether fifteen-year-old Wallie, Jr., will think so, too?

WAY for the younger generation!

Lon Chaney's son, Creighton, aged twenty-one, signed a contract the other day with RKO. Noah Beery, Junior, aged eighteen, has signed a long term contract with Universal. The same studio, as this is written, is negotiating for the services of young Wallace Reid—fifteen next August. Francis X. Bushman, Junior, is serving his apprenticeship in westerns. Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, made her debut on the New York stage this season. Phillips Holmes, son of that seasoned trouser, Taylor Holmes, is already doing pretty well on the screen, thank you. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, bids fair to keep the family name blazing in electric lights for years and years to come.

For centuries and centuries the stage has passed its talent and tradition from father to son, from mother to daughter. Once the thunder of applause, the glare of footlights, the passion of the theatre get into the blood, they descend not only to the second and the third generations but also on to the eighth and ninth and goodness knows how much farther after that!

Will there be, eventually, a hereditary aristocracy of screen celebrities? Will motion pictures have their trouping families such as the stage has always had? Are we witnessing the founding of screen dynasties?

There are few careers as gruelling as that of a motion picture actor. Witnessing their struggles, their difficulties and their panics, one wonders how the game can possibly be worth such extraordinarily costly candles. And one wonders how the ones who have finally attained security will feel about seeing their children start out upon that same rocky, uphill road.

The psychic Gene Dennis, to whom the famous of filmdom have been pouring out their hearts' secrets during the past few weeks, remarked, with awed amazement, "There is not one happy person among the successes in Hollywood!" Will the same be true of the children?

By HELEN
LOUISE
WALKER

How do these people feel about it? Would they do it again, if they could begin once more at the beginning? Do they want their children to go into pictures?

ACTORS, as a rule, keep their children strictly away from the studios. They keep them out of the limelight, protect them from the glare of publicity, the razzle dazzle of this fantastic industry. The people who earn their living in pictures keep their youngsters as far away from them as possible. . . .

Lon Chaney never mixed with the razzle dazzle, himself. He lived quietly and modestly and his boy was brought up as any son of sensible, not-too-wealthy parents anywhere might be reared. Young Creighton never visited the studio where his father was working. He worked during vacations—really worked, I mean. He dug ditches, carried papers, delivered ice, labored in a boiler factory—muscle-building, red-blooded jobs! He married young. He has two little boys. Before he undertook to enter pictures, he was general secretary of a water heater company in Los Angeles.

I talked with him just before he signed his contract. It was startling and a little sad to meet him—he is so like Lon. The same strongly chiseled features. The same *searching* expression about the eyes. The young face is as sweet and brooding as the elder one was. The fundamental Chaney traits are there.

"Would you have gone into pictures, had your father lived?" I wanted to know.

The reply was instant and unhesitating. "No. One Chaney on the screen was enough. My father was a success. . . ."

"Would your father be pleased?"

"I am sure he would not mind—now. We never even discussed the possibility while he was living and I am sure that we never would have done so. He insisted that I be trained to take care of myself, that I learn business and that I experience enough (Continued on page 104)

OH, TO HAVE BEEN THERE!

WHEN Rex Lease took that sock at Vivian Duncan.

WHEN Doug, Jr., told Doug, Sr., he intended to marry that Crawford girl.

WHEN Ina Claire told John Gilbert what was wrong with his acting technique.

WHEN Pola Negri threw all her jewelry out of the window of her bungalow at the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich and Rudy Seiber got together for their first chat after Marlene's amazing initial year in America.

WHEN Chaplin signed that \$500,000 settlement.

WHEN Lupe Velez, bound for a yachting week-end with Howard Hughes, left Howard sitting in his car surrounded by luggage and skipped to New York with John Gilbert.

WHEN Lupe and Lil Tashman almost came to blows in the dressing room at the Montmartre Café.

WHEN John Gilbert found Greta Garbo had grabbed that train back to Hollywood and left him in Agua Caliente—a would-be groom without a bride.

WHEN the Marquis de la Falaise explained to Gloria Swanson (then the Marquise) why Connie Bennett was the first person in Hollywood he saw on his return from Europe.

WHEN Lil Tashman explained to Eddie Lowe about that chinchilla coat.



WHEN Mary Pickford (long ago) called the great master, D. W. Griffith, something decidedly different.



WHEN Richard Bennett told a newspaper woman all those things about his daughters, Connie, Joan and Barbara.

A front seat at any of these moments would have been priceless!

By **HARRIET PARSONS**

Illustrated by Jack Welch

WHEN John Considine called Joan Bennett down for following him to Palm Springs.

WHEN Dick Arlen explained those Peggy Shannon rumors to Jobyna Ralston Arlen.

WHEN Charlie Farrell spotted Janet Gaynor on that Hawaii-bound steamer.

WHEN Walter Winchell accosted Greta Garbo in the service elevator at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York.

WHEN Abe Lyman received that phony Woolworth diamond after asking a pal to John Alden for him and get back the real one he'd given that girl.

WHEN Sam Katz, who figured he'd replaced Al Scott in Colleen Moore's affections, read of Colleen and Al's sudden elopement in Florida.

WHEN the string quartet engaged to play appropriate music at the

(Continued on page 93)



WHEN Eric Von Stroheim and Mae Murray clashed temperaments on the "Merry Widow" set a few years ago.



WHEN John Barrymore the Great first heard himself referred to as "Lionel Barrymore's brother" by some studio sightseers.



WHEN that horse bit a certain player on the M-G-M lot and Lupe Velez got so mad about it that she bit the horse.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Joan Crawford for her warmth and understanding in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton."



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

We honor John Barrymore for the return of his old charm in "Arsène Lupin," "Grand Hotel," and "State's Attorney."



Photograph by F. Powolny

We honor Joan Bennett for her emotional power in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."



VICTORIA ROAD
20, CATHERINE STREET,
S.W. 1.

Daddy Darling. -
I was so glad
to hear from you because
I had been so worried
you had not received
my letter some time
you had a wonderful
time in Italy. I have
not been home a long
time. I have just
come from watching
the Royal Procession

at the Duke and
Duchess of York.
Just wonderful
everywhere I have
never seen anything
so thrilling. The
marching England
Daddy Darling having
a very good green
march and a
difference. I have
been all night in
Golden Broom, much
more beautiful than

(Above) Tallulah's father, Congressman W. B. Bankhead. The letter shown in part above was written by Tallulah when she was in England and is the one which mentions the procession of the Duke and Duchess of York. The letter to the right on this page is to her grandmother.

A NEW TALLULAH— FROM HER LETTERS

By CHARLES GRAYSON

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
NEW YORK

My Darling little Mamma,
Thank you so
much for your sweet
letter and the "love
gift." Forgive me for
not answering sooner but
we have been rehearsing
night and day and
have been so busy
that this is really
the first chance I have

THERE is nothing more revealing than letters exchanged by people who love each other. Difficult as it is for most of us to tell what is in our hearts in ordinary speech, in writing there is no such check.

Distance is destroyed, understanding reached, and individuals show themselves as the sort of people they actually are . . .

The world knows Tallulah Bankhead as one kind of a person—a dazzling, fascinating, successful personality, riding the high crest of the theatrical wave. But she was not always so. Once she was a slip of a young girl, fighting desperately for a foothold on the slippery slopes of achievement. And the truth of this is not more clearly shown than from a glance through a bundle of letters reposing in file "B" of the State Department of Archives and History in Alabama.

This is the correspondence which passed between Tallulah and her family after she had, at fifteen, buckled on her armor and sallied forth from the family home in Jasper, Alabama, bent upon slaying the dragon Obscurity. So important is the Bankhead family in this state—containing as it does, two United States Senators, a State Congressman, army officers, a seminary president, a State

Historian, as well as one of the brightest of the dramatic luminaries—that these letters have been added to the State documents, a fitting tribute to a great clan, and a record of the successful battle for recognition of one of the community's fairest daughters.

It is to be recalled that as a girl of fifteen Tallulah made her first appearance in the films, the result of a beauty contest conducted by a film magazine. During the making of the consequent picture she received the following letter from her father, Congressman W. B. Bankhead. It starts this record because it at once gives the dominant characteristic of the Bankheads, that insistence upon success and accomplishment which seems to have brought them continually to the top of their respective heaps:

My dearest Tallulah: You are certainly going at this thing like you meant business and I am betting on you and backing you to my limit. It is certainly most encouraging and gratifying to read about the start that has been made and I shall be almost beside myself until I see my little old 'Tally' in the first picture. Of course, I have sense enough to know that

...Tallulah Bankhead is famous for her daring and her sophistication—but there is another side to her, a fine, sweet side—as evidenced in this correspondence with members of her family



had. We open Monday night at the Greenwich Village Theatre New York City. I am awfully nervous about it. Say a big prayer for me. I am glad for your sake that you are going south. I think the change will be very good for you and you will be happier. I wish I could see

she will be given a very minor part to begin with but even if she only hands the star her hat or stands in the mob, it will be Tallulah doing it. But she will not hand hats long. I have no son and I will depend on you to repay your father and your grandfather by making a real and a lasting career as a great artist in your chosen profession. It is a fine thing to contemplate how powerful a factor the screen has become on the thought and conduct of the world and how great the possibilities it offers to you. But don't forget when you get your real chance that it takes study, sacrifice and inconvenience. There is no royal road to the top anywhere. Let me know your prospects and keep me

(Continued on page 100)

My precious little Mamma before she goes. but it is impossible; but the time will pass very quickly and I will see you before long. When I have done something very big and worthwhile in the stage I will send for you and we will have a little apartment and live together and you can come and see me play. Won't it be nice? Tomorrow is "Mother's Day." Give our best mamma I'm loving for you — the dearest little wonderful mother in the world. You are my mother and I love you with all my heart. Tallulah.

(Above) Would you have believed that this woman of the world could write such letters? The letter which finishes on this page is from Tallulah to her grandmother. Tallulah always addressed her as mamma. She says in part "...You are the dearest little mother in the world. You are my mother and I love you with all my heart."

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

(Below) Extra! Extra! Pola Negri does a Dietrich! The Polish star has her legs photographed! (September, 1923.) Will Garbo follow suit? (Right) This gentleman with the large chest and with his foot on the prop lion is Elmo Lincoln. A scene from the old-time silent version of "Tarzan, the Ape Man." (Below, right) A very smart walking attire for spring and summer. Note the absence of a peplum or berth. The flowers lend the correct Fifth Avenue touch. It's Laurette Taylor and H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."



Now..10¢ WILL BUY PARK & TILFORD BEAUTY AIDS
IN CONVENIENT SIZES AS PURE AND FINE AS THE
WELL-KNOWN BRANDS PRICED FROM \$1.00 TO \$3.00

Equal to the Finest
in Everything But Price!

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distinguished French Per-
fumes and Cosmetics to this
country, Faoen Beauty Aids
are the greatest value ever
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Here's Proof of the
Purity of Faoen Products

A famous firm of chemical
analysts tested every Faoen
Product. Here is a part of
their report:

"—and after a complete and careful
chemical analysis and investigation, we
have found that every Faoen product
tested, is as pure and fine as products
of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Every Faoen Product has re-
ceived the Good Housekeep-
ing Institute seal of approval.



10c each
at S. S. Kresge Co. Stores



PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK . . PARIS

FAOEN *Beauty Aids*

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Do you often wish you could give your honest-to-goodness opinions of the talkies and the stars?

This department is for just that purpose



"Specially posed by
THELMA TODD
Noted Screen Beauty"

You
can have eyes
like the stars

by the simple magic of the NEW
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF

MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, alluring eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. You can have them. And instantly!

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? Bewitching, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the New Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

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Street.....

Town..... State.....

Dear Friends:

Recently I went to the opening of "Grand Hotel" at the Astor Theatre here in New York. The next day I passed by the theatre and there was a line of people a block long waiting to get to the box office—there to ask, pathetically, if they could buy two tickets for next week. No? Well, the week after that? Again, no! The house is sold out for eight weeks in advance!

Truly, this huge success is well deserved, for "Grand Hotel" is a magnificent achievement. But I am wondering—will it launch a vogue of "all star" pictures? And how will the public like them? Of course, since it's the melting pot for the talents of Garbo, both Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone, "Grand Hotel" couldn't very well be a failure even if its story were not as fascinating and dramatic as it is. But, supposing other companies try the experiment—

In "Grand Hotel" the acting honors were pretty evenly divided among those great names. But supposing this were not the case?

If the idea catches on and other companies put several of their major stars into one film and the honors are not evenly divided—how about it? Will you enjoy seeing your favorite player overshadowed by another player? Or will you be content as long as your favorite is in the show somewhere?

The Editor

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

She'd rather be Mrs. Ronald Colman

I cannot resist giving you my answer to your question in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN, namely, "How Would You Like to be Mrs. Clark Gable?" No doubt you will hear much protest from the fair admirers of the young man referred to, but as the wife of Clark Gable I would much rather be Mrs. Ronald Colman! About ninety-nine per cent of my sex will disagree, but who can deny that Mr. Colman is fascinating, interesting and intellectual? He gave a brilliant performance in "Arrowsmith" and I cannot but wonder why we do not see him more often.

PATRICIA LEE LORING,
Everett, Washington

Jeanette and Maurice will be together again in "Love Me Tonight."

It was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling . . . she was adorable, she was lovely. . .

Don't you know? The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and

Ernst Lubitsch. What a team! Three cheers for "One Hour With You"! Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination—Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen—MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

PEARL KATZMAN,
New York, N. Y.

Did you read "Hollywood's Frankest Break-up" in the June issue, Mildred? It would give you, perhaps, an idea of the real sanity of the Bannisters' decision

I have always admired Ann Harding for her talent, charm and common sense, but most of all for her ideal private life. But now, my opinion of her has dropped to way below zero, because I can see now that she has no sense of fairness and loyalty.

Barbara Stanwyck had the same "career trouble" to contend with as did Ann Harding, but Barbara worked and connived along with her spouse to help him regain his lost identity (as Ann terms it), while Ann is sending Harry Bannister along his merry way to work his problem out alone.

MILDRED CARTLEDGE,
Darby, Pennsylvania

Thank you, Peggy Anne. This month, starting on page 51, there's a big layout of intimate pictures. How do you like it?

I am one of the older fans and enjoyed the pictures and stories in "Modern Screen 1917" in the April issue and "How They Used to Look" in the May issue. Please give us some more articles about the old-timers, namely Ethel Clayton, Cleo Madison, Pearl White, Anita Stewart, Marguerite Snow and others of that day.

PEGGY ANNE,
Washington, D. C.

Read Faith Baldwin's story on Gary on page 46, Dorothy. It has quite a different angle

Why doesn't Gary Cooper snap out of it and give us a change of subject matter for an interview? We're so weary of that lingo of Lupe's and her ravings and that three-ring picture of Clara, Evelyn, and Lupe, like a halo encircling Gary's brow.

DOROTHY,
Ogdensburg, New York

Gosh—guess we'll just have to print just one Gable letter. Just one, though, we promise

They compare Clark Gable to Valentino, which is no compliment in my opinion. Gable lives his parts, while Valentino always seemed posed and artificial. Gable says his success is luck. I think it's ability. Gable isn't handsome? Well, if my sons grow up as good looking I'll be more than satisfied. He doesn't get by on his sex appeal alone, either. My daughter, aged six, thinks he's grand and I recently overheard one of my former high school teachers raving about him—so in any case he gets them, from six to sixty. There is only one actor I'd compare him with: Wallace Beery, and even that isn't precisely fair. But they have the same sincerity and a certain pathos that makes you like them even when they play unsympathetic parts.

IRIS GREY,
Lowell, Massachusetts

We're certainly giving the male actors a break this time. But we couldn't entirely neglect Johnnie Weissmuller and "Tarzan"

In the advertisements they asked us girls if we would live like Eve if we found the right Adam. I'm considered a very nice girl, but if Tarzan, as Weissmuller presents him, were Adam, I'd jump at the chance to play Eve.

With all my heart I hope that Johnny Weissmuller will have more rôles like "Tarzan." I can't imagine him as a society man—and, anyway, it'd be almost a sin to put clothes on a physique like his.

MARY GORDON,
Houston, Texas

• SHE FELT • SHE LOOKED • SHE WAS •



and suddenly she became 28

SHE felt, poor girl, as if she had tried all ages. Bored, dull, weary and old—and she was only 32!

She wanted, oh! so much, that radiance, that charm, which is the essence of all attraction. Though we call it "youth," it isn't, after all, a question of years.

And she not only got it—she found the secret of keeping it. Here it is—if you would like to use it yourself.

Her whole difficulty was that she neglected internal cleanliness—a fundamental to health. So when she began using the saline method with Sal Hepatica the result was astonishing!

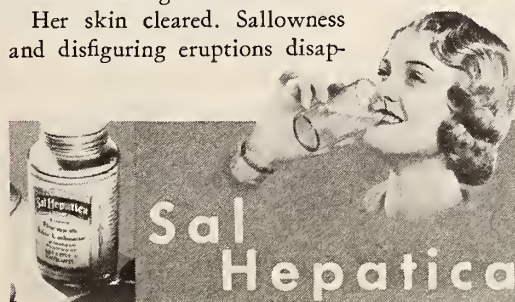
Her skin cleared. Sallowiness and disfiguring eruptions disap-

peared. It took on a fine, silky texture and fresh bloom. With her bored and sullen weariness quite gone, she sparkled merrily through the days, became her former self.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, offers you similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, digestive disorders, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today!



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71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Nestle

COMBINATION HOT OIL
TREATMENT AND SHAMPOO

Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob,
Hair treated with Combination
Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

*"Her Hair
Grows
Lovelier
Every Day"*

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it.

Super Set

The superb Nestle waving lotion for finger waves or water waves. It makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

Color Rinse

Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant lveliness and restares its youthful sheen and glamaur. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City

10c

Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor,
drug store or department store.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 11)

There are shades of silver-green and silver-blue eyeshadow for sophisticated blondes to try. In short, there is nothing in the way of cosmetics that the woman of thirty can't use if she is smart and chic enough to get away with it and if she will use it discreetly.

She should keep using a good tissue cream—or whatever corrective treatment her particular type of skin calls for. If her skin is dry, she should commence to use muscle oil, too, to chase away wrinkles. This oil should be applied, slightly warmed, on top of tissue cream and patted gently into the sensitive areas of the skin. And the woman of thirty should add to her customary exercise routine certain special exercises for the hips and bust—to prevent the former from getting that mature spread and the latter from sagging. (I'm going to have some instructions for exercises mimeographed, by the way, and will be glad to send them to you if you'll write for them.) Her hair, if she has taken good care of it all her life, should be just as pretty at thirty as it was at sixteen. But if it isn't, she should first try to improve it with hot oil treatments and a good tonic. Daily massage, of course. And beware of washing it too often. There are ways, you know, of keeping your hair looking nice without shampooing it. Dry shampoos with orris root. Herbal shampoos, which take about twenty minutes from shampooing to drying. Alcohol hair-rubs. If the hair starts to turn gray, the woman of thirty can look at Norma Shearer wearing her "Strange Interlude" wig there on page 6, see how lovely she looks, and be encouraged. Or she can go to a beauty parlor and have it dyed. Or she can write to a good company which manufactures hair dyes, sending them a piece of her hair, and they will tell her how to dye her hair at home. A word of caution here: it is quite safe to use mild rinses on your hair all by yourself. It is not safe to try to administer a real dye without someone's help. Summon your sister or a girl friend who is handy about things and ask her to help you.

There is, by the way, something brand new in reducing wrinkles. As a rule, I'm skeptical about get-thin-quick ideas. But as a matter of fact, this new product *isn't* a get-thin-quick idea. What is it? It's coffee! A brand of coffee that tastes good and helps along the reducing process—gradually and sensibly. It won't do *all* the work if you're a great deal overweight—you must help it yourself. But the slightly overweight people should find it a boon and the very fat folks might well add it to their dieting and exercising routines. By some mysterious process this coffee does things to the food you put in your tummy so that it will nourish you properly and not go piling up into spare tires and extra chins. Write for the name of this product if you're interested.

Middle age, naturally, means maturity and a mature look, but it

need not mean wrinkles, a bloppy figure and a general don't-care-how-I-look attitude. It needn't mean a corded throat nor old-looking hands. Women who have had the will power and good sense to keep their figures until middle age will probably keep them to their dying day. But when excess weight has accumulated through the years, at middle age it is usually a question of taking off from twenty-five pounds up. And this must be done slowly, sensibly and painstakingly. About six pounds a month is plenty. Otherwise, muscles will sag and the innards will drop, protesting against the loss of their fat-tissue support and all sorts of illnesses will result. An older woman who wishes to lose weight can give up all potatoes, white bread, butter, milk, cream, sugar and sweets, but she should eat moderate quantities of fruits, vegetables and lean meat. Her exercises should include bending and kneading routines. And stretching. Stretching is very important. It lengthens and strengthens muscles through the middle that are inclined to become useless as a result of bad sitting and standing postures and fatigue. For the skin, the use of muscle oil should be kept up. Make-up? By all means. But a subdued make-up. Powder, discreet rouge. And for a coiffure, nothing is more becoming than the piled-high, gracious effect of Miss Shearer's wig. (I promise not to refer to that picture on page 6 again!) Do you know how to achieve that effect? Well, take up the top front of the hair—which should be softly waved. Pin it up out of the way for a moment. Then arrange the side hair softly over the tips of the ears, pinning it at the back to secure it. Then comb the back hair straight up and roll it down to form a fan effect, spread evenly across the upper crown of the head. Then take the top hair again and comb it over this fan effect so that it's all covered up and the general effect is one smooth pompadour, right from the forehead to the nape of the neck. The ends of the top hair can be tucked out of sight in the most convenient place, or rolled in a slight twist at the back. The important thing is to get the fan high enough on the crown to give a graceful line. If your own hair isn't plentiful enough, you can roll it over a pad of false hair to make the fan.

And now, this is quite off the subject, but I want to close with a hint about something new I've just discovered. So many people write and ask me what to do about scars. Burn-scars or birthmarks or bad acne pits. Well, there actually is something on the market which will cover up these unhappy disfigurements. It was invented by a woman who, herself, was cursed with a birthmark that covered one whole side of her face. This product is quite safe and has been approved by doctors. I think it's truly wonderful and I'll be glad to tell you about it if you want to write for the information.

Cruellest Story

(Continued from page 29)

People, literally by the dozens, send her pawn-tickets to redeem for them, fake jewelry to buy at steep prices, scenarios and songs and poems to sell. What time has she to accede to so many selfish requests? Mere postage, for returning them to the senders, costs her a small fortune in itself. And if, due to other affairs more pressing, the packages are not returned within a week or so, the parties write threatening to sue her in order to have her thrown into prison! How is it possible to have any respect for the man or woman who would do a thing like that? And yet dozens, dozens, of them do it! Don't people realize what a burden they are putting on her? No! Each one who writes thinks he is the only person in the world, apparently! One is inclined to wish he were! People like that ought not to be in the world.

ABOUT twenty women a week write to Miss Dressler asking her to send them her cast-off clothes. Marie dresses simply, even plainly, and wears her gowns a comparatively long time. Twenty women a week is more than a thousand a year. Marie never had that many dresses in her life and never will have. As for her clothes that she wears in pictures, they are studio property. Nearly every letter begins with the words, "This is the most unusual request that you have ever received, Marie." The very tragedy is that they are so very, very far from being unusual. Almost the only unusual one was a letter demanding that the writer be sent, immediately, "one of your old waffle irons."

Here is a typical letter:

Miss Dressler: I need some money. I don't know who else to ask for it so I thought I would ask you. Everybody knows how kind you are. Now, I do not want much. All I want is for you to send me your salary for one week. You will never miss it, and it would be enough for me to live on for a year.

What would you do, if you got a letter like that? In the first place, how can Marie have the slightest idea what sort of person the writer is. Maybe he is a grafter, a crook, a maniac. It might even be someone with more money of his own than Marie ever heard of. (You would be surprised if you knew how many really wealthy people try to sneak charity!) But suppose the person is the right kind, and really needs the money. Perhaps it is true that Marie would never miss her salary for one week, although there is no reason why she shouldn't miss it every bit as much as you or I. *But*—think how many letters like this come to her! Say she responded to only fifty-two of them a year. That would leave her with exactly no salary at all for her own needs.



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FEED CHILDREN
COCOMALT

Their average gain 8½ pounds in 6 weeks!

**Others not taking Cocomalt regularly
show no substantial gain**

FREE to Mothers: trial can of this delicious food-drink

IT'S amazing to see how under-nourished children respond to Cocomalt—how quickly they fill out, get roses in their cheeks, become sturdy and strong! In clinical tests all over the country, whole groups of malnourished children show astonishing gains.

During the recent drought in Arkansas, for example, health authorities fed this nourishing drink to youngsters regularly for 40 days. At the end of that time, gains of from 4 to 16 pounds were noted (depending largely on age). The average gain for the 40-day period (almost 6 weeks) was 8½ pounds—*more than a pound a week!*

And here's the significant fact: Children who missed the Cocomalt clinic or attended irregularly showed no substantial gain.

Almost doubles food value of milk

Results like these—where whole groups of children improve in weight and vitality

—show beyond question that Cocomalt should be part of every growing youngster's diet.

For Cocomalt provides the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals that the active young body requires. It adds 70% more nourishment to milk—practically doubling its food value. Every glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk!

Furthermore, Cocomalt contains "Sunshine Vitamin D"—so essential in building strong bones and sound teeth.

Use coupon for free can

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk—hot or cold. So mixed, it becomes a tempting chocolate flavor treat. Children love it! You can buy it at grocery stores in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value—surprisingly low in price.

Mail this coupon today for a trial can—*free*.

NOTE: Cocomalt has been accepted by the committee on foods of the American Medical Association and is licensed by the Wisconsin Research Foundation.



**COOL!
REFRESHING!**

Cocomalt

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 39C, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me a trial size can of Cocomalt without cost or obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



ColorShine . . .
only 10¢ a bottle
. . . what a saving!

KEEPING white shoes white and new looking is no problem at all with ColorShine. *White Kid* Cleaner cleans, polishes and preserves smooth, white leather shoes. *White Cloth* Cleaner is for all white cloth and buckskin shoes. A few minutes and your shoes are like new again and there's enough left in the generous, 10¢ bottle for many pairs of shoes.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for all tan, brown, blonde, light-colored and black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15¢ in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store, at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.



If the ones we have quoted aren't enough, here are some more letters.

Will you please build a new wing on my house so my wife will like it better? I am a carpenter by trade and I can do the work myself and save you money. If you will just send me \$5,000, I will take care of it.

Save *whom* money? And what a house that must be, for a new wing to cost so much. A much grander house than Marie herself owns. And a pretty bad carpenter, if he couldn't build a house that would please his own wife.

I am a soda clerk. I have large black eyes, sleek black hair, and all the girls are just crazy about me. Everyone says I am the handsomest boy they have ever saw. I would like to get into pictures but I don't want to do no starting at the bottom. I am too good looking. Ha Ha. So if you need someone to take the lead in your next picture, I would consider it.

Ha Ha—that's what we say, too. Here's another. You understand, of course, that these are actual letters. We could pick worse, but we pick ones that are typical of the sort that come in.

Enclosed please find my autograph book. Please take it around to all the studios and get all the stars to sign it. They will do it for you.

A book containing the autographs of all the stars would be saleable to the tune of several hundred dollars. If Marie gave up all her work and all her relaxation, and did nothing but try to get one autograph book like that, it would take her, roughly, a month.

THEN there are the women who insist that they are perfect doubles for Marie. Those number into the hundreds and beyond. Almost every town boasts at least one woman who thinks she is the living image of Miss Dressler. They send photos (which

look nothing like her) to prove it, with such remarks as "the reason I look as if I had no teeth is that my gold teeth photographed black." Perhaps the high point in bad taste, or in sheer, downright, vicious cruelty, was reached by one of these. A woman wrote:

You're getting along in years. I am younger and healthier than you, and look just like you. You better be thinking of how soon you're going to kick the bucket. If you will split your salary with me, I will come out there and you can train me to play the parts you play, so I can do them when you are gone.

And, oh, the hundreds who write in, saying, "Please accept the enclosed handkerchief as a gift from your devoted admirer—and send me two dollars by return mail." Who say, "You stayed at my boarding house once and never paid your bill. What you owe me, plus interest, is \$312." Who say, "I am a red-cap porter and I carried your bag once and you gave me fifty cents. Now I would like fifty dollars." Who say, "I have never seen California. Please send me a check to pay my railroad ticket and expenses and I will come out and stay at your house."

You simply wouldn't believe it, would you? No decent person would. And yet—this actually is what has happened to Marie! Cruel!

Why?

For just the reason that, seeing her on the screen and reading about her in magazines and newspapers, people all over the world know of Marie's big, generous heart. Most of us admire and love her for it. But not these others. No. To them, her generosity means no more than a chance to sneak, to gouge, to steal from her; to get all they can and then laugh over their own cleverness.

It has broken Marie's heart.

She cannot stand it any more. For years she bore her cross in secret. Only a chance discovery of her, seated at her desk weeping, has brought it out. Her friends have finally convinced her. Marie will answer no more begging letters. Do you blame her?

Low Down on Richard

(Continued from page 59)

either stand on my own personality or fall by it!" Richard says.

But suppose he tells all there is to tell about himself, and the public still wants to know more? Shan't he invent things, just a teeny-weeny bit? We don't want him to tell us the same old things all over again. "Then that's just my tough luck," says Richard. And that will mean that he is through, done, finished! Again he shrugs. "I'm going to tell the truth—and nothing else!"

What has prompted Richard to this decision? Fundamentally, of course, it comes because he is simply an honest person, who does not like falseness in any form. We know that, now. But there is another reason. In his own words: "When I got my first part in pictures, a lot of stories were printed about me. Most of them made up things. Why did the writers do that? If they wanted to know about me, why didn't they simply come to me and ask questions? I would have told them

anything they wanted to know. Why shouldn't the public know the truth, if they want to know about me?"

Then he started to give me the low-down on many things which had been printed about him.

THE first was that Richard was selling newspapers to keep from starving when he got into pictures.

"I was making more money than I'm making right now," he said blandly. "Selling masks of themselves to women stars, I was earning two hundred bucks a week. How long it would have lasted I don't know, of course, but I was making that at the time. I had a shop where I sold modernistic furniture and stuff like that, and I was selling some of my paintings, too." Two of his oil paintings hang in the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood.

The second was that when Dick landed his picture contract he phoned his mother and said, "Are you sitting down or standing up, Mother dear? Then sit down, for you will fall down when I tell you the great news. Quit your job, Mother dear. I have a film contract."

Dick's comment to that was "—!! Did you ever hear anyone talk like that? If you did it must have been in an asylum. Mother was doing some typing for a chap in Long Beach named Mr. H—. What I really said over the phone was, 'Tell Mr. H— to go to H— and come up to the studio and sign my contract for me.'"

The third was that Dick is half Dutch

and half Chinese. "I started that myself, when I was twelve years old. I decided our family history was uninteresting and I ought to liven it up a bit."

The fourth, that Dick is a male Janet Gaynor.

"Male Janet Gaynor! In your hat!"

You see—the real trouble is that Dick, inexperienced as he was when he came to the screen, is too good an actor. Naturally, for the simple reason that he is a young chap and not an old goat with long whiskers, the parts handed to him are juveniles. Whether it was "Tol'able David," or "Fifty Fathoms," or "Emma," his character has been that of a sweet, lovable boy. A good actor makes his part convincing, and Dick has convinced a lot of people all over the country—too darned many, to his own way of thinking—that he is a sweet, innocent, prattling babe with teeth like pearls and roses in his 'tittle cheeks-weeksies and all that sort of stuff. Well, he isn't a prizefighter, and he doesn't get drunk every night and lie in the gutter till the overworked Hollywood police force picks him up in the wagon and takes him home, but he certainly is *not* a plaster saint. He's a normal, healthy kid, twenty-one years old, with a good deal of brains, a grand sense of humor, and more than a little charm. If he weren't, he wouldn't be liked by two persons as different as Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo.

In his scrap-book, he has a bunch of clippings, carefully saved, but not for the reason you think.

"Success Fails to Spoil Richard Cromwell."

"A Boy Cinderella."

"Dame Fame Touches Lad With Wand."

"From High School To Stardom."

"A Real Merton Of The Movies."

He shows them to you, and then runs to the imaginary rail of an imaginary ocean liner and succumbs to an imaginary illness.

"Mush! Mush! Pretty-Pretty! Why can't they be honest? The truth is so much simpler! The truth is, I wanted to get into pictures, I tried out for a part, I was lucky and got it, and that's all there is to it. Now I'm in pictures, doing my best, hoping to give good performances and stay in, and that's all there is to that."

So, at one sweep, he dispells the glamor of his brief past. The question now is, how about his future. Does he really mean this revolt against all bunk which may ever henceforth be attached to his name? Knowing him, I think he does. Something new has come to Hollywood at last. From Dick, in the future, you may now and then hear things you don't like to hear, but at least you'll know they're as true as true. Ask him any questions you like, and he'll give you a straight answer. There's no bunk about it. He's going to do it.

To test him, we asked him a few, and we made them as tough as possible. The two things an actor is most sensitive about are his pictures and his salary. So we asked him about both.

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Q. "Did you like 'Fifty Fathoms?'"
A. "No."
Q. "What did you think of it?"
A. "I thought it was lousy."
Q. "Why?"
A. "Because it was hokum. Because the characters in it, and the things that happened, weren't true and honest."
Q. "What do you think of 'Emma?'"
A. "I like it."
Q. "Do you think you're a good actor?"
A. "No."
Q. "What sort of an actor do you think you are?"
A. "I think I'm learning. I think some day I'll be good."

Q. "What are they paying you, now, Dick?"
A. "Seventy-six bucks a week."
Q. "What's the extra buck for?"
A. "I'm damned if I know."

But there's still one more reason why we're pretty sure you're going to hear some startling stuff from Dick from now on. Because the last question we asked him was one that every actor in Hollywood, and every actress, has balked at and been too timid to answer in any way at all.

"Dick," we asked him, "—are you high hat?"

And Dick laughed until he almost fell off his chair, and roared at us: "YES!"

"False Friends"

(Continued from page 71)

with arms in a mock movie war.

DURING the remainder of the picture, and in the time which has elapsed since then, all of the members have been president. Kolk and Davis, the amateur Romeos, on the count of pirating all the Laguna girls; and with the production finished, Ben Alexander (called by the others for some strange reason "The Idiot Boy") for breaking a vase of Lew's to which he had taken an aversion. Gleason was elected for his habit of systematically going by Rogers' apartment, after late dates, pressing the buzzer until the irate Beau was aroused, then fleeing. Bakewell served his term when he took Lola Lane home from Lew's birthday party; and Lew gained the chair both for his habit of asking the gang over and then having no food nor drink to offer them, and his stunt of putting a fake snake in his (empty) cookie jar.

Ayres elected the others simultaneously when they wrecked his treasured Studebaker. He had found the dilapidated old boat on a used car lot, fancied it, and taken it home for \$20. It ran magnificently, and was the delight of his life. Among the glittering Hollywood cars it was an eyesore and an affront to all, but Lew loved it.

Not so his friends . . . and one afternoon they descended upon it in a body, and started to demolish it. Lew ran from the house with loud squawks of protest; but in a few minutes, so infectious was the sadistic glee of the others, he joined in the fun. It was the owner himself, in fact, who threw the brick through the windshield.

Honorary members occasionally were taken in: Cukor for his duplicity, Milestone for working them "like galley slaves," Wolheim for cleaning them out in a crap game, Slim Summerville for carrying a slingshot and using it with secrecy and deadly effect. And back in town the practice continued. I was elected for chasing from a party one of the charter members who showed up considerably under the influence.

But though the organization flour-

ished (as it naturally would when transplanted to Hollywood!) the original nucleus began to diminish. Kolk and Davis went East, Scott to do "Tarnished Lady" with Tallulah Bankhead and Owney to return to the legitimate stage. Due to illness and bad breaks, Rogers gave up pictures and went back to Denver to do an advice-to-the-lovelorn column on a newspaper.

With chances growing out of "All Quiet" the remaining four have gone ahead, strong. Ayres to stardom, Bakewell and Gleason to long-term contracts with M-G-M and Pathé respectively, and Benny Alexander to enviable success in the free-lance field.

This quartet remains as close as ever. Its members are together constantly. Not many weeks ago Billy, Russ and Ben helped Lew and Lola Ayres move into their new place. This was help considerably feared by Miss Lane: Lola was worried lest the assistants try to win a joint presidency of The False Friends by shoving the piano out the window.

A strange organization, based on one of the fundamental strengths of mankind—friendship—and having its flower in a genial idiocy which might have been penned by the author of "Alice In Wonderland." "We nearly split laughing at things which seem funny to us, and which nobody else sees any humor in at all," Bakewell told me.

"Not long before Beau left, we went down to Laguna to look over the place where we had come together, two years before. The old battle field had all but disappeared, ploughed under. Only a broken ammunition wagon remained of what had been the warlike home of thousands of men for six months. That night we wandered through the streets of Laguna, where we had had so many laughs, feeling like a little bunch of lost spirits. Even our old hotel, where we stayed that night, seemed changed. It was as if the war were over, and we were returning to the old scenes in times of peace. I suppose soldiers revisiting France feel that way. We started off

to be sort of romantic about it—a sentimental journey. But it all ended up pretty sad and depressing. We all realized that a part of our youth definitely had passed. We shan't go back again."

It is a certainty, however, that one thing those boys took out of Laguna will go on. And that is the fine *esprit de corps* which sprung up in the trenches near that small town, and which now centers in that most screwy of organizations, The False Friends.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

over-ish." You put the diced lamb into a delicious sauce along with some hard boiled eggs and mushrooms and things, and pour the whole combination over hot, buttered baking powder biscuits. Honestly, it tastes even better than the original hot roast! All the recipes are made up in the right proportions to serve just two, but you can easily double or triple the proportions to serve a larger family. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and these recipes, printed on individual cards and enclosed in a smart folder, will be mailed to you, absolutely free.

IF you are a homemaker with a small family you should always do your buying and cooking with one eye on the future. Instead of buying and cooking for several people at a time, you should buy and cook for several days at a time. We are sure you will find that this system will save you time, money and effort. For instance, you know that it is more economical to purchase large-size jars, packages and cans of foods, providing, of course, that you can use the contents before they spoil. So buy the large sizes and then plan to use the contents in several different ways on succeeding days. A single can of sliced pineapple, for instance, can be used for tonight's salad, tomorrow's breakfast fruit and the next night's pineapple upside down cake.

Fresh vegetables, too, are less expensive when bought in quantity, and you can economize on fuel into the bargain by cooking a double supply of vegetables at a time, using the portion that is left over in some interesting way the following day. For instance, the vegetables can be served plain with butter the first night and heated in a cream sauce the following night. If you boil your vegetables save the water in which they have cooked, and strain and add to this liquid any vegetables which may be left over from dinner. With the addition of a little milk, thickened with some butter and flour, you will have evolved a delicious fresh vegetable cream soup. (A bouillon cube will improve the flavor.) Or if you have just an assorted lot of vegetables such as

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peas, string beans, lima beans and so on left over, hold them under the hot water in a strainer to rinse off the butter, and then mix them with French dressing and combine with tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes or celery to make a delicious salad.

Then don't overlook all the time and labor saving things that can be done with potatoes. To illustrate, if you cook up at one time enough potatoes for three dinners, you can serve them mashed the first night, fried with peppers and onions the second night, and reheated in a cream sauce the third.

THE problem of cooking meats for two is a little more complex. In far too many homes there is a monotonous (and, alas, expensive) round of chops, steaks and an occasional cutlet or slice of ham, for women feel that it is impossible to get a good small roast, and they get sick to death of the sight of a large roast before it is finished. Since it is undeniably true that larger roasts are better, the problem reduces itself to discovering ways in which the large roast can be fixed up so that it will be greeted with enthusiasm no matter how many times it may reappear on the dinner table. This requires different forms of camouflage.

Little Brat

(Continued from page 44)

Uncle Fred left him with Mr. Petroff. Mr. Petroff said, "He did a grand piece of work yesterday, this boy did," and ran his fingers through Johnny's hair.

"That's good," Uncle Fred said. "Funny how you can get a kid his age to act, isn't it? I mean, it's funny how they understand enough to do the things you want them to do, isn't it?"

"Have you had any experience training dogs, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Why yes," Uncle Fred said. "I had a dog once that I trained to . . ."

"Yes, yes," Petroff broke in impatiently. "What I meant to say was, Mr. Marlowe, that children aren't like dogs. We don't teach them. They believe. Do you see?"

"Well, now," Uncle Fred started, but Mr. Petroff seemed to have lost interest in the conversation. He made a brief gesture of farewell and propelled Johnny in the direction of the set.

She was there. Johnny laid his roses down on an old box and went over to stand beside her. She didn't notice him. Johnny stood there a while and then cleared his throat. Mr. Petroff came up then and she started talking to him in an undertone. Johnny just stood there. He was a little worried about his roses but he couldn't give them to her while they were working. He'd take them around to her dressing room later. They started work.

Today she didn't put him in bed; they were in a courtroom. Johnny just had to sit in a chair and watch, and once

for a roast served cold will appeal the day after the roast has been served hot, but not again. After that you must serve it cubed or minced, combined with a gravy, sauces or vegetables.

We suggest that you make an extra large quantity of gravy to go with the roast as it will come in very handy in preparing the meat for future meals. Then, "believe it or not" there is nothing better than a properly made hash, moistened with heavy cream and fried slowly in butter over a low flame until the bottom is crisp and brown. And doesn't it make a hit with the men! Meat pies, too, are an attractive way to serve left over roast, and pies made from left over fish are both unusual and delicious. For variety such pies can be baked with a crust of biscuit dough, pie pastry, or a layer of fluffy mashed potato.

In closing we want to stress the fact that if you are going to try to avoid monotony and wastefulness in your cooking-for-two, you should plan your menus at least three days in advance. Once you get into the habit of doing this you will find it cuts in half the time you must spend at the market or in the kitchen. And don't forget to send for this month's star recipe folder of dishes that William Powell likes.

she leaned over and put her arms around him and cried. Johnny reached up and clasped his arms around her neck, holding her tight. Mr. Petroff called "Cut!" again and she took his arms away.

Another time, they were in a room with a man and they sat beside the man on a couch. Johnny was between his mother and the man and they both kissed him. Johnny didn't like the man much, but he tried to hug her again. She held him close for a moment and then she kissed the man while Johnny sat there.

THEY did that over a great many times and then Mr. Petroff said they could go, and she hurried away. Johnny went over and got his roses. He examined them carefully and worriedly. One had wilted a little around the very edge, and its head was heavy. With infinite care he propped the drooping head among the straighter ones so that it stood up. He went off the set and out into the sunlight, down the sidewalk, across the street and to her dressing room.

As he approached the building, he heard her voice. She was crying. Her voice was high and excited. Mr. Petroff was in there too. Johnny could hear his guttural tones booming out and spreading all around.

"Great God! Great God! Did a man *offer* have such trouble!"

His mother was screaming. Johnny started to run. He stumbled up the

steps of the little house and fumbled with the catch on the door. She was crying. He could hear her crying. She wasn't crying quietly the way she had a couple of hours before, but she was sobbing excitedly.

He heard her say, "You gave him everything. Who's going to get the credit for this picture, Marian Maxim or that disgusting little brat . . . ?"

JOHNNY'S hand fell away from the latch. He peered in. She was shaking her fist at Mr. Petroff. She had taken her beautiful dress off and was in her underclothes. Tears had streaked her beautiful face, and there were unpleasant lines in it. Johnny walked slowly down the steps. Disgusting little brat . . . disgusting little brat . . . he realized after a moment that he was still carrying his roses. He retraced his steps and went quietly up onto the low porch. He laid them there, just outside her door, and then he went away.

Oh, To Have Been There—

(Continued from page 76)

huge formal wedding of the enormously wealthy Ruth Roland and Ben Bard suddenly burst into "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

WHEN Josef (Svengali) Von Sternberg told Marlene (Trilby) Dietrich what he thought about her luncheon tête-à-têtes with Chevalier.

WHEN M-G-M executives, with a brand new contract all set for Garbo to sign, read in the papers that the "tank I go home" girl had skipped off to New York.

WHEN Tallulah Bankhead told stories at that New York party that made women turn pale and strong men flinch.

WHEN Grant Withers was kidnapped from his dressing room and taken for a ride—to a sanitarium—because a gangster admirer thought he needed a rest.

WHEN Conrad Nagel, making a test for "Hell Divers," cut loose into the "mike" to prove he could play a he-man rôle.

WHEN Russ Colombo fell for that telephone call from "Garbo" asking him for a date.

WHEN Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett or Hedda Hopper read Sylvia's articles describing a masseuse's eye-view of Hollywood.

WHEN Darryl (Warner Brothers) Zanuck, after refusing to re-sign Alice White, heard of her tremendous success in vaudeville.

WHEN Gloria Swanson's three ex-husbands got together the first time and compared notes.

WHEN Helen of Troy explained to husband Menelaus how she happened to run off with that Trojan Clark Gable, Paris.

WANTED By Two Men her lover her fiancé



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In the same issue are fictionizations of nine more of the month's best movie stories! Here they are:

STATES ATTORNEY, John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees.
THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, Ruth Chatterton.
THE MOUTHPIECE, Warren William and Sidney Fox.
THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, Ann Dvorak.
TWO SECONDS, Edward G. Robinson.
LIMPY, Chic Sale and Jackie Cooper.
SOCIETY GIRL, James Dunn and Spencer Tracy.
WESTWARD PASSAGE, Ann Harding.
THUNDER BELOW, Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford.

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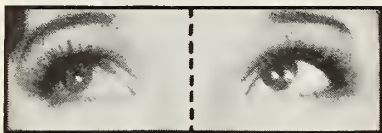
Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

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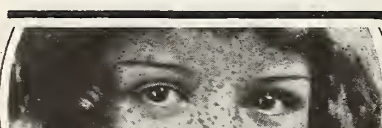
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CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. United Artists contract star. Starring in "The City" and "We Had a Word for Them." Goldwyn-United Artists. Now in New York.

CLAIR, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World." Universal. Now recuperating after nervous breakdown.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 3. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "The Viceroy" and "The Mischief Maker." Universal.

CODY, LEW; born in Maine; married to Norma Foster; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113." Tiffany; "The Tenderfoot." First National.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount contract star. Starring in "The Viceroy" and "The Mischief Maker." Universal.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; in "Handicap," Chadwick; and "Phantom Express," Educational.

COLMAN, BOB; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starring in "Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Working in "Brothers Karamozov." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah, March 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured role in "The Gay Diplomat." RKO-Radio. Now touring in vaudeville.

CONIFON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "No One Man" and "Strangers in Love." Paramount. Working in "Westward Passage." RKO-Radio.

GOOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Paramount. Now enroute in military academy.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride." For Paramount.

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox; Working in "New Morals for Old." M-G-M.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount contract star. Co-starring in "His Woman." Working in "Devil and the Deep." For Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Society," Paramount; "The Champ" and "Limpie Makes Good." M-G-M. Making personal appearance tour.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. RKO-Radio contract star. Featured roles in "The Millionaire" and "Working in 'Is My Face Red?'" For RKO-Radio.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M contract star. Featured roles in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton." M-G-M. Working in "Rain." United Artists.

CRAYFORD, KATHRYN; divorced; born in Wellsboro, Pa., October 5. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Emma," "Polly of the Circus." Working in "New Morals for Old." M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia contract player. Featured roles in "Emma," M-G-M; and "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National. Working in "Brown Cowboy." United Artists.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "One More Chance," "Dixie Lee" and "Bill Board Girl." Sennett. Next is "Crooners." Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia contract player. Featured roles in "The Big Time," Columbia; "Movie Crazy," Lloyd-United Artists; Attorney for the Defense, Columbia. Working in "Faithful Husband." United Artists.

DAMARA, LILLY; married to Francis France, September 10. United Artists contract player. Featured role in "This is the Night." Paramount. Working in "Kid From Spain." Goldwyn-United Artists.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. contract star. Last picture was "Honor of the Family." Warner Bros.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M contract star. Starring in "Five and Four," "Polly of the Circus." Next is "Three Blondes." For M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "So Little," "The Richest Are Always With Us." Working in "The Dark Horse." For Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "This Reckless Age," "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Come On Marines." Working in "Norton of the Lakes." For Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Scandal for Sale" and "Destiny Rides Again." Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbon; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 4. RKO-Radio contract star. Starring in "Girl From the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise." RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Seifert; born in Surrey, Eng., November 27. M-G-M contract player. Featured role in "Private Lives." Now directing comedies. For M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seibert; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount contract star. Featured roles in "Disordered" and "S Shanghai Express." Working in "The Blonde Venus." For Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Miss Pinkerton," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National; "Attorney of the Defense," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO-Radio star. Starring in "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Working in "Boat of the Dragon." For RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Young As You Feel." For Fox.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. United Artists contract player. Featured roles in "The Viceroy" and "The Mischief Maker." Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Waller; born in New York City, May 14. Caddo contract star. Write her at 7020 Romaine St., Hollywood. Starring in "Age for Love" and "Cock of the Air." Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M contract star. Starring in "Min and Bill" and "Emma." Working in "Prosperity." For M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and "Society Girl." For Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO-Radio contract star. Co-starring in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio; and "Back Streets," Universal. Next is "Nurse Smith." RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Working in "Turn to the Right." For M-G-M.

DYORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National contract player. Featured roles in "Scandal," Caddo-United Artists; "The Crown Roars," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is a Racket" and "Columbia." Working in "Cabin in Cotton." For First National.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "The Rain." Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Strangers in Love" and "The Mischief Maker." Working in "Merton of the Movies." For Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Grecks Had a Name for Them," United Artists; "Love's Young Couple," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle." M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 19. First National contract star. Starring in "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "Love Is a Racket." Working in "Revolt." For First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists contract star. Produced and starred in "Around the World in 80 Days." Working in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas." For United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox contract star. Co-starring in "The First Year." For Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Producer-star. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice." Columbia.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England,

birthday unknown. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." For M-G-M.

FOSTER, EDWARD; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Universal contract star. Featured roles in "Alias the Doctor," First National; "Reckless Living," "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Universal. Working in "West End Marriage." First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal; "The Great Mouthpiece," First National.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. contract star. Starring in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women." Co-starring in "The Jewel Robbery." Next is "One Way Passage." For Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARR; married to Rita Langham; born in Cedar, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Hell Divers" and "Polly of the Circus." Working in "Strange Interlude." For M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M contract star. Starring in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lyndell Berg; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox contract star. Co-starring in "Merely Mary Ann," "Delicious." Co-starring in "The First Year." For Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takamah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Ted-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starring in "Local Bad Man" and "Spirit of the West." Working in "A Man's Land." For Allied Prod.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Two Kinds of Women" and "Strange Case of Clara Deane." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M contract star. Starring in "West of Broadway," "Downtown" and "RKO-Pathé." For M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Ridgely Ransom" and "The Informant Kid." Universal. Working in "Madison Square Gardens." Charles Rogers Prod.

GLENN, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore., February 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Nice Women," Universal; "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

GOMBEL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "After Tomorrow" and "Caretaker." Working in "The Informant Kid." Universal.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Gwynne; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M contract player-writer. Featured roles in "Limbo Lark" and "Huddle." M-G-M.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

HAINES, EDITH; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M contract player. Starring in "The New Wallflower," featured in "Are You Listening?" For M-G-M.

HAMILTON, ELEANOR; married to Elmer Whiting; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Taran, the Ape Man," "Wet Parade," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle." M-G-M. Working in "Hollywood Merry Go Round." RKO-Pathé.

HARDING, ANN; separated from Harry Banner; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO-Pathé contract star. Starring in "Festive" and "Westward Passage." Next is "Animal Kingdom." For RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, BOB; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach contract star. Co-starring with Stan Laurel in "The Champ" and "County Hospital." Co-starring with Laurel in feature length comedy.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGraw; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; "Beast of the G-M-G." M-G-M. Next is "Red Headed Woman." M-G-M.

HAYES, EDWARD; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M contract star. Featured roles in "Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Appearing on New stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the G-M-G" and "Night World." Working in "New Morals for Old." For M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Belly of the Beast," "Mr. Hyde," Paramount; "Scandal for Sale," Universal. Appearing on legitimate stage.

HOLMES, ELLIS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women." Paramount; "Night Court," M-G-M.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Winchester, Pa., October 1. Working in "War Correspondent." For Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Louis Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount contract player. Co-starring in "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh." Next is "Passionate Strangers." For Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWitt Hopper; born in Hollywood, Aug. 9. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "The Informant Kid," Universal; "Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.; "Night World" and "As You Desire Me." M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured role in "But the Flesh Is Weak." M-G-M. Working in "Roar of the RKO-Radio." For RKO-Radio.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Devotion," "RKO-Radio." Working in "Animal Kingdom." Universal.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the G-M-G" and "Wet Parade." Universal.

HYANS, LILL; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Freaky M-G-M." Universal.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia contract star. Starring in "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Border." Working in "To Be or Not to Be." Columbia.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, W. Va., August 9. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "The Informant Kid," Universal; "Love's Young Couple," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle." M-G-M.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Edwin Hunter; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Girl Crazy" and "Young Bride." Working in "Is My Face Red?" and "Roar of the Dragon." Next will co-star with Eric Linden in "Fraternity House." For RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, Eng., November 23. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; "Frankenstein" and "Night World." Universal. Working in "The Old Dark House." Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickaway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M contract star. Starring in "Sidelwaks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber." Working in "Speak of the Devil." M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smyth Hollow, N. Y., December 30. RKO-Pathé contract star. Starring in "The Saddle and the Sorcerer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." For RKO-Pathé.

KENT, BARBARA; married; born in Gadsburg, Alberta, Can., December 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé; "Emma," M-G-M; "Hoffman Fair." Hoffman.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Read to Singsong" and "Warner Bros." "Warner Bride." Universal; "Young America," Fox.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, Sept. 19. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Burnt Offering." Fox.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., February 22. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters At Play." Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; married; born in New York City, June 17. First National contract player. Featured roles in "High Pressure" and "The Informant Kid." First National.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to Jack Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, August 18. Write her at Fox studio. Starring in "Devil's Lottery" and "Woman in Room 13." Working in "Burnt Offering." For Fox.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Oliver Hardy; born in Athol, Mass., June 16. Hal Roach contract star. Co-starring with Hardy in "The Champ" and "County Hospital." Co-starring with Hardy in feature length comedy, "For Roach-M-G-M." Universal.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; married; born in Uspolnii, Lithuania, June 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "The Gay Diplomat." RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 96)

Jimmie On Love

(Continued from page 33)

kick, no matter what you say. You know a certain famous comedian once said, 'Call me a so-and-so, but mention my name, too!' So I'll tell you the truth and you can print what you like." I leaned forward eagerly, for there was a look on his face which told me he was not pretending. Jimmy, it was plain to be seen, had long ago given up trying to be anything but himself—as if, perhaps, there were too many grim realities in life for him to bother with insincerity in his conversation on important subjects.

"A man only loves once," he began, a little cloud gathering between the deep-set eyes. "I loved once, I can never love again. She was not an actress, and," he added with meaning, "it was before I got my Fox contract."

Which, dear readers, seems to definitely let Sally Eilers out, despite the hectic rumors which were current about these two only a short while ago. But James Dunn was not through with his little speech.

"No, I'd rather not tell you her name," he said in reply to my look of inquiry. "The trouble with loving deeply like that," he went on, "is that you no longer have any real faith in any other woman. You hope to love again, you'd like to love again—but you are afraid to; you dare not risk the pain of disappointment or betrayal, and this deep, subconscious fear keeps you from ever giving yourself wholly and completely a second time. No—love only comes once!"

"And yet," I suggested, "you say that you love love?"

AS a pastime—the best pastime in the world—yes!" he shrugged. "Who doesn't? But it's a game now; a chance to get even on the whole sex for something—never mind what!" He frowned again, yet despite these remarks he was plainly not embittered, though perhaps sorely tried.

"What then, is your present policy towards women?" I wanted to know.

"Fool 'em and rule 'em!" he replied promptly. "The minute you trust a woman she takes advantage of it and she loses her respect for you."

"How about ruling 'em?" I demanded. Jimmy drew back his right and made a menacing gesture with a doubled fist.

"Sock 'em when necessary!" he grinned cheerfully. "I believe in a touch of the old caveman stuff. Not to hurt 'em, but to make 'em think they are going to be kept in order! It works!" he added thoughtfully.

Secretly I agreed with my host that we women do rather like a lie-man, and that we are inclined to admire and respect as masculine the male of whom we are just a little afraid physically. The quality appeals to our primitive womanhood. But I didn't give Jimmy the satisfaction of telling him this. Instead I hastily switched to another question.

"How about marriage?" I asked him.

He folded his arms on the luncheon table, leaned on them and regarded me half quizzically, half pathetically.

"Do you know, I'd love to get married?" he replied. "But I'll never ask a girl to marry me until I've laid aside enough money to be sure she'll be well taken care of. Once I had to go without eating for three days. I'll never forget it, and I'll never allow a wife of mine to run the risk of three days' starvation!"

In view of Jimmy's success and the salary he receives this struck me as an absurd objection and I did not hesitate to say so. But he protested at once in his strong, vigorous fashion.

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed, "but I haven't been making real money very long, you see, and assured comfort for the future means saving over a period of time. Mother and I live very economically and I save all I can because the public is fickle and one never knows how long one's popularity will last. But at that, I hope one day, to be able to afford a wife."

"Hum!" said I, "so you'd like to marry. How then, about this love-business? If you've loved once, and honestly believe you can never love again, what do you propose to offer a wife, aside from this assured financial security you speak of?"

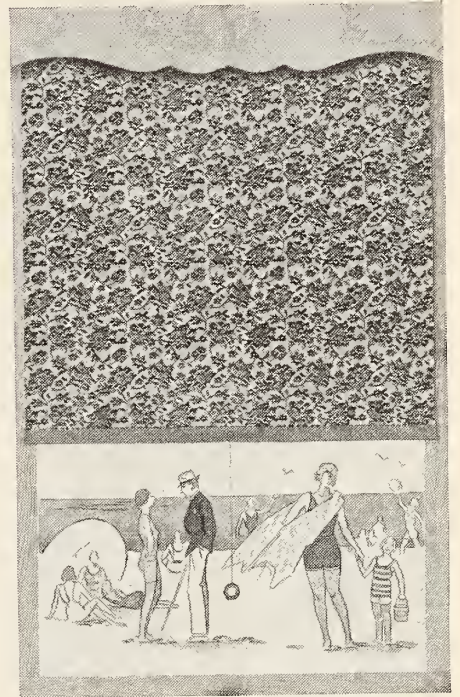
"Well," said he smiling, "one always hopes. Friendship, companionship, are a pretty good basis for marriage and the comfort of it. Perhaps in spite of everything I shall love and trust sufficiently to marry, some day. If one didn't hope for a miracle like that life would be a pretty shallow affair, wouldn't it?"

A great doctor once told me that every seven years the entire physical body undergoes a complete change—that we are actually a different person during each seven-year period of our existence. And I am sure that if this is true, the mind and spirit must change also. Let's see now—Jimmy got his Fox contract in May, 1931. The big affair took place shortly before this and so it takes only a little calculation to figure out that in, let us say, five years and six months Jimmy will be a new man—and ready to fall in love all over again for the first and only time!

Meanwhile he is a gay if somewhat superficial lover of all pretty ladies, ready to escort Molly O'Day, June Knight, Cecelia Parker or whoever is next on the waiting list. Get ready, girls! Here's a splendid big catch who is playing gleefully around the baited hook thinking he's too wise to be caught.

But the girl who gets Jimmy Dunn will have to be sincere—so real and sincere that she can convince him that womanhood may, after all, be trusted. And in my humble opinion, she will get a regular feller—a real American man with the sort of character that will mould easily into one of those ideal American husbands; but it will take an equally ideal woman to do the job.

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What Is This Thing—?

(Continued from page 41)

of us, alone. Which proves that after I have 'thought' love out I am just where I was when I began—still hoping, without disillusion. And I've thought about marriage: Even with the wreckage of two of them cluttered about my feet, debris I'm never quite able to kick out of sight and mind, *I still hope* . . . I hope that I'll marry again. I hope that I'll have the sense, now, to fall in love with a stable, conservative man, a man with intelligence and humor. The matter with most of us movie girls is that *we remain on the set all of the time. We insist that our men be lovers.* We won't let them be just—husbands. And no man, nor any woman, can live at high and passionate pressure all of the time. But, with us, when the pressure abates, when our lover begins to attend to the bread and salt of life instead of the orchids and trinkets, the cold wind of divorce blows over us.

WHICH brings me to divorce. And perhaps I haven't thought about that! Divorce should be a lonely thing. A parting can be as beautiful as a meeting. Hail and farewell may be equally dignified and lovely. Divorce could have the significance of sanctified pain that marriage is supposed to have of sanctified pleasure. *It is what other people say that makes divorce the ugly thing it is.* So hard to bear, so hurtful. It is the insistence of the public and the press that the two about to divorce must air their pitiful little raggles and taggles to the whole world that makes it shameful and sordid. If divorce could take place in secret, the man and the woman alone, at the ending as at the beginning, the wound it leaves might be a clean one . . .

And Estelle has thought about money, what it can buy, where its metallic power fails. She said, "I've found out that money can buy nothing for me, *personally.* It can buy things for other people and that is its only value. I'd hate, for instance, not to be able to send my niece through Art School. I'd hate not to be able to help my sister. But *I* don't want it. The opulence and luxury that seem to be associated with me are positively funny. I don't want a large and luxurious home. I'm trying to sell the one I have. I'd be just as content, more so, in a small, three-room apartment. I don't care about expensive clothes. I'm just as happy fixing up in a \$14.95 frock (and I very often do!) as I would be in one worth five times that amount. I know because I'm an inveterate bar-

gain-basement shopper. I never wear what jewels I have. They mean so little to me that half the time I forget I have them. I got far more kick out of driving down to the station to meet my sister a few years ago in my little Ford than I ever do in my chauffeur-driven Rolls. I feel silly and like a stuffed bird mooching about in that great thing—

OH, I've sorted everything out these past few months. I've put some things away forever and kept some things out for keeps. My bureau drawers are all in order, everything is card-indexed and filed. I know that there is no such thing as friendship. I know that where you expect to find it, where you think you have the right to expect it—it is not there. I know that where you least expect it, it comes to you . . .

"And most of all I've found that one thing and only one thing really matters to me now—the *chance to prove to myself that I have the qualities in me I think I have. I don't want to die with the thought that I've been a failure.* I don't care how success comes to me, so long as it is personal success. I don't care whether it is on the screen or on the stage or as a wife and mother in the home. So long as I can justify myself to myself. So long as, at the end, I can pat myself on the back and say 'I knew you'd do it, old kid!'

"I have come to feel, during my hours of self-research alone, that I'm not a back number. I feel that I have never, really, begun. I feel all sorts of qualities dormant in me. I don't believe that the thinnest sources of my capabilities, whatever they are, have been tapped. I don't believe I've ever been ready to do the things I've often thought I should be doing. I've always been swayed by people. If people doubted me I was as bad as they thought I was. If they believed in me, I was as good—that's all over, now. Now, at last, I'm my own judge and my own jury. I can't be very much encouraged anymore but neither can I be very much discouraged. I've stood alone, on a pretty low place, and I know that nothing is ever so bad as we think it is going to be.

"There is only one thing more to this thing called life—and that is death. I'm not afraid of that, either, just so long as I can't mutter to myself, 'Failure!' when my last bell rings. And I want to lie in the hollowed trunk of some forest tree after I am gone. Not in a cemetery where, as like as not, I wouldn't get along with the others—"



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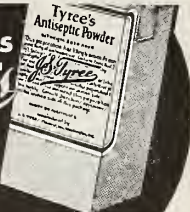


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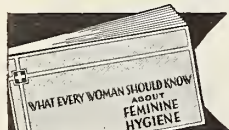
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If You Met Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 47)

Hollywood can one strike roots . . . other than the surface creepers, easily upturn?

GARY COOPER has been "typed," in the press and according to legend, as the foremost exponent of the "strong and silent." I doubt this very much. Strength, yes . . . and certainly not a great talker; but he has the human weakness to which all flesh is heir and as for talking, well, when he does, he usually says something. Personally I would run a mile from the really "strong silent" type if I ever saw it, if indeed it exists. Something, I would think, must be lacking!

If Gary Cooper has taken upon himself a veneer of what Hollywood calls sophistication, it is only a veneer. Look at his eyes . . . they meet yours very squarely. Look at the angle of his jaw, an angle which means temper, spirit if you will, slow to rouse but devastating in action, when aroused. Look at his mouth which stamps him, as we all are stamped, as his own worst enemy, a sensitive mouth, and a susceptible one.

Here is a man sensitive to a number of things; to criticism in some degree, to the softer emotions of life, in a large degree, to beauty, whether it is the beauty of landscape or a horse or merely that of a pretty woman. A mouth, I would say, which has often betrayed him.

HERE is a man who can easily be hurt, not physically, but emotionally and perhaps spiritually; a man who knows what it is to worry; who knows too, what it is to be depressed, who can't, entirely, laugh it off. A man who has perhaps not altogether outgrown the retreating within himself, which, in childhood, we call sulking, and which isn't always that, at all. A man who understands loyalty and who will always find disillusion because illusion and the creation of illusion is so large a part of his nature.

Here is a man who speaks of flying down the river Nile and of a forced landing in the Nubian desert with the light of adventure in his eyes; a man who can talk sympathetically, even a little wistfully, of the problems and pangs and hurts and dangers of little boyhood. A man who hunts big game not for the mediocre thrill of killing something but because it means adventure to him and a form of release; a release from unreality into reality, not, as is usually the case, the other way around.

Here is a man who should not marry. Had Gary Cooper stayed in Montana, drawing his cartoons or leading his cowboy existence, I would not have made such a statement. One is able, easily, to imagine the Gary Coopers of this world beautifully and happily married . . . but not in Hollywood.

For, underneath the acquired sophis-

tication you have a man who is, whether he knows it or not, an idealist and a romantic. Who thinks he has no illusions about women and who has so very many. Who armors himself against being hurt and who is going to be hurt with an almost ironical fatality.

He is clear sighted. He is fully aware of the fantastic fickleness of the public favor which one season is in love with the rather "pretty boy" type of hero, and the next with the range riding "he-man" and the next, perhaps with the alleged he-man who doesn't ride the range but who exhibits his aggressive maleness by knocking down the heroine three or four times during the course of the story.

But he isn't clear sighted about women and love and the emotional life because you can't be and still harbor illusions.

FOR this type of man there is very little happiness to be found in marriage with a woman in his own profession; and just as little with a woman outside his profession, as long as he continues on the screen. Too much mitigates against it; and there are too many "angles" in such marriages; angles which become almost tangible and against which a sensitive person is apt to bruise himself.

But the trouble is if women are attractive to him, he will always be attractive to women. It is not at all necessary for him to knock a girl down and step on her face in order to assert his masculinity. Any woman would be perfectly aware of that masculinity without any such drastic measures. And also—and this is fatal—the Gary Cooper type is one which is apt to arouse the maternal in most women, even in women who are not in the least maternal in the usual sense. They start out by wanting to "understand" and protect him and they end up by demanding protection and understanding or vice-versa. It works both ways.

Mr. Cooper made a remark to me about women. It was a wise remark and a sage remark and a "sophisticated" remark. He may believe that he believes it; but he doesn't; or he won't for long. He may believe that such an attitude, as expressed by the remark, will be a protection to him against the next disillusionment; but it won't be, not for long.

So he'd better stay—a bachelor.

In conclusion he has a sense of humor, very marked, very quiet, dry, in the best American tradition. He has, as we all know, great charm. He doesn't work at it. It simply exists and he can do nothing about it. He has a very pleasant courtesy which any woman would appreciate, especially a woman who is conscious of the "middle-aged spread" and to whom the courtesy of the average young man—provided he has any—appears a very hollow gesture. He has excellent breeding. I

would like to know his mother for I think the answer to much about her son lies, perhaps, in her.

I hope that someday, after he has made many, many more fine pictures, and is still not too old to be free, and hasn't become too sophisticated to lose touch with the things that matter, that Gary Cooper will go back to his ranch. It may be a comfortable, modern ranch, a dude ranch, but it will have distance and space and beauty. And I hope that—with or without the chimpanzee—he will ride the ranges again with no cameras grinding and look deeply into the sunset. And wonder a little what it's all been about. Or perhaps by then he will have ceased to wonder. He'll know.

I find that I usually end my articles by a sentence of personal opinion, quite divorced from analysis, a simple statement of the reaction of one person to another. But I don't think I shall, this time. It would be much too embarrassing to Mr. Cooper . . . and to myself. For if I am certain, from a cold blooded observation, that Mr. Cooper is susceptible to the ladies . . . was it in just as cold blooded observation that I decided the ladies were susceptible to Mr. Cooper?

For even at this distance from him I happen to notice that it looks like rain and I wonder if he wears overshoes. I don't think he does. And I bet he never carries an umbrella. Oh—well!

Stopping Off at Albuquerque

(Continued from page 45)

thousand persons will be on hand to greet her. Then, there are quite a number of the more rabid movie fans who meet practically all trains in the hope of seeing a star.

Gloria Swanson is a big favorite with Albuquerque fans. When Gloria passes through, the brickwalk is thronged. This was especially true when she and her ex-husband, the Marquis, made their first transcontinental trip together.

Gloria was showing the Marquis to America. She wanted the world to know about him. There were a few lesser stars on board the same train but Gloria and the Marquis were the whole show. She introduced him to everyone. Pictures were made, the mayor made a short speech and the party went along fine until a newspaper man asked, "How come you had to go to France for a husband, aren't there any Americans good enough for you?"

"They are the only real Americans," angrily replied the Gorgeous Gloria pointing a finger at a bunch of Indian pottery sellers. This reply did not set so well with the press and the next edition of Albuquerque papers promptly panned her for it.

BUT did this panning have any effect on the fans? It did not. The next time she passed through she was greeted by a larger crowd than greeted Herbert Hoover when he passed through while campaigning for the presidency.

"No, I am not getting a divorce," or "It's really love this time," are the stock answers expected from Peggy Hopkins Joyce when she graces the brickwalk. Peggy is a good fellow. In fact she is sometimes too good to reporters.

It was this goodness and hail-fellow-well-met spirit of Peggy's that almost ruptured the marital bliss of one of the news boys. Peggy wanted to pose with the three news reporters for a bunch of amateur photographers. This was all well and good but there happened to be a commercial photographer in the background. The next day walking

down the street a reporter's wife happened to see a large picture of Peggy with her arm around her husband hanging in the photographer's window with this caption, "Peggy and Her Harem."

Some of the stars of the silent days still remain fresh in the memory of fans. Frequently you'll hear some fan asking a celebrity about Anita Stewart or Mae Marsh.

Anita opened a marble tournament across from the brickwalk one time. She got down on her knees, boy fashion, and shot marbles with the previous year's champion. She became so enthusiastic about the game she almost missed her train. As she was boosted over the observation platform of the slowly moving train she remarked, "I could have beat that kid if the train hadn't started."

Mae Marsh makes the front page every time she comes through. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, and likes to tell about the time her father was a coal miner and how, when a youngster, she used to get cinders between her toes. She'll discuss any subject but likes best to talk about her children.

CONNIE BENNETT will probably not receive as enthusiastic a welcome from Albuquerque fans in the future as she has in the past. Connie evidently despises crowds. Enroute East quite recently, the sophisticated Connie shunned the crowd. The fans could forgive her for that as she had recently undergone an operation but on her return trip she was somewhat rude.

She had the Marquis, Gloria's ex-husband, in tow. It was at 6:45 o'clock in the evening and as the train pulled in the five hundred fans gathered on the brickwalk could see Connie's beautiful blond head through the Pullman window. As the train came to a stop Connie deliberately turned her back on the fans. The necessity of sending a telegram finally brought her to the brickwalk. As she descended the steps two hundred fans gathered around the car waiting

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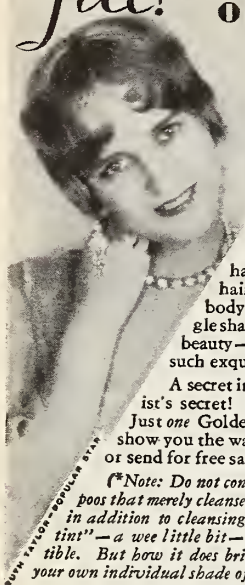


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to get a close-up view of her. Connie stepped down from the car, looked disdainfully around and inquired, "Are these people crazy?" the Marquis circled the crowd like a football end and piloted her to the telegraph office. After regaining her car she again turned her back to the crowd and finally turned out the light in the compartment.

Remembering the experience with Gloria when she was showing off the Marquis, no one asked Connie about marrying an American husband and she refused to be interviewed about the Frenchman.

Good-natured Wallace Beery always gets a big hand. He gets off the train without a coat and shirt partly unbuttoned and starts "howdying folks." He usually gathers around him a group of kids and will pose for amateur photographers as long as they like.

John Barrymore could high-hat the Prince of Wales. One time he came as far as the Pullman steps and pityingly looked at a few fans and the reporters and declared, "I'm a Barrymore and don't need any build-up publicity."

The late Valentino also tried to be ritzy once. But once was enough. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette, looked at his new slave bracelet and declared fans in a hick town bored him. A hard-boiled fan from the plains of Minnesota who happened to hear the remark denounced Rudy loud and long and in no uncertain terms. This may or may not have cured Rudy but thereafter when he passed through he was unusually cordial and considerate.

There's many an Albuquerque youngster who has played hookey from school to see Jackie Coogan. Jackie makes only a few trips but when he does he brings out the fans.

It was on the brickwalk that Jackie was taken into the Navajo Indian tribe as a blood brother. The crowd was so large that many persons climbed onto the roof of the Alvarado Hotel to see the ceremony. The ceremony was solemn and Jackie took it very seriously. After being declared "Laughing Eyes"

Coogan of the Navajos to the delight of the fans he went skipping along the walk with a little Indian girl—his adopted sister.

ALBUQUERQUE merchants owe a debt of gratitude to movie stars, especially to Clara Bow. Let this little titian-haired girl come through and a dozen flappers will do their utmost to imitate her style of dress.

Clara was somewhat ritzy at the beginning of her screen career but experience soon cured her and today she is easy to approach and friendly with the brickwalk crowd.

Will Rogers always wants the low-down on the political situation of the state. When he is serious the fans think he is trying to be funny. If there are any other celebrities on the same train Will will go around introducing them to fans and newspaper men.

Jack Dempsey is always looking for pinion nuts at the newsstand. He won't talk about fighting but walks vigorously along the walk eating nuts until the train starts.

Ricardo Cortez and Ramon Novarro mingle very little with the fans. If press notices are published in advance a large crowd of Mexicans are on hand to speak to Novarro. He will speak, race into the curio room and buy rugs and Mexican trinkets.

A smile and nod and a few hellos is the way Norma Shearer greets the fans. She won't stop to chat until she has transacted her business at the telegraph office. Friendly but very dignified.

Al Jolson introduces someone else as Mr. Jolson and sometimes gets away with it while Harold Lloyd can't be recognized without his glasses.

"How did you know I was on this train?" is a question frequently asked reporters by celebrities. Passengers leaving the train are carefully looked over and Western Union messengers are closely watched. If this method does not locate a celebrity a tip to the Pullman porter will.

A New Tallulah

(Continued from page 81)

advised as to what pictures you are in that I may 'look upon thine image.'

Lovingly,
Daddy.

YET, auspicious as was the film start of this little unknown girl, the next letter immediately reveals—even at this early age—the marvelous self-assurance which has so largely contributed to Tallulah's success. We find her willing to cast aside her fine beginning in pictures in favor of the legitimate theatre for good and sufficient reasons.

Dearest Daddy: I thank you, Daddy, darling, for writing to

Mr. McAdoo in my behalf but I am giving up pictures to go on the legitimate stage as that means so much more to me. I saw Samuel Goldwyn, head of the Goldwyn pictures that I made with Tom Moore. He had some extremely nice things to say about me and asked me to consent to stay in the movies, but I told him I was going to wait until I had made a reputation on the stage and then go back into the movies when I could command a real star's salary. I don't think I will ever be sorry for the step I am taking as I feel confident

that the day will come when I will be a real actress.

Tallulah.

Tallulah's first opportunity on the stage came when Constance Binney left the leading rôle of "39 East." Over forty young actresses applied for the part, but the little girl who did not know a footlight from a first-nighter got the job. She was ecstatic with happiness, and wrote immediately to her adored grandfather, United States Senator John Hollis Bankhead, who was responsible for the famous Bankhead Highway, as well as being the financial backer of his granddaughter's career. Her letter reads:

I am the luckiest girl in the world to have such a dear sweet grandfather. I am so happy, now that I am going on the stage. I knew you would not mind when I got such a wonderful opportunity. I am going to make good with a *bang!!!* Wait and see. Then you will be proud of your bad little girl with her bad little temper. But it has come in handy in this play. I have to get so mad! Please come up and see me. I am just crazy to see you. I have your picture right upon my dresser as big as day and every morning when I get up I say, 'Good morning, Grandfather,' and at night I wouldn't sleep a wink if I didn't say 'Good night, grandfather.' I used to say that to Mamma's picture too, but she took it away from me. I am kept as busy as a bee rehearsing all day long, but I love it. I have such a wonderful part. Give my love to everybody and keep bushels for yourself and please come up to see me. 'Good night, grandfather.' Now I will have pleasant dreams.

Tallulah.

TALLULAH was an immediate hit in the part. So early does the divine spark manifest itself that we find in the next letters the good opinions of Rachel Crothers, the author, as well as those of Sam Harris and Al Woods, two of the shrewdest minds of the American theatre, testifying to the excellence of the little girl to whom fame was still so marvelous that she had to write breathlessly home:

Precious Grandfather: Please forgive me for not writing before this but I have been so busy rehearsing and playing at the same time that I hardly have time to breathe... Miss Crothers told me today that I would be a great emotional actress, that I had a spark that very few people had, that she never had to tell me anything because I instinctively knew what to do. Wasn't that nice, Granddaddy? I wish you

would write and thank her for her kindness.

And farther on these important words:

Mr. Samuel Harris came to me after the performance and said, 'You will be an actress some day, kid, and wake up and find your pictures in all the papers.' Please don't think I'm vain, grandfather, darling, but I do so want you to know that others believe in my future. I must tell you just one more good opinion. As it comes from a man who has had a long and successful career as a producer I prize it all the more. Mr. Al Woods told my stage director today after seeing the play, that I was the best that New York had seen for twenty-five years.

Tallulah's intimates are fully aware that on a matter of principle she makes the Rock of Gibraltar seem like weak and flimsy stuff. A politician, Senator Bankhead counseled her against involving herself in the theatrical war then starting to break, the famous fracas in which the actors formed an organization, the now celebrated Equity, to get better terms from the managerial corps. But Tallulah insisted upon stringing along with her co-actors.

I joined the Actors' Equity because it was the right thing to do. Every actor in our show belongs and all the very biggest stars in the profession belong. It is a wonderful organization and if you don't belong you are called a 'scab' and are blacklisted. They called the cast of '39 East' to strike and of course *I did*. We may reopen any night now and in the meantime they are asking me to help in a benefit. I have been going every day to those Equity meetings and helping as much as I could and have been kept so busy that I really haven't had time to write before. Dear, precious grandfather, I love you to death and when I don't write it is not because I am not thinking of you for *I am* thinking of you and loving you all the time.

Your baby-child,
Tallulah.

WITH the theatre in a precarious position, hard times descended upon the little troupier. Anxious to make a good appearance, she had invested all of her first earnings in a seal skin coat, and then wrote to her aunt to tell her how important it was for her to have this wrap. "Please make Daddy realize this," she closed tactfully, "as you explain things so beautifully."

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it? And so we find the spendthrift sixteen-year-old ending a letter to her grandmother, the famous Southern beauty, Tallulah Brockman Bankhead, with:

If you have any shoes or stockings that you don't need and it is not too much trouble I wish you would send them to me as I am rather destitute again. My love and prayer, sweet little Mamma.

"Mamma" was the term which the motherless child always employed for her grandmother. The affection between these two imperious, head-strong women of the same name was a fine and active thing, demonstrated clearly in each missive they exchanged, of which the following is typical:

My darling Tallulah: I have your pictures on the desk and have just been studying each pose. They are truly beautiful. I love you so dearly. It seems impossible for you ever to disappoint me and shatter my hopes.

Mamma.

And Tallulah's answer:

I thank you so much for your sweet letter. I was so happy to get it and know that you are much better. My dear little Mamma is much too charming and wonderful to ever be the least bit ill. I think of you all the time, and every night the last thing before I go to sleep I say, 'Dear God, bless little Mamma and make her happy.' I love you.

Devotedly, your baby namesake,

Tallulah.

This affection was second only to that which Tallulah entertained for the old head of the clan. Both her love and gratitude to J. H. Bankhead for his assistance during her poorly paid days are shown in a note he received during an illness, containing the lines:

I think your heart and your purse both need a rest, Honey. I'm afraid I have taxed them both too much. I shall make good and try and repay in time, and if I do it is for your sake and the sake of the dear family who have all been so marvelous to me that I owe it to them, too, to make a success.

And because success is the portion of the Tallulahs of the world, presently we find her being able to write in a more cheerful vein. The New York theatrical situation straightened out and Tallulah's portion of the consequent improved conditions allowed her to send home this great news:

My Precious Granddaddy: Well, everything is settled at

last. I start rehearsing Monday with _____ as his leading lady. I have my contract signed. I will tell you all about it. Mr. Al Woods called up Mr. Sam Harris of Cohen and Harris, a very big theatrical concern, and told them that I was very clever, etc., and to do something for me right away; that he had me singled out for the 'Pearl of Great Price' for next year but this year he did not want me to sit idle. So I went over to Mr. Harris the same day and he asked me how I would like to play the lead opposite _____ in his new comedy. Of course, I said 'Yes.' So the next day I read the part for Mr. _____ and then signed a contract before I left the office—an Equity contract. Mr. _____ is considered one of the cleverest comedians of the stage today. The play is sure to be a success and have a long run and I shall get a lot of publicity and get experience out of it. So I am settled for this year and next. I just knew this for certain yesterday and am writing you at once to give you the good news. Everybody has congratulated me on getting with _____. You see, Granddaddy darling, everything happens for the best and I love you bushels and pecks and hug you around the neck and you must forgive this bad little girl for not writing her dear sweet grandfather. But I wanted to wait and surprise you and make you happy. I hope I have.

The following letter is a sharp commentary on Tallulah's make-up. Led on by promises, she let her hopes soar extravagantly . . . to meet with the disappointment so prevalent in the theatrical life—someone else being selected for the part. Rather than confess her failure, however, she waited until the last possible moment, until, urged by pressing inquiries from her family, she sent the following forlorn, heartbreakingly brave missive:

My Precious Grandfather: I received your letter and was awfully glad to hear from you. Now, honey, I am going to answer all of your questions. I would have answered them sooner but Mamma wrote me that you had been ill and I did not want you to be upset or worried about me and I knew you would be if I told you. Mr. _____ who is fifty-five years old thought I was much too young to play opposite him and so they had to get an older woman of about thirty. But Grandfather, darling, it is all for the best because it turned out to be a farce instead of a comedy and there is a lot of

difference. The part was very unattractive. The girl had nothing to do but talk, not one good scene, emotional or comedy. I have several new very good offers that start right away. So Grandfather, honey, please don't be discouraged or worried. Everything will turn out all right. You don't know how I hated to write you this, that is the reason I have not written oftener or answered all your questions. I wanted to spare you any anxiety and I thought I would wait until I had started in something else—but you kept wanting to know. You know Granddaddy, I know you are my best friend and love me very much, so therefore I only want to tell you nice things that will make you happy. You are too darling and kind to everyone to ever be unhappy yourself. It makes me dreadfully so when you are. Promise me dear, you won't worry. I will have something better at the end of the week and I will write you all about it and make you happy again. It's not an easy fight, Granddaddy, and I've a lot of disappointments and heartaches, but I am young and strong. I can stand it but I don't want you to have to share them. I will make good *big* money. Stick by and see me through. I'll have good news for you right away. I love you very much, honey. Take good care of yourself.

A heart full of love,
Tallulah.

THE veteran Bankhead went immediately into action. He dispatched his secretary to New York for a report—wanting first hand information as to Tallulah's mental attitude, whether she was going to keep on fighting the good fight, or if she was faltering before the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune. The secretary's wire succinctly summed up his findings:

Dear Senator: Tallulah is not discouraged. She'll stick till hell freezes over, if you'll excuse my language. I strongly advise you to let nature take its course.

That was all the old gentleman needed. He at once let Tallulah know that he still was championing her to his limit, and so satisfactory was this assurance that Tallulah took up the battle again with renewed courage. And with a vigor and affection quite apparent in:

Dearest Grandfather: I think, granddaddy, you are the most wonderful man in the world. I know you were very much disappointed about the play and you did not scold or

show your disappointment. You have been so kind and for your kindness I have some wonderful news for you. David Belasco sent for me and I went this morning and saw his secretary who is his right hand man. You know he's St. Peter at the heavenly gate to actors. Unless his secretary says so no one can see Belasco. He passes judgment first. He said I was the girl Belasco was looking for, just the thing, and for me to come back tomorrow and that I should meet the great man. He told me not to sign any contract or do anything until I had seen Belasco. He asked me if I was signed up for next year. He said that when Mr. Belasco takes a girl under his direction he likes to make something big out of her and he would want to have her contracts free as long as he might be interested. He was so assuring that I have to write to you. At first I thought I would wait before writing until the matter was definitely settled one way or the other, then if it did not happen to turn out just right you would not be disappointed. But on the other hand I feel so confident that it will turn out right, principally for your sake, granddaddy darling, that I am hurrying the news to you. I want you to be proud of me and be repaid for all of your efforts and confidence in me and your never failing love. You have been so square with me that I am going to be with you and write you everything that happens.

Lovingly,
Tallulah.

An impertinent little limerick is scrawled at the bottom of this letter:

Oh, Mister Belasco,
Why will you do so?
You're losing a chance
Your fame to advance
By failing to star
Miss Tal-lu-lo-o.

Genius of the theatre that he was, however, Belasco failed to pay further attention to the small blond Southern girl, and Tallulah went her gallant way elsewhere. During this period it was necessary for her to keep the wick of her courage constantly trimmed lest it flicker and go quite out. But she carried on, and over and over again her correspondence is marked with phrases of "I will make good, *big*!" and "I am not going to remain idle a minute!" Very true of her father to write in that first letter that there is no royal road to the top—and how she heeded that excellent maxim is revealed in every detail of her fidelity to duty.

Yet the path of a big career always is strewn with sorrow, and before Tal-

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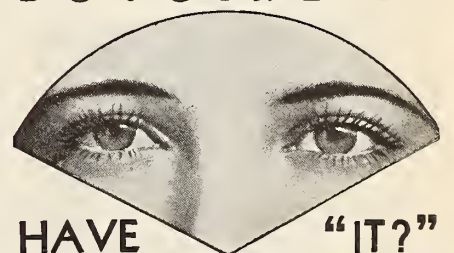
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lulah could "make good, big" old John Hollis Bankhead was gathered to his distinguished forbears. Ironically enough Tallulah's last letter reached him the day he died in his high old-fashioned bed, with her picture looking down at him from the wall:

You know how much I love you, Granddaddy, darling, and it makes me very miserable that you are not feeling well. Please, honey, take good care of yourself and when you are quite well I wish you could come up to see me even if for a day. I miss you awfully and have not seen you for so long. Please try to come.

Your baby-child,
Tallulah.

Perhaps through the very vitalizing forces of tragedy, Tallulah began to emerge so definitely as an actress that presently, in "Nice People," she made her first great hit. A letter to Grandmother Bankhead states the case; indicating clearly how bright, from this day forward, the way led ahead:

Precious Little Mamma: I made a big hit last night and got the best notices of the show, playing with three stars. I sent the clippings home to Daddy and told him to forward them to you. You should have received them by now. I think of you and wish so that you were here. I think you would have been very happy and quite proud of your little namesake. I have had so many offers from people I know and I shall never have any trouble any more because I have created a part in New York and have my notices by the severest critics here, saying I made the hit of the show. The other people have been on the stage for years. I hope Daddy sent you the clippings. Write me if he did not and I will try and get you some. I love you so much, darling, and think of you all the time. Bless you.

YET it was not long before this love, too, was taken from Tallulah. Grieving for her husband, the grand

little old lady presently followed him, and Tallulah was bereft of one of her two remaining loved supporters. Meanwhile her career marched steadily forward. "The Exciters" followed "Nice People," in its turn to be supplanted by "Danger" and "Thirty a Week." And then an offer from London to appear with the great English actor, Gerald Du Maurier, in his new play, "The Dancers." Tallulah accepted . . . and sailed for London.

"The Dancers" went into rehearsal, opened, and presently Tallulah was writing a very happy letter home to her father:

I have just come from watching the Royal procession of the Duke and Duchess of York. There was great excitement everywhere. I have never seen anything so thrilling. They were all riding in golden coaches much more beautiful than any fairy story and the loyalty of the people to their ruling family is marvelous. The American Ambassador sent for me and told me that he wanted me to feel at liberty to call upon him in any way in which he could contribute to my needs and pleasure while I was in England. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten came back to see me after the play. It was Lady Mountbatten's third time to see "The Dancers."

Congressman Bankhead soon also received another letter . . . and what a prophetic document it is:

Dear Mr. Bankhead: A very charming and beautiful young lady who brags about being your daughter has made a great success at my theatre—deservedly—and everybody is very fond of her—rightly—even the King and Queen of England. Thank you for allowing her to come here. She is most welcome.

Yours very truly,
Gerald du Maurier.

We can do no better than to close this record with that sincere and splendid tribute.

Second Generation

(Continued from page 75)

hard knocks so that I needn't be a softie. . .

Probably Lon never did discuss the possibility of the boy's entering pictures—with the boy. But close friends of the elder Chaney will tell you that he was bitterly opposed to the mere idea of his son's entering pictures, that he was supremely content to see him in

the plumbing business. After all, it is no wonder! Lon suffered terribly in the rôle he played. There can be no doubt that the physical sacrifices he made to achieve fantastic effects of make-up, the strenuous work he did in pictures, shortened his life by years and years. No father would want his boy to undertake to follow such a ca-

reer, no matter how successful he might be, himself. Lon knew struggle and bitterness, defeat and disappointment. He also knew the triumph of achievement—but not until he had learned all about its cost. Every parent wants to save his child “what I suffered . . .”

Young Chaney knew so little of the ways of motion picture studios that it did not even occur to him to take advantage of his father's name and reputation when he decided to take a fling at pictures! He went, without benefit of agent or representative, to a casting office and asked whether he might have extra work, “for experience!”

When astute executives learned his identity, they instantly offered him a contract if he would consent to be renamed “Lon Chaney, Junior.” His refusal was prompt and emphatic. “I am *not* Lon Chaney, Junior. If my father had wanted me to have that name, he would have given it to me. He called me Creighton Chaney and Creighton Chaney I'm going to remain!”

The refusal raised difficulties. There were arguments and impatient insistence. Creighton Chaney was firm. “I shall use my own name—or go back to my old job,” he said. And finally he had his way.

He was resentful of the suggestion that he—or anyone else—should ever try to replace his father or travel in his footsteps. “My father was unique!” he said, indignantly. “I shall have to feel my way and find out what I can do best.” He was cheered and grateful when I told him that Boris Karloff, who has been mentioned as a “second Lon Chaney,” was also resentful. “The world doesn't want *two* Lon Chaney,” Boris said.

“Nice of him! Awfully nice—to feel like that!” said Lon's son. “I shall like that chap!”

“When,” I asked him, “did you decide that you wanted to act in pictures?”

“I think I have always known it—somewhere in the back of my mind,” he told me. “But I never should have tried it while my father lived. Now it is different.”

Once it is in the blood, no amount of parental advice, no amount of training at other jobs can efface it.

DOROTHY REID, mother of young Wallie, “doesn't know . . .” about her lad going into pictures. “His father hated it so,” she said. “I know he would have regretted it. Wallie always longed for the day when he would be old or fat or bald—so that he wouldn't have to act any more. He felt, somehow, that it was un-masculine, effete, or something. He always planned to stop. Yet he was so successful at it. He was caught. I think our boy will not want it for too long. He is thrilled now, of course. He won't be fifteen until this summer. I have kept him away from studios and studio contacts as much as I could. I wanted to accustom him to a normal, routine existence. The sort of life a healthy boy should lead. And now this has

happened—so soon! He has been approached by a big studio. He was studying for an engineering course and I had hoped—yet, perhaps this is the thing for him. I don't know. . .”

Maternal misgivings. Descending rather soon, one would say. What mother has to decide about her boy's career when he is only fifteen? Dorothy Reid *knows*—if anyone can know—what pictures sometimes do to young men! Yet, she will not stand in her boy's way. Perhaps this is *it*. Perhaps it was meant. If it once gets into the blood. . . Dorothy Reid is a pretty amazing woman.

Noah Beery, too, kept his boy away from the studios.

“No, I never worked during my vacations,” young Noah told me. “They were *vacations*. Dad kept me on the ranch. I rode horses and learned all about the outdoor things. Dad saw to *that*, all right. I never even saw very much of my father—not to count, you know—until the last couple of years. I went to school. The only acting experience I have ever had was in school plays. The first thing I am to do out here (Universal) is a juvenile in a serial. I just have to be myself. I guess it won't be very hard.”

They have to do it. It is written. Or something.

I happened to be with Irene Rich on the day when her eldest child, Frances, had expressed the serious desire to become an actress. Irene was experiencing those usual emotions of a mother at such a time—pride, apprehension, surprise that her child should really be old enough to express desires, to attempt to decide about her own future.

“I want to be sure that she is well educated and prepared to cope with life,” Irene said, slowly, weighing words and thoughts. “I want to be sure that she is not just a youngster, caught by the glamor of studio life. I want to be sure that she is the sort of person who *ought* to act, before she tries it. Then I shall give her my blessing, of course. I know the bitterness that can come from a stage career—there is no glamor in it for me.

“I should be happy to see her married to that proverbial and probably mythical ‘good man’ for whom every mother prays, and ‘settled down.’ But if she chooses the other things—the struggle and strife and possible glory—who am I to try to stop her? I chose it.

“Sometimes I think that we parents cheat our children of something particularly worth while. We try to smooth the way for them, help them avoid the difficulties we faced which made us strong and gave us joy. But we love them so much—and mother love is so protective—we can't help it.”

HEDDA HOPPER, too, is in some doubt about whether her tall boy, Bill, will carry on the Hopper traditions. And she, too, “would not stand in his way.” Bill is the son of Hedda and De Wolfe Hopper.

“But he is probably the worst actor I have ever seen,” she chuckled, “of any age or era! I saw him two years

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ago in a school play. Of course, he is six feet three inches tall—and not old enough, as yet, to have got over being selfconscious about it. He can't bear to have people look at him. What makes me think that he may eventually turn to acting is the fact that he is now extremely interested in engineering. Those two things go together, you know. Many an excellent actor has studied engineering. It is something in them that has to do with concrete construction—creativity. All actors try to take their own brains apart—and those of other people—and put them back together again. Bill (his friends all call him 'Wolf'—and he loves it!) also has a slight hankering for the law. That is the dramatic instinct, I think.

"He hates studios now—and he hates to see me on the screen. I always play such horrid people. He says, 'Mother, do you mind if I just close my eyes until you are through with this scene? You tell me when it is over!' He hates the whole picture business because it puts me into unsympathetic rôles."

The younger parents, who have all read books about how to bring up children in the modern fashion, say, sentimentally and unanimously, "I shall never stand in my child's way. Whatever he wishes to do—whatever will satisfy him and make him happy—will be all right with me."

I do not believe them. When their children are grown and ready to choose they may not stand in their way, because that is their code—but they will have emotions about it. They can't help it. It is human nature.

I talked with Bill Powell about his adored seven-year-old son. Bill's own parents were bewildered and more than a little embarrassed when their child chose, at an early age, the profession of acting.

"My boy is so young," Bill protested. "Just a baby—"

Then he admitted, "Of course, I watch him for symptoms of talents and tendencies. Any parent does. If he hums a little ditty, I think, 'Ah! Perhaps he will be a great singer!' If he looks at his books, I immediately decide that he will be a literary gentleman. Yesterday we went horseback riding and the little chap really did awfully well. I came home all inflated with the thought that he would be the big out-of-doors type.

"But I really do hope that I shall take the intelligent attitude when the time comes—that I shall be willing for him to make his own choice and do whatever seems to him the thing that he will enjoy the most. As for a screen career—it is grand if you succeed at it. I can think of no other line of work in which I could have had half the fun or make half the money. If your tendencies run that way, I think it is certainly worth the gamble. And I shall say that to my son if he ever asks me. I do hope—rather—that he won't choose to sell neckties for a living. I

tried that once, in the lean days, and found it very dull!"

BEN LYON tells me that little Barbara Bebe's future is all settled. They had her horoscope cast and it was said that she would grow up to be a writer. Ben and Bebe approve of that enthusiastically. Asked whether they would be willing for her to enter pictures, they sigh a little dismally and say, "Well—if she wants to, we suppose she will have to try it. But, we're sure she won't!"

Neil Hamilton hopes, intensely, that his small, adopted daughter, Patricia Louise, will choose marriage as a career—and that, moreover, she will not try to combine it with any other sort of a career.

"I do hope," he says, with a worried frown which is most becoming to him, "that she won't take a notion to go into pictures. A picture career is even harder for a woman than it is for a man. I've seen the women who try to have both—a home and a career. One career or the other always suffers. A woman may be able to run a business and a home. She may be able to be a lawyer and a wife—or a doctor—but pictures are different. It is harder. And I should hate to see her go into pictures with the idea of passing marriage by. A picture career costs too much!"

The Harold Lloyds already see acting tendencies in their brood.

"Gloria is a natural actress," says Harold, as proud as Punch. "She poses and flirts and practices attitudes before the mirror now. You can see it when she is playing. She dramatizes everything, invents scenes, assumes rôles. There is going to be no hope of Gloria's being anything but an actress. And as for the baby—he is a natural comic, already!"

Douglas Fairbanks opposed young Doug's entrance into pictures. At the time he thought his son was too young, that he should have more time to complete his education, to mature and to gain enough perspective to make a serious choice of his career. But Doug, Junior, has done pretty well and his father is completely reconciled now to his acting in pictures—and inordinately proud of him!

Yes, it seems extremely likely that many of the names that are famous on the screen today will be famous again in the next generation. And motion picture parents are much like other parents in their reactions to these matters. They face their children's futures with the same fears and apprehensions, intensified sometimes, when their own experiences have been bitter ones.

But it seems that, no matter how they may feel about it, they will have to reconcile themselves to their children trying what they have tried. Once it is in the blood. . . .

Don't miss the second installment of Ricardo Cortez' life story. It's immensely interesting. In our next issue. Out about July First—dated August

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 9)

THE ROAD TO LIFE (Amkino)—Russian film dealing with the problem of the hoodlum children and how they were tamed. *Interesting.*

THE SADDLE BUSTER (RKO-Pathé)—Typical Western with plenty of horses. Tom Keene in the leading role. *Good, if you're a Western fan—great for the kiddies.*

SCARFACE (Caddo-United Artists)—The last gang film. Plenty of shooting and excitement—and also some preaching against the evils of gangdom. Paul Muni in the leading role. *Very good—despite preaching—not good for children.*

SCANDAL FOR SALE (Universal)—Rose Hobart, Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien in newspaper story. *Fair.*

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich in a sometimes slow but frequently exciting film which deals with adventures on the express from Peking to Shanghai. Anna May Wong, Warner Oland, and Clive Brook are also in it. Joseph von Sternberg directed. *Very good—children will like the action scenes.*

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox)—All about a girl who foregoes her small town sweetheart for the chap with money. Joan Bennett is the girl. James Kerran with money and Spencer Tracy the home town boy. *Fair.*

SHOPWORN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck, Regis Toomey, ZaSu Pitts and others in a sentimental romantic story. *Good if you like sentimental stuff—children won't care for it much.*

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie in an exciting story of a stunt flyer. Arlen is the flyer and Oakie is his manager. There are some thrilling air scenes. *Very good—kids will like it.*

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Air farce with Spencer Tracy, William Boyd and Ann Dvorak. *Very good—great for boys.*

SO BIG (Warner)—Talkie version of the famous Edna Ferber story. Barbara Stanwyck has the leading role. *Very good—suitable for children.*

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Automobile race story with Frank Albertson, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda. The sort of thing Wallace Reid did so well. *Good—okay for kids.*

SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES (Educational)—Andy Clyde in an amusing comedy. *Very good—excellent for the kids.*

STATE'S ATTORNEY (RKO-Radio)—John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees in an exciting drama. *Very good—children will like it, too.* Reviewed in detail on page 49.

STEADY COMPANY (Universal)—A sweet little romantic story with June Clyde and Norman Foster. *Good—all right for the young ones.*

STOWAWAY (Universal)—Smuggling story with Fay Wray in the leading feminine role. *Fair—okay for children.*

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson and Pat O'Brien in a story reminiscent of "Madelon Claudet." *Good—a little too sad for the children.* Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—Arlene Dwyer, Richard Cullen and Spencer Tracy. *Good—children may like parts of it.* Reviewed in detail on page 50.

STRANGERS IN LOVE (Paramount)—Dual rôle love story with Fredric March using the dual rôle experience he gained in "Dr. Jekyll" Kay Francis is the lady in the case. *Good—but it would bore children.*

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)—Story of a young doctor in the Ghetto who rises to great success only to find that true happiness comes from helping humanity. *Excellent—splendid for the children.*

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—M-G-M is clever enough to put sex appeal into this adaptation of the famous jungle story—the sex appeal being Johnny Weissmuller who has a physique which makes the women sigh with admiration. *Very good—fine for the kids.*

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles in a highly amusing trifle about other men's wives and trips to Venice. Lily Damita and Thelma Todd are also in it. *Good—children will be bored.*

TONIGHT OR NEVER (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as an opera singer who has always been afraid of love until she meets Melvyn Douglas. *Excellent—but not for children.*

TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK (Educational)—All about the office boy who gets the big steel contract. *Good—couldn't be better for children.*

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in a really thrilling court room drama. *Good—all right for the young folks.* Reviewed in detail on page 48.

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Vivienne Osborne in a splendid realistic story. *Excellent—but not the best entertainment for children.* Reviewed in detail on page 48.

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Amusing comedy of errors sort of thing with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts. *Very good.*

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Prohibition story with Walter Huston, Robert Young, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton and Dorothy Jordan. *Very good—children will like parts of it.*

THE WISER SEX (Paramount)—Underworld story with Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert. *Very good—not for children.*

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13 (Fox)—Elissa Landi, Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton in a slightly outmoded murder story. *Fair—children would be bored.* Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins in a story about the Russian Revolution. *Good—children will find it exciting.* Reviewed in detail on page 48.

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon in a modern youth problem film. *Good—all right for children.* Reviewed in detail on page 50.

YOUNG BRIDE (RKO-Pathé)—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees in a story of the vicissitudes of a young married couple. *Fair—okay for the kids.*

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Sally Eilers' Wardrobe

(Continued from page 69)

looking crêpy-wool sport dresses I've seen in months had tiny rhinestone buttons on the sleeves. But to return to this special frock—it's worn over a blue slip and the hat that goes with it is a shallow-crowned panamalaque. The sandals match. Hosiery, in the new gray-beige shade, is perfect with blue. The fresh organdie cuffs on the very short sleeves and the organdie collar and cat's whisker bow in front lend a nice emphasis to the dress.

And speaking of collars and cuffs—it's remarkable what these novel sets will do to a frock. They're truly a tonic for tired wardrobes. As bright and refreshing as an early summer morning. They come in many different forms. The demure cape collar set of piqué with flaring cuffs, the youthful "round" set, piqué gilets that serve as blouses, the organdie embroidered bib set, the lace yoke type with a square neckline. If you have a pet dress left over from last summer, here's a prescription to doctor it up and give it new life: raise the waist-line, tint it if it has a faded look, and add one of these jolly sets. If it was a pet before, this will make it a cherished possession!

SALLY loves to "do over" things. "I've sewed since I was a little girl," she says. "While I was going to high school I made a number of my own clothes. There's a great satisfaction in knowing how, in being able to adjust a hemline or a sleeve to suit yourself. Even now, although I'm handicapped for time, I like to fuss with my things. One day when it was raining I took a felt hat of mine and cut it down to a saucer shape, turned it up in back and trimmed it with gardenias. And do you know, I've had several compliments on that hat!"

When Sally takes to the water she'll have none of your ornamental "spectator" bathing outfits. Sally swims. So she chooses one of those clever new one-piece suits of a close, fancy weave in the Olympic blue shade. Just to add a dash of color when she emerges on the sands she ties a Roman striped sash around her waist. The rubber shoes are a light blue. (See page 69.)

Another chic suit is of brown jersey. It's backless and the yellow belt is stitched on and ends in a wide, flat bow.

For those gay hours on the beach that follow the splash in the surf you'll see her in immaculate white flannel trousers, carefully creased and belted with a white leather strap. Her sweater is short-sleeved. It's of a lacey knit and the collar is striped red, white and blue. Her three wooden bracelets carry out the patriotic color scheme, too. And that amusing white shell cap with its saucy bow on top! In this outfit especially (See page 69) Sally seems to me to be the perfect picture of the all-American sports girl. Sometimes, when the breeze grows cooler, she throws on a brightly striped beach robe of Turkish toweling. Very plain and masculine in cut. Her

white oxfords are of buckskin.

Sally's shoes are always intriguing affairs. Incidentally, shoes are her hobby. She likes to wear square-toed oxfords with fringed tongues for sports. The kind little girls wear. You see her dashing about the studio in them, with rolled socks showing below her pajamas. Some of her pumps for afternoons are perforated and underlaid with contrasting kid, the color of her bag or hat. Then for evenings she selects sandals as a rule. Sandals with open shanks, T-straps and openwork toes. They're exceptionally cool and comfortable for warm weather dances.

SALLY wears such a pair with a fascinating frock of turquoise blue star-dusted in gold. (See page 67.) It's of crêpe roma and follows the latest silhouette—broad shoulder's, the hug-me-tight-effect above the normal waist-line, high belt and flowing skirt. That broad shoulder look—and every athletic girl loves it—is achieved through skillfully knotted cape drapery that develops into a deep ruffle bordering the low V-shaped décolletage in back. There's a flounce, joined high on the front of the skirt with a bow, that graduates in width as it sweeps down the back. And another thing to note: the skirt is longer on the two sides. Sally's amber and gold-beaded bracelet carries out the design of her belt.

Since hers is a strictly up-to-the-minute wardrobe she has, of course, a fur jacquette. A charming one of ermine with balloon sleeves and a softly rolled collar.

Pink, like the pale afterglow of a sunset, is an excellent shade on Sally. There's a radiance about it that brings out the clear, warm color of her skin. Silk lace in that hue makes her look like an intoxicating breath of summer itself. The model she chooses is very simple, as all smart lace dresses are. It has a cape that twists around into a belt and godets permit the skirt to spread out in a subtle manner.

"There's nothing quite like laces for this season of the year," said Sally. "Satins for winter. Laces for summer. I've simply lived in this blue one I have on. When I want to wear it for dinner I use a lace belt to match it and put on blue dull crêpe sandals. But for afternoons I use black accessories. A black stitched silk belt with a buckle of brilliants, black sandals or kid opera pumps, and a black rough woven straw hat with little French blue flowers of the same shade and the tiniest veil." You can see this outfit on page 66.

It's amazing the many purposes you can put a lace dress to. When it has those very short, fluttery sleeves like Sally's it can stroll right through from tea time to dinner time with graceful assurance. She wears hers over a blue silk slip having a heart-shaped bodice.

"Above everything else I dislike indecision in clothes," she declared. "No doubt you've seen what I mean—trim-

ming that is not sure whether it should lie flat or stand up. Hats that are awry atop the head. If a hat is the type to be worn at an angle it should say so definitely. If it frames the face of a nice old lady it should be tender, curving so that it softens her face, but if it's impudent and young, then it should be frankly so.

"That's one reason why I'm fond of these new stitched hats. The tucks seem to give them a dashing, determined air. So many of the things are tucked now. Even the gloves."

SALLY'S are. The white doeskin slip-ons that go with a powder blue crêpe dress. And the dress, too, has pin tucks radiating from the bodice onto the skirt in cross currents that meet and swerve apart. The sleeves are trimmed with real Irish lace. A most attractive touch. White kid pumps and a large white linen hat, also enhanced by a bit of the Irish lace, make the costume complete.

I don't believe there's been anything in a good many moons that has captured the imagination as the new formal jacket suits and dresses have. They've won a place for themselves in every wardrobe. A big place, because you can start out happily for a walk Sunday morning in them and wind up at a supper party Sunday night still happy and appropriately garbed. You can play bridge, then dine and dance in them, marvelous style and inventions that they are! Sally has two. A crêpe de chine in a *bois de rose* shade with an Alençon lace yoke on the sleeveless dress and a fetching waist length jacket, and the other is a black crêpe. It's a suit, the cleverest little suit you ever saw. The skirt has one of those high, pushed-up waistlines that barely permits the blouse to show beneath the Eton jacket. Sometimes that blouse is a beautifully embroidered georgette and then again (if it's a bridge party that Sally is attending) it is a lace-trimmed organdy. There are bracelets of silver

fox fur on the jacket. Her hat to complement it is a fine Milan—one of those intriguing affairs that manages to look dressed-up and deliberately pert at the same time.

Sally's pajamas are never the decorated kind. There's no nonsense about them. They make a business of play. Take those of ivory crêpe in which you see her on page 68. The trousers are of medium width and plain cut. Nothing of the nautical air about them. They neither flap nor swirl when she walks. And the jacket with its small collar, blue-tipped pockets and short sleeves subscribes to no fanciness. It's piped in blue and it has a looped belt and that, thank you, is all there is to it.

As Sally says about hostess gowns: "Yes, I know the smart thing to do is to have your hostess gown match the style of your house. If it's early American then you proceed to look like your great grandmother. And if it's Mediterranean you're apt to resemble a Medici princess. That's the reason why, having a ranch house, you'll find me in chaps and a sombrero when you call!"

One of her favorite outfits is a white knitted skirt with four kick pleats which she wears with a short-sleeved jacket of yellow flannel trimmed with great silver buttons. (See page 68.) White and yellow bracelets go with it. And when you see her swinging down toward her Packard roadster in it you think, "There goes Miss America!"

Most of her tennis dresses are made alike this summer. It's an extremely good pattern. Box pleats in the front and back of the skirt, a high narrow belt, simple high neck in front and wide straps that cross over the back. There's plenty of freedom in the armholes. She had to have special backless slips made to go with the dresses. Look at the picture of Sally's white tennis dress on page 69.

A very vivid person, this Sally Eilers, with clothes that serve to enhance her youth and charm.

Man Who Can Weep

(Continued from page 65)

books, about music, about art; but he prefers to talk about Edward G. Robinson. He does it so amusingly, however, and with such dramatic intensity, that no one objects. He says that he hates the intrusions upon his privacy that his recent fame has made necessary, but he worries incessantly about his make-up, his scarf and his conduct in personal appearances. He says that when he travels by train, reporters break down the doors of his compartment to flashlight and interview him; but he would not avoid it by traveling by plane. He might miss publicity in passing.

Robinson is Bohemian, but he likes the refinements when he can have them. He has them now. His manner is quiet

and suave, but he can tell stories with gusto and plain talk. Most of them involve him. His black and belligerent cigars are famous, but that is the caricature not the portrait, and few people know that after he has spilled the heavy ash on his coat lapels, his wrists, his trouser cuffs and burned a hole in his pajamas, he discards his cigar for a cigarette.

He renounced the study of law at Columbia for the navy. Later, he discovered that a jury box was not as flattering as a theatre with a balcony and an audience that ran over into the aisles, as well; he became an actor. "Besides," he confesses, "you can't get half the publicity in law." The story is one that he tells of himself.



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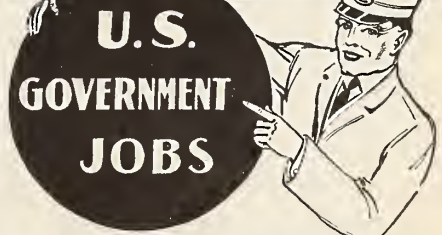
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ROBINSON was born in Bucharest, but he doesn't like you to talk about it. He says that Roumania is famous for only one thing and that is the people who had to leave it. It accounts for his prowess in languages, a prowess that even he admits is more rumored than real. He is said to have acted in eight of them, but although he can order his taxis and meals in ten, he only remembers acting in two.

As a child, Robinson came to New York. His family, distinguished for its ambition and its ardor, progressed from the East Side to the dignity of the established New York professions of law, dentistry, etc. He was the only black sheep. Today, however, the family can see the advantages of an actor among them.

Although Robinson has no desire to live in "sunny Californ-ia" the rest of his life, he thinks it has many advantages. "Lots of scenery, big mountains, nice roads, congenial people." He thinks the movies, as an industry, and the producers, as a lot, have been much maligned by travelers to and from the West. He refuses to believe in the so called Hollywood "bad deal" for actors and writers. He says that anyone with ability can succeed there, unless he does not fit into the scheme. He fits into the scheme.

Robinson has no ambitions to be a he-man of the prairies or even a straight shooting cowboy. He prefers riding the mountains of California at his ease in an eight cylinder car to bounding along on the back of a horse for exercise. He never argues with a horse or a gunman, although he has been known to do so with directors. He once went riding on the bridge path in Central Park, but when the horse

showed signs of desire for stable and oats, he quickly agreed, "You know best!"

Although he is recognized wherever movies are shown and attended as a man of ruthless power, a man to avoid unless you have a gat in your pocket and a quick aim, there is something quite disarming about the man. His is not a poker face although he can play one; but a face at once sensitive and intense, the most mobile and startling on the current screen. The full mouth curves and falls down cynically at the corners, the eyebrows alone prevent him from playing the conventional hero of romance. His is the face of a character man who can play with vigor and a convincing subtlety anything from a Chinese executioner to a Russian epileptic; in each case the audience believes in his reality.

ROBINSON is always intense; moods come easily upon him, he relaxes to them. That is why he can crumble defenseless and weep. It is at once his strength and his weakness. It is the thing that makes his bad men of the screen so real and exciting; they are not fundamentally bad men, vicious, depraved, but men at bay, victims of circumstances and their own emotions, as capable of a good emotion as a bad. They are, above all, creatures suspended in an emotional flux, as easily turned one way as another. They are not hard enough to extricate themselves; a gun is the only way out. And so it is this, his seeming weakness, his emotional instability, that makes Robinson the subtle actor that he is, an instrument capable of scaling the heights as well as touching the depths. Without it, there can be no great acting.

Is Your Personality Awake?

(Continued from page 31)

reason why, because he was born an average person, he should remain an average person. May his tribe increase!

The personal transformations so many of the screen people have managed really do seem miraculous. But I repeat, what they have done others can do. Actually there's nothing miraculous about them at all.

In five generations which, scientifically speaking, are as nothing in the making of a man, we have sixty-two direct ancestors. From each of these sixty-two ancestors we inherit different tendencies or potentialities. It is entirely up to us which of these we develop and cultivate and which we fight and submerge.

Because of our very unstable social system it is only logical to assume that some of our sixty-two ancestors were:

a. Middle class and thoroughly worth while if not brilliant people from whom we inherit common-sense, honesty, energy, courage, a sense of responsibility, etc.

- b. One or more persons of importance if not of actual note from whom we inherit concentration, perseverance, imagination, a good brain, a feeling for better things, etc.
- c. Ne'er-do-wells and failures from whom we inherit laziness, dishonesty perhaps, irresponsibility, recklessness, impracticality, lack of concentration, etc.

TO use a simile, we are the gardeners. It is our work to uproot weeds which are not desirable in themselves and which will, if permitted to flourish, choke out other growths . . . to cultivate the rarer and more desirable possibilities . . . and, in order to get the most interesting and unusual results, to cross such traits as a propensity for dreaming with the hardier qualities of perseverance and application without which no dream ever is brought to fulfillment.

Barbara Stanwyck is an outstanding example of the really remarkable results

a careful and painstaking gardener can achieve. It would be impossible to imagine a beginning less desirable than Barbara's. Her mother and father died, you know, while she was a small child. And then she became a slavey in a frightful boarding-house down by the river. To carry on with the garden simile, this certainly wasn't the soil to foster the growth of whatever sensitive potentialities Barbara possessed. Many people spending the formative years of their lives in similar environments lose the ability to fight their way out. Under such conditions, naturally enough, all the undesirable traits inherited from "c" ancestors thrive while the better traits inherited from "a" and "b" ancestors—and always more difficult to cultivate—die an early death.

Barbara, in spite of all this, managed to get away from the sordid locale of her childhood at an early age. At sixteen she was dancing on Broadway. Considering her start, it would have been understandable enough if at this time she had looked upon herself as a great success, if she had felt that she had arrived. But she never did.

Instead of being impressed by the flade-da clothes displayed in the cheaper theatrical shops, Barbara wore simple sport things. She accepted the people with whom she worked with a natural warmth and understanding but she recognized them for what they were, less gracious and interesting personalities than she eventually hoped to become. She was young and, of course, she had to have gaiety and friendships as she went along but she never settled down to a life spent in side-street hotels and cheap cabarets. And somehow she managed to find the time and to make the effort to improve her speech, the tone of her voice, and her posture and carriage. Barbara, in other words, reached down into the recesses of her being to cultivate the qualities inherited from her "a" and "b" ancestors, fighting, at the same time, the tendencies inherited from her "c" ancestors. And some of these last qualities, considering the circumstances of her childhood, undoubtedly had gained an upper hand.

Not all of the stars are Cinderellas, of course. There are those who were born in comfortable, cultured homes where gracious living prevailed. And there are others who always have been too busy enjoying the fluke of their fame—and fluke is exactly the right word here—having what is graphically known as a rip roaring good time to waste any time or energy on personal development.

You have read about these people in the newspapers. They keep the reporters busy with their scandals. The only consolation is that they never remain stars for long. The movies are no different from any other field of endeavor. To keep success you must be equal to it personally.

Our towns and cities abound with girls who imitate the stars in dress. The pity is that if there must be imitation it doesn't go further. If these girls would make the same effort many of the stars make to understand all phases of the business in which



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they are engaged, they undoubtedly would go further and they certainly would be more interesting as individuals. After all, nothing we learn can fail to enrich us and, in turn, lead to other interests.

Gloria Swanson, even before she became a producer obliged to face such issues herself, was well informed about the financing of pictures, advised regarding the technicalities governing release and distribution, and interested in the matter of advertising.

There is, as far as I am able to trace, no banker or financier in Gloria's family. But there are relatives with good brains. Gloria has developed this inheritance to the utmost.

To know Gloria socially, you well might believe the little cards that announced her advent into this world had been engraved with a fine crest. She is the epitome of grace, charm and diplomacy.

"I am the master of my fate," wrote William Ernest Henley in his "Invictus." How the stars have accepted the challenge in those words! And once more I repeat, what they have done others can do.

CONSIDER Claudette Colbert. Claudette happens to earn her living in the movie studios but had she chosen a secretarial field, say, the discrimination with which she has developed her best potentialities and fought others less desirable undoubtedly would have found her private secretary to some financial potentate, earning a top salary, and personality quite as attractive as she is today.

Claudette was quite young when she determined to get out and get all the things she wanted for herself. Her family, the Chauchoins, had come to America from Paris to face an interlude of poverty. Genteel poverty.

"I always wanted big rooms with beautiful old furniture," Claudette says. "I always loved the graciousness of a tea tray beside a wood fire, of fresh flowers and new books about . . . I always was hungry for the companionship and conversation of well informed people . . .

"Not that I ever remember envying those who had these things. I always knew I, too, would enjoy them one day."

It was fascinating to talk with Claudette about her forbears. It was like putting together a jig-saw puzzle to trace to their original sources the qualities through the development of which Claudette has become a charming, up-to-the-minute woman of the world, as well informed as anyone with a college diploma, and as poised and charming as the product of a finishing school.

"I have an uncle," said Claudette, "who is an etcher. And there was a great uncle who served as an officer with Napoleon."

Another artist in the family indicates, of course, that there were dreams and imagination to be picked from Claudette's family tree. The etcher uncle chose one means of expression for his dreams, Claudette another.

A great uncle serving as an officer

under Napoleon means there was courage, initiative and brains to be had for the cultivation.

And from her own mother who worked day and night during those first lean and trying years in America, Claudette inherits industry and that kind of pride which keeps people well-groomed and gracious whatever the effort.

No wonder, having developed such qualities, Claudette is where she is today, personally and professionally.

A FEW months ago I met an acquaintance who had come from Philadelphia on the same train with a famous motion picture star.

"And what do you think she was reading?" asked my acquaintance with all the eagerness of a person who has unearthed a carefully concealed skeleton. "A book on the proper use of English. Imagine."

"I know," I said. "I happened to be having tea with her the day that book was delivered. It was recommended to her by one of our best novelists because she complained she never knew when to use 'that' and when to use 'which' and when to use 'or' and when to use 'nor.'"

I could see that my acquaintance was disappointed. She talks often and long about her illustrious antecedents. And because she really did have a grandfather of distinction I'm sure she feels her speech is at all times instinctively perfect. Really, she makes far more glaring mistakes than the star in question was seeking to overcome.

And I wish for this woman's husband's sake—he is a rising young lawyer—that she entertained half as well as the girl she was so ready to look upon as an upstart. *Much better to be an upstart than a stand-still!*

But to return to the stars who have worked such thrilling transformations, who have kept personal step with their professional growth:—

Joan Crawford isn't anything like she used to be. I knew Joan when she came to Hollywood from New York's Winter Garden. In those first years she simply didn't concern herself about any unawakened tendencies. She was too occupied dancing with dozens of gay blades, trying to forget, likely enough, the lean years of her childhood and adolescence.

Then—I remember it well—Joan began to show unmistakable signs of restlessness. Restlessness so often marks growth. Sensitive to a marked degree, it is likely enough Joan suddenly began to mark the broader knowledge which enhanced others' conversation, to respond to the beauty of a fitness of things, to be charmed by the softly modulated tones of well-bred voices.

TODAY the young Fairbanks' home is one of the most delightful in the entire film colony. There is a casual dignity about it reminiscent of England. Joan and Doug have real feeling for fine old wood and a symmetry of line. Their library is used and extensive.

And Joan is a delightful hostess.

Certainly Mary Pickford Fairbanks should look upon this young daughter-in-law of hers with real understanding. Again and again Mary must be conscious that Joan is travelling the same road she has travelled.

Mary, you know, began her life as a humble little Irish-Canadian girl. She was half-orphaned at five and often enough worried because there were anxious tears in her mother's eyes. During the years other children spend in play and in the school-room, Mary was travelling with a theatrical company. During the years when other girls have time for an acquisition of social graces and time to find themselves as individuals, Mary was getting her foothold in the studios and, at the same time, supporting her family.

Yet no one, I think, is more entitled to the rank of "First Lady of Hollywood" than Mary Fairbanks. She has done much for motion pictures.

Maurice Chevalier is another star who really is quite different from his screen personality. Chevalier bears the marks of the hard life his has been . . . of years of poverty so great that it was attended by cold and hunger . . . of his experiences in the war when shrapnel lodged in his throat to remain there, always threatening . . . of his months in a German prison camp. Chevalier is not a gay cavalier, always happy and smiling, gay and jaunty. He is, however, other attractive things. He is a gentleman with easy manners and a wide knowledge of life. He is intelligent and sympathetic. Well-spoken. He has an epicurean appreciation of good food and wine. He has a connoisseur's appreciation of many things. Climbing from obscurity to fame, from poverty to wealth, Maurice Chevalier also has climbed personally until he has changed from an humble little boy to a really remarkable individual.

We can, to put it concisely, become whatever personality we wish to be, provided we are willing to pay for our metamorphosis in the coin of time and trouble, patience and application. For, as I said earlier in this article, we are the fruit of our family tree and it is up to us which of the tendencies inherited from our sixty-two ancestors we cultivate.

There is no end to the motion picture people who have achieved dramatic transformations . . .

MONTE BLUE was a pile driver on a movie lot when D. W. Griffith discovered him. Today he is the social and mental equal of men who always have enjoyed all the advantages of a good background and a fine education.

Rudolph Valentino came to America as an emigrant boy but in the memories of those who knew him there are pictures of Rudy on the balcony of his hotel bowing to the cheering hundreds with the aplomb of a king . . . of Rudy bringing the same warm understanding to tête-à-têtes with débutantes at society teas that he brought to chance encounters with people on the set. Rudy, as a

result of his tremendous personal development, became a fascinating cosmopolite.

Doris Kenyon was born in a little parsonage. I remember Doris when she was very young and a poetess. But today Doris is far lovelier and far more interesting. Because she had widened her mental horizon she had interests to which she could turn for an anchor when she lost her beloved husband. I for one shan't be in the least surprised to see Doris, who started out a well-bred, sweet, little girl from a modest parsonage, become a brilliant figure, a prima donna in the concert world.

Anna Q. Nilsson earned her living as a domestic servant during her first years in America. I wish you might know Anna today. Somewhere in her ancestry there must have been splendid people. For according to every traditional law of conduct during the last few years of invalidism, even when it was feared she might be a cripple, Anna has proven herself a thoroughbred.

Among the newcomers, Sylvia Sidney and Mae Clarke are two girls who promise never to become dormant personalities.

And certainly if Sylvia develops the best of her inheritance she should go far.

Sylvia's father who came from Roumania as a boy is, because of his own efforts, a dentist with a splendid professional reputation.

Sylvia's mother had the courage to come to America as an emigrant, bringing with her her mother and brother and sisters.

Sylvia has an uncle in Russia who is a violinist.

Imagination and dreams there must be in the family. And these qualities, aided and abetted by the sturdier qualities Sylvia inherits from both of her parents, should carry her a long way.

Mae Clarke's parents are German and English. Mae never has enjoyed the advantages money brings. Her father was an organist in an Atlantic City theatre and she used to sell hot dogs and root beer in a five and ten cent store. Nevertheless, she already has come along in a way that seems to indicate there was among her grandparents or great-grandparents someone who belonged in a high place. Mae is not keyed to remain an average person personally or professionally. Here is what someone in Hollywood who knows Mae well wrote me about her:

"She is highly emotional and at times moody. She has an unusual eagerness to make good. She has a practical mind and a great deal of determination to give whatever it may be she is doing the very best that is in her. She is modest to a degree."

She evidently began to get a firm hold of herself back in the days when she was a salesgirl on the Atlantic City boardwalk and later when she was dancing in New York. Otherwise in the face of the sudden fame and adulation she has known lately she would have been likely to go berserk.

Now it may be said with new truth, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—
AUGUST

True Story of Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 40)

brought no success to him, however.

When he had given up hunting a stage job, someone told him about a part that had not been filled. The part consisted of wearing a French soldier's uniform and waving a flag, for which he received \$12.00 a week. This, added to the \$25.00 he was paid at the office, seemed like a Rockefeller's heaven to Ric. After three weeks, the show folded up, but soon after Ric stepped into the part of a sailor at the Hippodrome Theatre—at \$15.00 a week. The play was called "Hip Hip Hooray" and lasted all that summer.

WHILE standing in the lobby of the Waldorf one noon, he was introduced to a chap named Frank Murdock. He mentioned that Ric looked like an actor. What was he doing?

"Oh, just closed on the road with a show," lied Cortez. "Nothing like being back in New York, though!"

"You ought to be great in pictures," commented Murdock. "Why don't you go over and see my friend, Eddie Mannix, at the Talmadge Studios on Forty-eighth Street?"

Within the hour, Ric was on his way. He arrived just as Mannix was looking for a young fellow to play the part of Ruth Roland's brother in a picture, "The Fringe of Society." Cortez, who had changed his name from Jacob Kranze to Jack Crane, was given the job. Work was to start the next day.

Ric's first bit of action came the first day of production, when gun in hand he was to sneak up a flight of stairs to kill Milton Sills, who played Ruth Roland's sweetheart in the story. At the top of the stairs he was met by Sills who was to wrest the gun from him. In the melee, but not according to the script, Ric stumbled backwards and down the entire flight of steps. His skull was slashed wide open. He got one day's pay and was fired because they couldn't use an actor with a bandage around his head! His \$40.00 a week job gone!

After the wound had healed he was given a part in a picture called "The Imp," starring Elsie Janis. After that he got a part with Johnny Walker in a one-reeler. Always between picture jobs he returned to his old standby: Wall Street. It was through his work for a brokerage house that he happened to meet Manuel Goldstein, treasurer of Universal Pictures Corporation. As their friendship grew, Goldstein came to know the ambitions of the young fellow who delivered the securities from his broker.

One day, as part of his regular job, Ric was delivering some securities to Goldstein. Ric could see that something was troubling the other man. He asked if there were anything he could do. "We're having an awful time casting this new picture, 'The Merry-Go-Round,'" replied Goldstein. "Von Stro-

heim wants Lew Cody, but I don't think he's the type."

"I know just the man for you," cried Cortez. "Norman Kerry!" Ric and Kerry had been close friends while Norman was living in New York, in the days when Valentino, soon after to attain fame and fortune in pictures, was often so hungry he would eat a whole loaf of bread before he could stop to thank Norman for the loan. Ric knew that Kerry was in Detroit at the time; he also realized that Goldstein didn't know where the actor was. Further, he recognized a chance to make some money and told Goldstein that inasmuch as he was so much in need of Kerry, Ric would see to it that Kerry appeared. So it was Ric who acted as go-between and argued the producers into paying Kerry the five hundred dollars a week salary he demanded.

The next day he went to Goldstein's office, and there met with a delightful surprise.

"We appreciate what you have done for us in obtaining Mr. Kerry for the picture," frowned the studio executive. "Now there is just one little favor I must ask of you."

"Yes?"

"We will not sign this contract with Kerry or pay you your commission unless you agree to deliver him to our studio in Hollywood in person—with all your expenses paid, of course!"

(To be continued)

What the Author Thinks of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued from page 37)

But she didn't. She was skillful enough to show no signs of a star's wish to be the "whole show"—but she was exactly as good as had been prophesied. It was different with her than with the others—she was predestined for her rôle. She just had to project her own personality—for the stenographer had life and spirit and charm. But did you expect that Joan would show such emotional depth as in that moment when she decides to go to Paris with the poor sick bookkeeper and with tears still in her eyes orders the tickets for her new adventure? I was thrilled and amazed—weren't you?

I think that censorship or consideration for the public-at-large robbed Joan of one of her greatest scenes: the bedroom scene with Preysing which appeared in the stage play but not in the picture. I'm not complaining about it. Many things which slip by unnoticed on the stage appear awkward or even coarse on the screen, spoken as they are by greatly magnified heads. I only wanted to say that of all the actors who played the part of Preysing (including the German), Wallace Beery was closest to my conception of this character. I've always avoided comparing the

novel with the play or the play with the movie. But in the play as performed in New York, Siegfried Rumann, because of the manner in which he played the part, gave it an enormous amount of speed. He strove for tempo, contrast, power. In the picture Preysing could be as I'd imagined him: a little comical, somewhat awkward, as a matter of fact not without a basic good-nature. I spoke neither with Beery nor with anyone else about my conception of the rôle. Therefore I was all the more surprised to see Beery exactly as I had imagined the character.

I COME to Lionel Barrymore last in accordance with the proverb that the last shall be first. I've already said that my whole heart is bound up with this character. For me Kringelein is no figure, no rôle, but rather a living creature whom I know as I know my best friend. I've carried the outline of his story around with me since my fourteenth year. That means something. As we looked about in the film world to see who should play Kringelein, I discovered that as yet no star existed for this classification of "simple human being." There seemed to be no one who

could give the rôle the necessary human touch.

I believe Lionel Barrymore's was the greatest performance as a performance, as a portrayal, as art. Of course, he hasn't the beauty of Greta Garbo—even his greatest admirers will admit that—he hasn't Joan Crawford's sex appeal nor Brother John's profile. His body is somewhat too heavy for the rôle of a man mortally ill. And he had to create a character which is half comic, half tragic and for whom there was no prototype. When I say that I consider him the greatest actor on the screen today (forgive me, all you other great stars, please!), then I've said all I can.

I can speak only of the five stars, but to those others—Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and whoever else was in the cast—I can say only a fleeting "Danke schön." Only one thing I don't wish to forget: did you see the woman who played the part of Suzette, the maid? She has no real rôle; she is only a shadow, background, like the trunk and the hotel corridor and the revolving door. But what an artist! Her name is Rafaella Ottiano and it is her first time in pictures. Remember the name—I believe there's a career in store for it!

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