

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10¢



Barbara
Stanwyck

**GLORIA
SWANSON**

As a Mother

A Fascinating Interview

By ELINOR GLYN

**Ten Commandments
for BEAUTY**

JANET
GAYNOR

CHARLES
FARRELL

PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE

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The **FIRST YEAR**

*Adapted from Frank
Craven's stage success
produced by...*

JOHN GOLDEN

Directed by William K. Howard

.... A FOX PICTURE

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*

What kind of food builds a 100% BABY?



READ WHAT 50 BABIES TAUGHT TWO SCIENTISTS

OF COURSE, you want your baby to be a rosy, healthy baby... taking his food contentedly... putting on his ounces regularly.

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- ★ Strong back. ★ Firm flesh.
- ★ Straight legs.
- ... Points scientists look for in judging a baby.

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Please send me new edition of "Baby's Welfare."

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City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address plainly)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . Here's your chance, readers. Speak right out and say what you think about the talkies and the stars. That's what this page is for

Dear Friends:

A new type of talkie is being launched. Within the next few months, you will be seeing many films which will be based on Hollywood life or set in a Hollywood locale. There will be, for example, the talkie version of that ace stage success, "Once In A Lifetime." Then there is Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy." And probably you know that Constance Bennett's next picture will have a Hollywood background. It's called "What Price Hollywood?" Tala Birell, Universal's Viennese charmer, will have for her second starring film a picture at present entitled "Broken Dreams of Hollywood." And, of course, there is "Merton of the Talkies"—now retitled "Gates of Hollywood"—with Stuart Erwin. Then, too, Columbia is making "Hollywood Speaks" with Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien.

Do you welcome this chance to see your favorites against the background in which they work and live? And will you enjoy seeing glamorous, thrilling Hollywood scenes on the screen? Let's hear from you.

The Editor

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

An interesting opinion. Incidentally, Mr. Van Noy, the review you mention was about "This Modern Age." Since that time, Joan undoubtedly has had better pictures

In almost all the magazines, copious panegyrics on Greta Garbo dazzle our eyes. Newspapers herald her as "The Great Garbo." Now, I like Miss Garbo and concede her much merited achievement; but, of the two most outstanding queens of talkiedom, I am caused to wonder why the reversed order of preference? Wherein do Miss Garbo's performances excel those of Joan Crawford? Except in pathos and love, which Miss Garbo expresses as well, Miss Crawford has no equal, nor has an artist lived who portrayed greater powers of expression. Whether sorrow, pain, joy, or whatever the act demands, Miss Crawford depicts it in face, voice and demeanor, in such naturalness, aptness, grace and genuineness, that one is moved with the emotion and feels and lives it, for the time, in reality.

Certainly, in personality, Miss Garbo could hardly claim precedence. And most certainly not in beauty, for Miss Crawford is very justly acclaimed by many as one of the most beautiful women of the screen.

Quoting a MODERN SCREEN review, August, 1931: "But we do wish they'd give our Joan a different story. All that they change is the title. And so we have her again as a modern maiden misunderstood by a snooty boy friend." We might obtain the mathematical four by the process of adding two and two by connecting the above with Jack Jamison's article, "Garbo on the Set," page 32, MODERN SCREEN, March, 1932: "You know, without being told, that the best minds in the studio are put to choosing stories for her. You know that gorgeous sets are built, that equally gorgeous gowns are designed for her."

Are like precautions expended on Joan Crawford's success? I seriously doubt it. In fact, judging by the first quotation and other information, she accepts what she can get. Yet, in spite of this, Joan Crawford emanates a glamor and sparkle yet to be obtained by other stars of the talkie constellation.

JOSEPH B. VAN NOY, SR.,
Phoenix, Arizona

James Cagney is going to return to Warners. See "The Hollywood Times," page 16

I have been reading for the past few weeks that my favorite, James Cagney, is quitting the screen forever, because his studio failed to raise his salary when he asked for it. Why in the world don't they raise it? James Cagney is

the screen's best actor to my way of thinking. . . . If he leaves the screen I shall be heartbroken. He deserves as much salary as the "Glorious Garbo." I also notice where she is leaving the screen after her contract expires. Well, I won't be disappointed. But I shall be if Jimmy does. Warner Brothers, can't you do something about it?

MARGUERITE JOYCE,
St. Paul, Minnesota

Here's a reader who just has no nerves at all!

Why did they bill "Murders in the Rue Morgue" as a scary picture? It wasn't. It was extremely boring and not at all frightening. Ditto "Frankenstein," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Dracula." Why don't producers give us scary pictures instead of advertising shows as scary and letting us find them very tame?

DISAPPOINTED

Probably by this time, Barbara, you will have seen "Letty Lynton." How did you like it—and Montgomery?

I wish to thank Mr. Ramsey for his nice open letter to Robert Montgomery in MODERN SCREEN. Ever since Robert Montgomery appeared in "So This Is College." I liked him and watched him forge ahead. What a sensation he was in "Strangers May Kiss" and "The Divorcée"! Then he became a star and after that Clark Gable came along. Although still very popular, something did happen. Of course, I know the public is fickle. However, your letter was the first full length article I have read about him in almost a year. I think he needs more articles like that and, most of all, a different type of picture. He is becoming too William Hainesish if you know what I mean. He's very good, very clever, but he's not as thrilling as he was in some of his earlier pictures. Let's see what "Letty Lynton" will be like.

BARBARA CONRATH,
Reading, Pennsylvania

Boles has a splendid opportunity and makes good use of it in "Back Street"

I cannot let this opportunity pass without offering you my sincere congratulations on the article in the June MODERN SCREEN by Harriet Parsons about John Boles. Those of us who are specially keen about John Boles' screen career feel we have indeed a spokesman in this article because it ex-

(Continued on page 92)

"The OLD DARK HOUSE"



WEIRD!

Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.

BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

From the novel by J. B. Priestley

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BEAUTY ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you. However, since Miss Biddle receives so many requests, will you be good enough to ask only one question per letter? You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

It's perplexing—the problem of how much to alter the shape of heavy brows! But you might take a hint from Bette Davis' strongly marked dark brows which are just nicely groomed.



AFTER I had finished the article, "Ten Commandments for Beauty," on page 32 of this issue, I gathered up all the odds and ends of specialized, individual information which I had relentlessly cut out of it. You see, I wanted that article to be a comprehensive one—one that would do the most good for the greatest number of people. And, of course, you can't discuss everything—every tiny, specialized case—in an article like that, can you? Therefore, I have devoted this regular beauty department this month to all the difficult things—to all the questions people write and ask me which make me groan, "Oh, dear! What can I tell her that will do the most good?"

There are, for instance, the people who write and ask me how they can grow taller. Queen Mary's hat! What would you do in a case like that? About all you can say is this: stand straight and stretch your spine as tall as you can. Wear long, straight, simple unbroken lines. Never wear a light blouse or sweater with a dark skirt because it will cut you in two. Sweep your hair off your forehead without a part and steer clear of big, floppy hats, heavy fur pieces and fur trimmings, round chokers and round necklines.

As for people who are tall and want to look shorter, I haven't any patience with them. They *can't* look shorter than they are unless they slump and slouch and surely there's no beauty value in that. I think it's grand to be tall and tall folks should stand just as straight as they can and hold their heads up proudly. And incidentally, they should never make the mistake of wearing low heels when high heels are required. It will only take the squinchiest bit off their height and spoil the effect of their costume into the bargain.

And then there are the people who want to do things about the bony structure of their faces and bodies—mostly about their noses and their ankles. I'd like to make one thing clear right now: if it's bone formation that makes your nose the way it is and your ankles thick, you can't do anything about it except resort to plastic surgery. That's an expensive matter, of course, but wonders are being done these days. No, I will *not* say that I advise you to go in for plastic surgery. And I won't recommend a plastic surgeon, either. Don't think I'm being disagreeable, but really and truly, that is too individual—and too dangerous a problem. If I could see and talk to each one of you, it would be different. But I can't and I refuse to advise on a ticklish problem like that at long distance.

By
Mary Biddle

IF it's cartilage or flesh that spoils the shape of your nose and ankles, you can do a little something about it. There are certain exercises and what is known as "spot reducing" for the ankles (I refer you to the fifth commandment in the article on page 32 for information about both); and there is massage for the nose (or chin or facial contour, if you're worrying about that) and, of course, types of hats and coiffures help a little. If your nose is broad and flat, load up the surface with a rich, gooey cream and, with the three long fingers of each hand gently but firmly lift and press up on the sides of the nose. It may help define the bridge a little bit. A nose-adjuster worn at night will help mold unbeautiful cartilage, too. Never wear off-the-face hats or extreme coiffures. The hair should dip a bit on the forehead and frame the face softly and prettily at the ears. But, honestly, you know, I do think that many people—

Difficult beauty problems—you must have one!—discussed this month

especially young people—get all worried and het up about their noses when there is really no need. "Look at my nose!" they cry, "Isn't it terrible? How can I possibly be attractive with a nose like that?" And when you come right down to it, their noses are perfectly all right. Not classically beautiful, of course, but nice, average noses with maybe a slight bump or a bit too sharply tilted tip or slightly pudgy or slightly thin, but nothing to sit down and howl about. One thing, however, all of you can remember: in applying your face powder, start under the chin, not on the nose. The puff, you see, will have a generous amount on when you first press it to the skin and there's no sense getting that excess quantity on the nose.

Another lovely, difficult, popular question is, "How can I improve the shape of my bust?" There are the large people with undeveloped bust measurements and the tiny people with too full bust measurements and the older women who have lost their figures. Whatever the reason, the bust can be made firmer and improved by calisthenics. Here are a few:

Stand, with the arms raised shoulder height and the elbows sharply bent. Put your left fist firmly into your right palm. Now push your arms slowly to the right and left. While you're pushing left, resist with your left arm and vice versa. Do this ten or twenty times.

Then, still standing and with the arms in the same position, grip the hands together and move the arms from left to right, trying to pull your hands apart. You can't do it, of course, but the idea is to offer plenty of resistance.

The head should be held up, in doing both these exercises, and the shoulders should be well kept back. Incidentally, I've noticed lately when I've been washing out stockings and underwear and blouses and things that wringing clothes—if the hands are held high enough and the wringing done vigorously enough—has a definite lifting effect upon the breast muscles. Take note of that, you busy ladies, and wring out a few good-sized pieces with your hands next wash-day instead of putting them through the wringer.

HERE are a couple more bust exercises—and, by the way, they're also good for round shoulders and aching backs. Relax your head, shoulders and back forward—quite a bit forward. Now raise your arms at the sides without lifting your shoulders. While you're raising your arms, begin to lift your back, slowly, until it is quite straight and drop your head back, very relaxed. Then pull your shoulders slowly back. Drop forward again and repeat.

For the next exercise, get down on your knees and sit back on your heels. Drop your head back and clasp your hands behind you. Shoulders should be well pulled back and the chest expanded just as broad as you can make it. Keep your head, chest and hands in that position and very, very slowly bend your body forward until your chest pretty nearly touches the floor. Now relax

(Continued on page 86)

Accept this Gift

of a New Chafeless Hygiene

Women Everywhere are Adopting

(NOTE COUPON)

**New Discovery Ends All Discomfort and Irritation
... Actually Softer Than
Finest Silk Itself... 3 to 5
Times More Effective**

TO avoid doubt, delay or forgetfulness, Miss Lucy Costello makes this remarkable gift offer to every reader of this magazine.

She'll send you, as a gift, a special Introductory Package of the new chafeless way women are turning to by the thousands. A way that forever banishes chafing, irritation and embarrassment from hygienic protection.

Don't delay. There's a coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it to Miss Costello today—by return mail you get the special Gift Package which is our way of introducing this amazing sanitary invention to new users.

The moment you see it, you'll realize that it is in no sense merely another "sanitary pad."

For it is not made from mere layers of crepe paper as are ordinary pads. But is made from an entirely NEW material—the same that silky underthings are derived from. Thus it is *super-soft*—as downy and gentle as fluffed silk.

The center of this new pad is completely *swathed*. Not built up in layers with harsh edges that may harden and irritate.

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It Differs These 3 Ways

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Please mail me, in plain wrapper, Veldown
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Veldown

GIVES WOMEN COMFORT UNKNOWN BEFORE



FOODS FOR THE PERFECT
PICNIC—PLANNED BY MR. AND
MRS. JOHN BOLES FOR

Of course you recognize John Boles—third from the right. That's his wife, Marcellite, on the extreme right. The others are friends. They're having a picnic at the Boles' Malibu Beach cottage. The most delicious sandwiches, little cakes and a ham loaf which the Modern Hostess tells you how to make.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

THERE are two kinds of people in the world—those who like to go on picnics and those who don't. And it is our private opinion that those who don't are merely those who have never been on a truly grand picnic. Now if the word "picnic" conjures up in your mind's eye visions of hard-boiled eggs, dry sandwiches and soda pop, then you are one of those unfortunates who haven't been introduced to the right kind of picnics—the kind, for instance, given by John Boles and his wife on the sand in front of their charming beach home at Malibu.

After we tell you about the wonderful things we had to eat—and of course the "eats" play a major rôle in any picnic performance—we feel certain that you will want to plan a picnic *à la* John Boles for your family and friends at once. But we warn you, it will earn you such a reputation as an expert picnic-planner that the family will probably keep you at it all summer.

There are really three essential features to the perfect picnic. One is a good location (and one free from poison ivy, please). Another is the right kind of food, properly packed so that it will reach the picnic grounds in good shape. And the third is to have the proper accessories to make the eating of this food a pleasant and comfortable procedure.

Of course, the Boles family doesn't have to worry about points one and two. All they need do is to walk off their porch onto their beach, and there you are! And there is

where we joined them for a merry picnic lunch that was both gay and informal. And what delicious things we had to eat! First, of course, there were sandwiches. It wouldn't seem like a picnic if you didn't have sandwiches. These were made of several different kinds of bread and had the most appetizing fillings. These fillings were all of the chopped or minced variety, a splendid idea since they are so much easier to eat.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

MODERN SCREEN Magazine

100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

We were particularly keen about the nut-bread sandwiches, which had a filling of cream cheese and strawberry jam, and we certainly enthused over the devilled egg sandwiches, too. These were made on graham bread. Then there were sandwiches of tuna fish and beets, chopped together to a fine paste, moistened slightly with mayonnaise and served between thin rounds of white bread. The most unusual sandwiches of them all, however, were made of baking powder biscuits, which had been split and the centers hollowed out. Into these hollows was put a chicken salad mixture. That's what is known as plenty of variety, four kinds of sandwiches and four kinds of bread.

WITH the sandwiches there was served a particularly good potato salad, in which there were a lot of fresh vegetables. The result was colorful as well as delicious. You really must try it—you'll never be satisfied with plain, ordinary varieties of potato salad again.

Then, instead of the usual assortment of sliced cold meat, the Boles picnic featured a ham loaf. This was cut in fine slices and served with the salad. So good did we find this ham loaf that we plan to serve it often at our house for late suppers and other non-picnicing events. In fact, both the ham loaf and the potato salad are really great dishes for any hot night meal.

Of course there must be some sort of liquid served along with any picnic meal—and the Boles menu offered one a choice—hot coffee or cold fruitade. Personally, we never got any further than the fruitade, which was so good that we wanted nothing else. But we know by experience that, no matter how hot the day, a steaming cup of coffee or cocoa is sure of an enthusiastic reception from the swimmers.

For dessert we had little cakes without frosting. This cake-minus-the-frosting idea is particularly good if you have to do much packing, because frosting, if it is good and soft, does not take kindly to packing—and if the frosting is hard and sugary it is really not worth packing anyway!

Now, are you beginning to feel that having a picnic is about the grandest thing imaginable? Then you'll surely rejoice when we tell you that we have the recipes for six of the foods served at the Boles-banquet-under-the-sky. Yes, that's right, six. We have had four of these recipes printed on filing cards, which you may have free, by filling out and mailing us the coupon on page 10. The recipes on the cards are for the nut bread which makes a treat of any sweet sandwich, the potato salad, the ham loaf and the little tea cakes.

After you have tried them all you will understand why we have gone simply picnic-crazy.

AND here are the recipes for the Malibu Punch and the Devilled Egg Sandwiches.

MALIBU PUNCH

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup orange juice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned pineapple juice
- 1 pint white grape juice
- Mint leaves.

Put sugar and water in a saucepan and stir until it comes to a boil. Boil without stirring for five minutes. Cool. Add fruit juices and mint leaves. Chill thoroughly. May be diluted with one pint water or ginger ale, if desired.

DEVILLED EGG SANDWICHES

- 6 hard-boiled eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce
- Few drops onion juice
- 1 tablespoon chopped green pickle

Put the hard-boiled eggs through meat grinder or chop fine in a chopping bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Spread between slices of graham bread.

NATURALLY, on a picnic there should be as little bother as possible. The fewer dishes there are to transport, wash and break, the better. And the fewer things there are to get lost or soiled in the line of silverware and napkins the better too. Our recommendation is that you use the paper appurtenances which are so inexpensive, so practical and so attractive.

At the very outset provide yourself with a large paper table cloth. This, if laid over an old steamer rug, will not tear, and the crisp, colorful cloth will enhance the charm of your whole picnic spread. To go with the cloth there should be paper napkins, and do be sure to have two or three napkins for each person, for people do seem to use a lot of them. And since you can get napkins and cloth to match, we think it is a very smooth idea to plan on having a color scheme, carrying it out right through, with paper plates, cups and all. Gracious! What are we coming to? Color schemes on a picnic! But why not, since there are such adorable decorated paper plates, cups, cloths and napkins in such lovely color tones. Then, too, if you are taking along a hot beverage, be sure to get

(Continued on page 87)

Take along
CRINKLE CUPS
for individual service
whenever you eat Out-Of-Doors

OLIVES
PICKLES

PEANUT BUTTER
SANDWICH SPREAD

RELISH
MAYONNAISE

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THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

... If you don't want to sit through a picture that's not the type of thing you like, read these reviews and make sure what sort of a story it is before you pay your money



Together they made a new Garden of Eden

It was not the barbaric rhythm of the native dance which fascinated Johnnie—it was Luana, beautiful daughter of the King.

Their love needed no voice—no language, and there was neither caste nor race when they looked into each other's eyes. They lived and loved in a blissful South Seas paradise.

But evil days were before them—waiting, like the island's brooding volcano, to engulf their happiness.

It isn't often you encounter as sweet and tender a love story as "Bird of Paradise." Read this vivid island romance in the new **SCREEN ROMANCES**. It's illustrated with gorgeous scenes from the actual talkie production, featuring Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea in a beautiful Hawaiian setting.

And read, too, the nine other complete stories of the newest talkies in the same issue. **SCREEN ROMANCES** is absorbing entertainment. Ask for it today—at any newsstand!

Screen Romances

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine

ALIAS THE DOCTOR (First National)—A doctor who becomes a surgeon without the legal rights to operate. Dick Barthelmess is the doctor. Marian Marsh is the heroine. Good—but children will be bored.

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox)—Four little children become the protégées of a male Pollyanna. Warner Baxter is the male Pollyanna. Okay if you like very sentimental stuff—some children may like it.

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings in a very real story about the depression. Good—children will like some of it. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

ARE YOU LISTENING? (M-G-M)—William Haines, Karen Morley and Madge Evans in a story about a young married couple and the other woman. A radio broadcasting station plays a part in the tale. Very good—children will like parts of it.

ARROWSMITH (Goldwyn-United Artists)—A highly intelligent but not very dramatic story taken from Sinclair Lewis' famous novel. Excellent if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—A clever crook and the brilliant detective who trapped him. The brothers Barrymore play the two roles. John is the crook and Lionel the detective. Very good—children will like it.

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—This may be Garbo's last picture. It's a splendid romantic story. Melvyn Douglas is in it. Excellent—but probably the children will find it boring unless they're Garbo worshippers, too. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

BACK STREET (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's poignant story, with John Boles and Irene Dunne. Good—and the children may like it. Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warners)—The homely little stenographer who suddenly blossoms out as a raving beauty when she wants to make her boss fall in love with her is here again. Marian Marsh is the stenographer and Warren William the boss. David Manners has a small role. Good—okay for the tots.

BROKEN LULLABY (Paramount)—A slow moving story of a French boy who can't forget the fact that he killed a German during the war. It plays on his mind so that he finally goes to the German boy's grave and meets, without being aware of it, the boy's parents. From then on dramatic interest moves. Philip Holmes, Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore have the leads. A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.

THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)—An American flyer crashes into a Mexican hacienda—and romantic troubles follow. Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas and Leo Carrillo. Good—children will like it.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)—An impoverished young Englishman decides to marry for money—and then falls in love with another girl—and finally is faced with marriage to the wealthy girl to save his father from disgrace. Robert Montgomery is the young Englishman. Good sophisticated stuff—but children may not like it.

CARELESS LADY (Fox)—A young girl—to seem more sophisticated—pretends to be married. Later she meets the man whose name she took temporarily. Good—but children will be bored.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Once again Warner Oland plays the oriental detective who, with the aid of a few homely philosophies, solves the unsolvable mystery. Good—a little involved for children.

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—What happens when an ex-police chief and a noted crook meet out a South America bound liner. Thomas Meighan is in it. Very good—okay for the kids.

COCK OF THE AIR (Caddo-United Artists)—Chester Morris and Billie Dove in a cuckoo comedy about a war pilot whose chief conquests are made in feminine boudoirs. Good—children will like parts of it.

CONGRESS DANCES (United Artists)—Costume musical with some fine mob scenes and a beautiful girl by the name of Lillian Harvey whose charm will fascinate you. The story is weak and somewhat confusing but it's well worth seeing for the music and for Miss Harvey. Very good—children may be bored.

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal)—Just another of this series and not nearly as good as some of the others. Poor—children will like parts of it.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers as two small town hoofers who come to the big city to win fame and fortune. They do—after a series of setbacks. Good if you like sweet stuff—okay for kids.

DANCERS IN THE DARK (Paramount)—Dance hall romance with Jack Oakie, Miriam Hopkins and Buster Collier. Good—children will like it.

DEVIL'S LOTTERY (Fox)—A man invites the winners of a lottery to a house party—to see what effect the good fortune has on each. Elissa Landi is in it. Good—okay for kids.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT (Fox)—The police department's side of the racket problem. Spencer Tracey, Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore have the leading roles. Good—okay for children.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—War story of the Alps and the men who fight in snow banks instead of trenches. Good—marvelous scenery. Children might like it if you don't mind their seeing war films.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story is here once again—this time with the added attraction of sound. Fredric March is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.

EMMA (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler as a lovable old housekeeper who works herself almost to death worrying about those she has to look after. Richard Cromwell is good as one of her charges. Excellent—suitable for children.

THE EXPERT (First National)—The naughty old man who just will get himself into all sorts of trouble—ably played by Chic Sale. Very good—suitable for the young ones.

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)—How a famous murder case can affect countless lives of innocent persons. Very good—not very suitable for the children.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a fire-fighter who prefers baseball and blondes to fire-fighting. Very good—perfect for kids.

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Adolphe Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck in a story of unhappy and thwarted love. Good—not suitable for children.

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount)—Quite reminiscent of the silent "Ten Commandments." Fair (except for Marguerite Churchill's performance which is excellent)—children won't care for it much. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

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

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-RADIO)—The famous Gershwin musical arrives on the talking screen with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Mitzi Green and others. Very good—you can take the children.

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone in Vicki Baum's masterpiece of high-class melodrama. Excellent—although young children may be a bit bored.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell as three gold-diggers. David Manners and Lowell Sherman as two of the men in their lives. Very good—but not for kids.

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Edward G. Robinson as the leading figure in a Chinatown melodrama. Loretta Young and Leslie Fenton are also in it. Very good—suitable for children.

THE HEART OF NEW YORK (First National)—George Sidney and Smith and Dale in an amusing and sentimental picturization of Manhattan's lower East Side. Good—okay for children.

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Wallace Beery as two guys in the navy's air force, who have no use for each other. Wally Beery's romance with Marjorie Ranbeau will delight you. Very good—and grand for the kids.

(Continued on page 88)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



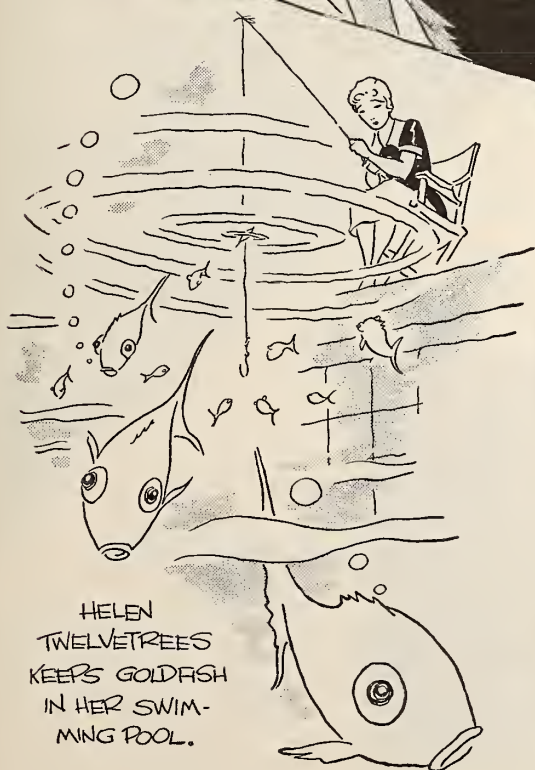
SOPHISTICATED LILYAN TASHMAN HAS NEVER SMOKED A REAL CIGARETTE.

(THAT'S CORN-SILK SHE USES IN PICTURES.)

WHEN SHE'S NOT HAVING GUESTS MARLENE DIETRICH TAKES HER DINNER IN THE KITCHEN WITH HER COOK AND CHAUFFEUR



GRETA GARBO'S SHOES ARE NO BIGGER THAN JOAN CRAWFORD'S



HELEN TWELVETREES KEEPS GOLDFISH IN HER SWIMMING POOL.



THE AGEING OF HOME. -WHEREAS STUDIO PROP MADE GIN OFTEN REQUIRES EXPERTS CAN AGE FURNITURE AS LONG AS 5 MINUTES - 100 YEARS IN 3 MINUTES

THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON...

—Ann Dvorak, because she is threatening to do a Cagney and walk off the Warner lot unless she gets more money.



—Robert Montgomery because he took up polo for publicity purposes and really learnt the game.—Doug, Jr., because he had two stories published in national magazines in one week.



—Herbert Marshall (above) because Paramount paid thirty-six thousand dollars to close his New York show so they could get him for Marlene Dietrich's "Blonde Venus."—Johnny Weissmuller because there are rumors of marital trouble which Johnny and his wife claim is an attempt by Hollywood to break them up.



—Garbo, because she calmly turned down \$14,000 a week in order to return to Sweden. It's said, though, that she'll be back by fall to sign a new contract.



VOL. 1, NO. 6

HOLLYWOOD, JULY, 1932

SUPPLEMENTARY
SECTION

RUMOR SAYS CHATTERTON WILL DIVORCE

**May Marry George
Brent After Final Decree
Is Obtained Abroad**

It is said that the Warner star will get a divorce while she is in Europe this summer. Former rumors concerning a Chatterton-Forbes divorce were temporarily squelched when Ruth undertook half ownership and directorship in a play in which husband Forbes was starred. Now, however, not only does divorce seem imminent, but the gossips are saying that Ruth is interested in someone else—in George Brent, whom Ruth has confessed to be her favorite leading man. Some people think they may marry after the divorce.

RKO-Radio to Offer Big Prize Money Soon

Plans are practically perfected for a gigantic tie-up contest for RKO-Radio's mystery thriller, "The Phantom of Crestwood." The story of this talkie will be broadcast over fifty-two NBC stations in a series of fifteen minute programs. The last installment will be left for listeners-in to write and submit in competition for huge prize money. Directly after the last broadcast, the picture will open in local movie theatres everywhere. The prizes, however, will not be judged by similarity.

Doug, Jr., Flies to Catalina for Anniversary

Well, we don't think there'll be a divorce for the young Fairbankses for a while anyway. You see, just recently their third wedding anniversary came around. Joan was away on location at Catalina. Doug, Jr., was busy at his studio. He wanted to spend the day with Joan and celebrate. His studio said no—too busy. Doug persisted and almost had a serious row before the studio bosses let him fly to Catalina.

Valli-Farrell Reconciled After Recent Row

Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell have had a tiff. No, don't look for any divorce rumors, because they've made up again and everything's dandy. Whatever it was that they fought about, it made Charlie march away, good and mad, on a two weeks' trip by himself. Last year they had a fight—maybe you remember—and it was Virginia who slammed the front door and stayed away for a couple of days.



Many Stars to be Loaned In Exchange Epidemic

**Many of the Biggest Names
Being Farmed Out to Rival
Studios—Maybe Even Shearer**

The exchange idea has hit the Hollywood studios with a bang. Any number of really big stars are being loaned to rival studios. This is a hitherto unheard of arrangement—big stars have always been considered too valuable to loan around to other companies.

One of the most important loans is Joan Crawford to United Artists for "Rain." Then comes the Gable-March exchange. Gable goes to Paramount for "No Bed of Her Own" while Fredric March goes to M-G-M for "Smilin' Through" opposite Norma Shearer.

Lionel Barrymore goes to RKO for an untitled picture. Nancy Carroll to Warners for "Revolt" opposite Fairbanks Jr. And, perhaps the most important of all, Norma Shearer may be borrowed by United Artists from M-G-M for a new picture as yet untitled.

Dorothy Jordan-Don Dilloway Romance Over

Just when everyone was expecting a June wedding, too! But Dorothy Jordan and Don Dilloway have decided they aren't suited to make a marriage of it. And they've called it a day, romantically.

Flashes from Here and There

Ann Dvorak is having contractitis. She wants to know why Warners will pay her only \$250 a week, when they had to pay Howard Hughes, her original contract owner, \$1,000 a week for her services.

Bebe Daniels' next will be "Doubles," for Columbia. The story is by Olive Hatch, famous swimmer.

Billie Dove will be with Marion Davies in Marion's next starring picture. It's a story about the experiences of two "Follies" girls.

Norma Shearer will be the hostess for the Olympic swimming and diving contestants.

Edna Murphy and director Mervyn LeRoy are divorcing after a year's separation. LeRoy and Ginger Rogers will probably announce their engagement thereafter.

The Welssmuller-Arnst divorce rumors strengthen as Johnny leaves on swimming exhibition tour without Bobbé.

You may be seeing five Barrymores in one picture—John, Lionel, Ethel, and Ethel's two children, John Drew Colt and Ethel Barrymore Colt.

JOHN GILBERT WILL MARRY FOURTH TIME

**Weds Virginia Bruce
About Middle of Next
Month. Her First Venture**

John Gilbert will step to the altar for the fourth and, he hopes, the last time, on August 15. Virginia Bruce is the name of the girl Jack is going to marry.

Virginia came to the coast when the talkie "Whoopee" was made a year or so ago. M-G-M gave her a contract some time after her talkie debut but she was loaned to Columbia for one picture and Paramount for two before she got a chance to work on her home lot.

Her first home picture will be "Downstairs."

Joe E. Brown in Hospital For Several Serious Operations

When Joe Brown arrived in the hospital with a spinal injury they trussed him up in a plaster cast and told him to wait for it to get well.

Joe got bored and decided he might as well have some other minor alterations done while killing time. So he called the doctors and the nurses to a conference.

The outcome of it was that Joe had his tonsils removed while waiting for his spine to heal. He got bored again and had another conference. This time they removed his appendix.

Clara Bow's Rigid Diet Relieves Her of 35 lbs.

When Clara Bow decided to make a movie come-back, they told her she'd have to do some tall reducing—if such a thing is possible. You may remember that the Bow gal always ran to plumpness.

Well, Clara went on a diet. And, by the way, we hope to give you the details of it in our fascinating diet article in our next issue. And, by George, Clara slid from one-forty-five to one-ten.

Joan Blondell Balks at Separation from Cameraman-Fiancé

Not so long ago Warners issued instructions that Joan Blondell was to come to New York to make scenes for her new picture "Central Park."

Joan loves New York and all that but she also loves her boy-friend, George Barnes, Warner cameraman. So Joan ups and says she won't go unless George goes too. At the moment no decision has been rendered in the fight.



Buster Keaton, Walter Winchell and Schnozzle Durante. Winchell's turned down Universal's \$100,000 offer.

GUY LOMBARDO'S orchestra . . . Katie Smith . . . Bing Crosby . . . the Boswell Sisters! Hollywood seems to have robbed the air of all its talent—at least, for the duration of a picture. There have been many guesses as to what the weekly salary list will read for Paramount's "The Big Broadcast," what with Lombardo drawing five grand every seven days, Bing getting five, and Katie Smith her few thousand—plus the remainder of the long list that will contain most of the important names of the radio world.

There are those who think there will be more interest displayed in this galaxy of radio artists on one program than was shown in "Grand Hotel" with all the high-powered movie stars. But believe us, it will have to be awfully good to top that Hollywood version of power!

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared in public recently with bangs. Now half the players on the M-G-M lot have adopted the new fad—and all the stenographers.

First, Maureen O'Sullivan appeared in the studio café with her hair dripping over her eyes in the approved Crawford fashion. The very next day, our favorite red-headed stenographer in the publicity department came to her usual desk with her tresses groomed within an inch of her life to look like the Gay Nineties. We're all beginning to wonder when the rest of the country will be "doin' the bang." Let's hope they hurry, before Joan switches.

The peep-hole columnist, Walter Winchell, left Hollywood without making the Universal picture, "Okay,

America," he was slated to do. His salary would have been in the neighborhood of \$100,000. Before entraining for New York, Winchell stated that he would not make the picture, supposedly based on his own life, because he was afraid it would not be completed in time for him to resume his Lucky Strike contract. Okay, Walter!

BEFORE his divorce from Ann Harding and the national publicity which followed, Harry Bannister didn't get a tumble from the many autograph seekers that abound in Hollywood. Harry was always with Ann—and Ann was the one who got all the attention.

But since his return from Reno, Harry has been much in evidence at the Brown Derby and other popular Hollywood spots. And every time he appears, he's mobbed by those who want his signature in their autograph books.

They say that Nancy Torres (Raquel's sister) and Bette Davis are engaged tooth-and-nail in cinching the affections of George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's favorite leading man.

FOR "The Sign of the Cross," a Paramount picture which Cecil B. DeMille will direct, the studio is scouring the country for a girl who will agree never to appear in pictures again for at least five years. Also, the girl to be chosen must be approved by the church organizations who are taking interest in pictures with religious themes.

If they find someone who is the type and she makes good in a big way, it will be a hard blow for her to leave Hollywood and her new success behind when the picture is completed.

The George O'Brien-Cecelia Parker romance is now two degrees below zero. Cecelia was George's leading woman in his last picture and they seemed very much in love, but their amour is quits. And George is again dating Marguerite Churchill, an old flame of his.

RENEE ADOREE needn't worry about a film comeback when she returns from Arizona following her convalescence there. As soon as she hits Hollywood, Rénée will move onto her old lot—M-G-M—and start work in a picture not yet decided upon. Rénée probably has more honest-to-goodness friends in the film colony and especially at M-G-M than any actress who's been forced to drop out.

Ronald Colman won't do "Way of a Lancer," as was announced following the discard of "The Brothers Karamazov." And Sam Goldwyn is now looking for another story in which Ronnie can shine. It is understood that "Way of a Lancer" was discarded in its present version because it would have cost \$700,000 to produce—and that's too much to spend on a picture—even a Colman picture—these days.

HAVE you often wondered what had happened to Monroe Owsley—the chap who started such a promising screen career as Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday"? Several months ago Monroe left Hollywood and his career. Stardom seemed within his grasp—yet his health was broken and his doctor insisted that he leave Hollywood. Just a couple of weeks ago, Monroe climbed off the train at Pasadena and headed for Hollywood. He has never felt better in his life. He dropped in at M-G-M (the studio that held his contract before) to talk to the old gang. "Ye gods, Monroe," the casting director said. "Where've you been? We've been looking for you to play a part in 'Without Shame'. Want it?"

"Bet your life," responded Owsley. And so Monroe Owsley makes his comeback bow.

The ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey is taking dramatic lessons from the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable. Which means—Estelle



James Cagney and the missus. The news is that Jimmie is going to Europe—but we hear he may return to Warners.

Taylor is studying dramatic technique as a pupil of Josephine Dillon.

THERE are those in Hollywood who were amazed at the revelations during the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello recent divorce proceedings.

Also, there are those who wonder if Sherman's career as a director and actor has been fatally injured by the sensational divorce trial.

"What Price Hollywood?" completes his acting-directing contract with RKO-Radio studio. And it is rumored other studios will not be willing to overlook the undesirable publicity resulting from the many sensational charges aired in the courtroom.

POLLY MORAN used to be one of the few people on the M-G-M lot to whom Garbo was always cordial. But now, we hear, the Swede passes Polly by with not even a nod. Greta's chill towards the comedienne is said to date back to Polly's cracks over the radio at the opening of "Grand Hotel." Among other things, Polly said: "Hello, Garbo! I wish I were in your shoes tonight."

Is it possible the great Garbo can't take a joke?

There was a clause in Paul Lukas' Paramount contract prohibiting that studio from selling his contract to any other company. So Paramount ups and loans Paul to Universal for the



Stu Erwin and June Collyer Erwin will be needing a nursery, so they bought a whole new house at Beverly Hills.

remainder of his contract. No sooner was Paul duly installed at Universal than they loaned him to Fox to play with Elissa Landi in "Burnt Offerings." Paul's seriously considering the purchase of a dressing room on roller skates.

SALLY EILERS received word of the death of a close relative one recent Saturday morning. Not more than an hour later, the hospital called saying that her father was there—as a result of a serious automobile accident. She rushed to the hospital. When she returned home that evening her colored cook was hilariously drunk and was running amuck with a knife. Sally had to call the police.

And all this just a few days after her own auto smash-up and the announcement of her split with Hoot Gibson. As you know, Hoot and Sally are back together again—but Hollywood wonders—for how long?

With Johnnie Weissmuller in New York personal-appearing, and wife Bobbé Arnst here in Hollywood, rumors of the cooling of their marriage are making the rounds. Everyone's wondering why Bobbie didn't accompany her swimming-champion-actor husband to the Big City, when she must have known the gals would go gaga about the virile Johnnie. But—see what Johnnie says on our "Spotlight" page (14).

RECENTLY Estelle Taylor auctioned off the furniture and the nine-room house which Jack Dempsey gave to her at the time of their divorce. She said the place was too big, now that she's alone. So she bought a smaller place down at the beach, but within a few days announced that she's adding a master bedroom, a bathroom and a dining room to the house. That makes ten rooms all told. Just one more than the "too big" house had.

David Blankenhorn, ex-husband of Irene Rich, has again fallen for a lady of the flickers. This time, it's Minna Gombell and it looks serious.

M-G-M heralded Margaret Perry as a new screen find, having brought her from the stage. Her first picture was "New Morals For Old"—and just as the picture was completed her option expired.

Margaret went to the preview of her first (and perhaps only) picture. The next morning she read a critic's impression of her initial appearance on the screen. In part, he wrote: "Miss Perry is a woeful disappoint-



When Margaret Perry saw a notice on her work in "New Morals for Old," she just packed up and left for Chicago.

ment. Photographically, she is a total loss." The same morning Margaret packed her bags and took the first choo-choo to Chicago, without telling M-G-M or anyone else where she was going. Then it was reported that M-G-M was frantic because they couldn't find Margaret to sign her to a new contract. The rumorers would have us believe, however, that they don't want to re-sign the lady. However, you never can tell—

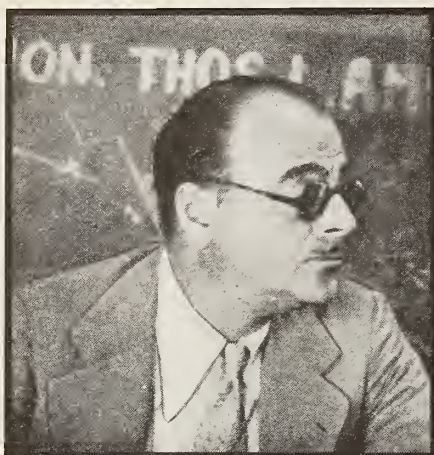
JIMMY CAGNEY'S agent announced that the rebellious Irishman is all set for a year's personal appearances and picture making in Europe. Cagney sails from New York August 1, after a motor trip from Hollywood via Lake Banff and points north.

Unofficially, however, it is said that Cagney and Warners may come to an agreement after all.

REMEMBER Jeanette Loff? She's the gal who played such a part in Paul Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz." A few months ago she left Hollywood, vowing never to return! Various romantic reports drifted back to the colony but that was all we heard of the blond beauty.

It has just come out that she is singing in the band that Buddy Rogers is making such a hit with in New York. Wouldn't it be funny if some producer heard her sing and offered her a new contract? Funnier things than that have happened in Hollywood!

Jackie Cooper was supposed to receive \$5,000 per week (no foolin') and a certain percentage of the gate



International

Some people seem to think that Lowell Sherman's divorce (he is shown in courtroom) may affect his career.

at a large Chicago theatre. The gate was so large that he was handed a check for the neat little sum of seven grand for the seven days' labor! Not bad in these times . . . for a seven year old!

PARAMOUNT wanted Herbert Marshall for the male lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus"—the picture that Dietrich and Von Sternberg walked out on for several weeks before they came to terms with the studio. But it happened that Herbert had a run-of-the-play contract in "There's Always Juliet" on the legit. So it was up to the studio to buy up his contract from the stage producer. Also, it is said, Paramount had to pay off the entire cast with two weeks' salary, besides the probable earnings of the play to the producer for five weeks—plus royalties to the author.

So when you see the English actor emoting opposite the German Dietrich, you can imagine how many pennies went from the studio coffers to get him for that picture.

Marshall, you know, is the husband of Edna Best, the gal who ran away from Hollywood and a chance as John Gilbert's leading lady, to join her husband, then in New York. Maybe Edna will have a second try at screen fame while friend hubby is making love to Marlene for the camera.

ENROUTE to Europe, Carl Laemmle, Sr., took ill and was removed to the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. An operation seemed necessary. When Carl, Jr., heard that his aged father might have to go under the surgeon's knife, he left his busy desk at the Universal studio to go to the bedside of Carl, Sr. For

the trip, the younger Laemmle took along his own personal doctor, who is treating him for a bad case of hay fever. This medico goes everywhere that Junior goes, even to parties.

ANN HARDING was scheduled to do "Bed of Roses," a story for a glamorous star. Then she balked. Fearing that it would be a bad business move to change into a sophisticated type, just after all the publicity hullabaloo that accompanied her divorce from Harry Bannister, Ann announced she wouldn't do this picture. Instead, she's working with Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom," the play which has been running on the New York stage this last winter. And, it is understood, "Bed of Roses" has been stricken from the list of Ann's forthcoming pictures.

With the arrival of Mrs. Brock Pemberton, the lady with the *trés chic* ideas on styles, Ann's studio started a glamor campaign for their glamorless blond star. Her hair was waved, her make-up watched. Her clothes were designed with a weather eye on sex appeal. But at the present writing it looks as if the studio isn't getting to first base in their attempt to Dietrich-ize Harding.

After "The Animal Kingdom," Ann will co-star with Richard Dix. The picture will probably be "March of a Nation," which won't call upon Ann for any Connie Bennett or Garbo characterizations.

The Clark Gable divorce rumors will have to wait at least a month. Because Clark and the missus have gone to Del Monte for a month's vacation . . . together. When he returns Clark starts work as a full fledged star in "China Seas."

JOTTINGS about this and that: After one of the most successful vaudeville tours ever made, Alice White is back in town. Wonder if the movies will give her a tumble?

Lew Ayres was all set to do "Air Mail" when it was decided he wasn't old enough to look like a seasoned pilot. Ralph Bellamy will do the rôle.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin needed a nursery . . . so they bought a whole new home in Beverly! Little things sure lead to big things.

Hollywood is offering odds that Crawford will take the place vacated by Garbo . . . or do you like Shearer?

Dietrich decides to fly in the face of providence by not showing close-up of her legs in "Blonde Venus". How will the customers take that? Here's your chance to notice how beautiful her face is.



Carl Laemmle (second from left) was taken quite ill on his way east for that European trip and sent to Johns Hopkins.

NOTES from abroad:

This may be the answer to the question, "What is Gloria Swanson going to do now?" Our foreign correspondent writes that a new film company has just been registered in London—the Gloria Swanson British Pictures, Ltd. Negotiations are under way with Basil Dean's studio's at Ealing, where Gloria will have her own unit. She has taken a lease on the Viscountess Furness' charming house on Farm Street, Mayfair, as Madame Glyn tells you in her story on page 26. And apparently Gloria plans to remain for some time in England. A story has already been selected for her first British talkie. It's titled, at present, "Perfect Understanding" and it's all about an American heiress in England.

"Perfect Understanding" starts production about the middle of July. The approximate cost of the film will be \$450,000—a great deal for a foreign movie. Gloria admits that she has put quite a large sum of her own money into the venture.

From Paris comes the news that George Jessel is taking an extended trip through Europe, Asia Minor and Africa. The purpose is twofold—a vacation and a chance to pick up film and theatrical material in France, Italy, Africa and Palestine. Incidentally, Norma Talmadge (she and Mr. Jessel are rumored to be interested in each other) arrived in Paris almost simultaneously with George. No, she's taken no steps toward a divorce from Joseph Schenck. She's spending most of her time on the Riviera and is seen often in the company of a wealthy American, Mr. Worthington Hines. Two French film companies have made offers to her and also a London stage producer, but Norma hasn't accepted.

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Gene Raymond has just finished "Forgotten Commandments" in which Sari Maritza, the new importation, plays. Gene lives in an exclusive apartment building and has been passing up the Hollywood girls for the Pasadena débutantes. He puts grease on his naturally platinum blond hair to make it darker. Although he is only twenty-two he is a very good horseman and is particularly skilled at jumping. For some time after he was in Hollywood he kicked around the Paramount lot without doing very much; then they put him in "Ladies of the Big House" and he was a success.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Gwili Andre is her name. And her studio—RKO—is hoping that she will have the same sort of attraction which Garbo has although, they claim, they are not trying to make her imitate Garbo. We put her picture opposite Garbo for you yourself to compare them. We chose them purposely for their identical pose. "The Roar of the Dragon" is the name of Gwili's first picture in which she appears with Richard Dix. She was born in Denmark twenty-three years ago. Her name is pronounced Jeelee Ondray.



By Clarence Sinclair Bull

Now just who can this be? We'll give you one guess. Garbo has once again scored a triumph. This time in "As You Desire Me." You've got to see it just for the thrill of beholding Greta in a white wig. There is an insistent report going around that Garbo will stay in Hollywood even if she does desert the screen. This because several of her very dear friends live in the film city. So it seems that the Swedish sphinx isn't really the friendless girl she's been pictured as being. But at that you can't be sure—not about Garbo.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Norman Foster, now free-lancing, will next be seen in "Skyscraper Souls" by Faith Baldwin. He is also in Miss Baldwin's "Week-End Marriage." Loretta Young plays opposite him in it. From now on young Foster will be able to personally give his wife jewelry every day instead of the former all too infrequent occasions when Claudette would make a Hollywood flying visit. They live in separate domiciles—just as they did when they were both in New York. This, naturally, has Hollywood full of quite erroneous divorce rumors.



Constance Cummings has the honor of having worked in three pictures all at once! "Movie Crazy," with Harold Lloyd, "For the Defense" and "Faith." She is under contract to Columbia pictures. She is redhaired and has loads of freckles. She seems to be Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s, favorite girl friend at present. She drives a Ford roadster and usually has a Scottie sitting beside her. Lives with her mother and younger brother. She enjoys taking long rides with someone else at the wheel—it gives her a chance to knit, which she loves.



Photograph by Powolny

Ralph Bellamy is pinch-hitting for Charlie Farrell in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" opposite Marian Nixon. This was the picture which was going to be made by Farrell and Janet Gaynor—and was even advertised by Fox. Bellamy is probably the most popular stock player America has ever known. He is married but has no children at present. He has played everything on the screen from heavy to juvenile. He's a Fox player and has been in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "The Woman in Room 13."



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Frances Dee is working in "Gates of Hollywood" opposite Stuart Erwin. This used to be known as "Merton of the Movies." In it, she plays a somewhat hardboiled rôle and is she glad? She's been getting very tired of an endless succession of ingenue rôles. She is one of Hollywood's most popular girls. She recently asked her sister and brother-in-law and their two children to come and live with her and her mother. She's crazy about her sister's two children. Frances was loaned to Warners for "Love Is A Racket"—with Doug, Jr.

★ ★ G L O R I A A S

We have the honor of presenting the first interview with Gloria since the birth of her baby. This famous author gives a vivid picture of the new Gloria and her daughter

By

ELINOR GLYN

I HAVE seen Gloria in many moods. Eleven years ago when we first met she was the primitive nature-creature, a little savage; unsophisticated, entirely attractive. Her blue eyes were wells of allure-ment, principally physical. There was something wild and untamed about her, which added to her charm. We understood one another always, and have always been friends.

I have watched her career through its ups and downs and ups again, and through it all, except for one short period about five or six years ago, when she was a suppressed wife, she has never lost her hold upon the public—she is one of the few stars who have endured, and whose magnetic personality will always hold where properly presented.

I have seen her with the mysterious quietude of the Sphinx—with the subtle devilment of Cleopatra, and with the wild abandon of a Pan spirit. I have seen her bored and her magnetism nullified by a man who was not mentally worthy to touch the hem of her garment.

I have seen her cheated of her birthright of talent and charm—pitchforked into pictures which were utterly unsuitable to her exotic personality, with everything in them to detract from and destroy her extraordinary drawing power. But I have never seen Gloria in herself touched by these outside circumstances. She is always magnetically fascinating and unlike anyone else.

She is always Gloria. The name is significant!

And now I am going to tell you how she looks as that most glorious thing—a mother. The mother of the sweetest wax doll of a perfect baby you have ever imagined.



A M O T H E R



DEAR Gloria, she has been very ill, and I am the first person she has been allowed to see, propped up with pillows in her charming green silk bed in the house she has rented from Lady Furness, whom many of you will remember in Hollywood as Thelma Converse.

It is a wan and spiritual Gloria just emerging from the ordeal of acquiring that mysterious and awe-inspiring state called motherhood.

First I will tell you about her surroundings. The house is one of those tucked away in the heart of Mayfair which are so fashionable now. In the eighteenth century when they were built they were probably part of the stables of some nobleman's mansion, but are now converted by modern taste into the most cunning and attractive dwellings.

A snug hall leads to an old staircase and then up and up to the room where Gloria lies enthroned as a mother. It is a big room all pale green which suggests the spring time.

It is very simple and in exquisite

(Left) With Elinor Glyn when Gloria was making Mrs. Glyn's story, "The Great Moment"—ten years ago. They are still great friends. (Below) Flowers being delivered at the house where Gloria is living in Mayfair, London.



Wide World

taste, nothing instantly suggests that heaps of money has been spent on it, but which subtly convinces the subconscious perceptions that everything is *right*. "Right" being that which demonstrates refined taste and knowledge of how to live beautifully. It costs enormously to those who wish to buy it, but can be procured by anyone with a real sense of the fitness of things—with instinctive good taste.

Well, Gloria's bedroom is "right." There is not too much of anything. The flowers are not overdone. Only two great bowls of lilies of the valley. The curtains are lustrous green silk. There is no over embroidery or too much lace on the sheets of her bed, just the finest linen and a simple edging of Valenciennes.

Simplicity is everywhere.

The baby's cot is simple, too, and all white. None of the fantastic be-ribboned, be-laced things you see in every department store, but fine spotted muslin which can wash, and is always fresh. That it came from the Rue de la Paix and cost a large sum, is nobody's business! The tiny gossamer sheets and pillow cases have the baby's monogram, "M.B.F." embroidered upon them. The blankets also, of snowy wool, satin-edged. Everything is individual and designed as Gloria wished. And as for the dainty layette of adorable frocks and jackets and even a minute dressing wrapper—well, it would make any young mother crazy with envy could she see it! The garments are—like the cot—snowy white and simple in their costly purity.

Now imagine the room.

An old English room decorated by an artist. All the softest green of a forced lily of the valley leaf. Rather empty but for one or two bits of good furniture and the beautiful flowers. The whole place giving a feeling of the spring time. Then think of a "William and Mary" green silk bed; a white quilted satin eiderdown and Valenciennes edged sheets help to conceal Gloria!

SHE is a very fragile Gloria, with blue eyes so circled by shadows that they appear like blue lamps coming from the gloom. She has not the tiniest touch of make-up on, she is a very white pearly creature, with lips no redder than a pale rose. Her hair, which I have seen long, and then bobbed, is now below her shoulders again—it is soft and curly, but in spite of the wanness of recent grave illness, Gloria is more beautiful than ever with some added charm of striking spirituality. We are such old friends that she let me come in just as she was nursing Michaela Bridget, which is the little one's delightful name.

It—she, I mean!—was just cuddled up hungrily and voluptuously enjoying her evening meal. There is no sight so beautiful and holy as a lovely young mother

nursing her babe. For ten minutes I did not see anything but a wee, dark, head and sweet profile—with its greedy pursed up tiny mouth. So I could look at and talk to Gloria. We spoke of love and life and of all the years which have passed since we made "The Great Moment." And we both came to the conclusion that love, when it can be of the spirit as well as the flesh, is the only thing

really worth having in this world. And I felt that Gloria is happy at last. The dignified English nurse then came and took Miss Michaela Bridget Farmer to her snowy cot, and settled the mother back in her pillows—while she put round her a lovely white dull satin and lace garment to keep off draughts.

Then we talked of Gloria's plans for the future; she is vague about them. Whether she will go back to Hollywood and make a new picture there, or whether she will make one here; or whether she will just enjoy life for a while, she does not yet know. But looking at her there I could not help reflecting how seldom the real beauty and charm of her has been allowed to emerge on the screen. The charm is greater than ever—she has that fascination of the eyes never changing, even when she smiles. Her blue eyes look straight into yours with something aloof and mysterious in them—contemplative and even a little sad. And yet she may be talking whimsically of something gay. She never says stupid things, she never giggles—she never poses—she is just Gloria all the time.

At that moment, Mr. Michael Farmer came in and a pair of lovers' eyes met, and I could not help thinking of Paul and the lady in my "Three Weeks" and Gloria whispered to me—

"He has just those adorable 'ways' Paul had—do you wonder that I love him!"

I did not!

Hé is a tall, dark, handsome young Irishman, with a "look in the eye" and plainly he loves Gloria.

Then came a little whimper from the cot and the dignified nurse lifted the baby up—and the two faces together, Michaela Bridget's and her father's, were exact replicas of each other. She is certainly the most perfect wee creature I have ever seen. None of the crimson, crumpled ugliness which new born babies sometimes show, but every minute feature in proportion and exquisite. Then she has a specially rare thing in these days, flat ears lying close to the head and the stern nurse means to see that the flatness continues! No thoughtlessness nursemaids will be allowed to lay down this treasure carelessly!

Gloria was beginning to look wistful and tired, so I left her then, safe and happy with husband and child—and as I stood at the door we each blew a good-by kiss.

Wide World



Michaela Bridget

**"It is a
wan and spiritual Gloria
just emerging from the
ordeal of acquiring that mys-
terious and awe-inspiring state
called motherhood." Thus
does Gloria's dear friend,
Elinor Glyn, describe
her**

A year ago he was unheard of

Made a name in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "The Wet Parade"

Has a five-year contract with M-G-M—with options regularly taken up

Is six feet tall. Has blue eyes—and a quick smile

Still can't believe his marvelous success will last

By WALTER
RAMSEY

MEET ROBERT YOUNG FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

Photograph by Hurrell



BOB YOUNG is so much like my kid brother, that I'm afraid I can't write about him. I know exactly what he thinks of Hollywood; I realize just what he *thinks* he's up against and I know he's scared to death his good luck will fold up any moment. That's the way most young fellows would react to fame,

especially when they've been brought up as Bob Young has.

If you knew Bob's story, it would be easy for you to understand why fame has always been something almost beyond his reach. You'd know why he's very close to heaven now!

Bob Young, (whom I always think of as "Young Bob" because he reminds me of a younger edition of Bob Montgomery) was born, about twenty-five years ago, in New York City. On the *East* side. At the age of ten months, he was transported to Seattle where he spent his earlier gurgling days on the *South* side! And at a very tender age, he was again transported . . . this time to Los Angeles, on the *East* side—which, by the way, is also on the wrong side of the tracks.

Bob, however, never realized then that the railroad tracks were a "dividing line" . . . they were just "the tracks" to him. In fact, he decided that he would go down and have a look at them that first afternoon . . . on the way over to the school house. He didn't want to start school until the following Monday, but he figured he should give the place the once-over just to see what he was getting himself into. Many (Continued on page 97)

With Margaret Perry in "New Morals for Old." This is his fourth picture—all for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



MIRIAM'S ADOPTED —HER ONLY INTERVIEW ABOUT

I WANT to be a good friend to him. And when he can talk I want him to call me by my first name."

Miriam Hopkins was talking of the baby boy she has adopted, to whom she has given the name she has endowed with fame and wealth, and whose future she has protected with a generous trust fund. This was her answer when I asked if she had any ideas about Michael's training. You don't catch Miriam embroiled in a morass of impractical, untried theories. You don't find Miriam subscribing to any old-fashioned ideas of maternity with its insistence upon gratitude and respect and its thwarting sentimentality.

Knowing about Miriam adopting little Michael, I no longer can insist, as I have in the past, that there's no such thing as luck. When I think of the hundreds of people who might have adopted this baby, people with less money, people with much less of what the French call *la joie de vivre*, I know him to be lucky without a doubt.

From his beautiful mother, Michael will receive understanding. And always he will be allowed the independence which is every individual's right but the lot of far too few.

I saw Miriam when she was in New York arranging all of the adoption details. She was stopping at a little hotel in the East Sixties. A hotel intimate and exclusive. Her bedroom with its maple furniture and soft rose toile might have been a room in a delightful country house. She was lying in a great four poster bed, a soft throw of peach silk over her. She was wearing a bedjacket of aquamarine blue, the very color of her eyes. Her hair, the color of young wheat, was slightly disarranged and altogether charming. She had been up until very late the night before. After the theatre there had been a party at the Casino. But as she lay there, balancing her grapefruit in its silver bowl of cracked ice, she looked as fresh as a child just awakened.

We talked of the baby. Naturally. He had been only three weeks old when Miriam had seen him first. Through glass.

"You know how scientific hospitals are nowadays," she explained the glass, with the rush of words that warm her speech. "Quite right, too! Perfect strangers always feel they have every right to kiss a baby. Babies must hate it often enough."

Talking about Michael her eyes deepened.

"He'll be just two months old when I take him," she went on. "He has curly blond hair and big blue eyes. I've arranged everything so his people never will know who has him. It's much better this way. For everyone concerned. For Michael especially. Now his mother is

quite willing to have him go. But years change things. Later, if she knew where he was, she might want him. Then he'd find himself pulled in opposite directions."

I asked her about the parents. She told me very little. Who they are, what they are, all the circumstances of his birth—these things are her secret.

... Miriam decided to give out only one magazine interview about her newly adopted boy. And she chose *Modern Screen*!

IT'S enough," she said, "that I know beyond any doubt that he has an excellent chance to be healthy and happy. It's my job to give him the environment and indirect guidance that will develop the best of his natural tendencies."

Gaby, Miriam's French companion, is to have entire charge of the nursery. A long time ago Miriam engaged Gaby with this very post in mind. Just as she rented the house she has taken far down on the beach, an extra twenty minutes ride from the studios, because of the big room with a southern exposure—because of the boy she'd planned to adopt.

I asked Miriam about Michael's training and she told me how she wanted to be a good friend to him and later have him call her by her first name.

"Gaby and I are simply going to use what we hope is our common sense," she explained, "together with whatever basic knowledge we've acquired from our reading and observation. We're not going to go out and meet any problem until it arises. There'll be plenty!"

She laughed. You always feel Miriam is frightfully amused by everything, herself included.

When Miriam gets interested in her subject—and she invariably does—she gesticulates with her pretty hands and brushes back her fluffy hair. And all the time she is talking her eyes darken until they become a deep, deep blue. I'm always convinced everything she says is exactly right—even after I've left her. Which, you'll admit, is the acid test. And I've never been able to determine whether this is because of Miriam having an unusually clear vision or just loads of charm. It might, of course, be both.

This, incidentally, is to be the only story that will appear about Michael. The newspapers, discovering Miriam in court when she signed the final papers, carried a bare announcement regarding the adoption. Nothing more.

"One story, however, I think wise," Miriam smiled meaningly. "I'm hoping it will serve to forestall some of the raised eyebrows, some of the possible unpleasant gossip."

"I don't want Michael written about or photographed for publicity. I just want him to grow. I've money enough to give him the things that enrich life. Education. Travel. It will be terribly thrilling to watch him grow and develop. You know it will."

"I really think publicity for (Continued on page 104)

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

SON HIM

"He'll be two months old when I take him," Miriam says. "He has curly blond hair and big blue eyes. I've arranged everything so his people never will know who has him. It's much better this way. For everyone concerned."



Photograph by Otto Dyar

TEN

. . . Packed full of information—yet highly entertaining—this story will tell you how to live up to these ten commandments



(Above) Of course, Marlene Dietrich was not massaging her scalp when she had this picture taken. But that's the right way to start scalp-massage: fingers firmly placed and spread out, to move the scalp itself. (Right) Myrna Loy's blond wig is dressed in the most attractive way for medium-long, medium-thick hair. A false switch can be arranged like this, too, during the growing-out stage.



By MARY BIDDLE

NO pretty poetic phrase comes to my mind to start this article going in glamorous style. But I don't mind—I'd rather not get poetic about beauty problems. I'd rather give as much specific, honest information as I can about blotchy skins and scrawny necks and duffle-bag figures and dowdy hair. I'll do that very thing—and then I'll thank you to remember that the rest is up to you. To your hard work, your patience and your faithfulness.

The first commandment—and I'll wager you can tell me what it is before I put hand to typewriter—is this: *Make and keep your skin beautiful!*

Once upon a time, people believed that all healthy people had healthy, beautiful skins. But I'm sure you all can recall among your acquaintances a girl whose health is not good and whose skin, nevertheless, is perfectly gorgeous. Or you can recall the girls in school who shone in gymnasium work and whose skins were—in spite of all—sallow and dreary looking, if not actually bad. Of course, health is the first factor in beauty. But I think we are all sensible enough to admit that we need something else, too. External enemies like dust and germs,

wind, heat and cold and burning sun are things we cannot control as we *can* control our internal health to some extent. We must put on creams and lotions and things to counteract their ill effects. Some skins need more attention—more remedial preparations—than others. And that brings us to the question, "What type of skin have I?"

First there's the normal skin—the most beautiful of all, and the most rare. A skin like—let me see—like Joan Crawford's, perhaps. I choose Joan because, to me, she has just about the most beautiful skin on the screen. It's neither too dry nor too oily. Nor is it so delicate and sensitive that it won't withstand screen make-up and a reasonable amount of exposure. It's so fine textured and clear that even in close-up stills, with the necessary grease-paint smeared on it, Joan's skin gives the appearance of smooth marble. This is the treatment which a normal skin like Joan's should follow: cold cream cleansing first; soap and water cleansing after; final liberal dashings with cold water. When applying cream, follow the lines of the little arrows drawn on the three pictures of Frances Dee on page 34. If you wish to soften and

COMMANDMENTS FOR BEAUTY

relax your skin with a little home-grown massage, follow those same arrows, always smoothing and lifting *up*—never down. But to get on with the treatment for the normal skin—two or three times a week this sort of skin should treat itself to some remedial preparation. Even normal skins have their bad moments; there may be a sudden, slight excess of oil around the nose and chin. Then, quick, the astringent lotion and a nice clean pad of cotton to pat the shiny areas. Or a drying and drawn-up feeling may set in around the eyes and on the fleshy part of the cheeks. Then tissue cream should be patted into the skin and left on all night to smooth up the skin and keep future wrinkles away.

Enough, however, of this attention to the normal skin. Let's tackle something more difficult—and more prevalent. The oily skin. Spotted with blackheads and possibly pimples. The most exasperating, hardest-to-powder

sort of skin. I get *so* many letters about it!

WHY do blackheads and oily skin usually go together? Well, you see, it's this way: the oil glands in the skin become clogged. They get lazy and no one wakes them up with a stimulant. The opening of each little gland, known as a pore, does its best to throw off the excess accumulation of oil—it opens very wide, which causes large pores—but to no avail. The opening and the gland leading to it becomes clogged with the oil and dirt and perspiration and rubbed-in powder. This worm-like thread ends in a little black lump which we know all too well as a blackhead.

Such a skin should be cleansed with something rough and slightly grainy. Such a cleanser, used with plenty of warm water and persuasive friction, will rub away the more prominent blackheads, remove dead tissue and leave the skin soft and stimulated. Then most of the remaining blackheads can be pressed out (with fingers padded with tissue). Stubborn ones should be left for another treatment. Now the skin is clean and clear, but the pores are still open. Many people rub a fairly strong astringent on to close the pores, which is all very well in its way, but after a blackhead treatment a cream is better. It is more soothing and will not irritate any spot which may be sensitive after the scrubbing and the squeezing. A medicated cream that is quite greaseless is the thing. It should be applied at night and left on all night.

An efficient simple treatment for a mild case of blackheads is as follows: mix two tablespoons of Fuller's earth with enough witch hazel to make a whipped cream



(Above) Joan Crawford scorns the Cupid's bow. Why be like everyone else? That's the natural shape of Joan's mouth, cleverly accentuated with lipstick—strong, sensuous and characterful. (Right) That's what is meant by a "deep wave." Girls who possess truly beautiful features, like Mary Astor, and also tall, tailored girls who are smart and wholesome looking should adopt the deep wave rather than wisps and curls.





The three pictures of Frances Dee above show, by means of the little arrows, the proper way to apply cold cream and massage the face. First, follow the arrows up and out from the point of the chin.

Second, smooth the cream with the palms of your hands upward and outward over the cheeks from the nose. Lift the facial muscles when you do this and alternate the lifting with brisk, light pats.

Third, follow the arrows around the eyes. The skin is sensitive here and so are the membranes under the skin, so go lightly. Gentle massage along those arrows between the brows helps wrinkles.

consistency. Apply it to the face after cleansing and leave it on until it begins to flake. Rinse away with warm water. And here's another simple—but superficial—remedy: get some powdered pumice from the drug store and a bottle of peroxide. Dip your finger in the peroxide and while it's still wet, dip it in the pumice. Scour the blackheads with this. Remember, I said it's a superficial remedy and so it is. But if you want to clear up your skin in a hurry for an evening date, better do this than resort to frantic squeezing without the proper treatment before and afterwards.

OILINESS will disappear as the pores are closed. In the meantime, the oily skin should, if possible, be treated with a powder base that is thin, shine-removing and slightly medicinal. No cream powder bases for oily skins. Pimples—another pet oily skin evil—may have resulted from infected blackheads or from the wrong sort of food. Sweets, starches and fats should be eliminated from shiney-faced people's diets. Pimples should be removed from the face in the same way that blackheads are removed and the spot afterwards touched with alcohol dusted with boracic powder, or anointed with an acne remedy.

Now the dry skin troubles. Dry skin usually looks prettier than oily skin—but it ages much faster. There's always something! Many girls with dry skin claim that they simply cannot wash with soap and water. They feel "all drawn up." And while I am a firm believer in the use of soap and water on the face—in conjunction with cleansing cream—I have finally come to accept the statement of these young ladies and say, "Well, all right. But be sure to use a mild, slightly stimulating tonic after the cream or you'll be stretching your skin or growing superfluous hair or something." If the dry skin can stand a preliminary cleansing with a bland soap and warm water,

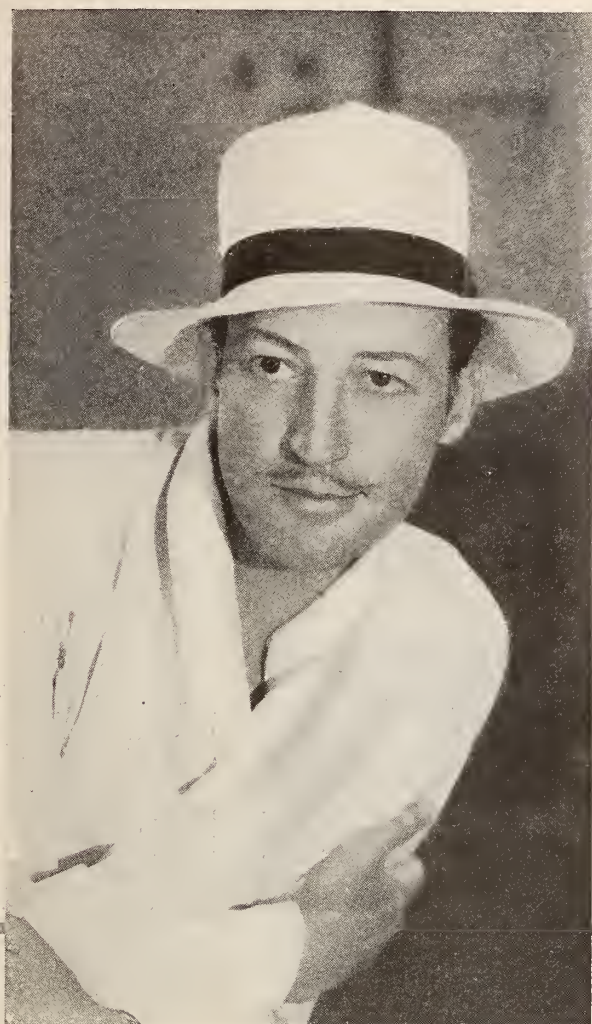
so much the better, I think. If not every day, then two or three times a week. Otherwise, the tonic. And regularly—about every other night, say—there should be an application of tissue cream for the dry skinned girl over twenty. Norma Shearer, whose skin is apt to be dry, uses a rich, gooey feeding cream to keep it supple. That's really all there is to the treatment for dry skin until the years advance and wrinkles appear. Then there's muscle oil.

1. Make and keep your skin beautiful!
2. Guard the beauty of your eyes!
3. Glorify your hair!
4. Keep your hands young and lovely!
5. Take care of your feet!
6. Work hard for a beautiful figure!
7. Study your own color scheme!
8. Be sensible about your make-up!
9. Use perfume—and in the right way!
10. Take baths for beauty!

IT'S about time I was getting on to the second commandment. Here it is: *Guard the beauty of your eyes!* You say your eyes are not beautiful? Nonsense! Or if they're not now, they can be. Shape and size and color and long lashes aren't the only things that make eyes beautiful. Expression makes them lovely and vitality makes them sparkle. Intelligence makes them interesting

and—but there, I'm just raving and not telling you anything.

There are three things necessary to eye-beauty: rest, exercise, and grooming. It's a fallacy to believe that constant use of the eyes weakens them. On the contrary. Just as exercise strengthens other muscles. But there must be a good light coming over the left shoulder. And there must be periods of rest in between the periods of work. I don't mean sleep—although, of course, that's of major importance. I mean that you should take your eyes off your work every once in a while and look at something else. Preferably something nice, like a pretty picture or a green tree. Or close the eyes. And remember to blink the eyes frequently, while you're reading or sewing. And exercise them by rolling them in a complete circle in their sockets. Look up as high as you can without tilting your head and down as far as you can without bending it. Close the eyes and try to "see black." And bathe them with a weak solution of boric acid—or a store-bought eye wash. Relax them (*Continued on page 112*)



THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART

By NINA
WILCOX PUTNAM



With his wife. Warren believes that one loves many times—and that each time it is "the one love." In spite of this belief he and his wife are happily married.

. . . Success means nothing to Warren William—and neither would failure. This is not an affectation. Experience has taught him not to care much about anything. He arranges his life accordingly

CAN you imagine an actor to whom his sudden promotion to picture stardom gave no thrill? Can you imagine a successful picture star to whom the sudden termination of a brilliant career would mean absolutely nothing? If so, you are seeing Warren William, the latest Warner Brothers sensation, the new romantic lover of the screen.

It certainly came as a surprise to find that the most romantic, the newest of the great lovers of the screen, whose whole reputation has been built on the portrayal of extremely emotional parts, is in reality, an icicle!

It's easy to be a cool, unaffected, detached personality—

if you're born that way. It's easy to be a man without a heart, if you never had one. But Warren William did have one. His coolness, his utter lack of interest in the things which keep the average Hollywoodite excited, his complete indifference to life itself is a quality that he himself created within himself. Because he had to.

FIRST impressions, they say, are apt to be correct, and this strange, detached coolness which I had detected in Mr. William the moment I introduced myself to him puzzled me, and as the interview progressed I became increasingly anxious to know the cause of it—was it purely



temperamental, a physical reaction, an emotional laziness or the result of some profound shock? Rapidly I ran over the man's history, which he told me readily and freely enough.

The son of a newspaper owner in Aitkin, Minnesota, where he was born and raised, his father had wanted him to follow his own profession. Then it developed that young Warren had fought with his father because of a craving to become a marine-engineer. The quarrel between father and son might have become serious but for the fact that a greater quarrel than theirs arose to tear the world asunder and Warren joined the army and went to France.

When I heard this I began to understand the man better. He had been sensitive then—young, inexperienced in life and carefully reared in a cultured home. And then turned loose—a boy who was dreaming of boat-building—into the hell of Flanders Fields.

NOW I knew why Warren William cares for nothing. He had to learn to care for nothing if his soul was to survive at all. The secret of his detachment is the World War. He has learned that if one cares too deeply one is destroyed. But, I began to realize, now, that the capacity for caring still exists down deep in Warren—schooled, controlled beyond belief. Which is, of course, the very finest foundation for the accomplishment of really great work in any line.

I asked him what thing in life interested him most. When you ask that of a picture star there are not many possible answers. He, however, managed to give me one I hadn't thought of.

"I think I rather like boats," he finally said.

"But your career!" I had insisted. "Your ambition, your art!"

He merely shook his head, faintly amused at my naïve

His first talkie was "The Honor of the Family" in which he played opposite Bebe Daniels. It was a swashbuckling sort of thing.



(Above) He appeared in Dolores Costello's recent picture, "Expensive Women." And also (below) with Lil Dagover's only American film which was called "The Woman from Monte Carlo." It was not the sort of picture to make any of its players famous.

enthusiasm. At that time I wasn't sure of his sincerity. Now I know it was sincerity. He would, no doubt, have liked to oblige with some weighty ideals about the screen—about his art. But he couldn't. He hasn't any! To him it's a job—a job which he performs with remarkable skill and success and without any personal emotion or feeling whatsoever.

YOU see, he actually does think that boats—preferably small sailing boats—are the most interesting thing in the world to him. And why not? When his first ambition was to be a marine-engineer it is not amazing that he still has a passion for boats.

It is far more amazing—and laudable, too—that he has tackled the acting job in the engineering manner. I mean that the engineer is always behind the actor, when Warren William is preparing for a rôle. It is the engineer who plans, directs, gives the instructions as to how the finely balanced result shall be achieved. It is no slap-bang, hit-or-miss method with him. Every part he portrays on the screen is as carefully thought out beforehand as the blueprints of a new and expensive yacht.

HE does not feel the emotions he portrays but keeps a cold, calculating eye on what must be done in order that the audience shall feel—and feel deeply. The romantic, lovable, swashbuckling young count in his first picture, "The Honor of the Family," was a carefully constructed figure which could not fail, from William's inception of the part, to achieve the impression he had arranged for.

It is the same in "The Mouthpiece." No matter how real his character seemed in that dramatic story it was actually built up step by step in precisely the same manner as all his other rôles. It is not an easy manner of playing—and, contrary to what one might imagine—is far more effective than the usual "temperamental" method of playing a part.

AN interesting revelation of this unusual man came



when I once asked him if any of his rôles had ever really impressed him. Naturally—for by that time I knew his philosophy of life—I expected him to reply that none of them did.

A curious look came into his eyes. "Yes," he said slowly, "one did. When I played the Christ-like character in 'The Town that Forgot God'!"

This, you'll remember, was an old Fox silent production. I'll bet, though, that you will hardly recall that the part of the carpenter was played by the same man who is now one of Warner's mainstays. Yes, Warren took a flutter in films some years ago. But his real flight is of recent date.

Curious—that that particular rôle impressed him more than any other. Doesn't it mean that Warren has been made sophisticated and cool by the effect of the world on him? And not because his nature is naturally so?

His views on love are typical of him.

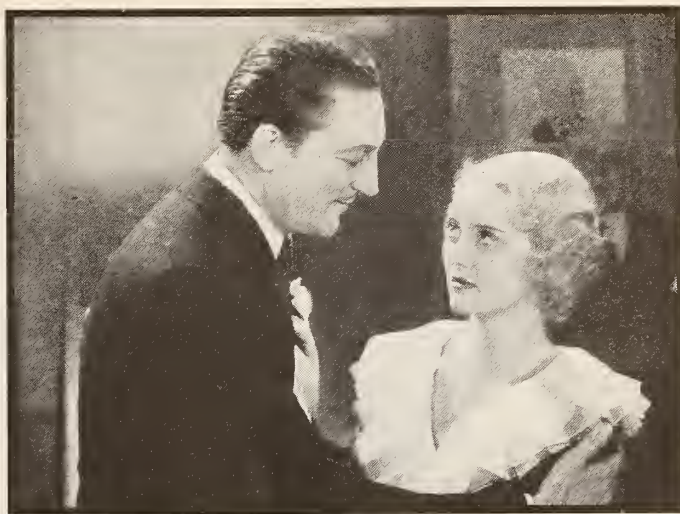
"I believe one loves many times," is what he says. "And that each time it is the real thing. Man changes as he grows older, so why should not each successive love be the only love?"

"And what about after marriage?" was the question I naturally put in reply to his statement.

"I believe in careers for both man and wife," he told me. "It keeps them happier—saner—and helps develop that partnership which is even more basically marriage than is the love-interest of the bargain."

Very European, what? Incidentally, Mr. William has a wife. They are very happy. And here the cool, aloof Warren becomes amazingly like you and me for a moment — because he calls his wife "Putts." Putts is said to be thinking of doing some acting herself—for which Warren says she has real talent.

HIS real name is Warren Krech. He looks less like an actor and more like a casual young millionaire than any other thespian I ever met. His manners are perfect. And, what is more unusual, so is his manner. The millionaire



With Bette Davis in "The Dark Horse"—a political comedy in which Warren plays a campaign manager. Good rôle for him.



(Above) With Sidney Fox in "The Mouthpiece." His work as the brilliant lawyer who could always win an acquittal for a guilty man has made him famous. (Below) With Marian Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss." Not as suitable as some of his other rôles.

aristocrat impression is heightened when he talks to you. And like a millionaire, he is utterly fatigued by life and one feels immediately that somehow, somewhere, he has long ago tasted and, exhausted every gift that life can bring. It is not an affectation—he is far too genuine to affect the slightest mannerism—but the result of experience coupled with his rare type of imagination.

His hobby, obviously, is boats—and sword fishing. His face—which in profile does slightly resemble John Barrymore's — is rugged and strong when he looks straight at you. He is gentle, poised, intelligent without being intellectual and—as you already know—utterly detached. I have, though,

seen a wistful look on his face when he ordered a mere salad for luncheon. He's a big man—but a slim waist is part of his job and Mr. William invariably lives meticulously up to the demands of any job he might hold.

HE has an uncle who is a high officer of one of the most respected banks in New York. Although I'm quite sure that Warren would hasten to assure you that it didn't matter.

A curious chap, this Warren William. A strange mixture of simplicity and sophistication. A man with that basic fire and superficial coolness which all women find so attractive. A contradiction all the way through.


His pictures have been "The Honor of the Family," "Expensive Women," "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Beauty and the Boss," "The Mouthpiece," and "The Dark Horse."

In "The Honor of the Family" he played opposite Bebe Daniels. In "Expensive Women" opposite Dolores Costello. In "Beauty and the Boss" opposite Marian Marsh. In "The Mouthpiece" opposite Sidney Fox. And opposite Bette Davis in "The Dark Horse."

And remember, when you see Warren William again—that he really is a man without a heart.



A HUSBAND—A JOB



Says the doctor (Grant Mitchell) to the young wife (Loretta Young), in "Week-End Marriage":

"Men need old-fashioned women looking after their health, nagging them into caution, feeding them properly and giving them families to live for. A great many of these women are just as fitted for business as you are, but they didn't want it. They put their talents to work instead—in what people now think is a mighty narrow sphere. Well, I don't think it is. I think it's pretty darn near the most important sphere of all. Not much recognition in it, perhaps, no spectacular publicity, but it's built up nations before this and, by heaven, it will build them again!" What do you think?

ONE of the most interesting products of our civilization is the double pay envelope—in other words, the husband and wife who both have a job. A great deal of typewriter ribbon and lecture platforms have been worn out discussing the pros and cons of this subject. It penetrates every walk of life and hits almost equally at the girl who keeps a thirty-five dollar a week job and the big career woman who earns twenty times that every pay day.

Between the little stenographer rushing to get home and cook her husband's supper—or stopping off at a convenient delicatessen—and the Hollywood star with her trained servants, her smooth-running household machine, there is really very little difference. The Hollywood wife has perhaps a little more leisure to spend with her husband and certainly more aids to glamor. She doesn't get ugly hands from dishwashing, nor does she have to do much budgeting in order to meet both ends on her and her husband's combined salaries. But the difference, basically, isn't so very great. While the white collar boy certainly

resents it if his wife gets a wage raise and he gets a cut, the Hollywood husband, if he, too, is in the movies, feels the superior success of his wife quite as keenly. Hollywood marriages often go on the rocks not only because of professional jealousy but because the weekly stipend of one member of the family is greater than the other.

It does seem as though the happiest marriages in Hollywood are those where there is one pay envelope only. Take for example Dick Arlen and his delightful little wife. When Jobyna left the screen she did a wise and remarkable thing. She endowed her

-CAN YOU KEEP BOTH?



"Week-End Marriage" concerns a girl who tried to keep a job as well as a husband. Herein, the author of the novel on which the film was based gives her brilliant views on this timely and absorbing subject

By FAITH BALDWIN

husband with the priceless gift of permitting him to support his wife. For no matter how much you laugh that off, it still remains a fact that deep in the masculine make-up is a rooted and very ancient desire to be head of the house. It's pretty hard to feel that you are when your wife's pay equals or doubles your own—whether you live in Hollywood or in a small town or roost in a little apartment in a big city.

I DID not write "Week-End Marriage" about people who earned big incomes. I wrote it about the average boy and the average

girl, who were a little afraid to get along on the boy's salary. I wrote it about a girl who wanted a husband and a job and got both, and plenty of trouble into the bargain. For the man she loved and married resented the fact that the girl he had sworn to love and cherish must go out to work every day, must hang onto subway straps and could, moreover, dictate to him what should be done with his and her money. Resented, too, the fact of her raise and his cut, and the loss of his own job.

It might be said that if he lost his job and she kept hers they were that much to the good; and said with perfect truth. Financially to the good, yes. But when a man realizes that he is living on his wife's earnings, his self respect takes a plunge toward zero. And after a while, because he resents it so much, he gets to have a certain bravado about it—to bluff it off. And then perhaps the next time she keeps her job and he loses his, he isn't in such a hurry to tramp the streets and study the want ads. He becomes accustomed to being supported and she becomes accustomed to being boss. And that's bad all

around. Nature intended men and women to be partners, each in his own sphere, and not to be superior and inferior.

This double pay envelope business is affecting the youth of the country. Young men starting out in business consider their friends who have married wage-earning wives and consider, too, the extra luxuries which the double wage can bring—the car, the better radio, the better neighborhood. And so they begin to think that perhaps a man is a fool to carry all the burden. He'd better take this new régime and like it. So they go around with girls who work and who expect to go on working after marriage and when they marry they marry a working wife—a wife who is working not so much for the good of the family unit as for herself.

For girls, many of them, do expect to work. They want their own money. They are used to earning it and aside from the little they pay in at home or toward whatever living arrangements they have made they are free to do with the rest as they please. Also, young people want so much more today than ever before. Standards have changed. They are not interested in the pleasures free to all God's creatures. They must have theatres and radios and cars and week-ends out-of-town and all the rest. It all costs money.

The average girl pays rather dearly for the privilege of running a somewhat makeshift home and a business "career" as well. She pays in nerve strain and health. The first year of married life is difficult under the very best conditions. There are physical and mental and emotional adjustments to make. If you add to these the wear and tear of rushing off to business, the trip by car or subway, the rushing home to throw a meal together and the eternal worry over trivial things—it starts to rain, did you close the living-room windows?—you are placing a burden on a young woman which is not easy to bear.

THE fear of pregnancy enters in to a large extent. Girls who marry and work can't afford babies. They can't afford the time nor the money. Few employers hold jobs open for the minimum length of time required for child bearing and convalescence. Even if they did the average girl and man do not earn enough, combined, to run a house and employ a trustworthy nursemaid. So the little working wife doesn't have babies. And very often she wants them. That makes it harder. The desire AND the fear. It all adds up. The girl who has the maternal instinct and who loves her man and chooses a typewriter instead of a baby, pays for it, even if a baby is a blessed bother and wears its mother out!

A typewriter can wear you out, too, and a typewriter doesn't grow up and learn to walk and talk and provide you with the endless anxiety, confusion and happiness which is living.

In older days a man came home tired. That was cause for a lot of kicking. He didn't want to go out, he wanted to stay home. His wife who had stayed home all day wanted to step. Now, two people come home tired and

things aren't a bit better. They have to go out whether they want to or not merely because they are both too keyed up to provide any rest or relaxation for each other; so they go somewhere, anywhere—

The average so-called fifty-fifty marriage provides people with very little opportunity to know one another. Most of their conversation is limited to money, budgets and if he starts to tell what a damned old grouch the boss was this morning, she interrupts to go him one better.

In my book, "Week-End Marriage", the young husband informs his wife that she is little better than a legalized mistress. In many cases this is perfectly true. And in the year 1932 I find a number of young people who have gone one step further than the fifty-fifty marriage. They don't bother with marrying. They are afraid of the ties. They simply pool their financial resources and get an apartment and try it that way.

It doesn't last long. For a fairly obvious reason.

Deep in the human heart is the necessity to know assurance, to have something that endures. It is the only insurance against a lonely old age; it is the only comforting voice in a silence which prophesies death.

So, in the screen play "Week-End Marriage" in which Loretta Young and Norman Foster enact the sometimes tragic and sometimes humorous and always real rôles of my young couple, you will see a portrayal of modern marriage for the average couple. A portrayal, too, of the hard fact that you can't have your cake and eat it, too. If you do you will have indigestion as sure as God made little green apples.

BUT don't think that the fifty-fifty marriages where the money comes in golden floods to both man and woman are much happier.

Easier, perhaps; but the problems are very similar.

The woman who works in the home, for herself and her husband and children, who manages outside interests to keep herself alert and young but whose great interest is home making and character building, may not get her name in the papers until her obituary, may never make the headlines, may always remain obscure but she knows more about real life than most people. She has a job. The biggest job in the world. And she does it without pay.

Without pay?

Think that over. The rewards of love, of young eyes that look up in trust and confidence, the reward of having a man say "I couldn't have made good without you."

An executive of a great company once told me he married on fourteen dollars a week. He said, "And if in those days my wife had been like the girls of today, going out to work, I would never have gotten anywhere. She was a good business woman. She was my partner. She helped. She reared our children, she looked to me to take care of her and of them. And I did."

There's no solution to this problem. My novel had to end so I made an ending. There is no real ending. The problem is mostly economic. But whether a wife works because of financial stress, because of unwillingness to go without, because of vanity or selfishness or ambition I can only say: Heaven help her—and her husband.

FAITH BALDWIN. "THE OFFICE WIFE," "WEEK-END MARRIAGE"—BOTH NOVELS OF HERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE TALKIES. "SKYSCRAPER" IS NOW BEING FILMED



"It does seem as though the happiest marriages in Hollywood are those where there is one pay envelope only."

"... When a man realizes he is living on his wife's earnings, his self-respect takes a plunge toward zero."

"This double pay envelope business is affecting the youth of the country."

"Girls who marry and work can't afford babies."

So says Miss Baldwin in this illuminating article.

. . . It won't be long before you'll be seeing Colleen Moore on the screen again. All of you who have been writing to ask why she left the screen will be happy at last

COLLEEN MOORE'S banishment is over! The Lords of Hollywood have decreed, not exactly by proclamation, but by a contract and advance publicity, that the brown-eyed kid who was born Kathleen Morrison is once again to rule over her loyal subjects with the sceptre of charm.

M-G-M is the studio whose magic word has made it possible for Colleen to come back to the screen. She now has a long-term contract with them.

Colleen's screen career has had all the elements of a first class roller coaster. Years ago, when a feature picture was something which occupied two reels of fillum, Colleen did extra work at the old Essanay studio in Chicago. She wanted to become a movie actress for no better reason than that she was an incurable film fan.

Later on, D. W. Griffith, who was a friend of Colleen's uncle, chanced to meet the little girl at her uncle's home. She wanted a movie career so badly that D. W. decided to give her a really good start on the road which has so often been described as long and hard. It is, too, for most of them.

Colleen went into Griffith's movie stock company in Chicago. She did bits in pictures which had titles like "The Way of a Man With a Maid," "The Queen of the Train Robbers," "Maggie, the Tenderhearted Flower Girl." This went on for some time and then First National put her under a contract. That started a long and glamorous career for her.

Still she wasn't a star. In fact, far from it. It wasn't until she met John McCormick—who fell in love with and married her—that her real possibilities were realized. It was he, actually, who made her a star.

"Flaming Youth" was her first dent on the consciousness of the great American public. It made the whole country Colleen Moore-conscious with a vengeance.

Of course you remember her in the pictures she made after that: "So Big" (recently done in the talkies by Barbara Stanwyck), "Sally," "Irene," "Twinkletoes," "We Moderns," "Synthetic Sin," "Lilac Time."

Colleen and McCormick—he still produced all her pictures—seemed to have caught just the right formula for terrifically popular success. That formula lasted until the talkies—then something happened to it.

Perhaps the talkies scared Colleen and John. Or perhaps the silent film formula for success was no good for talkie success. At any rate, Colleen made two talkies—"Smiling Irish Eyes" and "Footlights and Fools"—and both were flops. Colleen was let out with an unceremonious rush.

At the time her contract was bought up she was making \$13,000 per week! And when you stop to consider that



COLLEEN IS BACK!

Garbo has been making less than ten thousand you can just about appreciate the box office value which Colleen had built up for herself.

Yet those two talkie flops put a complete period to Colleen's brilliant career. Not a studio in Hollywood would consider her as a

screen possibility at the salary she demanded.

Colleen didn't exactly starve. She's worth over a million dollars. But when you've been on the screen for years it's a time-worn and shiny adage that you hate to quit.

It was at this time that her marriage went on the rocks. And also at this time that she made a try at the legitimate stage and failed. All her tragedies came in a bunch.

Colleen lived in the Borough of Obscurity for two or three years. Then she struck the headlines a few months ago when her happy marriage to Albert P. Scott, New York broker, was announced.

No sooner had Colleen married Scott than she began studying to make another try at the stage. This time she chose a play called "The Church Mouse." And, finally, after weeks of hard work the play opened at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood to a pretty critical audience.

Colleen won! She even convinced some movie executives that she could act with her voice as well as in pantomime. For pretty soon she had received that M-G-M offer.

Her salary? It will be \$90,000 a year. That's \$2,000 a week for twenty weeks and \$2,500 for another twenty weeks. And a pretty good salary these days!

THE TRUTH ABOUT SALLY EILERS AND HOOT GIBSON



THEY'RE together again—for the present. And those "in the know" say it is *only* for the present. Hoot's little daughter Lois (the child of a previous marriage), whom Sally loves dearly, is said to have brought them together. But—well, here's the story.

There is no "other woman" in Hoot's life. Nor is Sally interested in another man. Reasons for their quarrel lay in circumstances over which they had no control. And the Hollywood gossips who greeted their wedding with the ominous murmur, "It can't last," were quick to shout exultantly, "I told you so!"

The set-up was against them from the beginning. Even their closest mutual friends did considerable head shaking. When they were married two years ago at Hoot's Newhall ranch there was an almost tangible cloud of doubt hovering over the occasion. In spite of the fact that they were so in love they seemed somehow to be tempting fate in embarking on a marriage together. For the cards were stacked before the game started.

There was the difference in their ages, in their experience of life; there was the question of their individual temperaments and tastes. Sally was just a youngster—a kid who was not yet through playing. A kid who'd had many flirtations, but never a serious love affair. A gay, vivaciously attractive, happy-go-lucky kid who was always looking for a good time. Hoot was a man of the world, twice married and twice divorced, sophisticated and past believing in romantic illusions. It was a known fact that he had done a good deal of playing around. He was, in fact, regarded as one of Hollywood's leading Lotharios—as attractive to women as Sally was to men. How, then, could these two be expected to adjust themselves to marriage with one another? Sally, innocent,

"Sally Eilers really loved Hoot Gibson—and Hoot really loved Sally. But when their love was put on the spot they couldn't take it." Have they learned?

Hollywood Newspictures



By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

... Hollywood is seething with "inside rumors" about the Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson break. Here, told with infinite sympathy is the real truth about the Gibsons

irresponsible, accustomed to having half a dozen youthful swains on the string. Hoot, mature, worldly-wise, used to being his own boss and coming and going as he pleased. The combination was dynamite, Hollywood said.

BUT for a time it looked as if Hollywood were wrong. Sally and Hoot settled down to matrimony with an amazing lack of trouble. You had only to look at them to know they were happy. Sally assumed the responsibilities of wifedom with an ease and grace that astonished everyone. Overnight she seemed to change from a frivolous youngster to a level-headed, responsible young woman. And Hoot? Apparently the loss of his freedom bothered him not a whit. The transition from man-about-town into a devoted husband was seemingly accomplished without a struggle, without a regret. Even the gossip-mongers were beginning grudgingly to admit that they might have been wrong about the Eilers-Gibson marriage.

And then things began to change. The deadly alchemy of Hollywood began to work. Hoot lost his money, and Sally became famous. And in those eight words were tragedy and heartbreak. Oh, it wasn't all as simple as that, of course. Neither wants to give in to the situation without a struggle. But in the end it may be too much for them. Those recent few months, instead of fighting together to preserve their marriage, they were fighting with one another.

You see, when Hoot Gibson married little Sally Eilers he was in a manner of speaking, the town catch. He was known to have a good deal of money. He owned a beautiful house, a ranch, a place in the mountains, a plane and several cars. Furthermore, he was decidedly attractive—good-looking and a congenial, (Continued on page 93)

"—they faced the situation hand-in-hand, bravely. It seemed to draw them more closely together . . . Then . . . something went wrong. It was too bad."

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES IN HOLLYWOOD

Every mother is willing to sacrifice for her child.
But the sacrifices made in Hollywood for the
sake of children will take your breath away

By MARY SHARON

HOW much is a baby worth? What would you *pay* to have a baby? How much actual, personal sacrifice would you make in order to acquire a small son or daughter? I wonder how many parents in other walks of life would give up as much as screen stars sometimes do for the sake of having children.

For babies come high in Hollywood. Higher, I believe, than in any other place in the world. Not only by actual cash quotation but more especially in personal sacrifice.

They tell me that the current market price here, even in these days, of a first rate baby, equipped, delivered and assembled, is around twenty-five hundred dollars. And after that the upkeep mounts in the most disconcerting fashion. But that is a mere nothing in comparison with the price that a screen star often ultimately pays.

Bebe Daniels' baby cost her over \$150,000.00 in lost salary! Besides that, she gave a year of her precious youth (and youth is never so precious anywhere else as it is in Hollywood), a year of her fame, a year of her chance to build a lasting reputation, a year of her short, short term of activity in pictures, to have that baby.

What is more, rumor has had it that it was that loss of time which caused Warner Brothers to fail to take up their option on Bebe. If that is true, then her baby cost her her contract.

Norma Shearer, who is a capable young business woman, planned for the advent of her little son with great care. Her schedule was arranged to minimize as far as possible the seriousness of the loss of time involved. But—while Norma was absent from the studio Joan Crawford made a picture called "Paid." The story had been (Continued on page 103)

(Top, right) Dolores Costello Barrymore gave up her career for little Dolores Mae. (Below that) Bebe Daniels may lose her career partly because of the time lost in having Barbara Bebe. (Below again) Mildred Davis Lloyd did likewise for the sake of little Gloria.



(Right—upper) Marlene Dietrich has always been anxious to bring her child up abroad. What will she eventually do? (Right—lower) Mae Marsh gave up her career for Marguerite, Brewster and Mary.

THE HIGH COST OF DIVORCES IN HOLLYWOOD

... Babies are expensive enough—but divorces! Only in reading these actual cold cash figures can the staggering amounts be realized

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

(Top left) Menjou was almost left quite penniless by his divorce from his first wife. (Below that) Joan Bennett's was one of the few small alimony settlements—for the support of her baby. (Below that again) Chaplin's last divorce cost him something like a nice million. Whew!

ERMINE, sable, mink... Parisian gowns... town cars and limousines... beautiful homes... servants... gold in a glittering volume... garnered in Hollywood's bountiful Garden of Allah (mony).

I see divorced wives of motion picture stars and directors flashing down the boulevards in high-powered motor cars, exquisitely gowned and looking cool and aloof. I see them at the fashionable restaurants "in a huddle," laughing, exchanging chatter, spending money with lavish hand and earning the appellation "The Merry Widows of Hollywood." For which the ex-husbands pay and pay and pay. For some it is "not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but always."

The best dressed actress in Hollywood is

Constance Bennett whose "nest egg" from Phil Plant was a million dollars, according to reports. In addition, she has earned possibly another million and acquired Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye. A year or two more in the studios and Connie probably will sell her home, gather up her

Marquis and her millions, throw an affectionate kiss toward the City of Films, say "Good-by forever, you workshop!" and hit for the Riviera or a villa somewhere in France. She may count her money before she goes and murmur, "Not so bad! Not so bad, for just a few short years."

Which most people readily will admit.

Not so very long ago I was entering the city's most expensive restaurant for an interview with one of the outstanding stars. It's a



gilded palace where the handling of silver annoys the waiters. Silver, to them, is so vulgar. It spoils the set of their pockets. Its clinking is offensive. Paper money is *so much* more desirable for tips. Just as I turned in at the door, a magnificent automobile drove up with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel. The footman stepped forward and Lita Grey, fashionably gowned, beautifully coiffed, stepped out. She was lunching alone, that day, but her appearance started a flurry which extended from the head waiter to the 'bus boy and the lad with the bucket of cracked ice.

"Alone, Miss Grey?" asked the *garçon*.

"Yes, alone," she replied.

A selected table was placed at her service and the attentions began. Not for one moment was she neglected. Always, someone was at her command. As the ex-wife of Charlie Chaplin with his bountiful alimony in hand, she was a courted customer.

Lita Grey lived with Chaplin two years. Here is what she got in settlement:

\$375,000 cash.
\$100,000, September 1, 1928.
\$100,000, September 1, 1929.
\$50,000, September 1, 1930.

On or before September 1, this year, she will receive an additional \$200,000 to be held in trust for her two sons. On this deferred sum, Chaplin has paid 6 per cent interest for five years—\$1,000 a month or a total of \$60,000. This in addition to the \$625,000 individually allotted to Lita.

Ouch! But the comedian took it without a whimper. It was the least his wife would consider. The slate will be clean in a month or two now and Chaplin will be out a total of \$951,548 after all attorneys' fees, court costs and alimony awards are settled. Lita's two years cost him:

\$475,774 a year.
\$39,648 a month.
\$1,321 a day.
\$55 an hour.

And Lita was a school girl who came from a family in moderate circumstances when she met Charles Spencer Chaplin, the king of pantomime! Now she travels to Europe when fancy strikes and lives in luxury. She har-vested well.

THERE are other film actors, I know, who virtually have been cleaned dry by their resigning wives. Some of them still are in the process of cleaning. Under court orders, they must carry their alimony crosses—carry them even though at times they irk and gall. Periods of depression make no difference.

George Melford, film director, stood before a Los Angeles judge because he was \$4,500 in arrears in alimony remittances to his first wife. The Court looked upon him compassionately.

"I will admit," the jurist said, "that this alimony order is outrageous. It is unfair to expect a man to pay \$200 a week. But at the time it was made, it was done with the agreement of the defendant. He had his eyes open and knew what he was doing. He made it himself. He must abide by it. It is a cross he will have to carry."

So, George shouldered his burden and plodded along.

Carey Wilson, scenarist, looked at a document spread out before him awaiting his signature. By it, he transferred to his wife, Nancy, his home in Benedict Canyon which had cost him more than \$100,000. In addition, he agreed to pay her \$500 per month alimony for a year, give her title to their \$18,000 automobile and provide \$250 a month for the support of the two children. All he would have left was a \$20,000 equity in a piece of real estate.

Carey read the agreement slowly and carefully. The love of his wife was gone. Now he was turning his back upon most of his worldly possessions. He must find another place to live.

"Into that home I built my dreams," he remarked as he reached for a pen. "It is everything to me. It now is my only love, but I'll give it to Nancy. We both must face about and start life over again."

A scratch of the pen, a heartache and a new chapter in his life had its beginning.

Evelyn Brent was married to Bernard P.

Fineman in New York, November 21, 1922. They separated in February, 1925, and were divorced in August, 1927. Their total life together was two years and three months. For which, according to an agreement produced in court, she would receive:

\$200 a week until \$52,000 had been paid.

Life insurance policies made out in her favor for \$50,000.

Jewelry, stocks and bonds in an amount unnamed.

Grand total for twenty-seven months—somewhere between \$102,000 and—because of the stocks and bonds—no one knows exactly what. Except Bernard P. Fineman. Evelyn has since remarried, taking a comfortable little fortune into her new home.

Some of the alimony payments in Hollywood are sufficient to make the average man and wife dizzy as they contemplate them. Take the case of Josef von Sternberg and Riza Royce, for example. Married in 1926, they quarreled and separated repeatedly, only to go back together again. Riza told a divorce judge that Josef was sullen and often struck her.

"He was always looking for a fight!" she contended.

The final separation came in 1930 when Riza sought and obtained a full-sized decree. A property agreement was approved by Judge Marshall F. McComb in which Joe agreed to pay Riza \$25,000 cash outright and alimony of \$1,200 a month for five years, or a total of \$97,000. How's that for a harvest earned spasmodically in less than four years? Ninety-seven thousand dollars! And the Court didn't mean maybe! Joe was behind in a monthly payment not long ago and Judge Lester Roth fined him \$200 for his delinquency. Riza now has her final decree while the \$1,200 monthly alimony will continue until 1935.

Estelle Taylor's harvest cost Jack Dempsey the \$100,000 home on Los Feliz Boulevard, \$30,000 in cash plus \$10,000 for attorneys' fees, and three automobiles. Jack gave a mortgage on property in Madera, Fresno and King counties, California, and on a building in Los Angeles, to guarantee the payments. They had lived together six years. When Estelle divorced (Continued on page 107)



(Left) Helene Costello asked \$5,000 a month, \$25,000 for court costs and \$10,000 for attorneys' fees. And apparently got it! (Right) Constance Bennett's million-dollar divorce settlement from Phil Plant is history.



WHEN GARBO WAS LATE

It was tragic, her reason for being late at the première. And it was sort of sad, the things the crowd whispered when she did arrive at last. A stirring incident from Garbo's life



By MARY SHARON

Illustrated by Jack Welch

Before the chauffeur could get to the limp form, Garbo herself was there—her gorgeous dress trailing in the dust. The poor dog was a symbol to her. A symbol of something that had happened before . . .

THIS was no ordinary première. Anybody could see that, from the tense way in which the curious throng outside the theatre watched the arriving stars and celebrities. True, all the regular features of a Hollywood opening were there. Ribbons of light were streaking the California night. Roses were being dropped from the Goodyear blimp, which was circling above the theatre. Lew Cody, master of ceremonies, was greeting each newcomer cordially, with an invitation to say something into the "mike." But there was something else. A vague air of expectancy, that lent color to the evening. As if the crowd outside were waiting for something. Somebody.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made a leisurely entrance, stopping to say "hello" into the mike, and were followed by Ann Harding and husband,

Harry Bannister—long before they'd thought of divorce. Marie Dressler was the next arrival and the crowd applauded when she waved her hand to someone she had glimpsed in the mob.

But over that waiting throng hung an atmosphere of tenseness. The same sort of tenseness as when one waits for a child to be born. For along the sidewalk grapevine had run a disturbing rumor.

"Garbo is coming!"

Première habitués remembered together the last time she had appeared publicly at an opening. Before life and love had struck her down and forced her into hermitage. She had been a gay, young Greta then, swathed in a luxurious white ermine cape, with orchids on her shoulder, and clinging to the arm of her lover, John Gilbert. A lot of water had passed under the Hollywood bridge since then. Greta had become a world enigma, a creature of (Continued on page 111)

MODERN SCREEN



PROSPERITY
(M-G-M)

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are at it again. Their laugh-getting rivalry, this time, results from mother-in-law jealousy when Marie's son (Wallace Ford) marries Polly's daughter (Anita Page). Like the title, the story is particularly timely, with its homely little antidote for Old Man Depression. In her more serious moments, Marie succeeds in re-establishing prosperity in her home-town. When her grandchild needs an operation, she "borrows" the necessary funds and decides to drink poison so that her insurance money can replace what she has purloined. She takes the "poison" . . . but never fear, there's a happy ending.



IS MY FACE RED?
(RKO-Radio)

A well-told story of the ins and outs of a peep-hole columnist's life with a newspaper-speakeasy-backstage setting. Ricardo Cortez scores (albeit rather mildly, remembering "Symphony of Six Million") as the ruthless, swaggering news racketeer who falls for the good-lookers on Broadway and Park Avenue. He doesn't allow his stage-actress fiancée, Helen Twelvetrees, to interfere with other amorous pursuits. The climax of his dirt-dishing career comes when his column breaks the news of a speakeasy murder, with the murderer out "to get" Cortez. Jill Esmond, the moneyed blue-blood who momentarily finds the columnist thrilling, proves herself capable of bigger rôles.



AMERICAN MADNESS
(Columbia)

Faith is the theme of this inspired story which was originally titled just that. With the present day giving so much publicity to the depression, this story of unflinching confidence, so imperative for the betterment of current conditions, comes like a drink to a man dying of thirst.

Walter Huston is excellent as the president of a bank whose years of service threaten to topple over when gossip exaggerates a \$100,000 loss to millions in the bank's funds. Depositors are panic-stricken. But Huston saves the day.

In Huston's support, Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson add much. A picture worth your consideration.



AS YOU DESIRE ME
(M-G-M)

A glamorous star in a glamorous story. Garbo is framed in a story of romantic intrigue, played against the luxurious background of old Italy.

We find Zara (Garbo) singing in a café, the hard-drinking mistress of a diabolical novelist (Eric von Stroheim). She is recognized as the wife of an Italian Count (Melvyn Douglas), who had been kidnapped and maltreated by soldiers ten years previously. Zara is restored to her husband.

The Count and his "Countess" are soon bound together by an all-consuming love. Yet the doubt remains—is Zara really Maria, the Countess who disappeared? One isn't sure.



THE TENDERFOOT
(Warners)

Imagine Joe E. Brown as a Texas cowboy with a ten-gallon hat, alone in New York with a \$20,000 inheritance! Already you know Joe's new one is funny.

Immediately he gets mixed up with a shady stage promoter (Lew Cody) who trades him an interest in his new play plus a desk and a secretary (Ginger Rogers) for his money.

The show is a flop on the road, but with new capital, Joe takes it to Broadway. The cowboy costumes disappear and they play the show in Shakespearean rig . . . which slays the audience and the show is a hit.

If you like broad comedy and laughs, see this one!

REVIEWS

Don't just "go to the movies." Read these reviews first and choose your shows wisely

John Boles' dramatic force, which hasn't been too evident in some of his screen portrayals, shines brilliantly in his rôle of Walter Saxel, whose youthful impatience deprives him of the right to marry the girl who should have been his wife. Irene Dunne is the Ray Schmidt of Fannie Hurst's tenderly tragic story of a life-long love which never culminates in marriage. Miss Dunne scores both as an actress and a beauty.

The characters are carried from youth to maturity, and the production is beautifully executed. Director John Stahl deserves credit for his sympathetic handling.

In support are June Clyde and William Bakewell.

BACK STREET (Universal)



Like so many others, this title is misleading. For the story revolves, not around Park Avenue, but around the fight-ring, with Jimmie Dunn as the white hope, and Spencer Tracy, his stalwart manager.

The society girl (Peggy Shannon) almost ruins the Kid's boxing career when he falls all the way in love with her, only to learn she was "fooling." Just looking for a little excitement.

However, she proves true-blue, and the fade-out sees Dunn on his way back to the championship.

Jimmie Dunn and Peggy Shannon are both good, but the real acting laurels go to Spencer Tracy.

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)



If you liked George Arliss in "The Millionaire" you'll revel in his characterization of a powerful financier who longs for simplicity and homely ease in his family life. Upon returning from a year's business trip abroad, Arliss discovers that his young wife, polo-playing son and débutante daughter are growing away from him in the merry-go-round of social engagements. In protest, he informs them that he is financially ruined, hoping to regain the intimacy of the happy family they once were. His ruse is gratifyingly successful.

Arliss is Arliss. Mary Astor as his wife, Evalyn Knapp as his daughter and William Janney, the polo-playing son, are excellent.

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warner Bros.)



And still Tallulah Bankhead is waiting for her big opportunity. Too much dialogue and too little action.

It's the old triangle—husband, wife and lover—cropping up amid a picturesque tropical locale. The husband (Charles Bickford) becomes blind. Through pity and loyalty, his wife and the man she has learned to love (Tallulah and Paul Lukas) cannot confess their consuming passion to the blinded Bickford. There's only one way out of her troubles for Tallulah—suicide.

The three principals turn in some swell acting. But even their combined talents aren't enough to make the picture quite click.

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)



Eugene O'Neill's psychological study of a woman's emotional life is definitely benefitted through its filmization. The most gratifying accomplishment made by microphone and camera is the dexterity with which the characters' thoughts are verbally relayed.

Norma Shearer gives a most interesting performance as the woman with three loves—her husband, her doctor-lover, her friend. The artistry of make-up and characterization is a joy to behold.

Clark Gable is the doctor; Alexander Kirkland, the husband; Ralph Morgan, the steadfast friend. Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young represent the second generation.

STRANGE INTERLUDE (M-G-M)





**WESTWARD
PASSAGE**
(RKO-Pathé)

**WEEK-END
MARRIAGE**
(Warner Bros.)



Ann Harding fans will welcome the physical change in their favorite, heretofore unbeautified for the camera. Her hair is waved, her gowns striking, for the rôle of a woman who divorces the man she loves passionately, under the pressure of clashing temperaments and poverty. She finds well-being and contentment with a second husband (Irving Pichel). But always the fight against remembering her first love is a losing one.

Laurence Olivier attains almost co-starring proportions as the handsome "first love" Ann cannot forget.

A story of a Boy (Norman Foster) who didn't make enough money to marry the Girl (Loretta Young) . . . unless she kept on working . . . so she did.

When the Boy has to pass up his big chance—an opportunity to go to South America—because of the ties of marriage, things get steadily worse.

You'll love the scene in which Loretta tricks Norman into proposing. In fact, Loretta's sincerity and Foster's humanness carry this picture to some real dramatic heights. Faith Baldwin's story is well directed.



**WINNER TAKE
ALL**
(Warner Bros.)

**NEW MORALS
FOR OLD**
(M-G-M)



Jimmie Cagney plays the uncouth, roughneck boxer who has bright-lighted himself out of the lightweight championship.

Recuperating out West, he falls for a widow (Marian Nixon) who is flat broke. For her, he fights the Mexican champion. He vows he'll send for her after his come back in the Big City.

But a New York blonde (Virginia Bruce) almost spoils his promises. Then the fade out, in which he kicks the blonde in the bustle and flies home to Marian.

There's a definite moral written into the well worn theme of modern children breaking away from home ties to their personal detriment. So *if* you come, bring the family. The *if* lies in the picture's general mediocrity.

Robert Young does well as the youth who, contrary to his mother's wishes, goes to Paris to study painting. Another "modern, wilful child" is portrayed by a new actress, Margaret Perry, who is only fair.

Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crews as parents give what really good acting there is in the picture.



RADIO PATROL
(Universal)

**FORGOTTEN
COMMAND-
MENTS**
(Paramount)



As the title suggests, you will see the police at work tracing criminals with the aid of radio cars. Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton are fellow officers in love with the same girl (Lila Lee, who never looked better.) The story takes these two through police training school to exciting days as members of the force fighting gangdom.

This marks Lila Lee's first screen part since her return to health. June Clyde and Andy Devine are effective in smaller parts. Armstrong and Hopton add much to an unpretentious entertainment natural.

The title proves that the studio didn't think you would remember "Ten Commandments" . . . from which this one is made. But we're sure they're wrong . . . in fact, we are sure you'll recognize some of the scenes.

This picture, half old-timer and half modern, doesn't rate much of a rave as far as entertainment goes . . . but it does accomplish two things: A chance to judge the new importation, Sari Maritza—and probably find her "just fair." Plus the opportunity of watching some real swell acting by a beautiful girl: Margaret Churchill.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Powolny

We honor Marian Nixon for being her own very sweet self in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Melvyn Douglas for the thrill of his exciting new personality in "As You Desire Me."



Photograph by Ferenc

We honor an increasingly intriguing Loretta Young for her work in Faith Baldwin's "Week-end Marriage."

... From now on Mary will not be bossed by anyone at all. She would like to have Clara Bow in her next picture. These and other startling announcements are in this refreshingly frank and honest feature—

By HANK ARNOLD



Mary would like to have Clara Bow play with her in her new picture. Mary no longer wants to be the sole star of a picture.

MARY PICKFORD'S

FRANKEST INTERVIEW

IT was to get a true estimate of the Pickford-Fairbanks domestic situation that I went to talk with Mary Pickford the other day. I found that:

Mary intends to lead her own life and not to be "bossed" by anybody. And that "anybody" includes Douglas Fairbanks.

She never had any intention of joining Fairbanks in Papeete, in fact had deliberately come to New York and taken a three months' lease on an apartment.

She is willing to look the problem of complete divorce in the face, if necessary, and will stake her future on the common sense of the American public as to its effect on her future career.

She wants Clara Bow to play with her in her new picture and if Clara is good enough to steal it, so

much the better for Clara, Mary would generously agree.

She never was in favor of much of the entertainment of royalty which has gone on at Pickfair these many years.

All these and many other interesting, to me at least, vignettes of the Pickford character were picked up the other day on a blue covered chaise longue on the 21 floor of the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel in New York City where Mary had been living since one week after Douglas departed to play Crusoe in a Tahitian jungle.

"You know," said Mary with a rush, as we sat down, "all my life I've been bossed. I was the baby of the family, always someone to be petted and guarded. First it was mother, then Jack and Lottie, and finally even the public. Someone has always told me what to do and what to wear and even discussed whether I should bob my hair.

Even when mother died and I became the head of the family, there was always someone bossing me."

The famous Pickford chin came up firmly.

"Well it's all over and no one—no one—is going to tell me what to do or how to do it. I'm going to belong to myself again. All to myself."

When I had last seen Mary on the United Artists lot in Hollywood some three months before there had been great dark circles under her eyes and she had looked tired and strained. Today the new Pickford showed all the signs of the final making of a great and important decision.

She looked girlish and lovely; the sort of girl that a college senior would be only too happy to take out for an evening. When I first came in she had laughed and chuckled as we indulged in reminiscences of Hollywood people and Hollywood things.

OUR conversation turned to the reasons behind her coming to New York.

"Yes," she said frankly, "I took a three months' lease on this apartment as soon as Douglas decided to go to the South Seas. No, I never had any intention of joining him there. That was a statement given out without my knowledge or authority.

"He writes that he can't even get the necessities of life there. I imagine he will be happy to get home." He was too. See his expression in the picture (right).

She expressed no bitterness over the fact that Mr. Fairbanks has been at Pickfair scarcely three months during the past year, but after mentioning him she switched the conversation almost unconsciously to the subject of divorce. She mentioned a recent article about herself by Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver.

"I believe he is absolutely right in his opinions," she said. "If two people have ceased to love each other, the position they occupy in the world is no reason why they should not be divorced. I believe if I make good pictures the world will not care whether I am married or single and if I make bad pictures it won't make any difference anyway.

"I am not living my life for the public and they have no reason to expect me to do so. All I can do is to work my very hardest to entertain them and I believe that is all they expect."

The writing of our talk at this point becomes very difficult because so much was said that was considered confidential. But at times, Mary herself came out and—even against the advice of an ex-press agent—urged me to tell the facts.

"I believe that the truth if honestly meant and honestly spoken, can never hurt anyone with the American public," she said. "I know that recently I have made too few pictures, and many of them have been bad. 'Kiki' was a great mistake. I believe I know the reasons why my pictures have been bad and can remedy them. I realize that the next few months will decide my career.

"I know, too, that some of the publicity given out about me has been false and misleading. There have been too many lies and half lies told about myself and every other star in the motion picture business. I want to let the public know all about me and I will never consciously try to conceal anything from them. I am perfectly willing to be judged as to myself." And she meant it.



Acme

(Left) Welcoming husband Douglas Fairbanks back from his South Sea trip. Although he has only been at Pickfair three months out of the past twelve Mary doesn't seem to mind. Does that imply divorce?

FROM that point we went into a discussion of her new picture as yet untitled, which Frances Marion is writing. Although by the time this is published the film will be well along in production, Mary did not want too much publicity about it. Briefly it is a story of two sisters who fall in love with the same man.

And for the rôle of the other sister Mary would like to have Hollywood's sexiest red-head, Clara Bow.

"It might even be advisable to co-star us," she said. "I think the world has treated Clara very unkindly. She is a very great actress and her only trouble has been that she hasn't known enough about life to live it the way she wanted to live it. I would be proud to have her in a picture with me and if she can steal it, she well deserves to do it.

"Anyway, I am finished with these starring pictures. I am going to hire the very best casts I can and I want every one of the actors to feel (Continued on page 96)

THE TRUE STORY OF RICARDO CORTEZ



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

By WALTER RAMSEY

RICARDO CORTEZ was born thirty-two years ago—on July 7, 1900. He was known as Jacob Krantz—as we told you in our last issue. His childhood was spent on New York's Upper East Side—now a fashionable, then just a fair-to-middling neighborhood. A rather pathetic, reserved little boy, Ricardo literally *could* not conform to the East Seventy-Ninth Street boys' "gangs" and their rowdy ideas of what was fun. He had a lonely childhood, brightened only by his adored mother's sympathetic understanding.

Ric loved plays and the opera and concerts. Every spare

penny went for tickets. He left school early—so that he could quickly make money and be successful. A series of poorly paid jobs finally brought him into contact with the movies. He got a small rôle in a picture and was to start work the following day. That night his father died. Two days later, his sister was taken. Ric was the head of the family. The poor little movie job went to someone else. Ric took any work he could find. Clerking in Wall Street. Extra bits in plays and pictures. One day, delivering some securities to Manuel Goldstein of Universal, he learned that Universal was looking for a leading man for

Cortez' movie career has been more full of unexpected successes and unexpected failures than almost any other player's in Hollywood. When he began to slip in Hollywood he went to France and made a picture on a small salary—with the prospect of getting the profits of its American release. But it was a silent picture and just at that time talkies came in! (Below) In "Her Man"—the picture in which he made his American come-back.





(Right) With Helen Twelvetrees in his newest RKO production, "Is My Face Red?" Don't be annoyed if they've changed the title by the time it plays your favorite theatre. (Above) With Wally Beery in "Pony Express." It was a Paramount picture and was made in 1925.

... When Ricardo got his first chance to go to Hollywood he was supremely happy. But if he'd known the heartbreak and the disappointments in store for him—would he have gone?



(Left) With Irene Dunne in "Symphony of Six Million." Ric secured his part in this picture by making a test of himself for the rôle.

(Below) Ric being directed by Raoul Walsh for a scene in "The Spaniard," (1925). At the extreme right you'll find Gilbert Roland.



Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round." Ric suggested Norman Kerry, whom he knew, and offered to find Kerry and act as go-between. His offer was accepted—and he was to be paid a commission if he would accompany Kerry to Hollywood and deliver him to the studio. Naturally, he eagerly accepted this first real break.

THE humming of the train which carried Ricardo Cortez and Norman Kerry towards Hollywood seemed to sing a song of future success in Ric's ears. It was the first time he had ever been more than thirty minutes from New York—everything was exciting, thrilling. And their destination, Hollywood, would be the open sesame for good fortune and success; of this Cortez was certain. He had everything before him, his big chance.

Seven years later, making a return trip from Hollywood to New York to fill a vaudeville engagement, this same man was contemplating suicide because of this "good fortune and success" he had found in Hollywood. Those seven years between contained a whole lifetime of experience for Ric.

Norman Kerry and Ric were whisked from the railroad station to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they had been registered with expenses paid by the Universal company. The hotel with its sweeping lawns, palm trees



Culver Service



(Extreme left) In the days when he played opposite Dorothy Mackaill. (Second left) With Bebe Daniels in "Argentine Love" (1924). (Left) With Maria Corda in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," (1927).



Culver Service

and profusion of terraced flower gardens seemed amazingly beautiful to Ric. He and Kerry hurried to their room, took a hasty shower bath, put on fresh clothes and were driven to Universal in a studio car. They were shown into the presence of Eric von Stroheim and Irving Thalberg, then general manager of that studio. Von Stroheim took Kerry to the wardrobe department, and Ric was left alone with Mr. Thalberg. Ric realized that having delivered Kerry to the studio, his job was over, with \$300, a free trip to Hollywood, and a week's hotel expenses to the good. But now? He knew he did not want to go back to New York and he frankly told Thalberg that he would like to remain in California, asking the youthful executive's advice as to his prospects of clicking as an actor. Ric did not ask for a job. Never in his life has his aloof, retiring nature permitted him to ask anyone, stranger or intimate, for work.

Thalberg must have realized the restrained appeal back of Ric's casual questions, for he said: "There's a 'heavy' rôle in Hoot Gibson's next picture. Not much of a part but it would pay about \$125 a week. Would you be interested?"

Interested? Not until that fateful picture was finally completed and Ric could see his own shadow on the screen at the studio preview, did he really believe his good fortune. And in Ric's first pay envelope, instead of the \$125 he was expecting he found \$175—thanks to Thalberg.

IT wasn't long after the expiration of that first free week at the Beverly Hills Hotel that Cortez realized it was far too expensive for him. He had heard of the Christie Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, where people of the film world gathered, the place to be seen if one wanted to get ahead in the picture game. So he moved to a \$30 per week room there. Two weeks had passed since completion of the Hoot Gibson picture and still no sign of another job. Ric visited all the casting offices hopefully but always the reply was the same: "Nothing doing." He didn't let the discouragement he felt creep into those glowing letters he wrote to his mother, telling her of the promising offers he was getting.

At the hotel he struck up nodding acquaintances with several film folk—William K. Howard, then an assistant director, Shirley Mason, a popular star, and Jack White, who was directing comedies. Cortez was in a peculiar position: he wanted work, any work. Stunts or even slapstick comedy. But his well-groomed appearance, his air of dignity and aloofness kept any such offers from

Ricardo once had the honor of playing opposite the great Garbo. It was Garbo's first picture—and playing opposite her wasn't quite the honor then that it is now. "Torrent," the picture was called, and it was made in 1926.

coming his way. Once Jack White asked him, "Do you know any fellow who would take some falls in a comedy today for \$50?"

"Yes, me," Ric replied.

"Don't kid me," answered Jack with a laugh.

Ric's pride prevented him from explaining his financial pinch to the few friends he had made around the hotel. Long weeks of nothing to do when Ric felt he should be working toward his goal—stardom. To pass time he would take the street car to the beach almost every day, but always he was back in the hotel lobby at six o'clock for that was the hour of the return of the directors and writers from the studios. There was always that possibility that they would see him and "discover" him for a big rôle.

ONE morning a young actor told Ric there was extra work to be had at the Goldwyn studio in a Mae Murray picture. Mae's husband, Robert Leonard, was directing it. Back in New York Ric had frequently worked "extra" for Leonard, but even so he was surprised when the director cordially recognized him. "You can be Mae's dancing partner in this tango scene. Hurry and get into your full dress suit," said Leonard.

Ric's face fell. He had no full dress suit and no possibility of getting one. His keen disappointment must have been more obvious than he supposed, for Leonard had no more than turned away when a young fellow walked up to him.

"Got a dress suit?" asked the boy.

"No," answered Ric. They both grinned.

"My name is William Haines," the other introduced himself. "I'm on a stock contract with the studio . . . doing extra work to get used (Continued on page 99)

Two Sophisticates



Photographs by Hurrell

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, each in her own way, typifies the ultimate in the modern woman.

EVERY

Says this author: "If a person can go through the fires of Hollywood without being changed or distorted, it's a pretty good sign that he or she is made of the real stuff. ZaSu is." (Below) With her little girl, Ann.



By MARY
SHARON

... Just as the characters she portrays on the screen are always thwarted in their quest for happiness, so ZaSu Pitts is thwarted in real life



Acme

HAVE you ever noticed that those persons who have the right to quarrel with life usually are the ones to scoff at their own troubles and help shoulder those of the other fellow? ZaSu Pitts is this sort of person. There is hardly a single brand of trouble and unhappiness that has not, at some time or another, fallen upon her slim shoulders. Culminating in her recent divorce which, it is said, was a great blow to

her. Yet she is uncomplaining. She even makes light of the things that have happened to her—the tragic things that would have wrecked an ordinary girl. But there is the secret. ZaSu is not ordinary.

It is twelve years since I met her and my first impressions of her still stand, which is saying a great deal. If a person can go through the fires of Hollywood—its success and fame, its disappointments and struggles—

BRAND OF TROUBLE

without being changed or distorted, it's a pretty good sign that he or she is made of the real stuff. ZaSu is. At this moment, I can think of only three girls who have ventured into Hollywood's melting pot and have emerged without losing some of their substance and ZaSu is one of them. I'll save the other two for some other time, for this is ZaSu's story. It's a plain tale, too, of a fight against great odds, a battle that is still going strong.

ZaSu was given her first introduction to the world on a little farm in Kansas. When she was a year old the family moved to Santa Cruz, California. Her mother was Irish. Her father was an ex-soldier of American stock. ZaSu was born under an unlucky star, but she had gifts from both of her parents that were to prove invaluable. From her father—dreams. From her mother—courage. Her father



(Above) As Trina in Von Stroheim's "Greed." That put ZaSu among those at the top of the list. (Left) Tom Gallery, ZaSu's husband whom she recently divorced. With him is the little son of Barbara La Marr whom ZaSu adopted.

was a mellow old soul, who was always visualizing things that never came to pass, and dreaming dreams that never came true. He lived in the future, while his wife struggled to ease her brood through a fearsome present. At last, he caught up with his future and his dreams ended. Then the government turned his pension of \$25 a month over to his widow and she managed a precarious existence from it for herself and little ones. She somehow held the home together and put her children through school, but there was never enough of anything to go around.

AS the next to the oldest child, much of the burden fell upon ZaSu's slim shoulders. She had a bicycle and by delivering packages for the neighbors managed to supplement her mother's pension. But she never quite fitted in with the rest of that little, wanting brood. Like most persons of genius, she was misunderstood. More than anything else, she longed to be one of them, but she remained an alien to the family. Life was hard on her from

ZaSu is in Universal's big special, "Back Streets." That's Irene Dunne with her. You'll see ZaSu, too, in "Westward Passage" with Ann Harding.



the first. Grade school was not so bad, for children are not so particular, but in high school, she was utterly alone and lonely. There were so many places for young folks to go, so many things—happy things—for them to do. But ZaSu was always on the outside looking in. She was never asked to any, except the formal, class affairs. The boys never asked her for a date, and she missed out on everything because she did not have good enough clothes to go.

AS a child, she was unlovely—lean, lanky and big-eyed. She grew even more lean and lanky, if that were possible, as she grew older. But she had a certain grace of movement which she had gained from her cycling. Her ankles were nicely slim and her hands beautifully shaped. But it was her eyes, even then, that one noticed first and last. Large, brooding eyes that dominated

her small, oval face. They held the wistful intensity of a soul starving for companionship and understanding. Tragic eyes.

Only one bright spot stands out in her entire high school career. She played the leading rôle in a play put on by her graduating class. The billing read: "ZaSu Pitts in Fanchon and the Cricket." Friends, who witnessed her first starring effort, advised her to try for an acting career, but ZaSu did not succumb to its lure immediately. Her mother finally persuaded her to try her luck in the movies.

She came to Los Angeles alone, secured a cheap room at the Lankershim Hotel and set out immediately to conquer Hollywood, which was then little more than a suburb. Those first few days proved a nightmare. She made the rounds of the studios every day, then, when she returned to Los Angeles, instead of resting for her tramp on the morrow, she devoured the city sights. She did not speak to a single soul in the hotel. She only slept there. Every waking moment that she could (Continued on page 106)

AT THE RINGSIDE

(Right) Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. They're still happily married in spite of the fact that they prefer to keep separate establishments in Hollywood. If you remember, they did the same stunt in New York—we had a story about it some time ago. (Upper right) Jimmie Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan. Maureen is Jimmie's newest romance.



(Left) Pat O'Brien—the man who always gets cast as the cub reporter—and his pretty young wife. (Below, left) George Barnes, the famous cameraman, and Joan Blondell. Lots of rumors about their being secretly married and all that—but as far as we know they're still just romancing. (Below) He-man Charlie Bickford.





(Starting at the top and reading clock-wise.) 1. Richard Arlen right smack up at the ringside. 2. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck. There's talk of Fay's going back into pictures. 3. A somewhat amazing picture of Jack Oakie. Who says he couldn't play a villain and sneer beautifully? 4. Spencer Tracy with thoughtful mien. The gentleman with the dark glasses in the background isn't George Bancroft. 5. The exterior of the Hollywood Legion Stadium—where the fights are held every Friday night. These fights are one of the most popular Hollywood weekly events with the players.

Pictures on these and subsequent pages by Hollywood Newsictures





AT THE RINGSIDE



Edward G. Robinson



Joan Marsh



Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



At the top of the page we have Maurice Chevalier. The pictures above show (left) Conway Tearle and Ricardo Cortez and (right) George Raft. Some of the ringside shots on this and the previous two pages were taken at the Hollywood Legion Stadium and some at the Olympic Auditorium.



★ ★ ★ AT AGUA CALIENTE



Robert Coogan and his père.



Eddie Cantor



D. Dilloway and D. Jordan



Of course you've heard about Agua Caliente (Hot Water). And do the stars hate it! (Above left, reading left to right) Gilbert Roland, Larry Kent, a lady friend and Buster Keaton. (Above right) Keaton again and Dot Lee.

AT THE RODEO

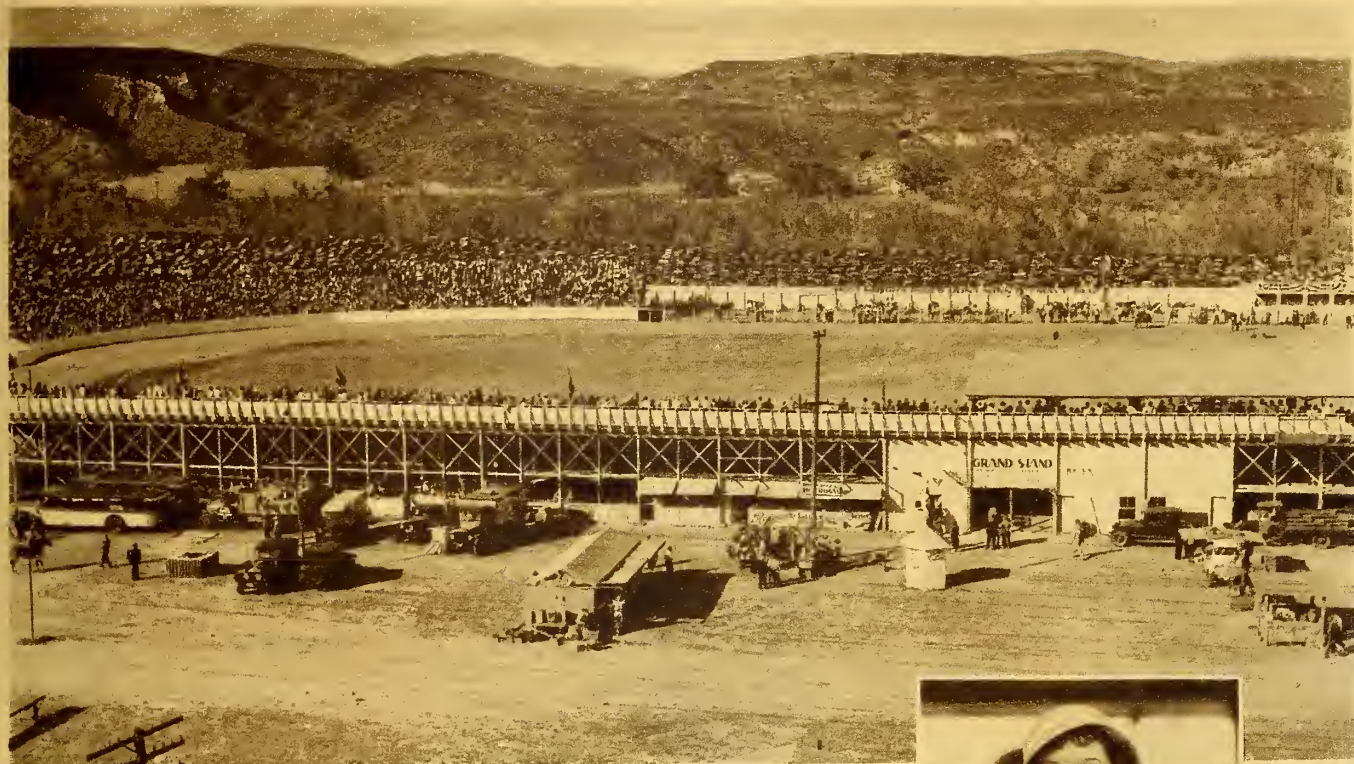
Amid the thundering of the horses' hoofs and the yelling of the cowboys, the stars join in with a chorus of audience approval



(Above) Do we have to tell you who that is? It's his wife with him. (Above left) Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, the main riders of the show. This was taken before their separation, of course. Did you read the story about their separation on page 42? (Extreme left) Donald Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan. They're still rumored engaged, but they have not made any official announcement.



(Above) No doubt William S. Hart is well able to give some constructive criticism about these doings at the rodeo. The youthful admirer's name is unknown. You can call him Joe. (Right) Big Boy Williams and Will Rogers. Maybe it's peanuts Will is wolfing.



(Above) A general view of the grand stand where the rodeo was held. See Hoot over there by the telegraph pole? No? Well, neither can we, but he's there, somewhere. (Extreme right) Marian Nixon, Fox's newest bet for big pictures and rôles. You'll see a new picture of her if you turn to our Gallery of Honor, starting on page 51. (Right) Tom Mix and his family. Would you reckon Tom knows anything about horses and rodeos?



(Left) Reginald Denny and his wife, Barbara Denny. Reggy has temporarily given up acting and is directing short comedies for M-G-M—to whom he's under contract. (Above, left) No. 36 goes through his paces. Will he stay on or will he fall off? You tell us. (Above right) Will you just look and see what being on location in Honolulu did to Joel McCrea? Some tan—that makes a chap look so dark.



WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GEORGE RAFT



HE is five feet ten inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is black and seal smooth, his eyes light brown. Like Jimmy Cagney he grew up in Hell's Kitchen in New York, and like Jimmy he does not use liquor in any form. The result of years of life in night clubs, his skin has a dead white pallor. George Raft is his real name.

He made Hollywood sit up with a gasping "Look at *that!*" in "Scarface," and repeated immediately with his swell portrayal of a killer in "Dancers in the Dark." Overnight he was made. Paramount beat the other studios in signing him to a long term contract. And now they are as full of plans for him as the proverbial early bird is of worms.

He was born September 27, 1904, on 41 Street between 9 and 10 Avenues, one of the toughest districts in the world. A lot of his playmates turned out to be gangsters, racketeers, jail-birds of all forms. George has a cigarette case which is a gift from the Prince of

By CHARLES
GRAYSON

Wales. He still, however, says "cherce" for "choice."

He attended Public School 169 in New York, and later St. Catherine's. After school and during summer vacations he worked as an electrician's helper. He earned four dollars a week. It wasn't enough. Then, as now, he was crazy for clothes. His grandfather was that joyous German who first introduced the merry-go-round into this country. The same enterprising gentleman also prospected for gold in the early days of California, and made several small strikes. But little of this money came to George. And he did want clothes.

A retired pugilist named Bert Keyes had a ring set up in a vacant lot near George's home. There the boys of the neighborhood watched the professionals work out and often staged bouts of their own. George was fast and strong. At fifteen he decided to enter the professional game. The next two years, as a bantam-weight, he fought twenty-five times. (Continued on page 109)

Rudy Valentino wanted George Raft to be his double!

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

... Lupe's joke on Gary. George Arliss takes a cut. A miniature fight in the Daniels-Lyon household. Are Mary Brian and Ken Murray still that way? Tashman's new clothes—and other news

CLARA BOW won't get that \$75,000 offered her to star in "Children of Manhattan," for Columbia, before starting in "Call Her Savage" for Fox.

Although Clara is eating with both eyes glued on the calorie chart and is undergoing daily work-outs with a trainer, she couldn't lose enough pounds to look sylph-like for the camera earlier than the date for production to start on "Call Her Savage."

So they had to get another gal for the leading rôle in "Children of Manhattan"—and Clara loses out on the \$75,000. However, there's the possibility that Clara may play in a picture with Mary Pickford, no less! (See story on page 54.)

GARY COOPER is taking the baby chimpanzee he brought from Africa to boarding school. Gary wants his pet to be well-behaved. "Toluca" is the name he's finally bestowed on his pet. That wasn't what it was christened, though!

And while on the subject of Gary—one of the most amusing little intrigues was broken up when Gary Cooper came on to Hollywood from New York, bringing with him the Countess Frassco (Dolly Taylor). New Yorkers were getting plenty of tee-hees out of Gary's predicament. You see, Gary's been heavily attentive to the Countess, while Bert Taylor, the Countess' brother, has been hot-and-heavying-it with Lupe Velez.

Lupe's idea of a good joke was to check up on where Gary and the Countess would appear on a certain evening. Then she'd make her entrance with Taylor and seat herself at a table adjoining Cooper's.

The only one who seemed to enjoy the joke was Lupe ... with the others hemming and hawing uncomfortably.

Another of the big stars to willingly take a cut in salary is George Arliss. The ante for his appearance per picture has been reduced from \$80,000 to a mere \$60,000. And Dick Barthelmess is making three pictures for the former salary for two.

THE "Grand Hotel" première turned out to be a lucky break for a lot of independent producers. They set up their cameras and shot all the big stars as they arrived. And this footage will be incorporated in a dozen or so independent productions based on the Hollywood scene.

From Tahiti, Doug Fairbanks brings the news that the paradise house which the late director, Murnau, built at an approximate cost of \$40,000 rents for a mere \$40 a month!

AN honest to goodness fight threatened the Daniels-Lyon household—between little Barbara Bebe Lyon and her young guest, Irving Thalberg, Jr., to whom Norma Shearer is just mama. Barbara had a bracelet of her mother's and Junior Thalberg wanted it. Barbara held on for dear life. And open battle was averted until Norma instructed her son not to forget he was a little gentleman. And that was that.

There's romance in the air over at First National. On adjoining sets, Mary Brian and Ken Murray are working. And if you haven't heard, Mary and Ken are supposed to be engaged since they did that vaudeville tour together.

Ken seems to be taking his movie career seriously now. He has a publicity agent, lives in the swankiest apartment house in Hollywood and is in love with one of our most beautiful young actresses.

Rumors are strong that the Fox studio will merge with Warner Brothers. So those high-salaried stars, Chatterton and Bill Powell will become Fox

players—if the merger goes through.

Elissa has splurged to the tune of \$60,000 for a new home, for her husband, John Lawrence.



Wide World

Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels were among the list of prominent players at the reopening of Jack Dempsey's Hotel Barbara at Los Angeles. Estelle Taylor was there but she and Jack still insist no reunion.



Esther Ralston aboard the S. S. Paris as she left for Europe. Yes, that's her baby she's holding. In private life Esther is the wife of Webb Frey, Englishman. She's going abroad for a seasonal vacation.

The fourteen trunks which Lil brought back from Paris and New York have Hollywood gasping. She has sports clothes of satin and silk—and evening gowns of cotton. Her new hats sit on one side of the Tashman head with everyone on pins and needles waiting for them to slip off. They're called saucer hats, and Lil says you can buy them anywhere from fifty cents to fifty dollars—the tinier the costlier. She has sweaters with décolleté backs—and an evening wrap fashioned of woven straw! Her sports coats are of brilliant hues, padded as much as a man's top coat.

June Collyer Erwin is preparing for a visit from the stork sometime in the fall. And are June and Stu happy!

MARIE DRESSLER splurged and bought the King C. Gillette estate in Beverly Hills. It's one of the show places of Southern California, built in Georgian style. There are gorgeous grounds and elaborate flower gardens, and the house has fourteen rooms.



(Below) Arlene Judge and Roscoe Ates parade in the latest beach attire. Miss Judge's costume is one of the snappy 1932 models. Mr. Ates' is also very smart—quite the thing to wear if you want to get a lot of attention and neck craning. Does your neck crane?

Acme

(Right) We seem to remember a chap by the name of Will Rogers who once made an awful fuss about getting dolled up in a dress suit. And will you look at what they've done to him now? And he isn't even registering a squawk. That's what Hollywood does to you.

He's coming all the way from England to see his actress-author wife.

Ruth Chatterton is planning a three-month European vacation . . . without Ralph Forbes. Ruth must know that this will give new impetus to those divorce rumors that have been hanging fire despite her and Ralph's denials of any domestic difficulties.

IF Nancy Carroll wants to stay on at Paramount, she'll have to take a straight salary of \$1000 per, with no bonuses in the immediate offing. The \$1000 weekly has been Nancy's contract figure for a good many months now—but when she got sort of Garbo-ish at the box office, the studio added some big bonuses to her weekly stipend.

Now that Nancy has lost some of that box-office come-hither she'll take the \$1000 and like it . . . or else! "Number 55," with George Raft, is slated for her.

Billie Dove and ex, Irvin Willat, may have stopped to chat together several times of late—but that doesn't mean there's a re-romance between these two or anything like it. They are friendly . . . speak to each other . . . but that's that.

PEOPLE are laying bets as to whether or not Lil Tashman can maintain her title of "The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood" with her latest sartorial splurge.





Tim McCoy

Hard indeed is the job of filming an exciting Western drama. This magnificent shot shows the "Hello Trouble" company at work. Buck Jones and Lina Basquette are in it.

THE HARDEST JOB IN HOLLYWOOD



George O'Brien



Buck Jones



Tom Keene



Ken Maynard



Tom Mix



Hoot Gibson

THUNDERING hoofs, hear them? Snorting broncs and squealing calves, the yip-yip of cowboys, the rat-a-tattoo of exploding six-guns, these are the sounds of the "horse opera." And the "horse opera" or Western picture, if you don't know, is a grinding, grueling cinema mill that takes women and breaks them, that takes men and makes them—and fills their laps with gold and gold and gold.

It is the stellar rôle of these sagebrush sagas that represents *the hardest job in Hollywood*.

King of all the cowboys was Tom Mix that summer noon he rode Tony, his wonder horse, through the grand ballroom of the Astor Hotel in New York City. Call it a madcap prank or a publicity stunt, it was typical of its time. The western picture with its hard-riding, straight-shooting hero was America's favorite form of entertainment. And Tom Mix's salary was the unbelievable sum of \$17,000 a week.

That is a salary, that \$17,000—especially when you remember that Metro-Goldwyn officials have been wooing Greta Garbo with a mere \$10,000 a week, and Garbo is just about the biggest name on today's cinema billboards.

The other side of the picture, though, is different. While Mix in ten gallon hat and dinner suit of white buckskin and silver studded boots was waltzing Tony across the Astor's ballroom, a cowgirl from Montana named Lena Holquist—she never played under that name—was swallowing veronal in a Tia Juana honky-tonk. Why? Because a half-dozen seasons in the saddle under sun and wind had crisped her complexion and knotted her muscles until her only future was back in the tumbleweed waste whence she came. She hadn't learned what Hollywood expresses today in the adage: Once a cowboy, always a cowboy—or cowgirl.

Generally, for a woman to work in Westerns is to enter the quicksands. Lillian Gish and Mabel Normand were cinema cowgirls but their tremendous talent saved them. More recently, Loretta Young and Sally Eilers, threatened with—oblivion, successfully fought their way to finer parts and pictures. But the others, all those others who have donned Stetsons and buckskin skirts, where are they?

... Hats off to the Western stars—those men of steel who brave hazard after hazard for the sake of putting genuine realism into their screen efforts

By CURTIS MITCHELL

They are forgotten, lost in a limbo that is crowded with anonymous lovely ladies who furnished "love interest" for six-gun supermen from Bronco Billy and William S. Hart right down to George O'Brien and Tom Keene.

PRACTICALLY, the Western picture is a man's picture. Whirlwind pursuits and surging stampedes leave little space for dainty femininity. Or art, for that matter. Its one purpose is to entertain—

and if you want to know how much it entertains, just ask the little boy next door to name his film favorite.

In certain circles, however, it has become fashionable to greet the mention of a cinema cowboy with curled lip and lifted brow. The inference is that he is an unlettered roughneck or a tailor's dummy dressed in chaps and sombrero. Is either inference true? Rise up, you Western fans, and hurl your deny. The man in the cinema saddle is a better man, nine times out of nine, than his brother in the business who sticks to drawing room and boudoir scenes and sneers at break-neck chases along the Tonto Rim. He has to be better in order to hold his job, for his public is the most merciless in the world—and I'm still talking about that little boy next door.

But what about this stellar rôle, this star's job that is the hardest job in Hollywood? Listen. . . .

What other actor must absorb the punishment of bare-back rides, dives off cliffs, slugging matches, and knock-out punches in picture after picture? What other actor must work on locations where, invariably, the sun is hottest and the wind strongest? What other man in pictures dares broken legs, arms, or neck so often? Only the cowboy! He is a perennial daredevil.

Check off the magic names. . . . Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Keene, Tim McCoy. Drawn from the four winds, their collective hold on the minds of thirty millions of American youngsters is unrivaled. Oddly but logically enough, whether ranch or town-bred, they share a similarity of background that is amazing. Invariably, they were adventurous wanderers before they struck the gold lode of Hollywood; invariably, they were ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

(Continued on page 88)



PALM



(Starting above and reading counter clockwise) 1. Regis Toomey and his wife. 2. Sari Maritza, that new importation. 3. George Bancroft. 4. Paul Lukas, a friend and Wally Beery. 5. Lukas and Mrs. Toomey.

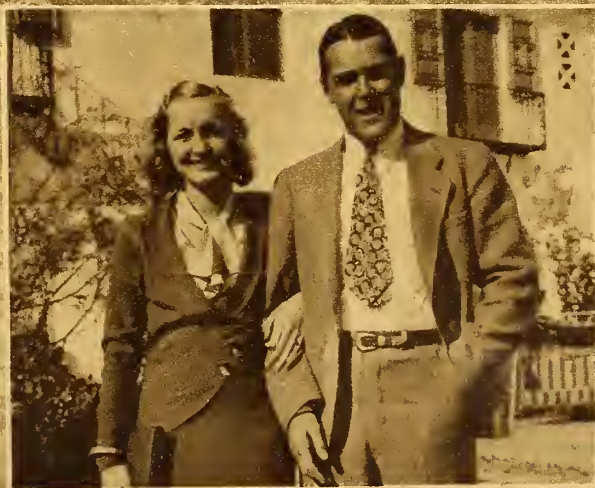
Pictures by El Mirador Hotel





SPRINGS

(Starting above and reading by the clock) 1. Florence Lake and Mae Clarke. 2. Virginia Valli, Lydell Peck, a friend and Charles Farrell. 3. James Cagney. 4. Lucille Powers and Ken Maynard. 5. "Schnozzle" himself.



HELEN TWELVETREES'

Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own particular wardrobe problems. Address her in care of MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. She'll be glad to help you



(Above) It gives height, that evening gown of dove-grey crêpe roma on the left. Its lines help, of course, being long and unbroken, with just enough graceful fullness achieved by a center godet. Helen gives the dress a gay accent or two with a buckle of sapphire and crystal and a tricky blue braided silk necklace. (Above, right) Helen puts on a beige crêpe dress with brown linen fixin's. The length of the dress and the simple lines give her height. (Right) A charming gown for formal afternoon or informal evening. The plain black chiffon lines are given distinction by means of a surplice closing and sash of white satin and black ciré ribbon.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

WHEN you go out to visit Helen Twelvetrees at her beautiful new Brentwood home, you find yourself playing ping-pong with an adorable youngster. Golden curls tossed about by the four winds, wide, innocent blue eyes, and brilliant red pajamas that don't look like pajamas at all. They're knitted and they have short, skirt-like trousers and a middy blouse.

Then a couple of nights later she invites you to dinner. It's a surprise party. A surprise on *you*. Because the Helen you thought you knew has disappeared. In her



WARDROBE— *and yours!*

"HOW CAN I MAKE MYSELF LOOK TALLER?" PETITE HELEN TWELVETREES HELPS YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM



place is a ravishing young moderne. Sleek coiffure, drop earrings that dazzle, a gown that says its wearer knows all the smartest and most interesting things to do.

It's puzzling—this dual personality of Helen's. And gentlemen *love* puzzles.

"They like variety," Helen stated when we went into conference on this clothes matter in a corner of her living room. "That's why no woman can afford to settle into one mold for a lifetime. Of course, she must continue dressing according to her type, following the lines that are best suited to her; but she can still alter her appearance whenever she cares to. There's no type that doesn't permit of variation. You may have to stick to long, simple lines as I do but that doesn't mean your wardrobe has to be standardized year in and year out.

"Two years ago I suppose I would have laughed at the idea of wearing small sailors. I can just hear myself say: 'What! Fancy *me* in such hats!' Well, today I'm wearing them—and liking 'em! I have several and I consider them about as smart as anything I own. For one thing, the upward tilt at which they're worn gives me height. That's an advantage. And then they're so *right* with these new suits. Just tailored enough.

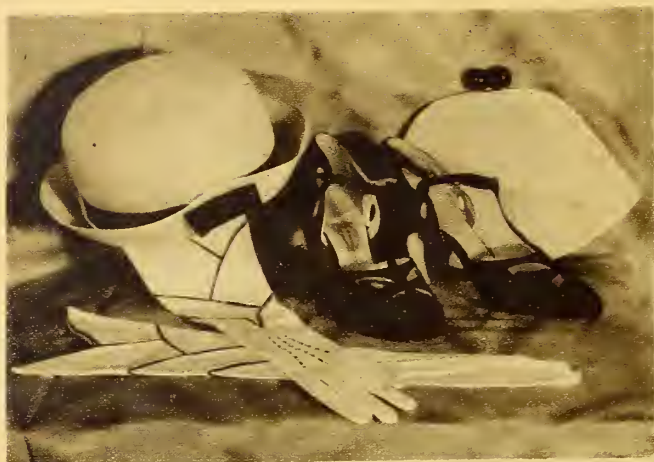
(Above, left to right) The sort of a suit that's just grand to wear in the summertime. The material is light-weight wool and the jacket ties with an amusing red bow. Next, Helen's best pajamas—black velvet trousers and a silver lamé jacket. The trousers are cuffed at the ankles—a nice idea for small people, since it adds to the general cute effect of the ensemble. The jacket fastens at neck and waist with a pair of novelty pins. And now on the extreme right, you can see Helen in a pair of quite tailored pajamas. Two shades of blue and the blouse is white satin.

I BOUGHT a black sailor of shiny straw with a wide band of black, grey and white ribbon not long ago. It was to wear with a grey suit of light weight wool that I have. (There's a picture of suit and hat on page 79.) It turned out to be such an attractive outfit that I wore it in 'State's Attorney.' The suit is softened somewhat by a rolling surplice collar and tiny cuffs of white crêpe. The coat's double breasted and has big

patch pockets and an epaulet arrangement on the shoulders. That gives me the effect of a nice wide top. Clever, isn't it, this new cut of clothes? A tremendous help, too, to small girls with that difficult combination of narrow shoulders and a well developed bust."

Oh, my dears, *did* that last register properly? It's one of the most outstanding features of summer 1932 style. You absolutely have to give your shoulders that wide look, either with trim little epaulets like Helen has on her suit or with capes. Scarfs will do it, too—those that are draped like a folded handkerchief and flung over one shoulder. And yokes made in one with the sleeves offer their assistance. It's the greatest boon we women have had in years because all too many of us have developed wrinkles wondering how on earth to overcome that

(Right) No, it isn't a coat—it's a suit. One of those dress-up, "after five o'clock" suits. Very sheer black wool, with shawl collar and deep cuffs of ermine and rhinestone-edged black buttons. The length is just right for the rather formal sort of suit that it is. (Below) First, a group of black and white accessories. The little hat is stitched white piqué with a black grosgrain bow. Second, a pair of brown and beige oxfords and a brown bag.



pinched-in top, large "buzzoom" and thick waist effect. Now our worries are over—for a season or two at least.

Capes are such gracious things—and comfortable. You have them of chiffon for evening wear and they add a note of mystery to your backless gown. Then again they may be of linen, cut in an amusing military fashion, to go with a sports outfit.

Just observe that brown linen cape that enlivens Helen's suit-dress on page 76 for a moment. Isn't it the last word in chic? The dress itself is of beige crêpe matmira—a fascinating new material. Those scallops; around the upper part of the skirt, and the cape help to give it the appearance of having a jacket. Cavalier cuffs of the brown linen flare at the elbow and buttoned wrist bands of the crêpe add to their smartness. The bodice is fitted and buttoned up high on a slant. Helen's hat is a modified brown derby with a touch of the beige crêpe and a wisp of a veil. (You can see the hat in more detail on page 79.) Her kid gloves and her big brown bag match it. The oxfords she has selected to carry out the color scheme are *very* new. They lace on the sides unex-



(Left) A suit of light-weight wool that can be either very sporty or dressed up a bit (as Helen has done it) with patent leather pumps and a black shiny straw sailor. The epaulets widen the shoulders nicely. (Below) First, two perfect ducks of hats—a brown grosgrain derby with a bit of beige spliced in, and a black Milan with grosgrain bows. Second, brown afternoon accessories; the hat and purse are of matching roshanara crépe.



pectedly and there's open-work across the toes. There's a picture of them on the opposite page.

MRS. BROCK PEMBERTON, style specialist extraordinary to the theatrical world, says that Helen is at her best in straight, slim lines and in simple things with soft details. "Brookie," as she is affectionately known to her friends, is the foremost fashion arbiter in America. She has costumed more than six hundred plays on Broadway and three months ago RKO captured her. "There's something ethereal about Miss Twelvetrees," she said to me once. "You cannot put gaudy colors on an ethereal character in real life any more than you can in a play. She reacts to blue—feels more at home in it than in any other shade. That's natural, with her blond hair and blue eyes. If she had grey eyes or was dark she'd have to be a bit more careful about wearing it. *Blue, you know, reflects itself. It draws from the natural color of the face and accentuates the lines.* That's why touches of white are so excellent with it, especially for older women. It's wise to use special (Continued on page 95)

With her mother, "Leelie" Rogers. It's from her that Ginger gets her "It's-better-not-to-cry" attitude.

(Right) With Joe E. Brown in "Tenderfoot."
(Below) The Rogers' lass when she was three years old. Even then she didn't bawl.

(Left) On vacation at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs. (Below) A photographic study taken at the age of eighty-four months—or, if you prefer, seven years.

By SHENTON IRWIN

I KNEW her when she was a freckled-faced, long-legged, eleven-year-old with red hair and so much personality none of the neighborhood mothers could get their children home at meal time! They were all having too much fun "play-acting" in Ginger Rogers' backyard!

I knew Ginger when she used to act in all the school plays and show my little sister and the other children the latest dance steps to our victrola. That was when Holly-

wood and stardom was just a misty dream back of her blue eyes. And when she set Fort Worth agog by winning the Charleston contest in 1925 and signing up for the Keith-Orpheum circuit. Everybody was glad because everybody liked Ginger, and we all predicted great things for her. But I doubt if any of us realized then just how important those things would be.

I remember Ginger Rogers best as the little girl who wouldn't cry. There were never any tears shed when

When she was a kid Ginger Rogers learned it's better to forget your

she hurt herself because "if you don't cry and if you don't look at the hurt place it gets well lots quicker."

I recall one day my little sister came home with the story of how one of the children had accidentally slammed the car door on Ginger's hand.

"Oh, it was awful!" she said, big-eyed. "It left a terrible gash right across Ginger's four fingers. But she didn't cry. She just got sort of white and said, 'Let's don't anybody look at it.' And we didn't and pretty soon she was playing with us again. Wasn't that brave?"

Ginger is still like that. The freckles are gone and in place of the long-legged awkwardness there is poise and beauty, but Ginger still doesn't cry over the "hurt places."

You have only to meet "Leelie," Ginger's mother, to realize where Ginger gets her never-say-die spirit. It has been Mrs. Rogers' own courage that has been a guide since Ginger was a tiny girl, her unflagging optimism that has kept Ginger going when things looked darkest.

I VISITED the Rogers' New York apartment the other evening. Leelie proudly showed me the scrapbook in which she has kept the pictures and mementos of her daughter's career that all mothers love to cherish. On the first page was a picture of Ginger at the age of three, long before they came to Fort Worth.

"This was taken just before my baby was kidnapped," Mrs. Rogers explained. Here was something that, long as I had known the Rogers, I had never heard! Kidnapped?

It seems that Ginger's mother and father were not happy together and separated soon after the child's birth. The father felt the child should belong to him and, balked in other attempts, proceeded to steal her from her home. A frantic three weeks elapsed before Mrs. Rogers could trace her. And then she was forced practically to kidnap the child back again.

"I'll never forget that mad ride over miles and miles of Texas dirt road, Ginger huddled on the seat beside me, never crying, never whimper-

ing, as I tore along," Leelie went on. "I felt she should belong to me, her mother. So I simply went and got her. It was exciting, I suppose, but it wasn't very pleasant."

It was only after a long fight in the courts that she was officially granted the custody of the child.

We turned another page, and there was Ginger at six and some pages of childishly scrawled writing. There was a story to that, too. It was during the long years of the war that mother and daughter were separated again. Mrs. Rogers went to Washington to do her bit, leaving Ginger with her own mother in Kansas City. The "bit" consisted of recruiting with the marine corps, to do publicity work and learning to fly. Mrs. Rogers, incidentally, has the proud distinction of being the first woman ever to fly an airplane under government orders.

Ginger, at home, was doing her bit by writing to mother. Mrs. Rogers passed the little letters around the office, and soon even the gray-haired officers were calling her "mother." Can't you see the little redhead struggling over this?

Dear Mama

I get your letter yesterday I am waiting for you. to day I heard the tran coming in and I sead to myself. on that tran is my mama wiell granddaddy and me made a garden and put onions and pets

and radehas and that is all we had in the garden and haf of it is mine. Mama I want a big doll. and I want a Bugay too if you can't get the doll are if you cant bring the Bugay netr. it is all rite wiell I must leve so love and Kisses
your baby Virginia

WHEN Leelie came back home, Ginger used to fly with her. That was before the days of commercial flying and she was one of the first children to go up. Ginger insists she was never afraid because she knew Leelie was with her.

After the Armistice, times were hard and jobs were scarce even for a woman with a service record like Mrs. Rogers'. She was forced to do almost anything to support herself and Ginger.

"We lived on five dollars a week for a while," Mrs. Rogers told me. "And then on twelve. I shall never forget my raise to eighteen. A princely sum!"

All the while, in childish fashion, Ginger had her mind on (Continued on page 105)

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T + + CRY + +



(Above) Seven-year-old Ginger.
(Right) Ready for a "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain."
(Extreme right) After she had won the Charleston contest.



trouble than to cry about it—she still lives up to it

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



Culver Service

Ah, young love is here again. It is spring! The birds are twittering in the trees. The hero and heroine tiptoe through the dandelions. While in the background, the wicked villain lurks, thinking of another kind of spring. The girl? Fanny Ward.



Globe Photo

(Above) Before the days when Connie Bennett was known as the "sophisticated Constance." The house apron—with Connie behind it—was for a scene in "My Son" with Nazimova. (Left) Ain't Bill Powell cute as an historical character? Not surprising that Dorothy Gish's mouth dropped open.



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Wears \$10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot*!

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile*!

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them

to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

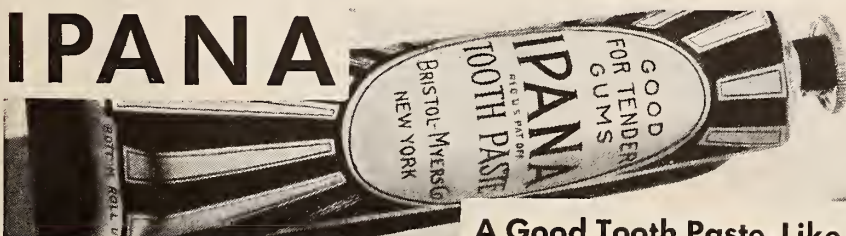
Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid mod-

ern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's *ziratol* in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-82
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.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

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 in "Speed Crazy," Universal; "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charlestown, Penn., December 16. First National player. Featured in "A Successful Calamity," "The Jewel Robbery" and "Night Flower," First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "High Pressure," First National; "Tom Brown of Culver," Universal.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount star. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount. Working in "Tiger Shark," First National. Next is "Hot Ice," Paramount.

ARLIS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Started in "Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." Next is "Rise and Fall of Rothschild," For Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Sarnaw, Mich., November 20. RKO-Pathé player. Featured in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "Radio Patrol," Universal; "Is my Face Red?" RKO-Radio. Working in "Madison Square Garden," Rogers.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Lucky Lynton." Working in "Washington Whirlpool," For 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 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 20. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Young Bride," "Roadhouse Murder" and "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio. Making personal appearances.

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Silent Witness," Fox; "Dr. X," First National.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 27. Universal star. Started in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World." Working in "Laughing Boy," For Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gheaters At Play," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount star. Started in "World and the Flesh." Working in "The Challenger," For Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Started in "Thunder Below" and "Devil and the Deep." Next is "Blood and Sand," For Paramount.

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

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Washington Whirlpool," For M-G-M.

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

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 25. Fox star. Started in "Surrender," "Amateur Duddy" and "Man About Town," Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Started in "Hell Divers," co-starred in "Grand Hotel."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Young America," "Woman in Room 13" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next is "What Price Glory?" For Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. RKO-Pathé star. Started in "Lady With a Past" and "What Price Hollywood?" RKO-Pathé. Working in "Two Against the World," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markoy; born in Palmdale, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Careless Lady," "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Week Ends Only," Fox.

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beacomills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Arrowsmith," United Artists; "No Greater Love," Columbia. Working in "Sporting Widow," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal For Sale," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria, September 10. Universal star. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Working in "Broken Dreams of Hollywood," For Universal.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Crowd Roars," "Famous Ferguson Case," "Miss Finkerton" and "Big City Blues," Warners. Working in "Gates of Hollywood," Paramount. Next is "Three on a Match," Warners.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Careless Lady," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal. Making personal appearances.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starts soon in "Call Her Savage," Fox.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 6. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Started in "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé. Will do series of Westerns for Darnour.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Wise Sex," Paramount; "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, ELI; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured 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 in "High Pressure," First National and "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Rich Are Always With Us," "Miss Pinkerton," "Week-End Marriage" and "Night Flower," Working in "Children of Pleasure." Next is "They Call It Sin," For First National.

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

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, Eng., June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Shanghai Express" and "Man From Yesterday." Working in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," For Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Started 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 in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; "Fatal Alarm," Trem Carr. Working in "Vanishing Frontier," Darnour.

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

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride," Paramount. Working in "Downstairs," M-G-M.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured 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 in "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Society Girl" and "Week Ends Only," Fox.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Started in "The Crowd Roars" and "Winner Take All," Warner Bros.

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

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

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

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselsburg, Kent, Eng., December 8. Fox player. Featured in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National.

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

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 29. Hal Roach star. Started in "Nickle Nurse," "Balm Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Started in "Rich Are Always With Us." Working in "Children of Pleasure," For Warners.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Valse; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Started in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Way to Love," For Paramount.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox; "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. United Artists star. Started in "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," Goldwyn-United Artists. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Universal player. Featured in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World," Universal. Now recuperating from nervous breakdown.

(Continued on page 90)

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

Wynne Gibson	July 3	Dolores Del Rio	August 3
Ricardo Cortez	July 7	Leo Carrillo	August 6
John Gilbert	July 10	Ann Harding	August 7
Irene Dunne	July 14	Sylvia Sidney	August 8
Barbara Stanwyck	July 16	Dorothy Jordan	August 9
James Cagney	July 17	Charles Farrell	August 9
Lupe Velez	July 18	Norma Shearer	August 10
Richard Dix	July 18	Gene Raymond	August 13
Clara Bow	July 29	Joan Blondell	August 30

How long could YOU stand

"WEEK-END MARRIAGE"?



Lola and Ken found
it didn't last very
much longer than its name . . .

HE gave up an opportunity for promotion in South America to marry her. He swallowed his pride when his cut salary forced her to continue working as a secretary—and when a raise made her earnings larger than his own.

But a slovenly house and delicatessen fare eventually drove him from home to the poor consolation of a speakeasy—and wild company. Was this to be the end of their pathetic "week-end marriage"?

Find the real, human story of Lola and Ken—"Week-End Marriage"—in the August **SCREEN ROMANCES**. You'll like it—every line of it—because it's the story of people you know—of the people next door—perhaps even your own story. Don't miss it!

And don't miss the nine other absorbing talkie stories in the same issue—all liberally illustrated with rotogravure "stills" from the actual Hollywood productions. Today—at any newsstand—ask for the latest

Screen Romances

THE 10 BEST TALKIE STORIES OF THE MONTH!

Look for the COMPLETE STORIES

of these late pictures

in the August **SCREEN ROMANCES**:

WEEK-END MARRIAGE: *Loretta Young and Norman Foster.*

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?: *Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton.*

BIRD OF PARADISE: *Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.*

WINNER TAKE ALL: *James Cagney and Marion Nixon.*

BACK STREET: *Irene Dunne and John Boles.*

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY: *George Arliss and Mary Astor.*

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM: *Marion Nixon and Charles Farrell.*

HUDDLE: *Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans.*

LOVE IS A RACKET: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Ann Dvorak.*

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL: *Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney.*

It's Easy to Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—with wonder-working
Tintex Color Remover



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



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



3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

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counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 9)

completely—drop the head, droop the shoulders and let the abdominal muscles go. Then move by slow stages back to your first position—abdominal muscles in first, back raised and straightened next, shoulders pulled back third, chest expanded again fourth, and head dropped back fifth.

These exercises—repeated with unflagging faith every day—will improve the posture and firm up a flabby bust. Also, simply rotating the shoulder joints will help—one shoulder at a time, then both together, then with the arms down at the sides, stretched out at shoulder level, or raised to shoulder level and bent upward at the elbows.

There now—that's quite a few exercises to go on with. And I have some more—some of them worked out by a well known beauty expert and some of my own. I'll gladly send you a mimeographed copy of whichever set you want (hips, stomach, bust, shoulders, feet or whatnot) if you'll write to me. I'd set them down here except for the fact that exercise descriptions do take up so much space.

Another problem which I left out of my article was the freckle problem. There are two kinds of freckles—temporary and permanent. The temporary freckles are the ones which startle you out of your wits when you look into the mirror after your first day on the beach. I know. The sun does me that way. And I've made a point of plastering myself with a good bleach cream the minute I return from a swim—and I refuse to look in the mirror for one solid hour! Temporary freckles will disappear—honestly and truly—if they are constantly daubed with a freckle remover or bleach cream. As the old song went, "It may be for years and it may be forever," but they really will go away. Permanent freckles—the ones which have been left untreated for years or those which have pierced too far down for ordinary bleaching agents to reach—are something else again. Personally, I think that if sensitive skinned folks will just keep chasing each summer's batch of freckles away with bleaches, the few permanent freckles left are attractive and piquant and not a bit disfiguring. There are, to be sure, peeling preparations on the market which will even take those off. But I frankly state that an efficacious peeling preparation is as expensive as platinum, practically. A very small treatment costs in the neighborhood of ten dollars and that's a heap of money these days.

PEOPLE who freckle and burn easily should treat themselves to a sun-burn oil or cream. There's no fun at all in getting a blistering red that never turns to tan and a remedy really comes under the head of a skin medicine rather than a cosmetic. The top to the beach pajama should be a turtle necked sweater for such people and the beach

hat should be a large, friendly, floppy one.

Another beauty problem that I'd like to say a word about is eyebrow-plucking. People write and ask me whether they should or should not pluck their eyebrows, whether they should arch them or keep them the natural shape. Now, I ask you? How can I tell? Except that I can—and always do—advise against changing the natural shape of the brows. True, a change of eyebrow does give an entirely different expression to the face and add a certain zest to life sometimes. But for girls in ordinary walks of life I think it's a mite silly—not to mention a great deal of trouble. I do think that shaggy brows should be groomed—stray hairs tweezed out, I mean, and a neat, smart appearance strived for. But I don't always hold with plucking heavy brows. No, sir! There's nothing that gives strength and character—yes, and beauty, too—to a face more than strongly marked brows—if they are neat and tidy. Especially brunettes. And decided blondes with definitely marked dark brows are lovely, too. Look at Bette Davis on page 8. She would be just another pretty blonde without those good looking dark brows. They're groomed nicely, but their shape isn't altered one iota.

NOW, a word to young girls. Don't—please don't—get so morbidly worried about yourselves! Some of your letters would have me in constant tears if it weren't for the fact that I know you exaggerate your problems. "Dear Miss Biddle," some of you say, "I don't know what I'm going to do. I wish I could die. My skin is terrible. My hair is a horrible color and I can't fix it any way at all. No wave will stay in it. I'm so fat (or so thin) that all my friends make fun of me and I never have any dates. Please tell me what to do. I'm just desperate." Now, of course, I'm exaggerating a little bit, but you get the general idea. Young girls seem to go through this stage when they're at the in-between age—neither little girl nor young lady. It's a tough time, I admit. But please just try to think of this period as a preparation time for the day when you're going to blossom out as a really lovely person. Spend your time experimenting and trying hard to have a nice skin and pretty hair and a beautiful figure. And if your friends laugh at you—then they're not real friends. And if the boys don't keep your telephone ringing—well, don't bother about the silly creatures. In a couple of years they'll be positively pestering you to death for dates and then you can just lift a supercilious eyebrow at them and say, "Soreh, but I'm afraid I'm busy tonight. No, I'm busy tomorrow night, too. Well—let me see—I'll save a week from Thursday for you, if you really want to see me!" That'll fix 'em!

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 11)

some of the new hot beverage cups which also come in a choice of colors. These special cups will hold hot drinks without melting or leaking, which is something the ordinary paper cups were not designed to do. And speaking of cups, bake those little individual cakes for which we are giving you the recipe in this month's booklet in individual crinkle cups. They are easier to pack and eat than a single large cake, and look dressier in the bargain.

DOUBTLESS you already know about the paper forks, spoons, straws and plates, and other paper picnic helps. But if you don't you had better look over the surprisingly large variety now available. The Kress and Kresge stores carry a large and attractive assortment. We want especially to call your attention to the little serving dishes which are ideal for individual serving of salads or for holding pickles and other condiments. And, when you are picnic shopping, be sure to pick up plenty of waxed paper in the form of bags as well as rolls or sheets, in which to wrap the sandwiches and cakes.

For packing the food and the eating equipment we recommend those ten cent paper shopping bags. They are so convenient and so easy to carry. In fact, you will find that the arranging of any picnic can be much simplified if you plan to have on hand, during the summer months, one or two of these shopping bags well stock with paper picnic aids. In this way you will always be ready to start off on a picnic on very short notice.

Large mayonnaise or preserve jars are ideal containers for the salad—and be sure* to carry the lettuce separately in its own jar if you want it to arrive at the picnic fresh and attractive. And just to remind you! Before you start out on your picnic, remember to put in the picnic bag a sharp knife, a long handled spoon, an anchor bottle opener and the salt and pepper.

Be sure to send for this month's Star Recipes for the favorite picnic foods of John Boles. They will go far towards helping make any picnic a thoroughly enjoyable event. We hope that this summer's picnics will be the best you have ever attended. And they will be, if you follow the John Boles formula, which reduced to its simplest terms is merely good food, attractively served, amid pleasant surroundings. Come to think of it, that is the formula for making any meal a success, isn't it?

Next month the Modern Hostess will talk about afternoon tea parties and tell you how to serve them on the veranda or in your living-room. Clive Brook was kind enough to give us some really splendid ideas for this one which you'll enjoy—so, don't miss it!



Tint or Dye It at Home With Quick, Easy Tintex and Save Money!

**Perfect Professional Results Assured
No Muss—No Fuss—No Spots—No Streaks**

Go over your wardrobe today! Pick out all the faded "washed-out" garments or those with unfashionable, unbecoming colors...

In just a few minutes, and at next to no cost, Tintex will restore all their original color-freshness or will give them new and different colors, if you wish!

And it will do the same for household fabrics, too! Curtains, table-runners, bed-spreads...any decorative fabric may be made to bloom with bright new color easily and quickly.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter. 35 beautiful colors from which to choose! Marvelous results assured from your very first trial! Try it today!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 12)

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—Lew Ayres as a young hospital interne, Mae Clarke as the young girl who falls in love with him. **Good—okay for kids.**

IS MY FACE RED? (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in a story based on the life of a Winchell. **Good—a mite risqué in spots for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS (First National)—How a man's life—when he suddenly becomes a national hero—can very nearly be ruined. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the national hero. **Fair.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Concerning how a jury came to their verdict—with Edna May Oliver as the most obstreperous member of said jury. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)—Another young lady who pretends to have had a glamorous past in order to impress the man she loves. Constance Bennett is the young lady and David Manners the boy she is trying to impress. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford as a girl who loves and leaves. Nils Asther is the one who is left—and tries blackmail. Robert Montgomery is the man to whom Joan really gives her heart. **Very good—but not for the young ones.**

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Robert Armstrong and Eric Von Stroheim in a story of the stunt aviators who risk their lives for thrills for the camera in Hollywood. **Excellent—okay for children.**

LOVE AFFAIR (Columbia)—An heiress falls in love with an aviator—and finds many difficulties besetting the path to happiness. Dorothy Mackaill has the leading rôle. **Fair.**

MAN WANTED (Warner)—Kay Francis as a modern business woman and David Manners as the man who becomes her secretary and, of course, falls in love with her. She is unhappily married—so the plot thickens. **Fair—dull for children.**

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (Warner)—George Arliss as a brilliant pianist who loses his hearing in an accident and who—after an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide—spends his life doing good to his neighbors. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Hollywood's newest version of the famous war spy. Greta Garbo and Lionel Barrymore have the leading rôles. Ramon Novarro is the young lieutenant who falls for Garbo's charms. **Excellent—but not for children.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—Pleasant little English story, written by A. A. Milne, played by an all-English cast and imported by Universal. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored by it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, Hohart Bosworth and John Wray in a talkie version of the famous silent in which Lon Chaney made his name. **Very good—children should like it.**

MISS PINKERTON (Warner)—Thrilling mystery story with Joan Blondell and George Brent. **Good—children will find it exciting.**

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner)—The story of a lawyer who, because he unwittingly sends an innocent man to the electric chair, becomes the mouthpiece for crooks and makes a name for himself in securing sensational acquittals. Warren William plays the lawyer with fine feeling and excellent humor. Aileen MacMahon is his secretary and Sidney Fox the girl he really falls for. **Very good—older children will like it.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—A Hollywood version of the famous Edgar Allan Poe story. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the kids.**

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M)—Another story about the younger generation. Robert Young is good. **Good—the children could find a profitable lesson in it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Ernst Lubitsch bedroom musical with Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young and Charles Ruggles. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—kids probably won't like it.**

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in a slapstick

comedy which was taken from—of all things—"Her Cardboard Lover." **Very funny—excellent for children.**

PLAY GIRL (First National)—Loretta Young, Norman Foster and Winnie Lightner in a modern romantic story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a story with a circus background. Clark Gable plays a he-man minister. **Good—okay but not very entertaining for the offspring.**

PRESTIGE (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding and Melvyn Douglas as a young married couple whose troubles begin when they have to go and live in a penal colony because the husband has been ordered there for duty—he is an army officer. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another hilarious comedy. **Excellent—and by all means take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

RADIO PATROL (Universal)—Robert Armstrong and Lila Lee in a story about the men who chase crime in the radio cars. **Good—and children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (Warner)—Wealthy married woman's love problem when she falls in love with another man. Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and John Miljan head the cast. **Good—but youngsters will find it dull.**

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY (Universal)—Tom Mix in his second come-back picture. This was erroneously reported in our last issue as his come-back picture. **Good—fine for children.**

ROADHOUSE MURDER (RKO-Radio)—A murder story with an unusual twist to it. Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan have the leading rôles. **Good—okay for children.**

SCARFACE, SHAME OF THE NATION (United Artists)—The last of the honest-to-goodness gang films. Paul Muni and George Raft have important parts. Ann Dvorak is also in it. Full of shooting and excitement—and a good deal of preaching. **Very good—not for children.**

SCANDAL FOR SALE (Universal)—Newspaper yarn with Pat O'Brien, Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford. **Fair.**

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—Exciting goings-on which almost all take place on Shanghai Express. Marlene Dietrich, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and others are all very good. But the locomotive almost steals the picture. **Very good—children will like the action scenes.**

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox)—Joan Bennett as the girl who decides that money is more important in marriage than love. **Fair.**

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—A story of a stunt flyer who loses his nerve—until the appropriate dramatic moment arrives. Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen are in it. **Very good—kids will like it.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracey, William (Stage) Boyd and Ann Dvorak in an amusing air comedy. **Very good—great for boys.**

SO BIG (Warner)—Edna Ferber's famous story in talkie form with Barbara Stanwyck in the leading rôle. **Very good—suitable for children.**

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn, Peggy Shannon and Spencer Tracy in a prize fight story. **Good—take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Frank Altherton, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda in an automobile story. **Good—okay for kids.**

STATE'S ATTORNEY (RKO-Radio)—Another story about the brilliant lawyer who spends his time securing acquittals for guilty criminals. John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees have the leading rôles. **Very good—older children will like it, too.**

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—Something like "Madelon Claudet" with Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson and Pat O'Brien. **Good—a little sad for the children.**

STRANGE INTERLUDE (M-G-M)—Eugene O'Neill's psychological study of a woman's life and loves emerges beautifully on the screen. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph

Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young. **Excellent—but much too grown-up and sophisticated for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—Ann Dvorak, Richard Cromwell and Spencer Tracey in a love and mother-love story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warners)—George Arliss in a story about a millionaire who plays poor to reunite his family. Mary Astor, Evelyn Knapp and William Janney are in it. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez as a young doctor of the Ghetto who rises to great heights and forgets his former ideal that money means nothing. Irene Dunne plays opposite him. **Excellent sentimental type of story—splendid for the children.**

TARZAN, THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan. His magnificent physique will inevitably win your admiration. Neil Hamilton and Maureen O'Sullivan are also in the cast. **Very good—fine for the kids.**

THE TENDERFOOT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a very funny comedy about a cowboy who comes to New York with his big inheritance. **Good—and children will just love it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Amusing comedy about a timid man who gets himself into a jam with another man's wife and gets still more mixed up in trying to extricate himself. Roland Young, Charles Ruggles, Lily Damita and Thelma Todd are in it. **Good—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson in love comedy with Melvyn Douglas. **Excellent—but not for children.**

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford in a triangle story. **Good—children won't care for it much.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE TRIAL OF VIVIEEN WARE (Fox)—Thrilling court-room melodrama handled with imagination and skill. **Good—all right for the young folks.**

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in the exciting story of a man's review of his life as he is about to die. **Excellent—but not the right entertainment for children.**

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in an amusing comedy of errors. **Very good.**

WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Warners)—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in a story about young love and its difficulties. **Good—children may like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

WESTWARD PASSAGE (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding, Laurence Olivier and Irving Pichel in another triangle story. **Good—but children would be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Robert Young and others in a story about prohibition and pre-prohibition days. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper in another kid picture. **Very good—great for kids.**

WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners)—Jimmie Cagney and Marian Nixon in a prize fight story. **Good—children will like the fight scenes and Cagney's roughneck acting.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13 (Fox)—A slightly out-moded murder story with Eliisa Landi, Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton. **Fair—children would be bored.**

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—Russian revolution story with George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. **Good—children will find it exciting.**

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Story dealing with the modern youth problem. Spencer Tracey and Doris Kenyon are in it. **Good—fine for children.**

YOUNG BRIDE (RKO-Pathé)—The troubles of a young married couple—the husband of which is a terrible bluff and show-off. Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden are the couple. **Fair—okay for the kids.**

The Hardest Job in Hollywood

(Continued from page 73)

FOR instance, Tom Mix.

Not many persons know the story of his really amazing career. Or that he is part Indian. Or that he carries a half-dozen lead slugs in his body as souvenirs of gun fights that were not fought before cameras.

Born near El Paso, Texas, fifty years ago, with a father who was a captain of U. S. Cavalry, he learned to

ride as soon as he could walk. At eighteen, he followed his first glory trail to war.

Old Spain and America had come to grips in Cuba. He fought through the Battle of Guaymas, helped the Rough Riders at Christobel Hill, and was a scout for Theodore Roosevelt until a guerilla shot him through the mouth.

Next, the Philippines. And then

China—with a battery of United States artillery. During the siege of Peking, a Chink shell stripped his skull of skin from eyebrow to crown. One would think that he had seen enough of the world and war, but his discharge from a military hospital saw him off to South Africa to join the British.

Home after the Boer surrender, he returned to our own southwest. In

those days, cattle rustling was rife. He undertook to stamp it out with such success that he became successively sheriff in three separate states, U. S. Marshall in Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona, and finally a Texas ranger.

It was he who went alone into the desert after the notorious Shonts bandits, who was shot in the back by an Indian woman during the chase, who outfought and outwitted the badmen and then, despite his wound, brought them back to jail. Again, while arresting three rustlers in Colorado, not many months later, he stopped a load of buckshot—but he got his men!

Along the way, at various western round-ups, he won every title a cowboy could own . . . roping, riding, bulldogging. Which brought him to the attention of the famous old Selig company, pioneer movie makers, who persuaded him to sign a contract. But the first booming of guns in the Madero Revolution in Mexico drew him like a magnet and he had a final fling at war until a leg wound sent him back to Hollywood to become a Selig star.

Tom Mix's gift to the screen was a robust personality and rich experience. The public was weary of the synthetic thrills of that smart little Broadwayite named Max Aronson who called himself Bronco Billy. It welcomed Mix with open arms. They knew, beyond doubt, that his riding and roping *belonged*.

Always, the popularity of western pictures has depended upon the personality of its stars. What a tribute to

Tom Mix that he started and maintained, with the help of such stars as Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, and Buck Jones, the vogue for virile westerns.

BUCK JONES, who is under a Columbia contract, has had a life that rivals a Horatio Alger hero's. It started after he ran away from home to become a Montana cowboy. An enlistment in the U. S. cavalry took him to the Philippines where he learned the ins and outs of jungle death. On his return to America he became a trick rider for the famous "101" Ranch Wild West Show.

The World War was his oyster. He wanted to fly and fight but appointments were slow and red tape was endless so he joined the air corps as a lowly mechanic. Before the armistice was signed, he had become a pilot with the famous American 17th Pursuit Squadron on the Picardy, Somme, and Flanders fronts.

After the war, he was showing the crowned heads of Europe his brand of horsemanship when William Fox saw him. A fountain pen, a dotted line, and Hollywood had gained a brand new hero.

Ken Maynard, recently a Tiffany star but now producing his own pictures, also carries out the Mix tradition. Born a Texan, he was only twelve when he ran away from his home ranch to join a circus. Even then, he was a cow punching prodigy. It was four years before Mr. Maynard, Sr., found him and persuaded him to enroll

in the Virginia Military Institute.

Ken left V. M. I. with a diploma and training for the engineering profession. Ahead, he glimpsed the bright lure of tanbark and horseflesh or the excitement of building bridges and damming rivers. He chose his old love, the circus, and abandoned engineering until during the war when a busy government submerged him at Camp Knox, Kentucky, and told him to build roads and forget about horses. He forgot, as ordered, until Armistice Day—and his first week out of uniform saw him going back to the show business as head rider for Ringling Brothers circus.

Hoot Gibson is a cowboy who is proud of it. With Mix, he has been turning out clean, fast yarns for young Americans since that remote day when a string of rodeo and round-up championships won him a motion picture contract. Beside his business, just one thing absorbs his interest—sheer, blinding speed. Just to show you, he owns a motorcycle that can better 100 miles per hour, a racing car that he threatens to drive at the Indianapolis speedway this year, and an airplane that he himself piloted to victory in last year's National Air Races.

Yearly, he stages a gigantic round-up. Yes, his own, personal, private round-up. To it come the greatest and the least of all those who make Westerns. Yearly, he sends an invitation to that dusty hostelry just off Sunset known as the Cowboy Hotel and invariably its high-heeled, sombrero-wearing residents pack their boots and

THE MORNING AFTER

That your gown was pretty and matched your eyes . . . that your hair had a bewitching curl . . . that you danced divinely . . . remain only vague impressions in his mind. But—you are remembered as a vision of loveliness which lingers long in his memory aided by that romantic, irresistible fragrance of Blue Waltz.

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saddles and respond. They know that this may be the break that will start them to the top for they will have chances at outlaw broncs and untamed steers under the eyes of the biggest personages in Hollywood. Nobody who is anybody, they know, ever misses a Hoot Gibson Round-up.

The advent of talking pictures disrupted the development of the old-time silent slam-bang saga. And it cast, almost immediately, the Western film into the doldrums.

What to do, Hollywood wondered. Was the Western doomed? Cautious producers curtailed production plans.

AND just to confound them, there appeared a gentleman with a long upper lip whose first rôle was a cowboy "bit" in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Within months, a new Western star was flaming in the sky. People who had wearied of cowboys came back to see him. Production plans had to be expanded to new proportions. Once again, the cowboy star rode high. That's what Gary Cooper did for Westerns.

Of course, Gary went on to other things. And again Hollywood wondered what would happen.

Today has an answer in two young men who represented a new type of Western hero. They are men who were cowboys before they were actors and actors before they were cowboy actors. Tom Keene, the RKO star, is one. George O'Brien, of Fox, is the other.

Tom was born, of all places, in Sleepy Hollow, New York, but went west while still a youngster. Nebraska prairies were his kindergarten and an ill-tempered cayuse was his hobby horse. While still in his teens, he graduated to the wider ranges of Montana and the Dakotas where he varied cow punching with driving a government stage. When America's declaration of war found him two years too young for service he went further west to do his bit in the Seattle shipyards.

Here was his first taste of cities, and he found that he liked it. He saved his money and went to night school. Returning to the east of his boyhood, he went to Carnegie Tech to study drama. And then he tackled Broadway. His first rôle was a line in "Madame X." A year of stock experience prepared him further. The big break came when he won the lead in "White Cargo" and played it around the world.

Cecil DeMille introduced him to pictures. Who remembers George Dur-yea, as he was called then, in that stirring film called "The Godless Girl"? Who remembers him with Lon Chaney in "Thunder," or as the brother in "Tol'able David"? That was six foot, blue-eyed Tom Keene, today's cowboy star, before RKO discovered his horsemanship and dexterity with six-guns . . . and before he got the new name that he is making famous.

We all knew George O'Brien long before Fox made him a cowboy. His rôles in "The Iron Horse" and "Sunrise" are unforgettable. Of course, he never was a cowboy in the sense that he grew up on a ranch, but a cowboy cop who was riding instructor for the San Francisco police force of which O'Brien's father was chief taught him the business while he was still a kid. Sports were easy for him, particularly the three R's of his cowboy mentor, "ridin', ropin', and rasslin'." When Uncle Sam declared war in 1917, he was one of the first to enlist in the Navy where he fought his way to the light-heavyweight boxing championship of the Pacific fleet.

IT was Tom Mix himself—and who can fail to see Fate's finger here—who later picked O'Brien from a group of Santa Clara college kids to work as an assistant cameraman, and who finally saw that George got a chance to play a minor rôle on the Fox lot where he himself was kingpin . . . and where George would some day succeed to his position after Mix had passed on to other undertakings.

With a bent for natural, vigorous acting and a superb physique, George O'Brien was an inevitable selection when Fox looked about for a man to build into a Western ace. His "Lone Star Ranger" and "Last of the Duanes" confirmed their choice. All over the country, kids took him to their hearts—and O'Brien found himself launched on a new career.

These two men, O'Brien and Tom Keene, are new faces in the Western film, new faces that were badly needed. Their contagious charm and enthusiasm is again accomplishing what Gary Cooper accomplished several years ago. Together with Mix, Gibson, Jones, and Maynard, they have accepted the hardest job in Hollywood and are sweeping public interest to new high levels.

Perhaps the pictures they make are

not "art." Certainly, as individuals, they can never aspire to the serious dramatic heights of a Barrymore or an Arliss. But they can, thank Heavens, give us more of those death-defying, heroic pictures which hypnotize our sons and daughters . . . yes, and our sons' and daughters' fathers and mothers, too.

Now here is Tim McCoy, authentic gentleman of the old West and as dashing a horseman as ever spurred a bronc over a cliff. But he is more than an ordinary cowboy, much more. For one thing, he can throw lead faster than any man in the movies. "Chain lightning with a six gun," they say of him. His record is drawing a gun and firing six shots through a half dollar at ten paces. Try to tie that some dull afternoon. For another thing, he knows more about Indians than most anyone you might mention.

Remember those furious scenes in "The Covered Wagon" where embattled white settlers fire between the spokes of their wagon wheels at hordes of attacking Redskins? Tim McCoy was behind all that. He had brought those Indians from their reservation near his 7,000 acre ranch in Wyoming, had persuaded them to don warpaint and feathers, and set them on the wagon trains. His title, just for the record, was technical director for the "Covered Wagon" company.

HE was only eighteen when he left home in Saginaw, Mich., to get a cowpuncher's job in the West. His range, it happened, was near an Indian reservation, and he made it a point to study them and their sign language. Presently, when he could talk fluently, they became his friends and companions. When he asked them to go to Hollywood with him, they trusted him and went.

During the filming of "The Covered Wagon," he had to cover a lot of ground at breakneck speed. His riding was phenomenal and thrilling. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a leading part in a series of Westerns . . . just because he could ride so well. He took it, and became the idol of millions almost overnight. Today, he is still riding. His latest picture is "Two-fisted Law" for Columbia. And Tim McCoy fits the title. A six-footer with brown hair and flashing blue eyes, he is anybody's idea of a two-fisted man—just another doing the "hardest job."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 84)

CLYOE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Steady Company," "Cohens and Kellys In Hollywood," "Radio Patrol," and "Back Streets" for Universal.
CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Wrote him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "File No. 113," "Tiffany," "The Tenderfoot," "First National. Working in "Drifting Souls," Schlank.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "The Winner Sex" and "Misleading Lady." Working in "Man From Yesterday." for Paramount.
COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Wrote him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; "Handicap," Chadwick; "Phantom Express," Educational. Appearing on legitimate stage.
COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng., February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith," for Goldwyn-United Artists.
COMPTON, JULETTE; married in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers in Love," Paramount; "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National and "Devil and the Deep," Paramount.
COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Clendale, Calif., October 26. Wrote him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Attending military academy.
COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Clendale, Calif., December

13. Paramount player. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.
COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Wrote him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox.
COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Working in "Devil and the Deep," Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Champ" and "When a Feller Needs a Friend." After personal appearance tour will make "The O'Shaughnessy Boy." for M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. RKO-Radio star. Costarred in "Symphony of Six Million." 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 star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Lucky Lynton." M-G-M. Working in "Rain," United Artists.
CROWWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Emma," M-G-M; "Strange Love of Nelly Louvain," First National; "Tom Brown of Culver," Universal.
CROSBY, RAY; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Wrote him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured in "Dream House" and "Bill Board Girl," Sennett. Working in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "Movie Crazy," Lloyd-Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense"

and "American Madness," Columbia. Working in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia.
DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "This Is the Night," Paramount. Making personal appearance tour.
DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Last picture was "Honor of the Family," next "Radio Girl," for Warners.
DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Poly of the Circus." Working in "Good Time Girl," for M-G-M.
DAVIS, BETTE; married; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Dark Horse." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." Next is "Three on a Match," for Warners.
DEAN, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount; "Love Is A Racket," First National. Working in "Lone Cowboy," Paramount.
DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Wrote her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal For Sale" and "Destiny Rides Again," Universal.
DEL RIO, DOLORS; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. RKO-Radio star. Starred in "Girl From the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise." Next is "Moon and Sixpence" for RKO-Radio.
DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai

Guess Who?



THE boy, of course, is Jimmy Cagney. Though the attitude's Victorian, the smile is unmistakable. But the lass? Ah, well, that's something else again! . . . Give up? . . . Well, don't let the brunette wig fool you—it's Joan Blondell. Of course you should have known—who could forget those great big beautiful eyes?

These two help to put the fun in **FILM FUN**—the magazine that turns Hollywood into Hollerwood!

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Expressa Working in "The Blonde Venus." For Paramount.

DILLWAY, DONALD, unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Featured in "Miss Pinkerton" and "Street Love of Molly Louvain." First National. "Attorney for the Defense." Columbia. "Peck Up Your Troubles." Roach-M-G-M.

DIX, RICHARD, married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO-Radio star. Starred in "The Lost Squadron." Working in "Roar of the Dragon." For RKO-Radio.

DORR, ADRIENNE, unmarried; born in Fort Sherman, Wash., May 22. First National player. Featured in "Famous Ferguson Case." Rich Are Always With Us" and "Street of Women." First National.

DORSA, FIFI, unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 15. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Young As You Feel." For Touring in vaudeville.

DOUGLASS, KENT, unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., October 29. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided." Universal. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN, married to Helen Gahanan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "The West Sex" and "The Broken Wing." Paramount. "As You Desire Me." M-G-M. "The Old Dark House." Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE, divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Caddo contract star. Write her at 7020 Romaine St., Hollywood. Starred in "Age for Love" and "Cock of the Air." Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSLER, MARIE, unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES, unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Society Girl." Working in "Walking Down Broadway." For Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE, married to Dr. E. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO-Radio star. Co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million." RKO-Radio. "Back Streets." Universal. Next is "Nurse Smith." RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES, married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Working in "Speak Easily." For M-G-M.

DVORAK, ANN, married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "The Crowd Roars." "Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Love is a Racket. "Without Consent" and "The Crooner." Working in "Revolt." All for First National.

EILERS, SALLY, married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Walking Down Broadway." For Fox.

ERWIN, STUART, married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers in Love" and "Misleading Lady." Working in "Gates of Hollywood." Next is "The Big Broadcast." For Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE, unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Lovers Courageous." "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle." M-G-M. Working in Al Johnson's united picture at United Artists.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR., married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "Love is a Racket." Working in "Revolt." For First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR., married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Working in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas." United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES, married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in "After Tomorrow." 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."

FORD, WALLACE, married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City." "Freaks." "Are You Listening?" "Wet Parade" and "Prosperity." M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN, married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Universal. "West-End Marriage." First National. Working in "Skycraper Souls." M-G-M.

FOX, SIDNEY, unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Universal. "The Mouthpiece." First National. Working in "Once in a Lifetime." Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY, married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women." Co-starred in "The Jewel Robbery." Working in "One Way Passage." For Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK, married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude." Starring in "China Seas." For M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA, unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET, married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Delicious." Working in "The First Year." For Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT, married to Sally Eilers; born in Tekoma, Neb., August 6. Write him at Fox studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "Local Bad Man," "Spirit of the West" and "A Man's Land." Allied Productions.

GIBSON, WYNNE, divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "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 star. Starred in "West of Broadway." Working in "Downstairs." 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 in "Fast Companions." Universal. "The Challenger." Paramount. Next is "Madison Square Garden." Charles Rogers Bros.

GOMBEL, MINNA, unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "After Tomorrow." "Careless Lady" and "Bachelor's Affairs." Fox.

GRANT, CARY, unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "This Is the Night." "Sinners in the Sun" and "Devil and the Deep." Working in "The Blonde Venus." Next is "Blood and Sand." For Paramount.

GRAVES, RALPH, married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and "Huddle." M-G-M.

GREEN, MITZI, old actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Next is "Little Orphan Annie." For RKO-Radio.

HAINES, WILLIAM, unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

HAMILTON, NEIL, married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Tarzan," "Wet Parade," "Are You Listening?" M-G-M. "Woman in Room 13." Fox. "What Price Hollywood." RKO-Pathé. Working in "Tut Against the World." First National.

HARDING, ANN, divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam, Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO-Pathé star. Starred in "Freakie" and "Westway Passage." For RKO-Pathé.

HARDY OLIVER, divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "County Hoop." also in feature length comedy "Peck Up Your Troubles." For Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN, divorced from Charles F. McGrew; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City." Starring in "Red Headed Woman." For M-G-M.

HAYES, HELEN, married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Arrowsmith." Goldwyn-United Artists. Next is "Farewell to Arms." Paramount.

HERSHOLT, JEAN, married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel." "Night Court." "New Morals for Old." Working in "Skycraper Souls." For M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE, married; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Paramount. "Scandal for Sale." Universal. Working in "Skycraper Souls." M-G-M.

HOLMES, PHILIPS, unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women." Paramount. "Night Court." M-G-M. Next is "70,000 Witches." Charles Rogers Bros.

HOLT, JACK, married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Maker of Men" and "Behind the Mask." Working in "War Correspondent." For Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM, divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Starred in "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh." Next is "Not Married." For Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA, divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidayburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night World" and "As You Desire Me." M-G-M. Working in "Speak Easily." For M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT, unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "But the Flesh is Weak." M-G-M. "Roar of the Dragon." RKO-Radio. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

HOWARD, LESLIE, married; born in England, April 24. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. Featured in "Devotion." Working in "Amal Kingdom." For RKO-Pathé.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE, unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail" and "Hold Em Jail." Working in "Is My Face Red?" For RKO-Radio.

HUSTON, WALTER, married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade" and "Night Court." M-G-M. "American Madness." Columbia. Working in "Rain." United Artists.

HYAMS, LILIA, married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Freaks." Working in "Red Headed Woman." For M-G-M.

JONES, BUCK, married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "South of the Rio Grande" and "Hello 'Trouble." Working in "McKenna of the Mounted." For Columbia.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," M-G-M; "Lost Squadron," "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox. Working in "Cabin in the Cotton," First National.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy," "Young Bride," "My Face Red," Working in "Hour of the Dragon," Fox for RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, Eng., November 23. Universal player. Featured in "Frankenstein," "Night World," and "The Old Dark House." Next is "The Invisible Man," Fox for Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickwick, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber," Working in "Speak Easily," Fox for M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. RKO-Pathé star. Starred in "Ghost City," "Sunrise Trail," and "Gun Law." Working in "The Law Rider," Fox for RKO-Pathé.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 15. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal; "Young America," Fox.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Franchise Lottery," Fox. "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

KNAFF, EYALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "High Pressure," "A Successful Calamity," and "Big City Blues," First National. Working in "The Sporting Widow," Paramount.

LANDI, ELSIE; married to George Forman; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Devil's Lottery," and "Woman in Room 16," Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

LABELL, STAN; married to Lois Nelson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Coney Hospital" and in the feature length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles," Fox Roach-M-G-M.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at RKO-Radio studio in New York City. Featured in "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

LEWIS, LILYAN; married to James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 22. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtz; born in Greenport, L. I., August 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Starred in "Manhattan Parade"; featured in "Play Girl," Fox for Warners.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "The Crowd Rears," First National; "Young Bride," M-G-M; "The Big Time," Columbia; "Big City Blues," First National. Working in "Life Begins," First National.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burdard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy," Paramount.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "No One Man," and "Sinners in the Sun." Next is "Pick Up," Fox for Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Heaven on Earth," Universal; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Misleading Lady," Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia. Working in "Clash of the Titans," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "Love Me Tonight," Fox.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Luzos, Hungary, October 20. Universal player. Featured in "The Great Gatsby," Fox for Universal. Working in "Suicide Club," Fox for Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "No One Man," Fox for Universal. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; "The Big Time," Columbia; "Week Ends Only," Fox. Working in "Murder Express," Columbia.

MACDONALD, JANE; married to George Forman; born in Philadelphia, June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You," Working in "Love Me Tonight," Fox for Paramount.

MACGILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Safe in Hell," First National; "Love Affair," Columbia. Appearing in vaudeville.

MANRERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. First National player. Featured in "Beauty and the Boss," "Man Wanted," and "Without Consent," Working in "The Crooner," Fox for First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Strangers in Love," "Merrily We Go to Hell," Paramount. Next is "Smilin' Thru," M-G-M.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Bachelor's Fare," Fox.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Featured in "Under the Big Lights," Fox for Warner Bros.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Ames; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 8. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 3. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Lost Squadron" and "Bird of Paradise." Co-starring in "The Most Dangerous Game," Fox for RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Gay Caballero" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox. Appearing in vaudeville.

MERCHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Riner; born in Pittsburg, Pa., April 9. Fox player. Featured in "Skyline" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

MENOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance. Featured in "Forbidden," Columbia; "Bachelor's Fare," Fox. Working in "Murder of the Night Club," Columbia.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burck; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. First National. "Huddle," M-G-M. Working in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Night Court," M-G-M; "Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Working in "Wichita Square," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January

6. Universal star. Starred in "Rider of Death Valley" and "Good Bad Man," Working in "The Marked Man," Fox for Universal.

MONTENEGRO, CONCETTA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11. Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Caballero," Fox. Appearing in musical comedy.

MONMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M player. Starred in "But the Flesh Will Be Tempted," Fox; featured in "Lucky Lynton," Working in "Good Time Girl," Fox for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. Fox player. Starred in "The Bad Boy," Fox; "The Winner Take All," First National; "No Greater Love," Columbia. Working in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount.

MORAN, LOIS; married to George Forman; born in New York City, March 1. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Men in Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORSE, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.

MORSE, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Arsene Lupin" and "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Man About Town," Fox. Working in "Washington Whirlwind," Fox for M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount. Working in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Lucke; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Next will be "Lawyer Man," First National. Working in "New York, New York," Fox.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married; born in Ireland, June 22. Universal player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Next is "Cohens and Kellys in Politics," Fox for Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, November 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Diner," M-G-M.

NEGREI, POLA; divorced from Prince Mdivani; born in Bromberg, Poland, December 31. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance. In "I Wonder Who'll Marry Me," Fox for RKO-Pathé.

NISSEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "The Silent Witness" and "The Winner Take All," Fox for Universal.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Amateur Daddy," Fox for Universal. Working in "The Winner Take All," Fox for Universal.

NOVARO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 10. M-G-M player. Starred in "Hell Diner," M-G-M; "The Huddle," Next is "Man of the Nile," Fox for M-G-M.

OAKIE, JACK; married; born in Seaside, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Starred in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount. Next is "Madison Square Garden," Charles Fox.

OLAN, WARNER; married to Judith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Sunshine Express," Paramount; "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO-Radio player. Starred in "Hell Diner," M-G-M; "Hold 'Em Jail," Appearing in musical comedy.

OLIVER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, Eng., August 1. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

OSBORNE, VIVIANNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Starred in "The Dark House," Case, "Two Seconds," and "The Dark House," Working in "Week End Marriage," Fox for Warner Bros.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; married to Betty Taylor; born in Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Rainbow Trail," "The Gay Caballero" and "Mystery Ranch," Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Betty Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal for Sale," Universal; "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount; "A Columbus," Columbia. Working in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan," M-G-M; "Fast Companions," Universal; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Sky-scaper Souls," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; married; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" "Night Court" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.

PALLE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Shanghai Express," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Illustrious Corpse," Tiffany.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Starred in "Westward Pass." Fox for RKO-Pathé. "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Ont., April 8. Can. star. Starred in "Kiki," Returns to screen soon in "Happy Ending," Fox.

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 1. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox; "Westward Passage," "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio; "Back Streets," Universal. Working in "Gates of Hollywood," Paramount. Next is "Auto Camp," Universal.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Jewel Robbery," Working in "One Way Passage," Fox for Warners.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31. Fox player. Starred in "RKO-Pathé film "The Big Show," RKO-Pathé; "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount. Working in "The Sporting Widow," Paramount.

RAYMOND, GENE; married; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Forgotten Commandments," Working in "Lives of a Bengal Tiger," Fox for Paramount.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bueabrest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Two Seconds," Fox. Working in "Tiger Shark," Next is "Silver Dollar," Fox for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Now appearing in "This Reckless Age," M-G-M.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé; "The Tenderfoot," First National. Appearing in vaudeville.

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okmash, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Ambassador Bill," "Business and Pleasure" and "Down to Earth," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night," Working in "Love Me Tonight," Fox for Paramount.

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 10. Fox player. Starred in "The Great Gatsby," Fox. Co-starring in "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," M-G-M; starred in "Without Consent," Warners.

SHAW, LEO GIGY; married to Alice Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany; "Society Girl," Fox. Working in "After the Rain," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMAN; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Private Lives" and "Strange Interlude," Working in "Smilin' Thru," Fox for M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helen Connelley; born in New York City, October 11. RKO-Radio star-director. Starred in and directed "Greeks Had a Name For Them," United Artists; featured in "What Price Hollywood?" RKO-Radio and Kellys in Politics," Fox for Universal.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary, March 15. Universal player. Co-starred with Charlie Murray in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Next is "Cohens and Kellys in Politics," Fox for Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Ladies of the Big House," "Miracle Man" and "Merrily We Go to Hell." Next is "Anything For Sale," Fox for Paramount.

STAN, WYCHE, ARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 18. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Showdown," Columbia; "Big" and "Night Flower," Warners. Working in "Briest Starrett," Charles; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Wiser Sex," "Sky Bride" and "The Chair," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 10. Fox player. Starred in "Crazy House," Fox. "Wet Parade," "Night Court," "Lucky Lynton," "New Morals for Old," Working in "Red Headed Woman," Fox for M-G-M.

SUMNER, GUY; married to George Forman; born in New York City, July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Unexpected Father," and "Tom Brown of Culver," Next is "Auto Camp," Fox for Universal.

SWANSON, GAIL; married to George Forman; born in New York City, March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never," Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

TASER, LILYAN; married to Edward Lower; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance. Featured in "Unity Garden" and "Strange Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Jennie Marston; born in Bakersfield, Calif., November 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENE; married; born in New York City, November 29. Columbia player. Featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Working in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia.

TOBIN, LEO; married to George Forman; born in Alhambra, N. Y., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "The Big Time," Columbia; "This Is the Night," Paramount. Working in "Horsefeathers," Paramount.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Showdown," Columbia; "They Never Come Back," Fox for Warners.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Great Gatsby," Fox. "Love Is a Racket" and "Dr. X," Working in "Blessed Event," Fox for Warners.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "Society Girl," Working in "After the Rain," Fox for Universal.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 23. RKO-Pathé star. Starred in "Young Bride," featured in "State's Attorney" and "Is My Face Red," RKO-Radio. Working in "Without Shame," M-G-M.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; "The Broken Wine," Paramount. Appearing in "Cafedela's Follies," in New York.

WEISMULLER, JOHNNY; married to Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan," M-G-M. Making personal appearances.

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Patterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Co-starred in "Peach O' Reno," "Girl Crazy" and "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Patterson, N. J., August 25. Write him at "Society Lady," Fox for Universal. Starred in "The Master Kills," Tiffany. Appearing in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Universal player. Starred in "Beauty and the Boss," "The Master Kills," and "The Dark House," Warners. Working in "Sky-scaper Souls," M-G-M.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Rider of Death Valley," Universal. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount. Next is "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mienone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Co-starred in "Peach O' Reno," "Girl Crazy" and "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio. Appearing in musical comedy.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Knickerbocker; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Showdown," Universal; "Dr. X," First National. Working in "The Most Dangerous Game," RKO-Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Play Girl" and "Week End Marriage," Working in "Life Begins," Next is "They Call It Sin," Fox for First National.

YOUNG, ROBERT; married; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old" and "Strange Interlude," Working in "Without Shame," Fox for M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Hour and the Woman" and "The Tenderfoot," Paramount. "Street of Women," First National. Now making a picture in England.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 6)

plains exactly how we feel about him and the unmerciful way he has been treated since the film-going public was credited by the producers to be tired of musicals.

STELLA JOHNSTON,
London, England
Yes—and wouldn't the youngsters just be crazy about them?

Why don't we have some moving pictures taken from our comic sections? Such as "Little Orphan Annie" with Mitzi Green, or—oh, yes!—"Bringing Up Father" with Polly Moran and Marie Dressler. Imagine Polly Moran singing the operatic selections, as George McManus has Maggie Jiggs do.

BUCK,
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Our artist will be right over to thank you as soon as he takes off his smock

I am writing to tell you that your magazine covers are the best I've seen on any movie magazine. I like them because they are pretty and really look like the stars. The cover of Sylvia Sidney was perfect. I think all the fans like to keep pretty colored pictures of their favorites. I hope you will have covers of Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo soon.

DOROTHY RYAN,
Kansas City, Missouri
Miss Chatterton is looking for stories, G. G. Maybe she'll consider this

I would like to see Miss Ruth Chatterton play Irene in "The Forsyte

Saga" by John Galsworthy. She is the only one in Hollywood who could do justice to the story.

G. G.,
New York, N. Y.

Bouquets for two beautiful ladies
Please—can't you do something to keep Helen Hayes in pictures? It is such a relief to see one of the fair sex who can really act.

MAY,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Marlene Dietrich is a wonderful actress and she always looks so beautiful without a lot of make-up and false lashes glued on her eyes. I hope she will be given better pictures.

VIRGINIA LANG,
St. Clair, Michigan

Sally-Hoot

(Continued from page 43)

amusing companion. Women made a good deal of fuss over him and his Don Juan reputation gave him an undeniable glamor. The kind of glamor that could not but impress anyone as young as Sally. It had been known to impress women a good deal older and more experienced.

Sally at the time of their marriage was practically unknown. Hoot, on the other hand, had been a cowboy star for years. His fame was well-established and though he was in his forties he was still a popular figure in Westerns.

In other words, when Sally and Hoot walked to the altar Hoot was the big shot, the celebrity, the star of the family. Sally was Hoot Gibson's wife. Today the situation is reversed—Sally is the important member of the family. And Hoot is Sally Eilers' husband.

Well—Hoot isn't the first Hollywood husband who couldn't stand his wife's success. It's happened before. It's just happened to Harry Bannister. And it'll happen again. No man with any pride can stand being a squaw man for long. The tragic thing is that had Hoot not encountered serious financial set-backs at the same time Sally was shooting to fame and economic independence, their quarrel might have been avoided. But it was the combination of circumstances that brought it about.

SALLY EILERS really loves Hoot Gibson—and Hoot really loves Sally. But when their love was put on the spot they forgot that love. At first they faced the situation hand-in-hand, bravely. It seemed to draw them more closely together. Sally made every effort to help tide Hoot over his financial crisis and to comfort him. Hoot made every effort to be a good sport about things. They took a modest little bungalow. Hoot sold his Rolls Royce, his plane, his place in the mountains.

It wasn't easy for either of them. How deeply it hurt Hoot to part with the things he loved no one knew. He laughed it off. More than the loss of his personal possessions, however, the thought of Sally worried him. He knew that they must sacrifice every luxury, scrape together every cent they could to pay the interest on his investments so that he would not lose them altogether. He knew that, in the end, if he could hang on long enough he would be rich again. But would Sally understand? Sally who had married him when he had everything. She was so young, so unused to responsibilities. Would she have the courage, the wisdom and the steadfastness to see things through? Was her love for him strong enough to stand the test?

But Hoot needn't have worried. Sally came through like a thoroughbred. She was as enthusiastic about their little bungalow as if it had been a mansion. She accepted the situation cheer-

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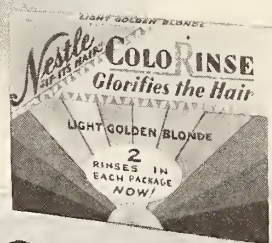
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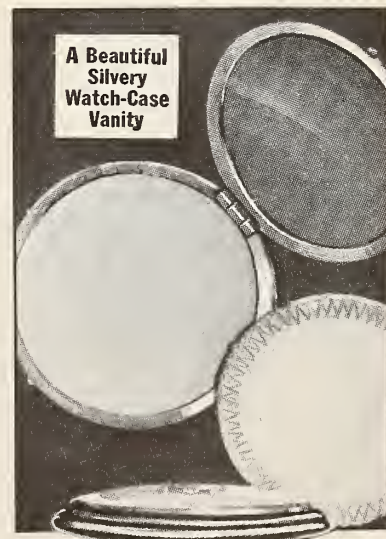
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fully and uncomplainingly. Hardly more than a child herself she tried to be a mother to Hoot's small daughter of a previous marriage. And Hoot's pride in her and his gratitude for her loyalty was touching.

Then just as they seemed happiest something went wrong. Sally's phenomenal success in "Bad Girl" and her meteoric rise to film fame did something to Hoot Gibson. Coming at a moment when he was in financial straits and down on his luck it was too much for Hoot. It tortured his pride to know that his wife was able to buy things for herself which he could no longer buy for her. And when, finally, he even had to accept help from her he suffered the agonies of the damned.

Now, Hoot is not only liked but respected by those who know him. It would never have occurred to anyone to regard him as a "Hollywood husband." His friends all recognized the ordeal through which he was passing and admired his courage. But Hoot, in his outraged masculinity, grew morbidly sensitive. He began to view Sally's success and his own temporary hard luck with distorted vision. He was so terrified of losing Sally's love and respect that he lost his nerve and his perspective. He began to be unreasonably jealous of Sally—to imagine that she was paying undue attention to other men—and that in her heart she wanted to leave him.

Probably in the beginning Sally had no such idea. She was deeply in love with Hoot and I believe she honestly wanted to make their marriage a success. But Hoot's constant suspicion and continual accusations began to tell on her. He would watch her moodily when she danced with other men. His desperation and wounded vanity made him say things he did not mean. The more afraid he grew of losing Sally the more impossible he made it for her to continue living with him. Poor Hoot! That perverse instinct which makes us do all the wrong things when we feel ourselves at a disadvantage in love got the better of his sanity and judgment. And eventually, as was inevitable, Sally began to be a little fed up.

PERHAPS she wasn't always as patient with Hoot as she might have been. And perhaps the exhilaration of sudden success made her a little cocky sometimes. After all, Sally is very young and she is getting her first taste of fame and public acclaim. At any rate, whether rightly or wrongly, Hoot got it into his mind that success had gone to Sally's head.

Quarrels, bickering and angry scenes began to be a pretty regular part of the routine of the Gibson ménage. It was all very pathetic and very understandable. Had they loved each other less they would undoubtedly have treated the situation with more wisdom and skill. But Hoot was hurt at what he considered Sally's indifference—not realizing that he himself was estranging her by his attitude. And Sally was hurt by what she considered Hoot's unreasonable jealousy and suspicion. And in their hurt and bewilderment both did

foolish things—things which only made matters worse. Hoot, sulky and defiant, would seek convivial solace with his men friends and show up two hours late at a dinner party which he and Sally were supposed to attend together. Sally, annoyed by his ungrounded suspicions, would sometimes tease him like a naughty child, pretending an interest in other men. And with each quarrel they drifted farther apart.

The situation had reached a critical stage when Sally did a very unwise yet very understandable thing. She went to New York—without Hoot. Now there was every reason for Sally's wanting to go to New York. She was just a kid and fame was still a new and thrilling thing to her. She knew that she would be wine and dined, feted and made a fuss over in New York. She had been working hard and trying at the same time to cope with a difficult domestic problem. And if she wanted a change and some fun—if she wanted laughter and play instead of scenes and recriminations for a while, who can blame her?

How about your diet?

Are you too fat?

Or too thin? If so

do you know the correct

way to diet?

See the next

MODERN SCREEN

On the other hand, one can equally comprehend Hoot's point of view. To him Sally's departure for New York was the final straw. He felt that she was walking out on him just when he needed her most. That she could leave him knowing that he was worried and depressed seemed to him the final proof that she no longer loved him.

AND when Sally came back things were worse than they had ever been before. Fresh from her triumphs in New York she was naturally less patient than ever with Hoot and his demands upon her. And Hoot, feeling shut out and unnecessary to her happiness, became more jealous and unreasonable than ever.

It's easy to say that Sally should have been more tolerant and sympathetic and that Hoot should have been less self-pitying and suspicious. Both were at fault, I suppose—yet it seems to me that neither should be blamed. They were handicapped from the start—and to

complicate matters, fate threw every possible stumbling block in their way.

Eventually, of course, the blow-off came—and came in such a way that concealment was impossible. For weeks the papers had been lying in wait for an Eilers-Gibson split-up story. But Sally and Hoot, whatever they said to one another in private, were steadfast in their public denials of any difficulties.

Then, at the final Mayfair dance of the season came the quarrel that was fatal. It was no different from any other quarrel between them—but circumstances built it to serious proportions. It was the aftermath that set the seal on things and brought Hoot and Sally to a public confession that they were through with one another.

Hoot, blindly jealous as usual, spoke insultingly to Sally. Sally, not wanting to face another of his rages, left the party with Edward Cline, the director, and his wife in Cline's car. Cline, in trying to avoid a reckless speeder, ran into a telephone pole and Sally was injured—not seriously but painfully. After receiving emergency treatment at a clinic, instead of going home she went to the Santa Monica house of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, close friends. She did not telephone Hoot.

WHEN she did not return home all night Hoot was first frantic, then furiously angry. Even after he heard about the accident he still saw red. He felt that Sally was his wife and he should at least have been notified—not stopping to realize that Sally was as angry at him as he was at her and that he himself had provoked the quarrel. In a way you can't blame him. He must have suffered during that night, not knowing where Sally was. But you can't blame Sally, either. She was shaken and unnerved, not only by the accident but by her scene with Hoot, and she was painfully cut and bruised. Perhaps even feeling toward him as she did, she should have let Hoot know where she was—yet most of us in her frame of mind would have acted the same way.

By the next evening Sally had made up her mind that she was never going back to Hoot—that things had come to a pass where it would be futile to attempt a reconciliation. Hoot, still bitterly hurt and resentful, had not been to see her. And both, for the first time, made statements to the newspapers admitting the trouble between them.

Of course, there is always the chance that Hoot and Sally may stay together in spite of everything. The latest news is that they've reconciled to the extent of Hoot's buying a new house for them.

I know they love each other still. But I also wouldn't be at all surprised if an emotional reconciliation might turn out to be only temporary. Sally knows that, too. She feels that the misunderstanding between them is fundamental, that it will take a great deal of tact and diplomacy to weather another storm.

Will Hollywood write "finis" to the romance of Sally and Hoot? Is the Heartbreak Town winning another tragic victory over a happy marriage?

Helen's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 79)

make-up with it as well. Warm, flesh-toned powder and under it a subtly blended rouge. The violet-red lipsticks and rouges go best with these lovely purple blues. But they're quite ugly when you try to use them with a lacquer red dress. You have to experiment.

"Another color that Miss Twelvrees is fond of is beige. That's a decidedly neutral tint and it requires an accent—something to bring it out. She simply uses a more brilliant lip rouge."

Try it if you already haven't. I did after I saw Helen in a beige summer suit. She didn't have a single splash of color on it but her lovely facial coloring supplied just the right accent. It's a very tailored sort of suit. The material is light weight wool, the kind you want for a vacation trip up into the mountains. It has double revers and the belt is at the normal waistline. Helen doesn't like belts as a rule. When she wears them at all they have to be at just the correct place or she says they make her look stubby. She refuses to wear them high in accordance with the present mode. That wide look through the shoulders is attained by a blue fox fur that runs across them in back and rambles down the arms to form the elbow length sleeves. It's as cute as can be. There's a soft beige silk blouse that makes it a "threesome" and long beige suede gloves that are the right answer to short sleeves.

"I adore hats. I think I'm a bit mad about them," Helen confessed there in her living room. "Simple dresses—drastic hats. That's my style creed. I like extreme hats. I like them saucy and beguiling, demure and picturesque. You certainly can take your choice this year. They come at every conceivable angle and with brims of varying widths. And what they do to your profile, my dear! Have you seen those starched mesh ones that have scarfs to match? Everything seems to be meshes this summer—gloves, hosiery, bags and even shoes combine mesh with kid.

SO many of the hats have a two-color scheme. I have a black turban—it's really a ducky thing—with a white crêpe top. Isn't it funny how we used to consider black the worst thing possible to wear in summer? And furs were absolutely taboo! Now they're not only permitted but emphasized by fashion authorities! This turban goes with one of those 'five o'clock' suits. A rather formal affair of black very sheer wool. It has a shawl collar and wide cuffs of ermine on the small jacket. Then there are jet buttons edged with rhinestones that are quite large. I wear an onyx ring surrounded by diamonds to match them." (See page 78.)

Right after she'd told me about that obviously expensive suit, she said a most



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startling thing: "Do you know, a price tag doesn't amount to a row of pins these days! Not so long ago inexpensive dresses looked cheap; they don't any more. *Some of the cutest things I have cost less than twenty dollars.* And let me tell you a secret. A star who is noted for her superb taste in clothes went on the set the other day and one of the extras in the scene was wearing a duplicate of her prized Parisian model! She had paid more than a hundred dollars for it, thinking it was an exclusive model. The extra paid \$19.50 for hers and it was the same material!

"Originals are copied so cleverly that the girl in Four Corners has an equal chance of being fashionably dressed with the girl who buys her things in Paris—and at considerably less cost."

"A change of accessories will spruce up the most tired and dejected of dresses. I honestly think they're more important than the dress itself. They have to strike just the right 'tone' as Mrs. Pemberton says; so much depends on them. Now, you take that beige suit of mine. I like to do a bit of shifting about. Sometimes, instead of the hat with the bow, I wear a turban of roshanara. There's a flat under-arm bag of the same material piped in beige to go with it. (The bag and hat is pictured on page 79.) I can use both the turban and the bag with a white dress and brown jacket or with a very soft green frock that I have. That's the sort of thing that makes wardrobes interesting."

WE had wandered up into Helen's boudoir by this time and she showed me a pair of lovely lounging pajamas. They're copied after a pair she had in her wedding trousseau. The trousers are of black chiffon velvet and have tight cuffs. They're in excellent contrast with the silver lamé jacket. It's hip length, this jacket, and the clasp on the belt repeats the design of the one at the neck. (See page 77.) Notice that the neck is high and round—it's exceptionally good on Helen, and on all you girls who are blessed with the same sort of facial contour.

In those crêpe pajamas with the white satin blouse (see page 77) she's completely the young matron, Mrs. Frank Woody. The sash adds a soft, feminine touch. And speaking of sashes, since they're with us again, let's be prejudiced in their favor. They're so graceful.

That one of ciré satin on Helen's black chiffon frock (page 76) ends in a glorious bow. It's draped in a charming manner and lends a touch of whimsy to the frock. The surplice collar outlined with the satin is always good on

ingénue and matron alike. Little dresses like this one are becoming more and more popular. They serve a dozen different purposes—all jolly. Quite appropriately they are called the "five o'clock-and-after" frocks. The little sleeves take away any suggestion of formality and the heel-length skirts give them just enough of a dressed-up air. Helen sometimes wears an amusing black Milan straw hat with hers. The crown is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon that bursts forth in small bows. (There's a picture of the hat on page 79.)

Like most of the blond stars, she prefers black or white for evening—and occasionally gray. A soft dove gray that soothes irritated nerves and quiets emotional storms. That shade made up in a pictorial gown of crêpe roma enhances the ethereal quality of Helen's. Just look at it—on page 76. With those stately, simple lines and cowl neck it might be a gown from a Romney painting. But Helen gives it life and newness with those accents of sapphire blue. The ornate belt buckle combines blue with crystal. The braided blue silk necklace in three strands is the latest thing in the way of accessories. A dream dress—and don't forget, you practical lassies, that it's the kind that will remain in style the longest. The princess line, in one form or another, is invariably good. A jacket of the same gray crêpe is trimmed with matching fox fur.

"The loose fitting suits of light weight material are simply grand for shopping or business," said Helen, bringing out a suit of that description from her closet. "They're so comfortable and cool and smart. This one, as you see, is collarless and has my favorite neckline. (See page 77.) The sleeves are bracelet length and look—it's tied with these red and white bows. Usually I wear white blouses with it but yesterday I found the cutest blue sweater to match with a white and red trim. Here's the hat that goes with it. A white *paillason* straw, they call it. And it has a blue veil. I'm so glad veils are in vogue. I've been wanting to wear them since I was a youngster and this is my first opportunity!" She paused a moment and then she told me with a happy little laugh, "I'm not buying another dress for quite a while. In fact, I'm having all the seams let out in my old ones. . . ."

"Oh," I said. And after that we discussed bassinets and bibs, to say nothing of christening clothes!

"If it's a girl," Helen remarked, "I hope she's born with a flair for clothes. They do make life interesting!"

Mary's Frankest Interview

(Continued from page 55)

free to make his rôle stand out just as much as possible. The days of the picture built entirely around one star are over."

She cited "Grand Hotel"—which she had seen—as an example of the sort of thing she meant.

She told me what else she had been doing in New York. She had taken in

most of the musical and dramatic shows, visited the art galleries and, I suspect, dabbled a bit in society. Her portrait had been painted twice, both times by women.

At the end, quite as if it had been some new and startling adventure in her life, she confessed:

"Twice I've had a date."

Meet Robert Young

(Continued from page 29)

things happened that afternoon . . . things that shaped the whole first half of his career.

On the way to the school house, he saw two kids playing in a clay heap. Maybe he had better stop and inquire about the school from them. He asked a few questions and received not a single answer. In fact the two kids didn't even look up from their clay building. He walked closer and asked why they didn't answer him. They condescended to look his way. Then they both burst into a loud, derisive peal of laughter.

The new kid had shoes on!

Wearing shoes to school caused him to be set apart! None of the other kids owned shoes and so they decided that Bob Young, the new kid, must be in a class by himself. Certainly he didn't fit into the gangs that infested the entire neighborhood of Boyle Heights! His home was just between the Italian sector and the local Ghetto . . . and on either side there was a gang for every block. The biggest gang leader, "Ears" Ceppo, took a liking to him and made him mascot of the outfit. Until the time of this appointment, Bob had been fighting for his life every day . . . but as soon as the news of his mascotship got nosed around, Bob was well let alone. It was understood that "Ears" would "fix" any kid that picked on "Shoes" Young!

ALL during the grammar school days, "Shoes" Young spent his out-of-class hours being a single handed cheering section to the "Ears" Ceppo Gang. Generally sitting atop a box car yelling encouragement while his outfit fought the "Paradise Alley" gang.

Until he graduated from the "grades," Bob was just the kid brother of his family. His older brother, the head of the little family—they had lost their father—looked upon him as just a kid and his sister spent most of her time "helping Mom" . . . so Bob Young merely came home to eat.

But the day he started Lincoln High School he became a "man." The family treated him as though he had grown up. They allowed him to sit in on the conferences held every night in the Young front room. It was then that Bob began a habit that has lasted until recently . . . that of sitting up half the night with the family "just talking." Dinner, that had always been a time to eat, became a time to talk. The dinner hour lengthened into three. The Youngs were great talkers.

Bob got good grades in his studies . . . but the gang had decided not to go to "High" so there wasn't much left for Bob to do but study! He'll never forget the time he asked the vice-principal for an "un-excused" tardy slip . . . and received an "excused" slip because he admitted that he had no alibi! He recalls this particularly for the reason that his English instructor was also in the

room when he made his admission . . . and his frankness was the reason she took an interest in him. This is important to Bob because the English teacher is the reason he is in Hollywood today—but more of that later.

He took the ordinary subjects in "High" and even played in some of the school plays. "Robin Hood" was his first effort . . . in which he wore green tights—he was six feet tall and weighed 130 pounds! He thinks he must have given the impression of a green barber's pole!

WITH graduation, came the conviction that he must get out and make some money. He was forced to this decision by a little talk from his brother. So he went to work in a bank. "I really had a great ambition to set the world on fire at that time," says Bob. "Can you imagine anyone setting the world on fire as a bank clerk?"

He almost got fired within the first six months. This, because he thought he would lend a helping hand to some of the bank's customers. He thought he could accomplish this by listening to the stock market gossip in the broker's office next door and relaying the tips thus acquired to the depositors! "I guess I'll never know how many fortunes I was responsible—for losing!" is the way Bob sums up that youthful experience.

But he wasn't fired . . . which was a very lucky thing for Bob . . . and Hollywood. Because the day afterwards, while tending a teller's window as a relief man, he happened to wait on his former English teacher from the school. "Bob," she said, "don't you have any ambition to go on with your dramatic work? You did well in the school plays . . . and your six feet, blue eyes and quick smile should get you far." He explained that he still wanted to go on the stage . . . but the \$75.00 monthly salary was too much needed by the family . . . he couldn't quit his job at the bank. The English teacher left the impression that he could do *both*! She'd see.

The following Saturday afternoon he found himself on the way to the Pasadena Community Play House . . . in company with the English teacher. There a long conference ensued with the director of the company . . . yes, Robert Young would be given a chance! That was the start of a series of events that place Bob in his present frame of mind!

He would work in the bank all day, eat a hasty supper, jump on the street car for Pasadena, then a short rehearsal before the play was enacted . . . catch the last car for Los Angeles, just in time to make the "owl" for Boyle Heights! A few hours sleep and then up and to the bank at eight!

All this for seventy-five dollars a month!

Yes, he "acted" for nothing . . . except the experience. They gave him

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a chance and he progressed from "bits" to good parts. But the time came when he was tired all day at the bank... and loggy all evening at the Play House. It was too much. He must decide between his two careers. He chose banking... merely because the seventy-five dollars was important.

About six weeks had passed before he was called upon to make a decision again! The head of a stock company had seen him at Pasadena and wired to say that he could have the juvenile rôle in their play... however, they could only pay him \$60 a week!

He wired "yes" within eight minutes! Screwed up enough courage to quit his bank job (thus severing his chances of security for good) and took the train. Out on the road... tank towns, the sticks! The play went rather well... but somehow the larger towns always cancelled their dates beforehand. Bob suddenly realized that he wasn't going to be "seen" or "discovered" in the sticks... so he must save some of his money. Soon he would be back home... no job... nothing! He bunked with another fellow... cut down on the eats... even got the ingenue to iron his shirts—and in return, he ironed the lady's panties! He arrived in Los Angeles with \$110.

How his next break came, Bob has never been able to understand. An actor's agent had seen his work in the "sticks" and thought he might go over on the screen. Then someone had seen him on tour! Bob wasn't so sure he would make the grade on the silver sheet... movies, as a matter of fact, had never occurred to him. However, Bob Young took a test at M-G-M the next day.

I won't take you through all the harrowing details of a "first test"... especially at one of the biggest studios in Hollywood. It would take too long. Bob got through it somehow and was told to go home and "wait." Three days later a call told him to be at the studio at three o'clock. He got there at two and waited around outside until the appointed time. It required only four minutes to sign him to a contract. Only four minutes and Bob isn't over it yet!

HE took the streetcar downtown with the contract in his pocket. What should he do? He wanted to laugh... he was beside himself to tell someone about it all. In the end, just to kill a little time, he walked all the way home!

"I didn't tell the family about it when I got home," he said. "I knew that they would be so overjoyed that they wouldn't be able to stand it. After our long lack of money I could well realize what their reaction would be when I told them of all my good luck.

"We started supper... and still I hadn't told them. I had thought I could wait until the meal was over... but right in the middle, I found I could no longer swallow my food! So, as nonchalantly as I could, I told them the story. They all sat there as though I were telling them I'd murdered a man. Not a word was spoken. They were dumbfounded. Then the storm broke! It was like a bedlam... like the day

the Armistice was signed! Yells and cheers. Patting first one and then the other on the back with loud, resounding thwacks. The meal was forgotten, and (though this may sound a bit fishy) we joined hands and danced in a circle until we were exhausted!

THE next morning I told them the hitch!

"The studio executive had said that I was to be loaned for a part in a Fox picture called 'The Black Camel.' The company was to leave for Honolulu in six days. I had to be on the boat when it sailed—with a complete wardrobe. That was the hitch! The moment I mentioned it, the combined faces of the family dropped. I had but one suit to my name! They broke into a babble again that lasted almost until noon. It was then decided that we should call all the relatives on the phone and try taking up a collection that would place enough money in the pot for my complete wardrobe."

There is no necessity of going over the details of that hectic week... except to say that Bob Young arrived at the dock with two suitcases full of clothes—two minutes before the boat sailed.

That was a year ago, and since that time he has had a chance to display that wardrobe in some mighty big pictures: "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old." Each time he has done a good job for himself. In fact, he accomplished one thing that had never been done before: he attended a World Premiere of a picture in which he had a large part just one year to the day from the date he signed his contract. A contract, by the way, that pays him more in a week than he has ever made in a month before!

Do you know, by now, what it is that is troubling Bob? I'll tell you:

He comes of a family who never in their wildest dreams expected any member of their group to get anywhere to speak of.

He worked four years at the acting profession for *nothing*—a procedure that makes it very difficult for him to understand why they should now pay him so much for doing the same thing! It seems kind of amazing.

During the four years that he was working in the bank all day, and playing at the Pasadena Play House all evening, Sunday was a big holiday to him. He looked forward to it all week as an event. Nowadays, between productions, he often has as much as four or five days without a thing to do. And the pay check goes right on—just as if he were working.

So Bob is scared the studio will call up one of these days when he is on a five day vacation and say: "Well, Bob old man, since you are having such a good time loafing, you might just as well keep right on loafing. We won't need you here any more!"

For that reason, Bob Young goes to the studio every day—whether he is wanted or not! He hangs around just in case they might want him. You see, he hates banking worse than sin.

True Story of Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 58)

to the camera. I've got a dressing room here and a couple of dress suits. Come on over—one of them might fit you."

Ric and the kid who had introduced himself as Haines went over to his cubby-hole of a dressing room. The suit fit Cortez as though it had been made for him. He started to thank the stranger who had so spontaneously helped him.

"Forget it," the other interrupted. "We're all in the same boat trying to make shore."

The next time these two met, Ric was "Valentino's successor" on the Paramount lot, and Haines was the biggest male box-office attraction on the M-G-M lot next to John Gilbert.

Ric's bankroll was augmented by \$50 for that day's work, but it opened no new channels towards success. He returned that evening to his six-o'clock vigil in the hotel lobby, discouraged and blue. More grey days of nothing to do.

One afternoon on the boulevard he ran into Herbert Somborn, who at that time was being rumored engaged to Gloria Swanson. Ric had known him in New York. "Jack Warner is looking for a Latin type," Somborn told him. "Maybe we could promote you."

But Somborn and his protégé were just three days too late, for Warner, in the meantime, had found and put under contract Don Alvarado. "All right," said Somborn, "but someday you'll be hearing from this kid, Jack."

"Hope so," laughed Warner.

BEFORE they parted Somborn gave Ric a letter to Jesse Lasky, power-in-chief at the Paramount studio, but it didn't get the aspiring young actor past Lasky's secretary. Ric was downcast and disheartened—he felt that he would go mad if he stayed cooped up in his small room that night. He needed relaxation and with an extravagant gesture invited one of the few girls he knew to go to the Coconut Grove with him. When they won the dancing contest, the spotlight was turned on them.

Lasky was dining with his wife and a small party, which, incidentally, included Pola Negri. He sent for the dark fellow who had been awarded the dancing trophy. "Ever think about going in pictures?" inquired the executive. Trembling, Ric nodded, as Lasky scribbled something on a card. "This will get you in to me at the studio at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning." The casual interview was ended. Not for several weeks did Ric understand the politics of the studio world which had brought so unexpectedly the break he had been waiting for.

Rudolph Valentino was on a salary strike. With his wife, Natacha Rambova, he was sulking and refusing to work. They had left Paramount for New York without warning, leaving the studio with several pictures they had

planned for Rudy ready to go into production. It was vitally important that they find someone who could fill the bill of a romantic Latin—and immediately.

Ric knew little of this inner studio difficulty and when Lasky offered him a contract starting at \$150 a week without even the preliminaries of a screen test, he nearly fainted. He was convinced that he, or Hollywood, or Lasky, or all three were slightly insane. For months he had been seeking work before the camera—any kind—and now, through no effort of his own, he was being handed a contract. It didn't make sense.

Lasky sensed the boy's confusion and frankly explained the studio's situation. "We want to build you into Valentino's successor, and you'll probably suffer in comparison at first—get off on the wrong foot with the critics and the fans. I know you are eager for the work and the opportunity. Yet as an actor it may be years before you will be able to break down the prejudice of being Rudy's successor. Think it over—and let me know tomorrow."

Ric did think it over and, needless to say, accepted the contract. One week after the potent paper was signed and following innumerable conferences with publicity men, Jack Crane (really, Jacob Krantz) was laid to rest—and Ricardo Cortez, Latin lover and successor to Valentino, was introduced to the movie world!

WHEN stories about the new Spanish "discovery" started going out to the world via the publicity department, Ric thought little about the deception. This change of personality and name was merely a business move. Hollywood itself was "in" on the deal, and the rest of the world had never heard of him before. They might as well know him as Ricardo Cortez, Spanish successor to the Italian Rudy.

But he didn't reckon with the malignant envy of those he had considered his friends. On every side he heard unfriendly grumblings:

"Ricardo Cortez? Huh! Yeah, a 'Spaniard' from New York's East Side. He's nobody else but Jack Crane and he's been hanging around doing extra work for almost a year. A new Latin discovery? Phooey."

Some of the rumors were even more ominous: he heard stories of how he had blackmailed Lasky into giving him a contract when the executive had no intention of giving him work!

When weeks passed and Cortez was still unassigned to a picture, this rumor gained momentum. He was wretchedly unhappy. The few friends he felt he knew now avoided him. People who did not know him before were not anxious to make his acquaintance. All the excitement and happiness attendant on signing the contract vanished and Ric's days were lonelier than ever before.

He wanted very much to make friends with several likeable chaps who were

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starting in on "stock" contracts around the studio lot. Among these were Richard van Mattimore (Richard Arlen), Charlie Farrell, George O'Brien and Bill Boyd. This group lunched together almost daily, and Cortez, alone at a corner table, hoped they would some time invite him to lunch with them . . . but they never did. Some months later, when George O'Brien and Ric *did* become friends, George told him that the bunch had always considered him a "snooty high-hat . . . faking his way, posing as a Latin . . . ashamed of his own nationality."

His first rôle with Paramount was a "heavy" rôle in a Walter Hiers starring picture. Ric received good notices, but it was almost two months before he was cast in another picture called "Children of Jazz." Unknown to Ric, Paramount and Valentino were thawing out their disagreement, and with the possibility of Rudy's return to the studio fold there was no reason for pushing his "successor" ahead.

EXCEPT for George O'Brien, Ric had no intimate friends. Frequently he and George went dancing with a couple of girls they knew. Sometimes they would go to the Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and sit at a corner table watching the big celebrities at play, keeping quietly in the background while Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd (then rumored engaged) won a dancing cup.

The ill-concealed resentment he had felt exhibited toward him, when he was first put under contract, was climaxed in a deplorable event one night in the lobby of the Christie. Ric, in evening clothes, was on his way to his first Hollywood première, "Robin Hood," at Grauman's Egyptian. He had timidly invited Claire Windsor to attend the opening with him and had almost gasped from surprise when she accepted. Crossing the lobby of the hotel, he met Sid Grauman and paused to congratulate him on his beautiful new theatre. A young actor, standing nearby and well under the influence of liquor, sneered as he listened in on the conversation between Ric and Grauman. Under his breath he made a particularly nasty remark about the nationality of Grauman and Cortez, adding, "Just a couple of *Spaniards* backslapping each other." Suddenly, before Ric realized just what was happening, the drunken man shot out a sharp uppercut that caught Ric square on the chin.

His first impulse was to fight back, but his second was more practical. He was wearing his only tuxedo, and he had invited the beautiful Claire Windsor to be his guest that evening! Trembling with rage, Ric yelled at his assailant, "You wait here until I come back!"

A few minutes later Ric returned from his room wearing an old sweater and flannels, and it was only a moment before the two men were rolling in the gutter back of the Christie in a fight that was long remembered in the annals of the hotel. He had the supreme pleasure of denting the nose of his opponent more often than the man dented his. When the actor began to whimper and whine under the blows

from Ric's fist, Ric dragged him up to his own room. He washed the other's bloody face as well as his own, changed back into his dinner clothes and arrived on time with Claire Windsor at the première.

The following morning, feeling he could no longer bear the antagonistic attitude around the hotel, he moved to a small, inexpensive apartment within walking distance of the studio.

THE second year of his Paramount contract began, and finished, more happily than his first. True, Valentino had come back into the fold, but Ric had earned consideration on his own merits. His option was taken up at a sizable increase in salary. (Before the agreement between Ric and the company was finally completed, five years later, he was earning \$1,750 weekly.)

He had been advanced quickly from "heavy" to romantic rôles, playing the lead opposite such stars as Dorothy Mackaill and May McAvoy. In one of these pictures, Lon Chaney played the part of Ric's servant. Other studios began to take notice of Cortez and he was tested for such important productions as "Scaramouche" and "Ben Hur." But by this time Paramount was finding plenty of work for him and he was confined to activities on his home lot.

Three and one half years after signing his contract, he visited the Goldwyn studio with Lewis Stone one day and was introduced to Alma Rubens and her mother. It was a meeting that will long remain in Ric's memory—he had never seen anyone so gloriously beautiful as this girl. He knew that he had seen that lovely face before and recalled the day, several years ago, when he had glimpsed her looking in a jewelry window on Fifth Avenue in New York. He remembered how her old-world beauty had fascinated him then when he hadn't known who she was. She seemed like a bit of rare alabaster.

Alma was friendly toward Ric from the very first. She was having a dull time in Hollywood while appearing in "Cytherea" for Samuel Goldwyn. She didn't know many people and was lonesome for Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies and other of her New York pals, at that time still making pictures in the East. She was a beautiful, successful star, but above all that, she was *kind* to him, interested in him! Kindness was one human quality that had not been showered upon Ric by Hollywood. He was her abject slave from that first meeting.

Alma invited him to dine with herself and her mother that evening at the Biltmore Hotel where they were living. Over their coffee and cigarettes, they found many things to discuss. For the first time since his arrival in Hollywood, Ric had found a sympathetic friend. He poured out the entire story of his loneliness and his ambitions—and Alma kept nodding in understanding. She told him a great deal about herself—of the husband from whom she had been separated for six months. Their unhappiness formed a strong bond of friendship between Alma and Ric from that first meeting. Their friendship grew. Alma

finished her picture, but did not return to New York. By this time she and Ric both realized they were deeply in love. Alma started divorce proceedings, and it was understood that when she was free they would be married.

On January 28, 1926, they were married in Riverside, California, by a Justice of the Peace. Then they learned her divorce decree would not be valid until February 4. They were re-married at the same place on February 5, with the judge's wife and servant acting as witnesses.

Four months of ideal, blissful happiness followed. They rented a modest house, employed one maid, drove an inexpensive motor car. Their great pride was that they did not live like actors. Far into the early morning they would talk about the money they were saving so that they could in several years quit Hollywood and spend the rest of their lives traveling. Alma had signed a starring contract with Fox; Ric was still clicking at Paramount. Their future looked dazzlingly bright.

ALMA was Ric's first and only real love. He loved to sit and look at her when she was reading; he never tired of the spectacle of her beauty. It seemed impossible to him that this beautiful girl whose spirit was as lovely as her face, truly and deeply loved him.

At the end of their fourth month of marriage, Ric was sent to New York to make "The Swan," and Alma was forced to remain behind to work on a picture for Fox. The separation was bitter; every night Ric called Alma long distance from New York; every day flowers arrived for her studio dressing room. While in New York Ric was offered a new long-term contract by Paramount which stipulated he would make three more pictures in the Eastern studio. Because it meant separation from Alma, he turned it down. His refusal meant the loss of \$300,000 to him, but he decided against the contract to return to Hollywood and Alma.

Again Ric was summoned East to make "The Sorrows of Satan," and Alma cancelled her own Fox contract to accompany him. They were crazily, happily, impossibly in love—but it was more than this that made Ric insist upon staying beside his wife constantly. It was at this time that he realized she was a very sick girl. The dreadful knowledge stunned the boy who so idolized and idealized her. At first he could not believe it, but as time went by, he could not doubt it. On the set he was like some mechanical thing wound up—he was in a spiritual daze. His one hope was to finish the picture and devote his entire time to Alma and curing her.

His idea was that a change of surroundings might benefit Alma. In the next twelve months he drifted from the Eastern to the California coast three times—taking Alma with him—hoping first that Hollywood and then New York might bring about a reversal of her condition. His restlessness and unhappiness mounted; he came to an open break with Paramount and asked

for his release which was granted. He planned to take Alma to Europe but before they could leave he received a call from M-G-M to appear opposite Greta Garbo in "Love." It was too great an opportunity to turn down. Too, he argued, if Alma was to be permanently cured it would take a great deal of money. Alma could no longer help herself—it was up to him to see her through.

His new part thrilled him! Once more he was alive to his career. But two weeks after the picture went into production Greta was taken seriously ill, and the picture was indefinitely postponed. Ric couldn't afford to wait for the star's recovery, without pay, for Alma's doctors' bills, and their living expenses were eating heavily into Ric's savings. Irving Thalberg, now at M-G-M, was very sympathetic and cast him in "Terror" with Lon Chaney. While that picture was still in production, Garbo recovered, John Gilbert was rushed into the picture as her co-star—and the greatest opportunity of Ric's life slipped by him! If circumstances hadn't been as they were Ricardo Cortez would have appeared with Garbo in "Love" and possibly arisen to Gilbert's heights at that period.

It was only the beginning of a series of bad breaks that almost wrecked Cortez's spirit. Months went by and he could not secure a picture engagement. The greatest of Hollywood calamities was befalling Ric; he was losing prestige. He had been forced to take a big cut in salary. He was, he heard, pretty well "washed-up."

Once more the prospect of Europe loomed in his plans. With the first glimmer of good luck he had had in months he managed to arrange to make a picture in France, "The Orchid Dancer." He was allowed \$2,000 for traveling expenses, a very small salary and the rights to the proceeds from the American distribution of the film. Alma and Ric crossed on the *Ile de France* and remained in Europe for five months, returning to New York in May of 1929 with the film ready for American release. Just as he was about to close a deal for its distribution—talkies came into their own. Exhibitors would not touch the silent picture. Ric, who had worked for a very small salary planning to take his profits out of the release of the picture, found himself practically strapped financially.

He couldn't get work, he had an unsalable picture on his hands, and the heartbreaking knowledge that Alma was incurable faced him. Her illness, long stays in sanatoriums, necessitated their separation, but he still assumed a financial obligation toward her. He managed to get only a few weeks' work at \$750, exactly one thousand dollars a week less than he had received under his Paramount contract.

The next six months were the blackest of his life. Alma's tragic affliction was no longer a secret known to only a few of her intimates; the story had broken sensationally in newspaper headlines throughout the country. Producers who had previously been helpful in securing him screen engagements retained

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their sympathy but were afraid to use Ric in their pictures because of the notoriety. His problem was a maddening circle of futility. He must have money; he needed it for Alma, yet because of this girl whom he so deeply loved every door was closed to him.

HE received but one offer for work—vaudeville. At that time vaudeville was the last resort of Hollywood failure; few, if any, of the stars who branched out on the boards ever returned to their former position in Hollywood. It was like signing his professional death warrant—yet Ric accepted the engagement.

Riding back across the country to New York he thought of that first trip he had made with Kerry seven years ago. His ambitions had been so high; he had been so sure of success in Hollywood. Now looking at those same landmarks, he was planning to take his own life! After he had made some money on the tour to send back to Alma he was going to kill himself! There was nothing more for him to live for. He believed his career to be finished—horror had overtaken his marriage—only hopeless futility lay ahead of him.

He was surprised when his vaudeville act proved brilliantly popular; now he realized how many friends he had been making through his picture work. But after three successful months the hard work, the strain, his repressed mental condition began to take their toll and he was forced to cancel the remainder of his bookings. His doctor predicted a complete breakdown if Ric didn't rest. On the physician's insistence he went to Paris and lived quietly until the money he had allowed himself for his vacation gave out; then he returned to New York.

AT his hotel a wire awaited him: "BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU. HAVE GOOD SPOT IN PICTURE TITLED 'HER MAN' WITH TWELVETREES. WIRE ME IMMEDIATELY. S I G N E D: CHARLES ROGERS." This telegram had arrived on May 26 and it was June 1 when Ric returned from Europe. Salary, terms—everything was forgotten in Ric's joy. He didn't even haggle when he learned he must pay his own railroad fare to Hollywood. All he knew was that Hollywood hadn't forgotten him—he was being given another chance.

"Her Man" was not only a tremendous personal hit for Ric but a box-office clean-up. Pathé, a studio laboring along for several years previous under indifferent productions, was delighted with the film. Charlie Rogers told Ric: "I may be a few months doing it, but I'm going to see you a star with this organization before I'm through!"

"Her Man" opened the gates of other studios for Ricardo; his salary, thanks to Darryl Zanuck, jumped from \$750 to \$1250 a week. He was receiving

calls for more jobs than he could handle as a "heavy." But he realized he must reinstate himself as a leading man before permanent success could be his.

One morning the telephone rang: "Hello, kid, this is Rogers," boomed that voice Ric had begun to recognize as the herald of good news. "I've sold you to Bill Le Baron. You're coming with RKO and Pathé on the merger as a featured player. The salary is okay. I've put it over for you, Ric."

There was a strange gulping sound from the other end of the wire. Rogers waited but there was no answer. "Say, Ric, are you crying?" he asked.

Still no answer, and Rogers hung up the receiver very gently. To this day Rogers probably believes that Ric broke down because of the unexpected good news, but to Ric the most amazing thing of the news was the fact that this man, *his friend*, had gone to bat for him! Someone was actually pulling for him, wishing him luck.

Alma Rubens died while Ric was making "Big Business Girl" for Warners.

Slowly the past was dropping away from him, wiping the slate clean for another writing.

The facts of Ricardo Cortez's comeback during the past year are too well known for detailed recounting here. He made pictures not only for his home studio, RKO, but scored in many hits for other companies. But more important than the step by step story of his career was the change in Ric himself that was intriguing Hollywood. On every hand you heard that "Cortez is really a heck of a good guy if you get to know him. Wonder why he always kept himself so aloof when he was a star before?"

The prop-men, the electricians and the camera boys around the studios swear by Ric, and it was due to a little scheme he cooked up with the crew that he was to obtain the greatest rôle of his screen career—the young Jewish doctor in "Sympathy of Six Million."

The studio was testing every actor in Hollywood but Ric for the rôle, Gregory La Cava, the director, couldn't see him for it. Together with his own cameraman, an assistant director and a script of the story, Ric made a test of himself. He knew he could do that part. When La Cava saw the test he knew it, too, and this is the rôle that has done more for Cortez than any other one since his career began.

He's jumped the hurdles on the path to success; at some of them he fell, although always managing to pick himself up again, wiser and sounder from the temporary jolt. He is just beginning, I believe, to really know and understand the man whom so few have understood—himself. His career is assured, he is saving his money, his comparatively small group of acquaintances are friends.

Life for Ricardo Cortez is just now blossoming with the serenity and peacefulness he so richly deserves.

WORRYING ABOUT DIET? SEE SEPTEMBER MODERN SCREEN

The High Cost of Babies in Hollywood

(Continued from page 44)

bought for Miss Shearer. And that picture established Joan at once as a real rival of Norma for acting honors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Even the most firmly established actresses can hardly afford to have babies!

Women expect to make sacrifices for their children, of course. It has always been so. But few women in the world are required to make the compromises that screen stars must make in order to fit chubby little toddlers into their schemes of existence.

In the first place, the physical facts of motherhood make it more difficult for these women than for others. An actress' looks are her stock in trade, her chief assets by which she makes her living. Any appearance of maturity is a serious liability. The very expression in her eyes which sometimes results from the experience of maternity and which may be a lovely thing in another woman, is a handicap for an actress. If she is to portray beautiful, innocent and beleaguered maidens upon the screen—then she must not look like a happy young mother!

THIRTEEN years ago Mae Marsh was one of the brightest stars in the cinema sky. Her salary was four thousand dollars a week—a colossal sum for those days. She was as brilliantly successful, as famous, as sought-after as Constance Bennett is today. She married, secretly and against the wishes of Sam Goldwyn, her employer.

A terrific hullabaloo ensued—with the result that her contract was terminated, then and there, and she went to live in Jersey, to keep house for her husband and to prepare for the arrival of little Mary Arms. Her husband was then earning \$125 a week.

That's what Mae Marsh's baby cost her. All the glitter, the fame, the fortune, the luxury of a successful screen career.

And, of course, there's Gloria Swanson. Twice Gloria has jeopardized her career to have a child. First when she was with Paramount, ten years or so ago, when she had her first child, Gloria Somborn. Gloria's tremendous popularity and appeal was strong enough to stand her absence from the screen then.

But will it be strong enough now? With all these newcomers springing up and making fame overnight, can Gloria once again become a mother without harming her career? Elinor Glyn thinks so—as you'll see for yourself if you read the story on page 26. How about you? Do you think the advent of Michaela Bridget Farmer—for any of the reasons mentioned in the beginning of this article—may harm Gloria Swanson's popularity?

When Mildred Davis married Harold Lloyd, it was agreed between them that she was to retire from the screen.

That meant, tacitly, anyhow, that they wanted children. The advent of little Gloria was very, very hard for Mildred. Hard and even dangerous. "I shall never dare to face that again!" she told me then.

Later she said, wistfully, "Much as I love her, Gloria has made a prisoner of me—almost. It is like this. No matter where we go, no matter who comes to see us, the talk is always and eternally of pictures. The women talk about it just as much as the men. 'Listen to what happened on the set today!' they say. Or, 'I'm going to do this in my next picture.' Nothing but studio chat, picture gossip. And there I sit, feeling like a little lump. The only thing I can add to the conversation is, 'Gloria has a new tooth.' I might be someone from the wilds of Africa!"

At last Mildred did make another picture. A small program picture at Paramount. And I have never seen a girl so ecstatic as she was to be working again. "Now I can say, 'Listen to what happened on the set!'" she bubbled when I went to watch her working one day.

But somehow, I don't know exactly why, the picture wasn't a great success. And Mildred never returned to work after that. She has her gorgeous new home now and the little adopted daughter, so nearly Gloria's age and the little son who arrived amid so much anxiety a year or so ago. Her life is pretty full and I think she doesn't feel like a prisoner any more. But even voluntary retirement from the screen is difficult in Hollywood. You feel so *left out* of things.

A woman who is a wife and mother and nothing more doesn't feel like that in other walks of life. Here it is hardly normal. It is *harder* for these people than for other folk!

WHEN Winifred Westover and William S. Hart separated, Bill was determined that Winifred should give up acting and devote her time to their child. So he settled a hundred thousand dollar trust fund upon her with the stipulation that if she worked in pictures or if she used the child in any way for publicity (that is, gave out pictures of him or interviews concerning him), she should forfeit the money.

It was five years before the divorce was finally settled and Winifred was again free to work in pictures if she chose. Five years is a long time to be absent from the screen if you wish to work again. And even when she made "Lummox" for Sam Goldwyn, she was not allowed to use Bill Hart's name or to use pictures of the baby for publicity purposes.

When Leatrice Joy married John Gilbert, she was forbidden by her employer, Cecil de Mille, to have a child.



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Well—as Cecil might have expected, she had one anyway. And he was pretty annoyed about it. So Leatrice worked, quite as if there were nothing of the sort going on at all, until two months before the arrival of small Leatrice.

I believe that De Mille never forgave her. Certainly Leatrice, who had seemed one of the most promising of the younger actresses, never had a real break in a picture after little Leatrice was born. She has definitely retired from the screen now and has married a gentleman who has nothing to do with the industry. But—how different do you suppose things would have been for Leatrice if she hadn't had that baby? It is hard to judge just what her child cost her in opportunity.

Lina Basquette courted tragedy when she tried to give up her child for the sake of her picture career. She found that she could not live without her and there ensued the struggle between Lina and her first husband's family which occupied columns in the newspapers for months and led at last to Lina's attempt at suicide. Lina's second marriage went on the rocks, temporarily at least, during this period. Motherhood was an expensive business for Lina . . .

When Esther Ralston longed for a baby of her own, her husband, George Webb, who was also her manager, feared for the price she would have to pay. So they compromised. They drew up an agreement, a legal affair, signed before a notary, that Esther was to work for two years more and then she was to be allowed to have a child.

She had her baby, as per the terms of her contract with her husband-manager, last summer. Later she is going to try to minimize the price by taking the baby with her on a vaudeville tour. It will be interesting to see how far Esther succeeds in avoiding the price of maternity. . . .

BELLE BENNETT'S first success in pictures came *simultaneously* with the death of her son! There was a legend, shrewdly capitalized by the press agents on the picture, that Sam Goldwyn was convinced of her ability to play the leading rôle in "Stella Dallas" only when he saw her terrible grief over the death of her boy. A terrible price for Fate to set on success in pictures!

It seems likely that Dolores Costello

Barrymore has definitely given up her picture career for motherhood. She has made one picture since the birth of her baby and one hears nothing of any plans for her to make another. . . .

Helen Hayes says, facetiously, that her little girl who received such tremendous publicity as the "Act of God Baby" a few years ago, has stolen the limelight from her.

"The morning after I arrived in California, I looked in the papers to see whether there would be an announcement that 'the eminent actress' had arrived. Instead, a headline met my eye. 'Mother of Act of God Baby Arrives.' She's pretty young to be stealing my thunder like that!"

Miss Hayes, who is married to Charles McArthur, says that she would like to have two more children. "But I shall have to retire and give up all thoughts of my stage and screen careers. You can't have both!"

You can't have both. At least, it is pretty difficult to have both. Enid Bennett gave up her career for motherhood. So did Diana Kane (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice). So did Mae Murray.

Marlene Dietrich is already thinking about the price she must pay for her child. She wants to have her grow up in Europe. Marlene's great opportunity in pictures is here in Hollywood—particularly since she's patched up her squabble with Paramount. She cannot bear to be separated for long at a time from her little daughter. What sort of compromise do you suppose Marlene will ultimately make? What price to pay for her child's welfare?

Babies come high in Hollywood. Motion picture actresses want children just as intensely as other women want them. But it is difficult, when you have given your youth and your energy when you have struggled and agonized and maybe starved a little, trying to gain a foothold in this glamorous profession—it is hard to sacrifice opportunity, time, your chance at advancement, just at the moment, perhaps, when everything for which you have struggled seems within your grasp.

The years when most women are having their babies are the years during which an actress should be doing her best work, establishing herself, making her place secure. Her time is so short—so precious.

How many women, faced with such a choice, would choose motherhood?

Miriam's Adopted Son

(Continued from page 31)

stars' families horribly unfair to the families anyway. They're never by any chance treated as individuals. They're hauled into interviews and sometimes into photographs only for the sake of background. And color. They're used exactly the way mob scenes are used.

"I don't want Michael to grow up as

any background for me. I want him to have his own life, whatever he may make it."

WATCHING Miriam, young and beautiful, aware of her present fame and considering the even greater fame which is believed to await her,

it seemed strange that she should be so impatient to undertake the responsibility of rearing and educating this baby. It means, of course, that she will have much less time and money for herself. It means economy all round. She is making a large salary, true. But the larger any salary the greater the demands made upon it. And within the next few harvest years she must save enough not only to protect her own future but Michael's as well. And we haven't been led to expect ladies as glamorous as Miriam, ladies with fame, fortune, and beauty with which to beckon all the gay pleasures of the sophisticated world to be interested in much besides these very things.

Nevertheless, I must admit when Miriam told me she planned to adopt this baby, pledging me to the greatest secrecy since the final papers had not yet been signed, I wasn't at all surprised. I happened to know that when Miriam was in New York a year ago she came with the same purpose. Unforeseen complications arose and she returned to Hollywood alone and very much disappointed.

It isn't, after all, the actual biological process of having a baby that makes mothers of women. Some are born with a maternal instinct highly developed and prove more essentially mothers, even though they never have children of their own, than some mothers of large families ever do. Miriam had shown me her natural maternity in a dozen little ways . . .

WHEN it was suggested to Miriam that she was generous and a little noble to adopt Michael she was impatient and not in the least flattered.

"That," she said with a clarity of vision most people do not possess when they view themselves, "is all really very silly and stupid. I'm adopting a baby

because I want a baby. There's nothing generous about that.

"Nature has seen it fitting to have a baby the greatest thing any woman can know. I have sense enough to know it wouldn't suit Nature's scheme of things to have it otherwise. Later I fully expect to have a baby of my own. But in the meantime I have no intention of missing the greatest experience in life, so I've taken Michael. There's nothing very noble about that."

She is a welcome relief to the sentimental mother who goes about inflicting her madonna's halo upon anyone and everyone, to the mother who talks long and often of the denials she has made for her children's sake. Never, I'm sure of this, will Michael Hopkins hear how much Miriam has done for him. And when he has grown I can see her offering him her hand with gratitude, thanking him for all the years which have been richer because he had a share in them. She's like that. She's so simple and understanding and warm.

However, even though Miriam will never talk about it and likely enough never be aware of it she will give this son of hers many great things. He will have the most worth while things money can buy. While he is an infant there will be expert care that he may grow straight and strong. When he is in his formative years there will be gracious environment and stimulating companionship that he may acquire high standards. Later on there will be education and travel. And always he will know the understanding and independence of which I spoke before.

Here's to little Michael! May he grow into the boy and man Miriam dreams he will be. And may he bear the proud name his mother has given him with high honor.

And here's to Miriam, an up-to-date, refreshingly sensible madonna!

The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Cry

(Continued from page 81)

a stage career. Seeing her natural aptitude for dancing and singing, Leelie encouraged her, writing little skits for her to act. As a result Ginger learned all her "routines" in childhood and never had a dancing lesson in her life until a few years ago!

It was in Fort Worth where her mother was doing newspaper work that Ginger made her first appearances. The scrapbook is full of programs and pictures of Ginger's theatrical activities from that point on.

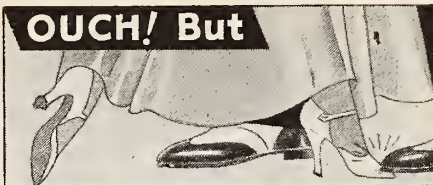
"The Charleston contest was honestly the big moment in my life," Ginger says. "The state contest was held at the Baker Hotel in Dallas. I thought the Fort Worth contest was bad enough, but when I saw all those state contestants I just wanted to cry. I didn't, though. I just did the best I could.

And then the judges told me I'd won."

Then followed long, weary months on the road, Ginger doing an act with two other youngsters. Finally there came an opportunity to appear with Paul Ash at a theater in Brooklyn, N. Y., where a producer of "Top Speed" saw her and offered her the part of Babs.

When singies came in Ginger was grabbed up by the screen. Then, when the singies went out Ginger went out, too. But she had set her heart on the screen and that little set-back didn't worry her. She didn't cry. Instead she made up her mind to become a dramatic actress. She played in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat" for RKO and now she's in "The Tenderfoot," for First National. You'll be seeing a lot of Ginger Rogers from now on.

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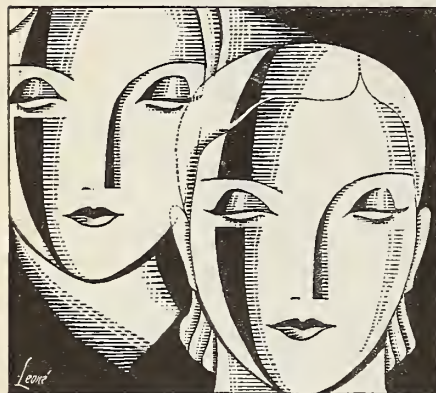
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Every Brand of Trouble

(Continued from page 61)

spare she spent in, what was then, Ham-burger's Department Store. She wasn't feasting her eyes on the things she would buy if and when she had the money. No. She was riding upon that wonder of wonders—an escalator. It was like a magical toy to ZaSu. She couldn't get enough of it. Her home town could not even boast of elevators so an escalator was simply staggering. Up and down, up and down, she rode every day until closing time. She says she is ashamed now, to think of the spectacle she made of herself in her drab, ill-fitting little clothes, clinging excitedly to the escalator rails. It was the only recreation she knew. It wasn't long before she had to give up even this joy, because she could not afford to live in town. Her small capital was dwindling at an alarming rate.

She got a cheap, furnished room in a poor section of Los Angeles—what was then the red-light district. ZaSu did not know this. She knew nothing at all of the city. She had no friends and when she found a cheap room for rent, she moved in without asking any questions. She remained there several months and saw nothing wrong with it, since she was away all day and, at night, so tired from walking around the studios all day, that she would often drop to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

AT this time, ZaSu had only one suit—a cheap, navy blue serge, trimmed in red and an old straw hat which she had tried to make more presentable by a copious application of dye. Her shoes had been half-soled and had lost their shape. Her general appearance was enough to evoke sympathy from even a stranger. But sympathy is something that ZaSu has never desired. She did not, then. She was out to lick the world on her own, and she asked no odds of anyone. She made the rounds of the studios for weeks before she finally got a chance. She secured a small bit at Universal. It wasn't long before she was working some place every day. Life suddenly seemed very simple and pleasant. Directors and the people-who-mattered were beginning to treat her with respect. Then, out of a clear sky, she was approached by a director of a small independent company with an offer to become a stock actress in his productions. She accepted with alacrity and when he asked her what salary would be acceptable, she told him twelve and a half dollars a week. This seemed like a large sum to her, then. He signed her up promptly at this figure, but in justice to him, it must be told that within three weeks he advanced her wage to thirty-five dollars a week. She could not believe her good fortune, and she insists that she would have gladly signed a contract to act for the rest of her life at this figure. Universal next offered her a short-term contract and when they asked her to

name her own price, she said: "Thirty-five dollars." And thirty-five dollars it was, though they raised her in two weeks.

Frances Marion happened to visit the Universal set where ZaSu was emoting, saw her wistful face, recognized the genius behind her tragic eyes and secured for her the part of the slavey in "The Little Princess," with Mary Pickford. ZaSu's lankness was such a contrast to Mary's blond prettiness that she became a fixture in Pickford productions. And incidentally, Mary boosted ZaSu's salary to seventy-five dollars a week. When Frances Marion learned where she was living, she told ZaSu that it was an undesirable location and advised her to get a room at the Studio Club, which she did.

IT was at this time that I became acquainted with and liked ZaSu.

From the moment she began to make real money in her work, ZaSu sent most of her wages home to her mother. When she was making fifty dollars a week, she sent forty of it home, keeping the ten for her carfare, lunch money, clothes and expenses. Later, when she was raised to sixty-five dollars a week, she gave her mother the benefit of her raise and still kept only ten dollars for her own spending money. And when she began working for Mary Pickford at seventy-five dollars a week, she sent for her family.

ZaSu's greatest fault has always been her generosity. I remember an old tramp, who made a business of bothering everyone who would listen to him. He finally reached ZaSu and she would not rest until she had gotten him a job as a watchman at Lasky's. And the funniest part about it is, that he kept the job and made a good watchman, too. He was still there, when I went East three years later.

On the set, in her character make-up, ZaSu looked like something the cat had brought in. Her hair hung in two heavy braids to her knees and was straight as a string. She wore a flat, little sailor hat, a pinch-back coat of uncertain age and color, a skirt that whooped up one side and down the other, plaid stockings and shapeless shoes. Her rôles in Mary's pictures were usually pathetic ones of the homely girl who never got anything that she wanted. ZaSu could play it skillfully because she had known what it means not to get the things one wants. ZaSu and Mary became good friends and it was a common sight to see them sitting off to one side, deep in confidences. This was before Mary divorced Owen Moore. When Mrs. Pickford lived and directed her destiny, Mary did not mingle and converse much with her co-workers. But with ZaSu, it was different. They were practically inseparable on the set. It was Mary who advised her to sign the contract offered by Charlie Chaplin. Nothing came of it, except her salary. She did not ap-

pear in a single scene when the picture was released and the report went around that Charlie was afraid ZaSu would steal his picture. At any rate, when the contract terminated, ZaSu found herself out in the cold, free-lancing again.

However, for the first time in her life she was happy. She had succeeded in making a wide circle of friends in and around the studios. She was earning enough money to dress comfortably and she was providing for her relatives in a fashion far better than they had ever known. They had good clothes to wear, a comfortable home in which to live and they were accepted as equals by their neighbors. It was about this time that ZaSu made a lasting friend in a Mrs. Wiley, who taught her smartness in dress. Soon ZaSu was being seen to advantage at dances and parties and then she met young Tom Gallery. It was a case of love at first sight. ZaSu had never "kept company" with a boy, and after she met Tom she never gave another boy a thought. A year later they were married and went to housekeeping in a cosy little bungalow. They were blissfully happy together, those two. And in a couple of years, there were three of them. It was after she became a mother that ZaSu developed into a real beauty. When baby Ann got out of her arms, ZaSu returned to work again. It was while she was under contract to King Vidor, that Von Stroheim saw her and secured her for "Greed." She proved her worth as a dramatic actress in this opus. It was after she finished her part in this picture that something happened to her marriage. Nobody knows what, but a breach of some sort appeared.

ZaSu won't talk about it.

"It was too beautiful to last!" she told me in confidence once. "And the most wonderful part about it to me, was that Tom wanted me when I was nobody but a girl named ZaSu Pitts. I hadn't done anything worth while. I had no influential friends nor money. He simply wanted me for myself. And

I truly loved Tom. I will never love anyone as I did him." That is all she would say. No wonder the divorce was such a blow to her.

Most directors say that ZaSu is lacking in sex-appeal. Yet, Von Stroheim swears that ZaSu has more sex-appeal than any other actress in talking pictures.

There are those who call her homely, and I have heard others rave about her overpowering beauty. One world-famous man, who visited Hollywood, refused to attend an elaborate dinner given in his honor until he was assured that ZaSu would be among those present. And when she finally came he had to content himself with a bare word of greeting. Yet, she is a fine conversationalist when she wishes to be.

She is not very strong, physically. Her little girl, Ann, was born through a Caesarian operation and ZaSu has never been quite well since.

It is a source of deep regret to her, that she must wear her genius out in comedy. It almost broke her heart when her part was cut from "All Quiet on the Western Front." She thinks it is her voice that has ruined her career in talking pictures. That it sounds funny. That may be so, but the fact remains that ZaSu will have a nice dramatic rôle in the new Fox opus, "Walking Down Broadway." Her newest pictures are "Westward Passage" and "Back Streets."

ZaSu has two children—her own little girl and the adopted son of Barbara La Marr. She also pays for the support of the five children of her sister who died two years ago. She has a nice, fat contract with Hal Roach to co-star with Thelma Todd in eight comedies a year, with the privilege to free-lance between these comedy pictures. She enjoys these comedies because Thelma and she are fast friends. She has a definite goal in sight—she intends to make a million dollars before she retires. And if her present luck holds—as it certainly should—she will do it.

High Cost of Divorce

(Continued from page 46)

Kenneth Malcolm Peacock in Philadelphia in 1925, she got no alimony. He was an employee in a furniture store.

THE way some of these film folk toss around such terms as "twenty thousand," "fifty thousand," "a hundred thousand" and so on suggests a check-up day in the government mint. If money is "filthy lucre," some stars and actors must be terribly soiled from handling it.

Adolphe Menjou handed over to his ex-wife \$25,000 in cash, a \$75,000 home on Doheny Drive and \$650 a week until \$67,500 was paid. Grand total, \$167,500. Adolphe's attorney said that it left the actor "almost penniless."

Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike") has been battling his Irene through the courts in an effort to void a property settlement under which he gave her something like \$100,000. Irene, he declared, was quite indiscreet after she left him. While contemplating a divorce complaint, Ike remarked, "We have no children but I'm going to sue for the custody of the dog." When Mrs. Edwards was seeking maintenance of \$250 per week, and told of Cliff's earnings as a singer, he retorted: "If my wife thinks my songs are so valuable, I'll sing her one or two for alimony." And when Mrs. Edwards insisted she had to have that \$250 to maintain her social position and keep up appearances

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as Mrs. Cliff Edwards, he glared at her.

"Don't call me 'mister,'" he exclaimed. "I'm just plain 'Ukulele Ike' and although my voice goes into the best of homes on the radio, I've got no social standing whatever."

Cliff lost his suits and must continue to pay and pay and pay, one-third of his salary. Last February, Irene sued for \$24,999.92 saying he was that much in arrears.

IT keeps the actors hustling sometimes to meet their alimony requirements. Lloyd Hamilton was hauled into court to tell why he was \$7,500 behind in remittances due his first wife, and this while his second wife was suing for divorce in another division of the court. The latter accepted \$1,200 cash in lieu of further alimony. Lloyd went bankrupt last June and among his debts he listed \$12,500 as due Ethel, Wife No. 1. Cullen Landis contracted to pay his first wife \$350 a month and to place a \$20,000 piece of real estate in trust for their two children. That \$350-a-month has had him in and out of jail since 1927. At one time he was sentenced by a Los Angeles judge to sleep five nights behind the bars and spend the intervening days looking for work. Al St. John is a third who, for a while, managed to keep about two jumps ahead of the process servers. They locked him up once and Judge Charles Burnell said:

"He can stay there until he pays up his alimony debts even if it's the rest of his natural life."

As Al was being led away by a bailiff, he turned to June St. John, his second wife, and remarked: "Keep the lights burning in the window for me, honey. Maybe some day I'll be back."

But when he got a good look at the inside of the jail he did some hasty telephoning and got himself rescued.

Irene Rich was married to David Blankenbom in April, 1927. They separated in May, 1931. How much did she get for her four years as Mrs. Blankenbom? Plenty! The beautiful Irene annexed the magnificent home in Hollywood, certain stocks and bonds and was made beneficiary in life insurance policies aggregating \$150,000. It seems that Mr. Blankenbom annoyed Miss Rich by telephoning her cross-continent at night when she was on the road in vaudeville. This, she said, interfered with her career. Blankenbom protested, too, that Irene would not stay at home like most wives do. Total cost to him—something around a quarter-million.

The Garden of Alimony still thrives and gives forth munificent yields even though times be hard throughout the rest of the country. When Helen Costello and Lowell Sherman came to "talking cold turkey" following their separation a few months ago, Helene allowed that she could get along on \$5,000 a month but she must have \$25,000 for court costs and \$10,000 for attorneys' fees. To which Lowell, metaphorically speaking, replied, "Oh, yeah?" In a lawyer's office they got down to brass tacks. Helene had de-

scribed Lowell as cruel and said he once twisted her finger until he broke it. Lowell retorted that Helene had called him "a fat old man" and "a ham actor." Which made him pretty mad. Screen artists don't like to be called "ham actors" and "fat."

"The dispute was settled most satisfactorily," Helene's lawyer said brightly, at the end of the conference. Which seemed to have a significant meaning. Lowell looked as if someone was standing on his foot. The exact amount of settlement was not divulged.

There's Colonel Tim McCoy, two-gun hero of Western films and noted Indian authority. His wife, Agnes Miller McCoy is the daughter of the late Henry Miller, stage star. When the Colonel came down from his ranch in Wyoming to become a film actor, he "went Hollywood," Mrs. McCoy declared in her divorce petition. He liked life among the "movie" actors and actresses, and began writing and wiring Mrs. McCoy to please get a divorce or let him get one. At least, that is what her attorney said.

Did she get a decree? She did! She got it together with the Colonel's stock ranch near Thermopolis, Wyo., the custody of their three children and \$200 a month until the children become of age. Such was the order of the court in Wyoming.

When Mrs. Helen Gibson divorced Hoot, a property settlement was presented in court which awarded Mrs. Gibson some real estate and other property together with \$150 a week until a total of \$30,000 had been paid. Hoot also agreed to carry \$100,000 life insurance for his daughter, Lois. Alan Crosland agreed in 1927 to pay his departing wife, Juanita, \$500 a week but with the provision that if he was out of work for any period of six months, the amount was to be reduced to \$250 a week. Last October, Alan was hauled into court on the charge that he was \$71,150 behind in his remittances. Then it developed that Mrs. Crosland had sought and obtained a divorce in Nice, France, in 1930 and Alan had not been legally served with a notice of final decree. Accordingly, he was absolved from the debt. Alan married Natalie Moorhead, December 21, 1930, in the Yosemite.

AL SANTELL, director, and his wife, Ruth, separated about twenty-five times before they decided that they were incompatible. He gave Mrs. Santell \$20,000 in cash in 1927 when they decided to get a divorce. Then they changed their minds and made up. When they came to the real fork in the road in 1930, Al handed over an additional \$12,500 in cash and agreed to pay her \$500 a month for a period of five years. Grand total, \$62,500. He's paying now.

William Wellman, director, has been sending his divorced wife, Margery, \$200 a month for the support of their child. Nacio Herb Brown, song writer gives \$750 a month to Mrs. Ruby Porter Brown for the maintenance of herself and their ten-year-old son. Mrs. Milmosa Fejos gets from \$75 to \$100

a week from Director Paul Fejos, the amount depending on his income. John Gilbert pays Leatrice Joy \$2,600 a year for the support and education of their daughter, Leatrice Joy II. Marshall Neilan has been paying his first wife, Gertrude, \$50 a week for the support of their son. "Mickey" was hauled into court once last year on the charge that he was \$9,500 in arrears.

Joan Bennett was awarded \$50 a month from John Marion Fox of Seattle, her first husband, for support of their child. The early part of last year, a Seattle jurist ordered Fox to pay her \$1,200 in a lump sum. Joan did not fare so well as her sister, Constance, in the alimony mart.

Two of Reginald Denny's expensive automobiles were impounded by deputy sheriffs last year when his first wife brought suit for \$5,400 back alimony and caused attachments to be levied on the machines. Ronald Colman started paying his wife, Thelma Ray, \$500 a month for separate maintenance in 1925. She lives in a villa in France. Recently he opened negotiations for a divorce according to dispatches from Nice, the outcome of which has not yet been disclosed.

And so it runs—on and on like that little babbling brook.

The well-alimoned divorcee in Hollywood needs at least \$24,000 a year on which to live, according to Mrs. Christine Aaronson, wife of the celebrated orchestra leader, Irving Aaronson. In her suit for separate maintenance, she listed her monthly requirements as follows:

Rent, \$200; tips, \$50; cook and maid, \$100; laundry, \$25; dry cleaning, \$50; food, \$300; clothing, \$750; entertaining at home and at clubs, \$150; automobile and chauffeur, \$200; estimated doctors' bills, \$150; massages, \$50; personal care of hair, nails, face, etc., \$25. Total, per month, \$2,050.

Assimilate that, will you—Mr. Average Man! Twenty-four thousand, six hundred dollars per year for the maintenance of a wife!

In the heyday of their careers when money rolls in as a flood, the alimony payments are of little consequence. But when adversity comes—as it has come to many—the yokes grow heavy and there are some away behind who cannot pay and who never expect to pay. Their accounts may be listed in the column titled, "total loss; no insurance."

What You Should Know About George Raft

(Continued from page 69)

Not with much success. He was knocked out seven times. After the last beating he quit the game. His best known opponent was Frankie Jerome, who later died as a result of a bout with the champion, Bud Taylor.

AT this time Georgie weighed but 122 pounds. Despite this light weight he next went in for professional baseball, signing as an outfielder with the Springfield Club of the Eastern League. He was dropped after two seasons because, while his fielding was good, he could not hit. Baseball still remains his favorite sport, as an active game. He likes to watch prize fights and the horses. Not long ago he lost all his savings—\$35,000—on the New York tracks.

Returning to New York from Springfield, he decided to make use of his other ability. So he secured employment as a dancer at Churchill's on 48th Street, a professional partner during the tea-dance hour. The other gigolo was Rudy Valentino. The clarinet player in Earl Fuller's orchestra was Ted Lewis. Lewis attracted small attention, but even then Rudy was Valentino.

"He was a nice kid," George says, "and the women went for him. Not so much as later, for that was before the time of the Latin-type vogue. The women preferred the blond boys to dance with. But Rudy did all right. So

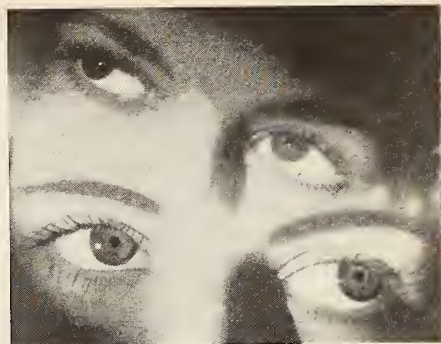
did I, for that matter—they generally wanted a sober man to take them home."

George and Rudy bore a marked resemblance. Rudy left dancing for pictures, and George kept to the polished floors, but their friendship continued. When Valentino was established as a great star he sent for George to act as his double. But he died before Raft could make even this small entrance into pictures.

George did not mind the lost opportunity, particularly. He was doing well in his own line, and he did not think that he would be able to get anywhere in the films. From Churchill's he went to Rector's, then Healy's—all well known places in those gay days. Then Joe ("What's The Use of Dreaming?") Howard drew him into vaudeville. Years of this, all over the country: the cities, the burgs, the tanks, the sticks, wearing out scores of pairs of dancing slippers. Often he hoofed with another New York boy—Walter Winchell.

Walter wasn't so good, but George was. Elsie Pilcer took him on as her partner, and presently he was back in the big town, working in shows: "City Chap," "Gay Paree," "Manhattens," "Palm Beach Nights," "No Foolin'." The last show he did was "LeMaire's Affairs." But before that he had become an international sensation.

His favorite food is hot dogs. He



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would like to buy one suit a week, with a particular passion for blue serge. He leans to dark, conservative colors always, whether in clothes, automobiles or neckties. He is proud of the fact that once he was mascot for the New York Yankees. He only weighed 135 pounds until two years ago, when suddenly he began to put on weight. He moves with the lithe, pantherish grace of the born dancer.

It was as a dancer that he took New York as completely as it seems he now will take Hollywood. One night he introduced into his routine an odd, side-kicking dance he had seen the little nigger boys do, when playing vaudeville down South. Faster his feet moved—and faster. And when he was done the house applauded for five minutes. That was New York's introduction to the Charleston.

George was a success. This was five years before the dance became popular, and all New York wanted to see the sleek black-haired boy do his spectacular stuff. He went from club to club, theatre to theatre—once he was working in four places simultaneously: two nightclubs, a show and a picture house. He always was featured. In smaller type under his billing were to be found such names as Helen Morgan, Morton Downey, Lillian Roth, and many others now on top.

Dancing was Georgie's life. Dancing and Broadway. He no longer has enthusiasm for the former, but he still loves the latter. Hollywood bores him to yawns. He misses the old gang, the old laughs, the old "tomorrow's another day" attitude. Hollywood is too set for him, too quiet. He never could be happy in a town where there is no place to go after midnight. He thinks the Main Stem is the "only spot in the world."

Ten years under the incandescents, scrolling his name heavily in the Book of Broadway, to emerge worldly wise, pleasant, nonchalant. He was a familiar figure: Winchell (who recently featured him over his Lucky Strike broadcast) and Mark Hellinger mentioned him often in their columns. Ward Morehouse once wrote that "on the screen he'd be a second Barthelmess." That must have startled both Barthelmess and George. His ears are large but well-set against his head, his nose is straight until it jumps out engagingly at the tip. At the height of his success in New York he was earning between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars a week.

THEN he went to London, where he repeated his smash. As a novelty he took a little colored boy with him. "Snowball" would dance as his shadow, and with their weird gyrations they captured the town. Among the first of the many to whom George taught this new Charleston was the Prince of Wales. Eddie Windsor loves to dance, and is better at it than he is on a horse. He gave George his cigarette case and many new clients.

George reads but little, with a preference for naturalism to romance and biography over fiction. He used to keep

his press notices, and has two large scrap books full, but he doesn't any longer. That's because of his increasing tendency to let bygones be bygones. "Yesterday is gone, tomorrow is coming. But today is here. I live for it, and don't worry. As long as I have the arms and legs and head that God gave me, I'll get along." He is of German-Italian descent.

And the highest paid American dancer ever to trip the light fantastic before European audiences. His itinerary took him to all the old world capitals, and in each he was a sensation. On one occasion he split headline billing with Nazimova. His voice is slow, deep and interesting. He likes house pajamas, sun baths and beaches. One of his good friends is Owney Madden, the New York big shot. He has a picture of Madden inscribed "to Gigolo Raft, the black snake from Tenth Avenue."

Like most of the boys who have made their way up from down under, he is a curious mixture of hardness and sentimentality. A bad guy to have mad at you; a good friend. He lives with a pal of ten years standing in a swank apartment house in the heart of Hollywood. The walls of his suite are decorated with the signed photographs of well-known actresses. The telephone rings a great deal. He is not married.

Nor does it seem that he soon will be. "Beyond everything else I want freedom," he says. "I want to feel that I can leave a place whenever I want to—and there will be no reason why I shouldn't. That's why I want money, to make this possible: to travel, where and when I want to, is my single wish. I never give a thought to tomorrow beyond that one."

Returning to New York from London, he danced in virtually every night club and motion picture theatre in the town. He was one of the first entertainers signed when the Paramount Public circuit was organized. He was one of Texas Guinan's most popular performers. Then he met Rowland Brown, the director, and was persuaded to come to Hollywood for a rôle in "Quick Millions."

He had become interested in pictures, and had just dropped his bankroll of 35 grand at Belmont and Jamaica. He was taking a vacation from show business, the first one in ten years, and the trip West seemed like a good idea at the time. He came and made the picture. Then there was a long period when nothing happened, interspersed with small appearances in "Hush Money" and "Palmy Days." Then Hughes signed him for "Scarface." And that Started It.

"I can't act," he states. "I simply must be myself, do the things that seem natural to me. When I get with a director who wants me to act, I'll be lost. I don't like long speeches, because I don't know anything about delivering lines. I just try and be the guy in the story—not George Raft giving an impersonation of him."

FOR years on Broadway he did not get enough sleep. Seven o'clock in

the morning usually was his bedtime, with early rehearsals and matinées getting him up scarcely before he had closed his eyes. Now he gets more sleep than he wants. He does the local stay-up places, but they are no effort for one whose feet have stirred the dust of a hundred night club floors, dancing into a thousand dawns. He does not care much for Agua Caliente.

"I do not drink and there is nothing else to do there, when the hosses aren't running, but gamble. I don't bet on a hoss unless I know it's going to try, and gambling is a sucker's game. I've seen too much not to know that you can't beat the house. If you feel that you must play, however, there is only one way to do it. That is to make one bet, and only one. If you win, pick up the money and walk away. If you lose, quit too. Think 'Well, I played. I had my fun' and let it go at that."

His clothes are extremely modish, but they cover a trained, muscular and athletic body. His hands are white and

well-manicured, but balled into fists they can punch like pile-drivers. His house slippers are faced with patent leather and his robes brocaded, but he has hair on his chest and in any kind of a brawl at all I'm betting he could put the usual film hero on the carpet.

He's a new kind of figure for the hurrying tintypes, purely a creation of the modern world—and one elegant menace for the modern screen. As ball-player, prize-fighter and dancer, he's entertained Vanderbilts and vagrants, princes and poets and pickpockets, college boys and cultured tramps, sight-seers and suckers—all the strange, colorful, overexcited and fantastic habitués of nightclubs and music halls and cafés. . . .

Now he's starting to entertain you as a movie actor. And from what we've seen of him so far, it looks as if he's going to be even more successful in his fourth profession than he was in the first three put together!

When Garbo Was Late

(Continued from page 47)

sudden impulses and strange habits. Clothed in an aura of mystery. And she was coming tonight! Nobody doubted the rumor. Even after most of the stars had arrived and gone inside, still the crowd waited. Murmurs rippled through, but they were not murmurs of doubt.

"What can be keeping her?" they asked one another.

AND at the big house on Rockingham Drive, a cruel thing had happened. As cruel things usually happen—without warning.

The Glamorous One, resplendent in a Paris evening gown of gold brocade, and wrapped in a cocoa ermine cape, had given a final pat to her face from her powder puff and had swept down to the Rolls-Royce that stood waiting for her. For this was to be a state occasion and, since she had relented enough to give her presence to the opening, the studio had prevailed upon her to go in the style befitting her high position.

With a sigh, she settled back against the rose-colored cushions and ordered the chauffeur to proceed.

They were passing through the gate when it happened. A fuzzy little shape bounded in front of the car. The chauffeur threw on his brakes, but not quite soon enough.

Swallowing an oath, for chauffeurs had been fired for less than this, he leaped out to see how seriously the dog had been hurt.

But before he could reach it, the Glamorous One was down in the dust,

gathering up the limp, bleeding little body in her ermine-clothed arms.

"Quick!" she ordered, "the hospital. Four blocks down."

She was breathing hard. Distressed. How could he know what this small dog meant to her, in a land where most things meant nothing?

This was not merely an animal upon which she had lavished her affection. It was a tie. A bond between herself and the homeland for which she longed. A man had given it to her, the evening he had returned to Sweden. A man, who had meant much in her life.

And so it was that the Glamorous One, hugging the bleeding little form to her breast, went into the operating-room herself with the night-surgeon and helped quiet the little beast while an examination was made. And not until she had been assured that it would live would she consent to leave it there alone. . . .

There was much craning of necks as the big, rose limousine drew up in front of the theatre. The Garbo alighted, gave a careless nod to Lew and went inside. But that one moment paid the curious ones for their long wait. They forgave her for being late. It was enough for them that she had finally come.

"Look how tousled her hair is!" a fat lady in the foreground criticized. "And her clothes look like they had been thrown at her. She has no style."

"Sure—" a slim girl on her right answered. "But isn't she the smart one to be late! A born actress!"

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or else? Supposing you
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best of such a situation?

See how Joan Crawford
managed it—cleverly

HIS HORRIBLE CARESSES OR HER JOB—HOW DID JOAN CRAWFORD SOLVE THIS SITUATION? SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE

September MODERN SCREEN

Ten Commandments for Beauty

(Continued from page 34)

with pads of cotton wrung out in witch hazel or hot water popped over the lids. All the movie stars do it. They feel that it's imperative, after their work under the merciless Kleigs.

The stingiest of eyelashes respond to the constant, nightly application of vaseline. I hear someone saying, "I've rubbed vaseline on my eyelashes for months and it hasn't done a bit of good! And I reply, "Yes, it has. But the growth is so gradual that you don't notice it." Mascara will show up the additional length, all right—but more of make-up later. And, of course, there are false eyelashes nowadays that are natural as life. Brush the lashes and brows with a little brush dipped in warm olive oil or castor oil. You can train your brows that way, too. Pluck the brows? Certainly. I'm not going to say, "Not to a thin line," because you must have heard that hundreds of times. But I am going to tell you to pluck the little stray hairs *only* from underneath if you want to make your eyes look bigger. Also, brush the little hairs diagonally upwards to give them a smarter look—instead of straight across. That's all I have to say about the eyes until I get to the subject of make-up.

THIRD commandment: *Glorify your hair!* There's so much to say about the hair that I'll just have to boil it down to as many facts as I can cram in—without trimmings.

Rules for shampooing: normal hair, every three weeks; oily hair every two weeks or ten days; dry hair, once a month; excessively oily hair, every week; excessively dry hair, alternate soap and water with herbal shampoos.

Olive oil treatment for every type of hair: warm a small cupful of oil (or a prepared oil treatment) to a comfortable temperature. Massage it well into the scalp with the fingertips and rub it along the length of the hair. Wrap a hot towel around the head for ten minutes or so. While you're waiting, shave down a quarter or half cake of pure soap or have ready a liquid shampoo. Warm this a little. Shampoo thoroughly. Rinse thoroughly. Finish under the shower or with a hand spray.

Helpful remedies for oily hair: a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the melted soap or liquid shampoo. A lemon rinse (one lemon) or a couple of tablespoons of vinegar in the last rinsing water.

A nice treat for any hair: an egg shampoo. Beat up the eggs (you should use six, but I've used less myself when the pantry hasn't been too well stocked) add a little cold water, wet the hair in warm water, rub in half the egg mixture, rinse, repeat, and shampoo.

Treatment for drab, lifeless, beginning-to-go-gray hair: a good tonic, or a mild bleach or color rinse, or both.

Brushing: every single day. Gently and in moderation for fine hair. Briskly

and plentifully—about a hundred strokes—for coarse hair.

Massage: ten minutes a day. Plant the fingers on the scalp in a spread-out position. Move the scalp around, don't slide the fingers around on it.

For brunettes and redheads: four drops of rose of geranium oil added to a glass of hot water finishes off the shampoo in grand style and gives a pretty gloss. Both Nancy Carroll and Sylvia Sidney make use of this trick.

Waving: don't get a bargain-counter permanent or marcel. Insist upon a non-sticky lotion for finger- or water-waving. Learn to do it yourself if possible and save money.

Brilliantine: beneficial for dry hair. Should be applied with the palms of the hands—sparingly.

Learn these ten beauty
commandments by heart—
and live up to them!

If you do this, your life will
be fuller, you will have more
friends, and happiness will be
with you every day

FOR the fourth commandment, we'll take this: *Keep your hands young and lovely!* Dry them thoroughly to prevent roughness. Smooth a little hand lotion into them to keep them supple. Plaster them with cold cream and wear old white cotton gloves to bed if they're very chapped or sunburned. Stroke large knuckles down toward the palm of the hand to improve their shape. Hands which have a tendency to go beef-red just at the wrong moment can be whitened if you will hold your arms up over your head for five minutes.

Fingers can be tapered somewhat in the following way: anoint them with cream, wrap them in cotton, and put on ten thimbles. Helps a little and the cream softens up the cuticle nicely.

A layer of good white soap inserted under the nails while you're doing housework will keep the fingernail tips white and clean looking. Rubber gloves (if you'll *only* take the trouble!) will keep away that water-soaked look.

A solution of ten parts of peroxide to one part of ammonia will bleach minor discolorations off the hands. It will also remove nicotine stains and ink.

Exercise the hands—bend the elbows up and, with the forearms limp, try to shake your hands off. Hold your hands up in the air and play imaginary scales.

Now about manicuring. To look at some nails, one would think a mani-

cure kit consisted of only a nail file and a bottle of gory polish. Mostly polish. As a matter of fact, one day, trying on dresses in a department store booth, I overheard two girls talking in the adjoining booth. "Heavens Katy!" said one, "look at my nails. They're simply a disgrace. And I have a date with Bill at six." "Oh, that's all right," replied her friend. "Slap some polish on them. As long as they flash and sparkle that's all that's necessary."

Polish on ill-groomed nails is like a smart hat atop a dirty face. The nails should be pink, glowing, clean and beautifully shaped and cared for without the polish. That is simply a cosmetic to heighten their pretty effect. The nails should be filed (before soaking) with a long, flexible file. The file should be swept from one side of the nail to the other, not see-sawed back and forth in one spot. Anyone can learn to do it properly even with the clumsier left hand. File from *underneath* the nail and then smooth the edges with an emery board. Then give the nails a good soaking and scrubbing in soapy water. Smear a cuticle remover on and work around the base of the nail with an orange stick—never use a steel instrument. Cut the cuticle if necessary (but do try to give it up gradually). Be sure to cut the dead skin off evenly and not too close.

As a rule, oval nails are best. Pointed nails, to my way of thinking are cruel-looking and ugly. And, mark my word, most men don't like them. Neither do they like carmine polish. "Ugh!" I've heard them say. "Her long red fingernails. Like claws!" But the brilliant shades do remain in favor and, of course, it's up to you to use which you like. However, here's a thing I've often wondered: why are girls so stingy about nail polish? Why don't they remove the brilliant shade they've used for a formal party and put on colorless or medium polish for the office?

YOU'RE going to laugh at the next commandment: *Take care of your feet!* But it's not funny. Many a wrinkle on the face comes from miserable feet. Many an ungainly walk is the result of corns and callouses. Most of the rules for care of the feet are plain common sense. Wear shoes and stockings that fit—neither too big nor too small. Don't economize on footwear. High heels, in spite of what any of you want to say, are still dress-up affairs.

Cut toenails straight across, remove the rough edges with a file, and push back the cuticle just as you do on your fingernails. Not only a beauty rule, but a hygiene rule. If your feet perspire, give them a soaking and scrubbing in hot soapy water and then a plunge into cold water, into which a couple of handfuls of coarse kitchen salt or sea salt have been thrown. (Yes, you can buy sea salt at the drugstore.) Always dry

them thoroughly and powder them with a foot powder.

I get many questions about fat, or thin, ankles and legs. If your ankles and legs are big because of big bone formation, you can't do anything about it. If it's excess flesh, you can. Doing the goose-step will remove fat from piano legs and put flesh on scrawny ones. Funny, but true. Cocoa butter will put flesh on the calves, too, if you keep rubbing it in long enough. And here's a trick that may help reduce a thick ankle: dissolve two squares of gum camphor in a quart of rubbing alcohol. Bind the ankle firmly with a strong bandage soaked in this. Keep it on all night and under your stockings in the daytime, if possible.

And the mention of that word "reducing" brings us to the sixth commandment: *Work hard for a beautiful figure!* I'm not going to say a great deal on this subject for two reasons: in the first place, it's a practically inexhaustible subject and I haven't the space. And in the second place, next month in MODERN SCREEN, Adele Whitely Fletcher, ace writer for this magazine, will have just about the completest and most informative article on diet and exercise that you ever read. Watch for it.

The movie stars keep their figures down—or up—to contract weight by hard work that sometimes amounts to slavery. Take Joan Crawford, again, for example. When she first came to Hollywood the girl weighed one hundred and forty-nine pounds! Honestly. And it was the hard, solid flesh that dancers have, too—difficult to take off. And now look at Joan—so slim and beautifully symmetrical that she can wear almost any gown, no matter how difficult and bizarre it may be. It has brought out the character in her face, too—making her eyes look more enormous than ever and bringing out the strength of her jaw.

It's laziness, mostly, that keeps figures bloppy. The fat lady should be out of bed at six-thirty in the morning, no matter what. She should go through a stiff routine of exercises for at least half an hour. Her breakfast should be just enough to start the alimentary canal working—black coffee, a glass of orange juice and a slice of whole wheat toast with, possibly, honey. Her lunch should be nourishing enough, but mighty low in calories—vegetable bouillon (I have a grand recipe for one if you'd like it) and a nice green salad. And her dinner should be just substantial and tasty enough to leave her a little bit hungry when she gets up from the table. She should stop all sipping at meals. She can take laxatives in discreet moderation and with the proper precautions. And she should take note of the fact that it requires a little time to start losing weight even *after* you begin the diet and exercise routines.

Thin people can have more fun over their food. Milk, butter, olives, cheese, sweets and starches should figure largely in their diet, along with the ever-necessary vegetables, fruits and lean meats. I've heard tell that a glass of half rich cream and half ginger ale,

taken at mid-morning or mid-afternoon, makes a luscious drink, easy to assimilate, and quickly fattening.

A good idea for all dieters—thin or fat—is a three-day fruit diet before you begin your prescribed routine. Eat oranges, grapes, bananas (in moderation for the fat ones) and any other fruit that is in season whenever you feel hungry. Clears out the system and gives you a nice fresh start.

THE rest of my commandments are more fun. We'll step off the strict beauty track for a moment and talk about colors. *Study your own color scheme!* The tone of your skin, rather than the color of your hair or eyes, determines the shades that will be most flattering. Fashion still gives us heaps of off-shades so there is no reason why we can't all find colors that beautify us. There's no reason why neutral types can't wear the smart pinky-beiges—where ordinary beige would be taboo; and redheads can experiment with brown-y-reds where plain red would be just dreadful. Here's a sort of color chart to guide you a little bit—but, remember, they're arbitrary choices and you must experiment yourself.

Red really belongs to blondes. A vivid blonde, naturally, can wear vivid red, while the ash blonde must be content with the dull, soft shades. Yellow is good, especially if it practically matches the hair. Faded yellows are best for ash blondes. Orange isn't especially good for either. Blue is excellent. Almost all greens are good on the vivid blonde—the soft shades are flattering to the ash blonde. Purple—off-shades only for both types. Gray's nice—especially a dark, expensive-looking gray. Carole Lombard is especially fond of gray—she's an ash blonde with gray eyes. Beige, brown, black and white are all good for the vivid blonde. No beige or brown for the pale blonde unless she has brown eyes, black only if she's young; white is perfect.

The brunette can wear red, yellow and orange to perfection. The bright shades of blue and green are best, gray is all right, black is always smart, and off-whites are good. Purple isn't and brown and beige are not particularly attractive, either. The sallow brunette can wear the same colors, but they should be of softer, duller tones, and she must *not* wear orange. Black should be touched up with off-white or flesh pink or a red scarf or something. Gray isn't particularly good either—but let her take cheer because all the off shades (except orchid) were made for her. By off shades, I mean, roughly, coral and pale pink, green-blues and blue-greens, if very pale, aquamarine, pinky-beige, ivory white and eggshell.

The red-heads' best colors are blues and greens, black and white, all the off shades (except coral and definite pinks) brown, and golden yellow. Beige is nice and gray is sometimes. In-between types can wear the colors that are most becoming to the more decided types they most resemble. But in-betweens with sallow skins should steer clear of orange, purple, gray, beige, dead black, lemon or chartreuse tinges, and



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauteous—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

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orchid. They wouldn't be good.

Ladies with gray hair should be guided by the colors for either the silver blondes or the in-betweens—depending upon the amount of gray in the hair. White is, of course, the perfect evening color for platinum blondes. Jean Harlow sticks pretty closely to it—and black—for evening.

MAKE-UP should be varied with the color worn—which brings up the next commandment: *Be sensible about your make-up!* Start with a nice clean face and your proper powder base and fluff a generous quantity of powder onto your skin with a spotlessly clean puff. Brush the surplus powder away with another puff or a camel's hair brush. Rouge under a bright light and remember that nature never puts color on *quite* symmetrically. A cute stunt is to circle the rouge around on your cheek, leaving just the teeniest white spot in the middle for a highlight. With your lipstick, follow the natural lines of your mouth exactly, staying away from the corners if your mouth is large and accentuating them a bit if your mouth is small and thin. Kindly reifer, everybody, to the picture of Joan Crawford on page 33. Note that Joan's mouth is rouged in its natural shape—no Cupid's bow for her! Not a pretty-pretty mouth, but a strong one. There's a tendency these days to accentuate a full lower lip. Greta Garbo's is done that way and surely no one has a more individual mouth than Garbo.

Blend lipstick in well—don't ever let it look sloppy and cakey. Orange shades seem to be out of favor, thank goodness, but bright lipsticks that are young and gay are best for everyone with the exception of the red-head and the gray-haired woman, who should choose a rather subdued, rosy shade.

Mascara for everyday affairs should barely accentuate the length of the lashes and the arch of the brows. The mascara brush should be used with an upward, slightly outward sweep on both the upper and lower lashes and

the brows should always be pinched with the thumb and forefinger after the mascara is applied to give them a nice line. In the evening, vivid types can put on a lot of mascara (always brushing the lashes out with a clean, dry brush afterwards) and blend a little eyeshadow upward and outward from the corner of the lid.

I shall not go into the details of shades of make-up again in this magazine. I've harped on the subject so much that I'm ashamed to take up the printer's time with it any more. But if you want advice about your own particular type, write to me (as many of you have been doing) and I'll try to pick your proper colors.

THE ninth commandment is included all on account of the men: *Use perfume—and in the right way.* They like it. Some say they don't, but just try some faint, seductive odor on them and watch 'em sit up and take notice. But it must be faint and it must be suitable to you and to the occasion. The best way to use perfume is with the aid of an atomizer. But that can run into money. If you can't afford enough perfume at once to fill an atomizer, soak little pads of flannel in perfume and sew them in your clothes. Or fill sachets of silk with fragrant sachet powder and keep one or two in a drawer with your underclothes and pinned to your dress-hangers. Plain orris root makes a lovely, inexpensive sachet and, of course, lavender is always delightful. I like to keep my gloves in a box with a little sachet—there's nothing more feminine than a delicately scented glove. The ancient Romans, you know, always perfumed their hands so that they would leave a fragrant reminder with a friend when they clasped hands in parting.

Don't be offended when I tell you the tenth commandment. It's this: *Take baths for beauty!* I'll bet not many of you have ever thought that bathing makes you beautiful, have you? Well, it does. The perfect bath arrangement

is a cold shower in the morning and a long, lovely, luxurious soaking at night. Don't think that you can get really clean under the shower, because you can't. You need to soak and scrub for cleanliness—and for a soft, satiny skin texture, too.

THE Japanese—noted for national cleanliness—always scrub themselves all over with a medium stiff brush and a nice, bland soap before they get into the tub. I like this arrangement; it stimulates the skin and gets the real dirt all off before one starts soaking. And you really should use some bath preparation—to make the water soft and to make you smell nice. The most practical, least expensive and generally satisfactory bath preparation is a simple chemical compound, so refined and improved in the manufacturing that doctors recommend it for the tenderest of skins. It comes in a special perfumed variety for the bath and I'll tell you about it if you'll write to me.

Just dump it into the hot water and then sit yourself down in the tub and relax. Use a rough bath-mitt, if your skin will stand it, and scrub yourself—yes, in addition to the preliminary scrubbing. Only don't use any soap for the second scrubbing. Then when you get out of the tub, all the soap will be out of your skin and you will have just the least coating of the soft, perfumed powder on your body. This sort of bath should be taken at night, of course, and very fat and very thin people should not have the water too hot. Oh—and by the way—let me assure you that Epsom Salts baths really *are* reducing—if you'll use plenty of the salts, if you will have the water hot enough, if you stay in the tub long enough, and if you roll up in a blanket afterwards so that you perspire profusely.

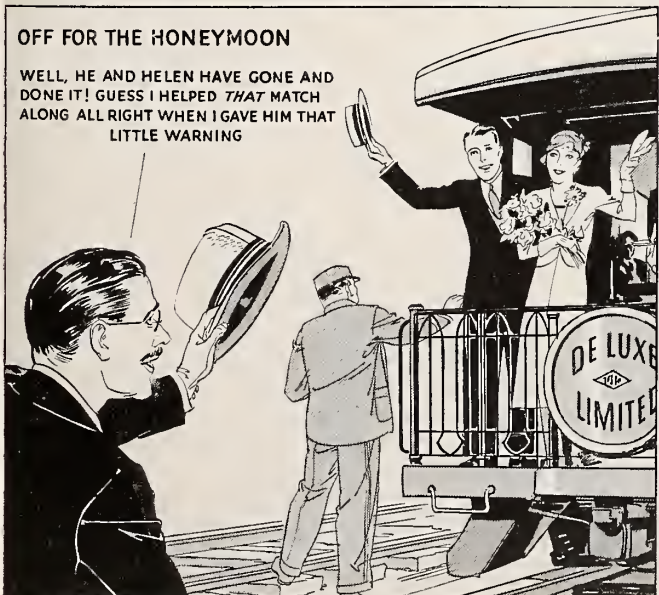
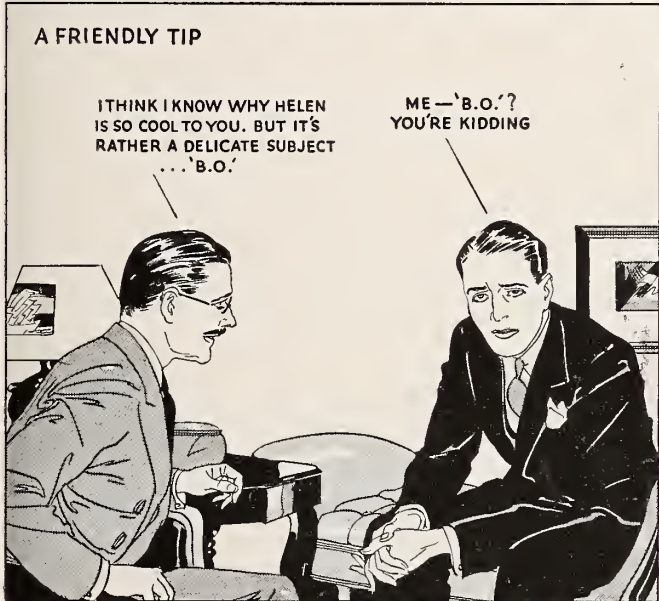
This last isn't a commandment. It's just general advice—but I simply will not leave it out: *Cultivate good taste!* How, you ask? Well, I must admit I don't know, exactly. Watching people you admire is one of the best ways. The smart, clever girls on the screen, for example. Good taste was just naturally born in some of them, but many of them had to acquire it. You, too, can acquire that sense of the fitness of things. As, for instance—if you live in a very small town where extremes are looked upon as freakish, it is bad taste to wear bizarre clothes and exotic make-up. And, although black and white are always smart, it is overdoing things to wear a black and white dress, a black and white hat, a black and white purse and black and white shoes and gloves. And, although little curls and puffs and bangs are the order of the day in coiffures, if you are a great, big athletic girl, you had better stick to a plain hairdress. Green eyeshadow is absurd on a baby face and triangular eyebrows do not belong on a high school sophomore. You can read beauty hints till you're blue in the face and spend every nickel of your money on beauty preparations—but if you cannot learn to be self-critical you will never acquire beauty and charm.



Hollywood Newspicture

Did you ever see a picture of Mrs. Lewis Stone? There she is, next but one to the extreme right of the picture. Lewis is on the left, of course. The others are some of the Lewis' friends. This was taken at a Mayfair reception after a recent important opening.

HELPING HIM WITH HELEN . . . by ALBERT DORNE



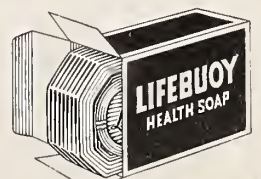
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