

MODERN SCREEN

OCTOBER

32



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Bennett

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Story of the

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The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.

CHANDU

THE MAGICIAN

WITH

EDMUND LOWE

IRENE WARE • BELA LUGOSI • HENRY B. WALTHALL

DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND WILLIAM C. MENZIES

A F O X P I C T U R E

This Month in
MODERN SCREEN

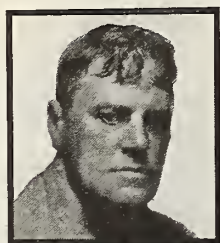
These famous authors
give you their very best



Faith Baldwin, basing her article on the picture, "Skyscraper Souls," which was taken from her novel "Skyscraper," gives her fascinating views on a difficult problem which confronts almost every girl of today. "Girls Are In a 'Tough Spot,'" she cutely calls it. It's full of wisdom, common sense and charm. Page 47.



Lowell Thomas, whom you've met before in Modern Screen, and who gave you that fascinating story "Into Nature's Battlefields" in our last issue, now offers another thrilling tale of the jungles. This time it's the Martin Johnsons and the terrific dangers they encounter in their search for jungle camera material. Page 38.



Albert Payson Terhune, whose name stands for greatness in the literary world, has an article full of interest to the movie fan—to you. It's called "Wake Up, Hollywood!" Coming at this time, when Hollywood is all of a dither trying to devise pictures which will make money, Mr. Terhune's ideas are a revelation. Page 36.

And also—among others—Adele Whitely Fletcher, Walter Ramsey, Alice Williamson, Jack Jamison, and, of course, Modern Screen's own beauty oracle, Mary Biddle.

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

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HAROLD LLOYD

in

"MOVIE CRAZY"

with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . .
Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll
laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the
King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh,
fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!

A Paramount Release

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



Marian Nixon's new bob. Lovely for young people. Don't you like the slight modified bangs?

The left side. There's a roll of curls and then feather curls in front of the ears.

The right side. A water-wave follows the head line. The ends are curled up softly.

The back view. A mass of ringlets, nicely groomed but not over-exact. Nice for hats.

BEAUTY ADVICE

HERE comes the fall and winter! Well, not right this minute, maybe, but pretty soon. Soon enough to begin thinking about what sort of a person you want to be for this new season. Do you want to have a good time this year, or just the same old dreary routine? I don't care how old or how young you are, whether you're married, single or engaged or whether you have plenty of money or are as poor as Job's pet turkey gobbler—you can take a new lease on beauty with such a *very* little expense.

All beauty writers get especially poetic and flowery in the fall about "repairing the ravages of summer" and all that. You're probably sick of hearing those familiar words, but I'm going to repeat them just the same. You may be all full of health and everything at the end of the summer, but you're not any visions of beauty. Your skins are (1) leathery or (2) freckled or burned or both or (3) pasty and blemished, in the cases of you city girls who have had to work all summer. Here and there are a few of you who have used sunburn creams or oils before baking yourself chocolate brown and you doubtless look very nice indeed. Maybe next year *everybody* will have sense enough not to place too much faith in the beauty-giving effects of the sun.

The thing to do, for any of the skin ills listed above, is to smooth and scrub away gradually the upper layer of your skin. Announce to your families that you'd like to have the bathroom to yourself for half an hour before bedtime each night for the next ten days or so. Then at the appointed hour, arrange on the bathroom shelf the following things: a jar of light, pure cold cream, a box of cleansing tissues, a small cupful of almond meal, and

*By
Mary Biddle*

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

a jar of tissue cream. Cover up your hair with a towel and slather the cold cream generously over your face and neck. Pat it in for a minute or two, then remove it with light, quick wipings with tissue. Now wash your face and neck in warm water and mild soap. Repeat both the cream cleansing and the soap and water washing, taking time on the second treatment to pat the cream more thoroughly into your skin before you remove it. Don't hurry—you're not going any place, anyway, except to bed.

TRY to let the skin absorb a good quantity of the cream. Then remove the excess and wash. Now dash down to the kitchen and hang up two old Turkish towels to get hot. Skip back to the bathroom again and give your arms, chest and shoulders the same treatment you've just given your face. Only don't remove the second application of cream. Instead, sprinkle the almond meal on top of the cream. Then go get the towels and wrap 'em round your arms—devote an extra one to the neck, too, if the skin there is scrubby looking. The towels should be quite hot and you should leave them on until they cool. Then wash the almond meal and cream off yourself with warm water and soap. Don't use cold water for a final rinse, or ice, unless you have been in the habit of regularly treating your skin with alternate hot and cold applications. I've just recently discovered that the use of very hot and then very cold water or ice is inclined to bring out every single impurity in the skin. To be sure, this measure—if kept up regularly every day—will eventually clear up the skin in grand style, but it seems to me that there are more practical ways of accomplishing this end.

(Continued on page 104)

Let's take a new lease on beauty for the new season!

FAOEN—the ONLY Beauty Aids at 10¢ that Give You PROOF of Quality!

"Everybody seems to have discovered Faoen. I see you have, too."

"Yes, indeed! Now I can buy a complete set of quality beauty aids for what I used to pay for one lipstick!"

• Scientific Tests Prove That •
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS Equal \$1. to \$3.
Brands in Fineness and Purity.

Imagine! Faoen ... at 10c ... equal in quality to the costliest beauty aids. Amazing ... isn't it? Yet TRUE!

Here is the proof. A famous Research Laboratory compared Faoen Beauty Aids with the most expensive brands. They reported:

"we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Remember, Faoen are the only beauty aids at 10c that give you absolute proof of quality.

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

Remember, too, Faoen is sponsored by Park & Tilford—a quality name for nearly 100 years.

Do you wonder, now, that thousands of women are changing to Faoen Beauty Aids? Try them ... today! You, too, will discover that Faoen can save you money ... without sacrificing quality.

Every Faoen product has received the Good House-keeping Institute seal of approval.



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FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.,
TALKS ABOUT HIS
FAVORITE DESSERTS TO

The Modern HOSTESS

Doug, Jr.'s, first favorite is vanilla ice cream. But as close seconds come a delicious pie and an apple pudding. And he dotes on parfaits. The Modern Hostess gives you these recipes this month.

DSSERT! To an Englishman it means fruit, and usually raw fruit at that, (for when an Englishman thinks of puddings and pastries he refers to them as "sweets"). To a child, dessert is the reward for being good and eating up all his spinach. To you, dessert is probably something to worry about if you are counting your calories. But to Douglas Fair-

banks, Jr., dessert means vanilla ice cream. Wouldn't it be *wonderful* if life could always be so divinely simple!

We discovered what Doug, Jr., likes for dessert while we were having luncheon with him one day at a little Hollywood restaurant. When it came to the dessert, we noticed that he didn't even glance at the menu. Most men, though they may know perfectly well what they are going to order, will study a menu intently for some minutes, wrinkle the brow, and finally give their order in a tone which suggests that their selection was made with considerable difficulty and their ultimate choice arrived at by a process of elimination. But not so with Doug. He merely said to the waiter, "Vanilla ice cream," and then, after a second's hesitation he added, "with butterscotch sauce."

IS that your favorite dessert?" we asked with interest. "Not that combination particularly," he replied, "but vanilla ice cream is the foundation for most of my favorite desserts, served with various sauces. Though, as a matter of fact, I like it almost as well plain, especially when it's home made. Joan's favorite dessert is *chocolate* ice cream. She permits herself to have it only once a week, though. But I think I could eat vanilla ice cream every day in the week," he said with enthusiasm.

"Well," we argued, "we think you would soon find yourself pretty tired of that—even with a different sauce for every day in the week, and an extra special one for Sundays. Why don't you give us some of your *other* favorites?" we asked.

Thus prompted he admitted that he also likes certain kinds of pie and that there was a special apple pudding Joan makes that he liked a lot and that he was really very fond of parfaits. But with his mention of parfaits we gave up! Here we were right back with the ice cream family again. But we did find out the kind of pie Douglas likes best—and we are happy to report that it is a California product which should be received with equal enthusiasm in any other state in the country. It is called Sunshine Pie and has a graham cracker crust and a perfectly divine filling. The apple pudding Doug dotes on is really a sort of apple cake, served hot out of the oven with a velvety pudding sauce. Now that the apple season is with us again this dessert is (Continued on page 83)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

..... (City) (State)

"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by **JOHN FORD**

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

STAR POWER



Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



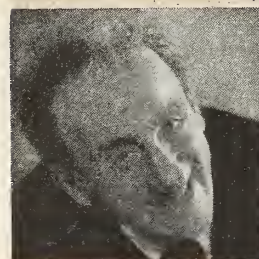
Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play



NORMA SHEARER
... CLARK GABLE
STRANGE INTERLUDE
Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmuller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan

Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Niels Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair

Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson

METRO-

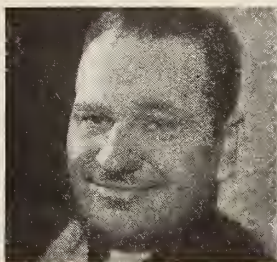


Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"... "POSSESSED"... "TARZAN THE APE MAN"... "MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"... "RED-HEADED WOMAN"... *space prevents listing them all!*

A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



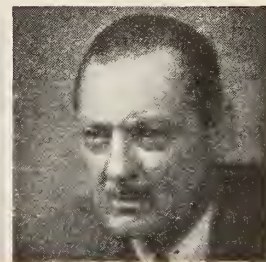
Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore



Rob't Montgomery

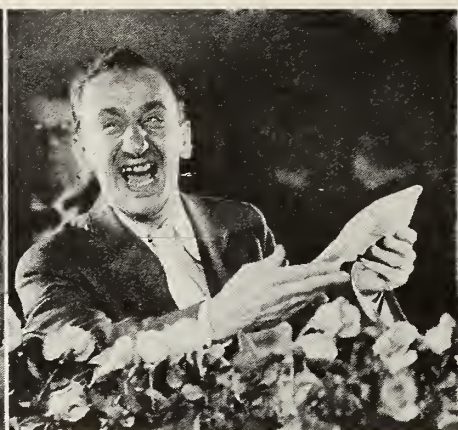
M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK... WALLACE BEERY in FLESH... JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

— and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER



Hollywood Newspictures

'STRANGE INTERLUDE'

Hollywood Newspictures



OPENS

The opening of "Strange Interlude," starring Norma Shearer and with Clark Gable in support was a record in Hollywood events. It's fully described in the opening of the gossip section on page 14. At top of page you see Clark Gable and his wife, Jimmie Durante, the master of ceremonies, and Mary Pickford with Gary Cooper. (Left) Sid Grauman, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mrs. Montgomery and Leslie Howard. (Right) Nancy Carroll and Colleen Moore. (Below) The crowd which began to arrive early in the day. The girl in the front row with the glasses was trampled on.



OLYMPIC GAMES CREATE STIR IN HOLLYWOOD

Cupid Starts Many Rumors In Filmland But Talmadge-Jessel Romance Scouted

Hollywood Famous Must Be Thinking It's Still Spring

There's Ricardo Cortez, for example, and Doris Warner, pretty niece of the brothers Warner. It's a long time since there has been a rumor about Ric. Then there's Minna Gombell and David Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's ex. These two are planning to wed soon. It is hoped that Miss Gombell's career won't wreck this marriage as Miss Rich's did the previous one. Charlie Chaplin, too, has been seen so often with beautiful platinum-haired Paulette Goddard, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, that folks are wondering if Chaplin will forget his former unhappy marriage ventures and try again.

One romance rumor, however, is definitely scouted—that one about Norma Talmadge and George Jessel. These two have been in vaudeville together—but, say both, their affiliation was purely business and there'll be no wedding bells for them.

Warners Contract Battle Goes on With Ann and Jimmie

Two of the likeliest young Thespians ever to play in pictures—Ann Dvorak and James Cagney—just can't come to terms with their employers, the Warner Brothers. Ann's in England, negotiating with the Gaumont Company for a British Contract. She'll return to Warners, she says, when—and if—she gets a raise. Ann walked out, you know, while still under contract and against her mother's and friends' advice. Master Jimmie is in New York and refuses to return to Hollywood until he gets that raise.

Ronald Colman May Quit Screen for Stage Unless—

Ronald Colman doesn't want to film "Cynara." Sam Goldwyn, his producer, does. M-G-M wants to borrow Colman for a talkie version of his silent "White Sister." Colman would like to do that picture. Sam Goldwyn doesn't approve. So Ronnie may return to the stage.

Vilma Banky Returns to Screen After Three Years' Absence

After an absence of three years, Vilma Banky, happily married wife of Rod La Rocque, will resume her picture career in Universal's "The Rebel." The film will be made in the Austrian Tyrol, with Luis Trenker of "The Doomed Battalion" acting a leading part and directing. Now, at last, the fans who have been clamoring for Vilma's return will be happy.



Clara Bow All Set For Long-Awaited Film Come-Back

Beloved Red-head Her Old Slim Self Once More

She never looked better. The red hair is aflame again, after its temporary blondness. The Bow figure weighs just what it should weigh. The brown eyes sparkle as they once did. Perhaps most important of all, Clara is in perfect health. And she's most excited about her come-back and anxious to get to work on "Call Her Savage." Incidentally, that report about a stork coming to the Bow-Bell home was just a lot of unfounded gossip.

Hollywood mourns the death of two of the best friends it ever had—Florenz Ziegfeld and James Quirk, editor of Photoplay magazine. From Ziegfeld's "Follies" came much of Hollywood's present beauty and talent. The stage and film world will miss this far-sighted, brilliant showman. And James Quirk's friendly counsel and sincerity will be mourned by writers and actors alike.

News Flashes

Hereafter, the Warner Brothers, not the Warner stars, will okay stories. This means that Arliss, Barthelmess, Chatterton, Powell and Edward G. Robinson can no longer select their own stories.

Tallulah is being borrowed by M-G-M from Paramount to make "Tinfoll."

Dolores Del Rio is studying voice for a future light opera career.

Gary Cooper will play opposite Mary Pickford in Miss Pickford's forthcoming Frances Marion story.

Contestants From Every Country Visit Studios—Festival Spirit Reigns

Possible Screen Material Seen in Olympic Entrants

Hollywood is having plenty of company these days. The visiting participants in the current Olympiad have been thronging the studios—to visit the stars, to attend luncheons, to listen to speeches and to watch the movie favorites at work on the sets. It is a grand holiday for all concerned. Studio routine is forgotten in the general festival spirit.

Don't be surprised, either, if some of these super-athletes remain in Hollywood for screen careers. Fox has tested several of the girl entrants for camera and microphone possibilities and some excellent screen material has been discovered. Eleanor Holm of the New York swimming team, for instance, is a very pretty girl. Not so long ago she was offered a rôle in the late Ziegfeld's "Follies." After all, Johnnie Weissmuller, another swimming star, hasn't done so badly on the screen.

Fox Plans "State Fair" on Same Scale as "Grand Hotel"

Fox is going to produce "State Fair" with a cast that will probably include Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Jimmie Dunn, Sally Eilers and a great number of prominent supporting players. There will be the enormous sets and all the other paraphernalia of a mammoth production. M-G-M started it all with "Grand Hotel." Then Paramount produced "The Big Broadcast." The fashion—and a good one it is, too—of combining many big box office names in one production seems to be holding sway.

Buddy Rogers Signs Contract To Make More Movies?

Many thousands of fans will be glad to learn that Buddy Rogers may come back to the screen. The former Paramount star may sign a contract with Columbia. Chief credit for this should be given to one Walter Wanger, formerly with Paramount and now head of Columbia studios.

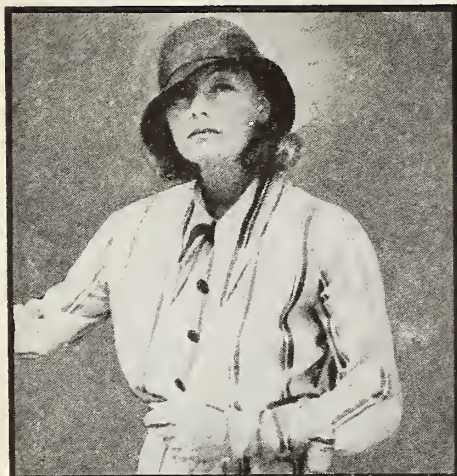
Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Cameraman, Married in Oregon

At last! That peppy little Joan Blondell and that excellent cameraman, George Barnes, have found time to get married. They ran away to Oregon and the wedding was all over before reporters caught up with them and persuaded them to admit the truth. They're spending their honeymoon at Rogue River, Oregon. We hope they'll be very happy all their lives.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

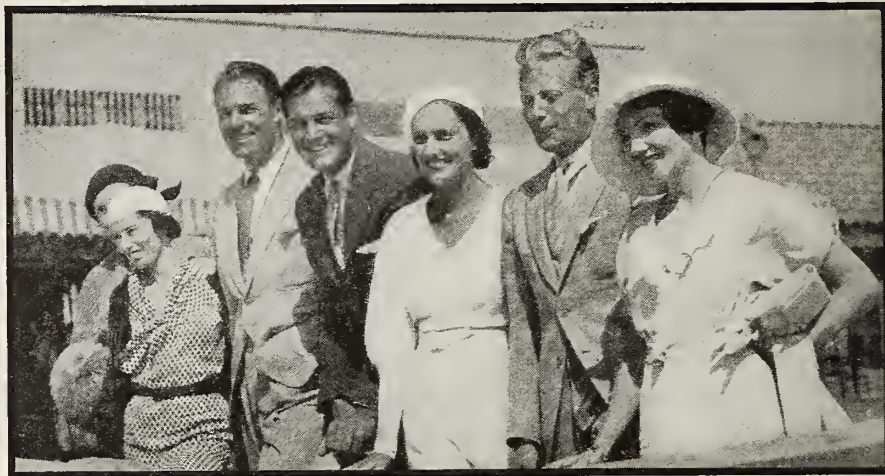
● Billie Dove and David Manners are so intrigued with each other that they're giving a tea party together as a housewarming for Dave's new home.

These two just kinda sit and gaze at each other, and when they are together at a party, they dance with no one else. Dave's one of the handsomest guys in this man's town—and Billie's undisputedly one of the most gorgeous of beauties. A very purty team.



Copyright N. Y. Evening Journal from International

Extra! Extra! Greta Garbo poses for a news photographer. Yes, it's really she. She told reporters she'd be back in this country in the autumn.



Hollywood Newspictures

A bunch of Paramount stars got together on the beach. Randolph Scott, Charles Starrett, Mrs. Starrett, Gene Raymond and Claudette Colbert. Isn't Randolph Scott a dead-wringer for Paramount's other star, that Gary Cooper chap?

THE World Première of "Strange Interlude" was the greatest night Hollywood has seen for years! Up till now, the opening of "Hell's Angels," with its unruly and terrific crowd had all the records. But the loving cup has changed hands!

Fifty policemen were required to keep the crowd behind the ropes—but even *that* didn't do any good. The crowd started to assemble about two o'clock in the afternoon and by nine o'clock (when the stars began to arrive) the ropes were not able to do their duty. The enthusiastic mob surged over the restraining cords and up the entrance of the theatre! And there they stood—*nothing* would make them leave! Not even street-cars! The police attempted to lead some of the star-gazers out of the way of approaching automobiles but they had little if any luck. Two hilarious women were knocked down and run over by passing automobiles! Twenty-five ambulance calls were

sent out on account of fainting women!

Ann Harding must have had a hunch that the stars were going to have their troubles—because she arrived in a black wig! And she was successful in her disguise—up to the time the play let out. Elissa Landi was the only person who had recognized her!

Clark Gable's arrival almost held up the starting of the picture. If the thousands of women who wanted to get to him had succeeded, we would have been minus a swell heart-throb!

The colony couldn't have anticipated quite such an evening as they were shown—the gowns and wraps were nowhere near as formal or startling as we were shown at the opening of "Grand Hotel." On the other hand, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Connie Bennett and a host of others appeared looking almost as though they had stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. It was the first real chance that Hollywood

has had to wear its summer things. They made the most of it!

● Norma Talmadge says that her interest in Georgie Jessel goes no further than their business affiliations. They've been appearing on the vaudeville stage together at the reported salary of \$12,500 a week! And in these days of twenty per-cent cuts, that's some business affiliation!

● There's more than a little heart-break back of Natalie Talmadge Keaton's decision to divorce comedian Buster Keaton. No matter how you look at it, there must be some tragedy in a situation which finds a couple married for eleven years—and parents of two growing sons—obtaining a divorce.

Of the three Talmadge sisters, Natalie has always been considered the "homebody" of the family. While Norma and Constance were having their marital shake-ups, Natalie was busy being a happy wife and mother.

Billie Dove and David Manners seem to be really interested

● When they first ran through a rough showing of Marion Davies' new picture, "Blondie of the Follies," they say it looked as if Billie was the star, instead of the second female lead. She it was who, everyone thought, stole the picture—with some darn clever histrionics.

So long considered beautiful but no actress, Billie has blossomed out during the past year and proved her personality.

● More fun! Gilbert Roland may play opposite Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage." Clara and Gilbert were once making headlines with their romance.

Gilbert has lost twelve pounds, shaved his mustache and looks like a different man. What's more, his long-standing romance with Norma Talmadge is definitely over. When Norma arrived in town the last time she didn't even let him know she was coming.



Hollywood Newspictures

Bebe Daniels, Carmen Pantages Considine, Harriet Parsons—Modern Screen's contributor—a friend, Sally Eilers and Lily Damita. You can also see Constance Talmadge Netcher peeking over the cute shoulders of Lily Damita.



International

Once again a prominent Hollywood film player becomes introduced to motherhood. This time it's Sue Carol, Nick Stuart's pretty little wife.

Nothing seemed to disturb her peace of mind.

The first inkling of any difficulty in the beautiful Keaton Beverly Hills mansion came with the headlined account of the fracas with Kathleen Key in which Buster was, rightly or wrongly, hinted at as being culpable. Natalie stood staunchly by, her friends amazed at the calm with which she faced the much-publicized situation.

The next word of a breach to reach the newspapers was the account of Buster's airplane trip to San Diego, taking the two Keaton children with him. But this breach, too, was apparently smoothed over.

Then Buster bought a yacht! No doubt he got it at a terrific bargain, even for these depression days. He didn't seem to realize that upkeep on such a palatial ship was prohibitive—or, if not actually that, exorbitant.

Natalie just couldn't understand Buster's attitude—and vice versa. It wasn't an overnight decision on Nat-

alie's part to divorce her screen star husband. There have just been too many matters coming up lately on which they couldn't agree, and the only desirable solution of the situation lay in a divorce.

It wasn't Buster's fault—nor his wife's. It is more than a little sad, though, that their marriage, long referred to by Hollywood as one of its happiest, should fail.

● Mrs. Skeets Gallagher gave a birthday party for a number of Hollywood's kiddies, in celebration of her little son's third birthday. The two most interested guests were Arline Judge and husband, Wesley Ruggles. They were comparing notes with all the mothers, 'cause the stork visits the Ruggles' in October.

● Estelle Taylor again seems to have had a change of heart. The ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey appears to be all aflutter over Edmund Burns, actor-around-town.

● Tenants in the apartment below Jimmie Dunn's have been complaining about Jimmie's tap-dancing spurts—usually about 7 a. m. Seems like he does a tap routine instead of calisthenics.

Jimmie, incidentally, is considered one of the Don Juans of movietown. And deservedly, too. If he's not out dancing with Maureen O'Sullivan or Gloria Shea—or Irene Ware—or—what's the use? He'll probably have a new sweet number by the time you read this. There's no keeping up with this Jimmie lad.

● You could have knocked us over with Lil Tashman's throaty drawl when up walks Lupe Velez at the opening of "Strange Interlude"—with no escort more exciting than three elderly ladies.

● Helen Hayes, working over at Paramount, upset all traditions of etiquette strictly adhered to by movie stars.

Clara Bow may play opposite her old romance, Gilbert Roland

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

● The studios are experiencing a bit of annoyance with the recent visitors. There was a group of them watching Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes emote in "Farewell to Arms." The director did some private muttering when the visitors spoiled a scene with their remarks.

Over at Fox, one of a group of visitors knocked over a high-powered lamp that is listed on the prop sheets at \$400.00. Oh, well!



International

Tom Mix, in appropriate costume, poses with members of the India Olympic team at the famous Breakfast Club. Isn't he a swell Hindu?



Hollywood Newspictures

Here's Mary Astor and her almost-brand-new baby, born in Honolulu. She's only had it a few weeks. Her husband, Dr. Thorpe is with her.



International

Thelma Todd upped and got married without telling anyone about it until it happened. Pasquale de Cicco is her husband's name.

One very hot afternoon Helen's double was standing-in while lights were being arranged for a take. The director was trying to get an unusual camera effect—and after two hours of light shifting, he and his crew were still working at it. With Miss Hayes' double wilting more perceptibly every minute that the intense heat of the lights played on her. Helen herself was on the sidelines. Finally she said: "I'm going to stand in for myself. That girl is thoroughly worn out." And she did!

● And at the same studio, Bing Crosby has every mother's daughter aghast and agape at his boyishness. He does all his own errands, and isn't calling for a messenger boy every minute like a lot of actors we could name. The director told the coatless Bing that he'd have to wear his coat for the next scene. A few minutes later everything was all set for shooting to start—and no Crosby. Five minutes went by before Bing ap-

peared, breathless, wearing his coat. "Where the devil have you been?" the director demanded.

"I had to go over to my dressing room and get my coat," answered Bing. Only a matter of seven blocks from the set. It's downright refreshing, that's what.

● Old friends have been walking right past Dorothy Mackaill since her return from a vaudeville tour. She's *that* much thinner. Dot was a little on the plump side just before she left Hollywood the last time. Now she's so slim no one recognizes her.

● After local previews of "The First Year," the newest Gaynor-Farrell opus, some opinions were that Janet and Charlie were a little miscast. But you can't blame the casting office at Fox, for they had picked Sally Eilers for the rôle—when Janet got back from her European jaunt and insisted upon that part for herself.

● Only a few knew it. We mean the one-time romance of George Brent and that star shimmy-shaker, Gilda Gray. Their friendship had been cut off when George left New York to come to Hollywood and the movies—and, as it turned out, to Ruth Chatterton.

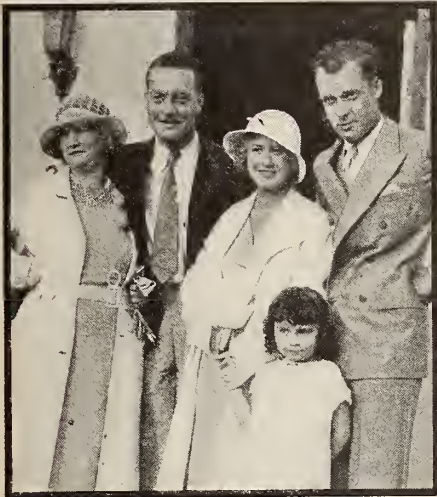
Gilda arrived on the Hollywood scene a few weeks before the announcement of the coming Brent-Chatterton nuptials was made. Ostensibly, you know, to present her new version of the shimmy for Los Angeles theatre-goers. But some people think it was to resume her romance with Mr. Brent. With Miss Chatterton prominent on the horizon of the Brent affection, Gilda didn't seem to have a chance. Apparently she wasn't as perturbed as one would have expected, for she blithely had a good time during her stay in the company of a local night club proprietor. And that was that.

● Sally Eilers has been quite ill with

Why does Jimmie Dunn go in for tap dancing at seven a. m.?

● Mary Pickford left for New York by plane, accompanied as far as Albuquerque by Doug Fairbanks and Johnny Mack Brown. After all these months it turns out that Mary won't do that story called "Happy Ending" written especially for her by Frances Marion. In it she would have played the rôle of an old maid seamstress—and at the last minute she decided that wouldn't be such a good idea. Pollyanna mustn't go spinsterish.

● England is jolly well perturbed about an American film company's acquisition of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." The English consider this England's greatest modern play—and the monocle-wearers are put out that Hollywood has it. Herbert Marshall looks set for the lead. Maybe Fox will have to import four English children—because this play introduces four kids—and they've got to be oh-so-English in their speech.



Mrs. Walter Clark. Walter Byron, Mae Clark. Russell Gleason, and Cora Sue Collins. The occasion was a Hollywood tea. Stop frowning, Russell.



Meet Harry Bannister's rumored fiancée. Nancy Lyon is the young lady's name and she appears in the new Eddie Cantor picture, "The Kid From Spain."



George Brent and Loretta Young arrive in New York for a personal appearance tour. They were said to be that way—until George fell in love with La Chatterton.

with an attack of "flu." She spent several days in bed, with a nurse on duty and everything. Nothing serious, but very inconvenient.

● If you think about the Johnny Weissmullers at all—you probably make the mistake of thinking they're not getting on so elegantly in this Mr. and Mrs. game. From one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other, smirkers have been saying, "Johnny and Bobbé are washed up—it won't be long now."

If you could have seen Bobbé Arnst the day before her Tarzan pulled into the local train-yards—well! It must be love. Bobbé was running around in circles, so that everything would be running smoothly when Johnny got home. If there's a break in the Weissmuller family, it won't be Bobbé who wants it. Even Johnny pooh-poohs the idea of trouble in the old homestead. Ah, well, they oughta know.

● Howard Hughes was *that* burned

about the story appearing in the newspapers of what Ann Dvorak and her hubby, Leslie Fenton, had to say about Hollywood producers in general. Ann is quoted by the scribes as getting off some pretty hard-hitting statements about Hollywood and studios and contracts, etc., etc. Also that the producers were nothing but a bunch of slave drivers, and that Hughes was getting \$1,000 a week from Warner Brothers for her services, while he only paid her \$250.

What burns Hughes up is that the newspaper item didn't tell the truth. As a matter of fact, he sold Ann's contract to Warners for \$40,000. Up to that time he had been paying her \$250 a week *every* week whether she worked or not—and on two occasions did farm her out but only for \$450.

No wonder Ann thinks the studios harbor slave-drivers. She made something like eight pictures without a layoff in between. Nevertheless, we all think she'd have been smart to stay in the old burg long enough to

emote with Ronald Colman in "Cynara." A lead opposite Colman to her credit would have been a strong argument in her favor when she talked raises with Warners.

We hear that "those-in-the-know" think that Leslie Fenton started the germs of rebellion in the Dvorak head. And maybe Ann will live to learn her walk-out was premature.

● Lee Tracy's pals are hip-hip-hooraying it. 'Cause Lee has promised to be a good boy and work hard at this picture business. Warners didn't take up his option, it is said, because swell-actor Tracy was hitting the high spots too frequently for an up and coming movie actor. Now Lee's out at Columbia *starring*, and is being a very good boy.

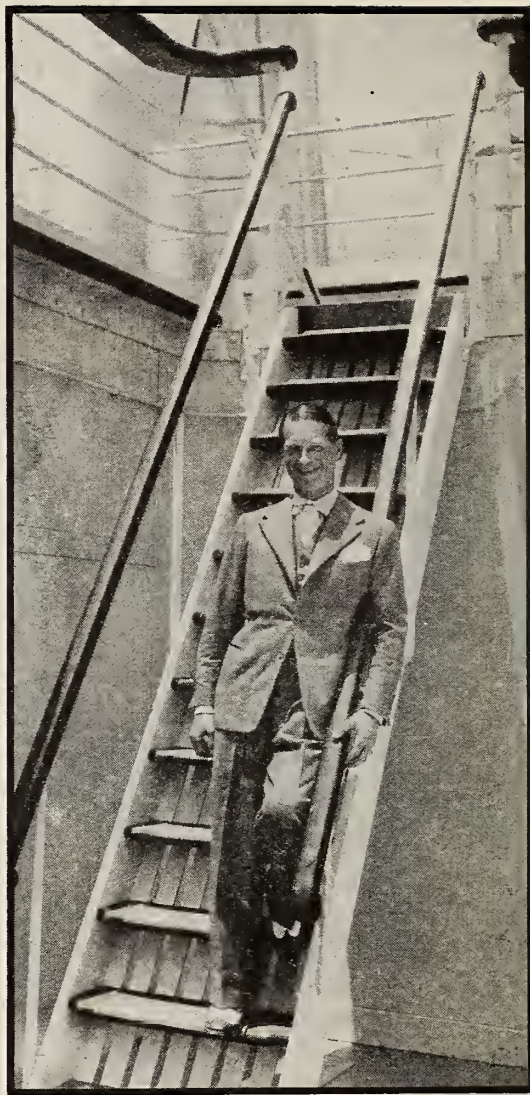
● William Haines' many friends are extending their condolences. Bill's mother, Mrs. Laura Virginia Haines, passed away on July 16 at the age of 54. She had made her home with her son for the past several years.

Mary Pickford isn't going to make "Happy Ending" after all

WHAT'S BACK OF THE CHEVALIER DIVORCE?



... All Hollywood is buzzing with rumors concerning the Chevalier break. Here's some inside information which puts a new and startling light on their separation



By WALTER RAMSEY

PARIS, July 22—Maurice Chevalier, motion picture star, filed suit for divorce here today on the grounds of incompatibility. It is understood that his wife, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier, will enter a counter suit.

Here was a divorce surprise for Hollywood! More surprising than the Ruth Chatterton-Ralph Forbes break, or the recent separation of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. Not since the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister affair has Hollywood been so jolted. And, as usual, when Hollywood is surprised, the rumors are flying thick and fast. As though to make up for lost, or overlooked time, the old town is remembering every woman Maurice has smiled upon in the last two years. Everywhere you hear the guesses:

"He is in love with Marlene Dietrich."

"He is obtaining a divorce so that he may be free to marry one of his latest leading ladies, Genevieve Tobin, who sailed on the same boat with him. . . ."

"The girl he loves isn't in Hollywood. She is a dancer in a Paris revue. . . ."

Having been fooled once into thinking the Chevaliers were happily wedded, Hollywood isn't leaving any single possibility unmentioned. That seems to be Hollywood's way. But let's look a bit deeper into the matter.

IT is characteristic that no one puts any credence in Maurice's plea of "incompatibility." Nor is it the reason which a person very close to Maurice has given to MODERN SCREEN. Though the incompatible one is truly important. This friend has this to say:

"The *real* reason back of the divorce is that the union of Maurice and Yvonne will always be childless!

"When you look closely into Maurice's life it is understandable why he is so terribly anxious to have a child of his own. That piece of shrapnel resting precariously close to his heart—which puts him in peril of sudden death—makes him anxious for a son to carry on his name as soon as possible.

"As for Marlene Dietrich or Genevieve Tobin, or any other girl who has been gossiped into this affair, I believe the rumors to be entirely unfounded. Maurice has a great admiration for Marlene. He adores her little girl. To Chevalier, Dietrich rates as one of the loveliest women he has ever met. Perhaps, in the beginning, a mild flirtation? Who knows! But I am sure that as their friendship grew Maurice admired Marlene more for her fun and good humor! I think we may safely believe the statement he made in Paris when he said it was ridiculous to drag Miss Dietrich's name into print. I am sure that no one regrets more than (Continued on page 113)

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marion Davies is to be seen in "Blondie of the Follies." It's a story of three chorus girls. Billie Dove is one of them—besides Marion. Marion was born in Brooklyn. Her real name is Marion Douras. She has three sisters. She was educated in public schools and a convent. Started her career as a modiste's model. Then Harrison Fisher used her for a model for his magazine covers. After that came the Follies and the movies. She is an everlasting bridge hound. She wears pajamas on all possible occasions. Favors an odd shade of pale blue so much that the Hollywood modistes now call it "Marion Davies blue."



Photograph by Powolny

Peggy Shannon just finished playing in another picture with Spencer Tracy; the title of it is "The Painted Woman." Remember them and Jimmie Dunn in "Society Girl"? She lives with her husband and her mother. She loves poker—and plays it like a man. No nonsense and idle chit-chat while the betting is on. She always wears white for the evening because she thinks it best for her red hair. She believes that because she came to Hollywood "to take the place of Clara Bow" she didn't get as good a break as she might have.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

William Powell's latest picture is "One Way Passage." This makes five in a row which he and Kay Francis have appeared in together. Bill's moved and now lives in Beverly Hills. His wife, Carole Lombard, is almost recuperated from the ill health which commenced just about a year or so ago. Bill hates talkative people. Richard Barthelmess and Ronald Colman are still his only intimate friends. He has a passion for doing jig-saw puzzles. Although he's been asked by the studio to give up his mustache, he refuses to do so. Does not play polo.



Bing Crosby is to be seen in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast." He's been taking singing lessons and has lost all the "crooner" voice mannerisms. While in Hollywood, Bing and his wife, Dixie Lee, are living with their old friends, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. Bing is a native son of Los Angeles and his family still live here, which is his main reason for wanting to stay in the West. Bing became famous as the leader of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys." He has a fine part in "The Big Broadcast." He's often mistaken on the street for Phillips Holmes.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Gloria Stuart. Her pictures, so far, have been "Street of Women," "The Old Dark House" and "Airmail." Her family first came to California in 1846—so Gloria is a real native daughter. She was born in Santa Monica. She was discovered working on the stage of the Pasadena Community House by both Paramount and Universal. They squabbled. Will Hays intervened and Gloria went to Universal. Five feet five inches tall and a natural blonde. Graduate of U. of California. She's married to Blair Gordon Newell. She's twenty-two.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Fay Wray recently finished "The Most Dangerous Game" and is now at work on "Kong." Has one of the best figures in Hollywood. She's married to John Monk Saunders, author of "The Last Flight"—among other things. Fay has great physical courage. Red hair. Loves to take sun baths. Is expert at needlepoint work. Loves London. Hates speakeasy philosophers. She collects perfumes and says that she always uses a different kind for each movie production she appears in. She is one of the best girl athletes in pictures.



Photograph by Hurrell

Walter Huston's newest pictures are "American Madness" and "Rain." Walter was born in Toronto, Canada. He made his first success on the stage. And that success—the real big success—was achieved by his performance in Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." His first movie was "Gentlemen of the Press." He is happily married to beautiful Nan Sunderland. She is his second wife. Walter plays hockey and baseball and has a grown son who writes at Universal. Walter once gave up the stage for engineering, then decided to return.

(From left to right, across the two pages): Mary Kinny dieted on honey and tomato juice to the point where she fainted while watching a banquet scene. Pretty Marie Gagnier poured poison in her drink at a gay party to end her unhappy life. Ruth Hudson is in San Quentin prison for passing bad checks. Mary J. Roberts spent six months in jail for forgery. Both these girls splurged on the chance of a movie break. Kitty Coleman, after a weary struggle for work, turned on the gas. She was rescued just in time.



All pictures by International

HAVE you ever wanted to go to Hollywood and try your luck in the movies? Have you ever thought how easy it might be to become a big star? Well, if you have—or ever get a feeling to go—read and remember this story. Maybe it will make you change your mind. On page 54, a story titled “The Lure of Hollywood” tells you a glamorous tale of a girl whose dreams *did* come true in Hollywood. But remember two things: that story is fiction—and its heroine, even if it were a true story, would be “one girl in a million.”

A REPORTER stood by the side of a table in Hollywood Receiving Hospital watching the surgeons work. Not that he was particularly interested, but there would be a brief story for him to write as a part of his work.

“Pretty, isn’t she!” he remarked. “Wonder why she wanted to die? What’d she take?”

“Gas,” briefly replied one of the doctors.

Deft hands worked over the chest and stomach of the girl. An injection of something was administered with a hypodermic needle. Then the surgeons bent to their task of restoring respiration. Same old formula. Same old manipulations. Same old routine. The Receiving Hospital had handled dozens of such cases.

Before long, the girl on the table showed the first signs of returning consciousness.

“She’ll make it,” remarked a surgeon. “Got her just in time, though.”

The glaze left the eyes of the terribly sick victim. Slowly—very slowly, her lungs began gasping for oxygen. Breathing, in time, became more normal. The reporter made a few notes on some folded copy paper, then went to his typewriter and wrote:

No job, no money, no friends. Nobody to care whether she lived or died—and a dreary, wet day.

And so pretty Kitty Coleman, New York actress, turned on the gas.

When she didn’t answer the telephone in her apartment, an unidentified caller notified the apartment manager. He found the room full of gas. Kitty’s head rested on the table.

But Kitty will live. At the Hollywood Receiving Hospital she was revived.

That was the whole story, briefly and tersely told. There was nothing to add. In time, Kitty Coleman came out of her stupor, got on her feet, squared her shoulders and went away. The Receiving Hospital recorded the case only as an incident. The reporter couldn’t recall the name of the girl now to save his neck. It was just a bit in a day.

The dividing line between successes and failures in Hollywood is but dimly drawn. Beautiful girls arrive with the plaudits of their local communities ringing in their ears. “Starting on the Road to Fame,” their friends have glibly said. The girls step into the colorful town, slightly bewildered. They see Ann Harding in her low-hung, brown roadster driving along the boulevards toward her home high in the hills. They see Norma Shearer in her Rolls-Royce directing her chauffeur where to go. They see the fashionable restaurants and operas and kennel shows patronized by those who are “on top.” It all looks so prosaic and easy until they, themselves, endeavor to break into that mystic circle. To their dismay they usually find the way completely blocked.

And then, discouragement follows. Some choose to die rather than let the folks back home know they face failure. Some try to efface themselves by plunging into the *cantinas* below the Mexican border. Some walk out into the Pacific Ocean to let the beneficent waters close the final chapters of their lives. Some just disappear. No one knows the numbers in this Lost Battalion.

SOMETIMES beauty is a tragic mask, hiding hurt,” this same Hollywood reporter wrote. “A cruel magnet summoning disillusionment. Marie Gagnier, nineteen-year-old dancer is such a girl—a girl whose beauty betrayed her to suffering; a girl who wanted to die.

“So, she attempted suicide last night—poured poison into her liquor glass at a party in her home at 548 North Heliotrope Drive and drank a reckless toast to death.

“‘There,’ she cried, ‘I’ve done it!’

“In an instant she was a pitiful, writhing victim of agony. But those who were with her summoned an ambulance and she was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital in time to save her life. Today, white and spent, against the pillows in her hospital room, she told a

IT MIGHT H A V E B E E N Y O U



different story for the Hollywood reporter to write. "It wasn't just that—it was everything," she said. "What did I have to live for?"

"But you are beautiful," said a white-capped nurse, gently.

"Oh, beautiful! Beauty! I hate the sound of the word. I wish my face were scarred and ugly so that people would care for me because of myself."

"Marie's father and mother died six years ago and since then she has lived her life in the theatre, tasting triumphs which her beauty and talent brought—and then, disillusionment!"

"She is in love, she admitted, but when the man of her choice wanted her, she was too young and too drunk with success to go to him.

"Now—

"It is too late," she insisted with tragic quiet. "I can't have him now. He doesn't want me any more. Oh, what's the use!"

Here's a comparison: Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett are pals. They "kick around" together. Beautiful homes, motor cars and luxuries are theirs. Money flows in until it scarcely is more than a commodity. And—Irma Harriman and Genevieve Teritan likewise were pals. Together they tried to storm the cinema citadel. Together they struggled alongside of five thousand other girls for niches. Prettier, both, than either Joan or Constance, they waged a losing battle. They went "broke" together. They shared their last pretty pieces of clothing together. They chased the elusive Hollywood will-o'-the-wisp together. Irma, coming home rather late one dismal evening last January, found Genevieve prone on the bathroom floor, a tell-tale glass near her outstretched hand.

"Genevieve!" she shrieked, kneeling beside her.

Then Irma arose, went to the medicine cabinet, mixed herself a deadly potion and drained the glass. Then she, too, lay down on the floor.

Two young men coming to call, found them there and presently an ambulance from the Hollywood Receiving Hospital whined up to their door at 404 North Sierra Bonita Avenue. "Attempted suicide," was all the hospital record said.

And so it has been through the years. Ever since the making of pictures began in Hollywood, beautiful girls

have moved upon the cinema capital only to plead in vain, to find themselves repulsed and rebuffed until some sought relief in death. Gorgeous Mary Lygo, once a star of the Follies, sought movie fame, failed and was discovered dead on the floor of her apartment on North Bronson Avenue, a year or two ago. One lone trunk was found by the police. "Contents consisted of a few much-worn, tattered dresses, five pawn tickets, a few letters from her mother and a telegram signed 'G,'" the report of the officers said. They were all that was left of a life.

Miss Lygo was living under the name of Irene Fuller when she gave up the struggle. She chose to go out of the world shrouded in mystery. But the pawn tickets disclosed her identity.

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

...Pathetically sad, heart-rendingly tragic stories—these sagas of hopelessly screen-struck girls. They'd make you think twice—wouldn't they?—before staking everything on a movie career

BEAUTIFUL Helen Halla, known sometimes as Darianne Dove, won fame upon the stage. She migrated to Hollywood where she sank into obscurity. Realizing this, one night, she arrayed herself in her most becoming robe, lighted some incense, swallowed poison and began writing.

"The height of old-fashioned happiness where loves are true and friends sincere, is beyond my reach," she wrote.

The poison began gnawing.

"I am ashamed to come to this," she scrawled as the paper became a blur. "But I had rather die than continue, if my career is

to end thusly. Good-by, world!"

Alice "Pat" Pemberton, former San Francisco show girl who was in turn a chorus beauty, an "extra" in films, a leading lady and finally a waitress in a Los Angeles restaurant, blew out her brains with an automatic pistol in a garage when her last pretty evening gown was ruined by blood from the head of a man. An irate wife had struck her husband with a bottle during a wild party and as he fell forward his head landed in "Pat" Pemberton's lap. That act, which caused her dress to be ruined, spelled death for the beauty who had seen glamor fade along Hollywood's seamy side. It was her only party dress—without it she couldn't get a job as extra any more.

Sometimes I have thought it would be well to place the body of one of these beautiful creatures in a casket and accord it a place in a Hollywood mausoleum. Upon its plaque I would inscribe "An (Continued on page 98)

ARE YOU GOING TO

In the days when the name Fatty Arbuckle meant happiness and laughter to millions. This was a scene in a film called "Love" made by Paramount. Before his arrest and trial—and subsequent acquittal. Before the American public had judged him—incorrectly, according to this author—guilty in spite of the legal acquittal.

By
EDWARD J.
DOHERTY



FATTY ARBUCKLE is coming back to the screen! Warners have signed him for a series of two-reelers. It is their hope that the American public will welcome Fatty's appearance—that the bitter ban which has been imposed on him for ten weary years will be lifted.

I say nothing of the fans forgiving Fatty because it is my belief that there is nothing to be forgiven. I believe—and I have strong evidence to back up my beliefs—that Fatty was completely innocent of the crime which everybody condemned him for, even though he was acquitted by a court of the United States. It is my firm belief that if anyone should do any forgiving it is Fatty himself. For ten years he has been through a hell of suffering for something of which he was innocent. For ten years the American public has treated him as an outcast. It is he who should forgive them—not vice versa.

Yes, it was the solid, virtuous, movie-going public that

condemned Arbuckle. It was not the judge that heard the case against him so many times. It was not the jurors who tried him. It was not Will Hays, the movie czar. It was the public who believed—and wrongly—that Arbuckle, though he was acquitted, was nevertheless guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and that even if he were innocent he was still a loose character and no man to amuse children by his comic antics.

Fatty was innocent of the death of Virginia Rappé. I am not the only one who knows that. But I am one of the very few who have been back of the scenes.

No, I wasn't at the party. But I covered each and every one of the trials—a series of trials it was—that ended in his acquittal. And I came to know his lawyers intimately, and the witnesses at his trials, and everybody connected with the matter.

You remember the details of the case, of course. Fatty had gone to San Francisco with some friends. He engaged

GIVE FATTY A BREAK?

Not because he has "suffered enough"—but because he's innocent!



Wide World

(Left) Minta Durfee Arbuckle, the woman who stood by Arbuckle during his hour of need. They've been divorced since—but they're still friends and her loyalty to him at the time of the trial was splendid. (Above) Arbuckle and Addie McPhail, his present wife. They married recently.

It seems almost incredible that the American public put a ten years' ban on an innocent man—yet that is what this author firmly believes—and produces amazingly strong evidence to prove his contention. He was a newspaper representative at the time of the famous Arbuckle case and he covered it from start to finish. He claims that a chain of unfortunate circumstances made everybody believe that Arbuckle was guilty, although actually Fatty was innocent. Read this story with an open mind and then see what you, in true fair-mindedness, think



Acme

a suite of rooms in the St. Francis Hotel. Virginia Rappé, a destitute and friendless extra girl who had come up from Hollywood with Al Semnacker, a man old enough to be her grandpa, crashed a party Arbuckle gave in his suite. She drank some gin.

Numerous witnesses testified that gin had always had a tragic effect on Miss Rappé. It congested her insides, cramped her, tortured her, made her tear off her clothes in an agonized fight for breath, for relief from pressure. Several times in public places the unfortunate young woman had gone through this distressing condition. She

was always in pain during these spasms, always in shame and humiliation afterwards. But the affliction was chronic, as was her love for gin. She could help neither her appetite nor her unhappy condition.

She drank at Arbuckle's party. She went to the bathroom, tore her clothes from her, and fell in agony on the floor. Arbuckle found her there, writhing, moaning. He called the other women at the party.

These women took charge of Virginia, and gave her first aid. They rubbed her with ice, incidentally, believing that cold applications would (Continued on page 101)

This story of Ann's childhood and growing-up days—as her young mother



WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ANN DVORAK

By
ANN LEHR,
her friend
and mother—
as told to
WALTER
RAMSEY

LET me introduce myself. I am Ann Dvorak's closest friend. That I am also her mother has no bearing on the claim I have just made. Ann Dvorak and Ann Lehr have been pals, buddies, and, until the past year, inseparable companions ever since she came into my life nineteen years ago. I was sixteen years old at the time. When I first looked into the puckered face of my blue-eyed, red-faced little daughter I mentally proposed a toast to her, or perhaps it was a prayer: "May your life be vivid with adventure, gay and courageous," I thought. "May you know the high spots and the low spots with equal balance for both. May you learn the folly of hidebound conventions—but retain always the wisdom of *playing the game* squarely." I believed then, and still believe, that that was the happiest toast one friend could make to another—that one girl could wish for another.

This very day when I read in my morning paper that "Ann Dvorak, Well Known Motion Picture Actress" had

tells it—will delight you with it's sincerity and understanding

walked out on her contract on an absence without leave from two of the most important pictures of her career, I felt a pang of hurt that was *not* the heartache of one who is disappointed in any act of a child. I felt as though a good friend had failed me—had failed *us*! Nor do I mean the financial or professional end of the deal. As a matter of fact, so far as her career is concerned, Ann has probably done herself no harm and perhaps considerable good by her "walk-out." She will probably return to a much more lucrative contract. But still and all I feel that nothing can ever erase the feeling I have that a treasured friend whose spirit I loved, whose personal code I was proud of, has done something unethical. A good trouser never walks out on his "curtain." Ann knows that—she was brought up in my world of the theatre.

If my words sound strange coming from a mother,

story. But it is necessary for a moment to tell you something about myself so you may more fully understand Ann.

I was born in New York City, the only child of a family of six to be born in this country. My mother and father are Czecho Slovaks. We were always quite uninterruptedly poor. I have read, and been told, that poverty has its advantages. I am sure some person who has never been poor discovered that fact. Certainly I never encountered any of them in my own experience. But at that, we were not an unhappy family.

NOTHING really ever happened to me (a lack of events is one of the many disadvantages of poverty) until I met Edwin McKim, who is the father of Ann Dvorak. Ann's real name is Ann McKim. Dvorak (pronounced *Vorzahk*, not Dee-Vorak) is my family name.



(Left) Mrs. Ann Lehr, Ann Dvorak's mother. Dvorak is Mrs. Lehr's maiden name and Ann liked it so much she took it for her screen name. Mrs. Lehr's treatment of her daughter is something that all mothers should emulate. She believed in being a friend first. (Right) Mr. Pearson, Ann Dvorak's stepfather.



remember this—I have so wanted to be a *friend* before I was a mother. If I had ever been fortunate enough to have had any other friend as close to me as Ann, I should have felt the same way. If, during the unfolding of this story I seem at times to be brutally frank it is because I know Ann as few parents are privileged to know their children. I know her faults as well as her splendid character. I think you will believe me now when I say that this is the first time Ann has ever failed me. It is the first time my daughter has ever "run away" from consequences. I think she is in the wrong. But in time I shall understand just why she did it, as I have tried to understand other mistakes she has made. Already I feel myself weakening on my idea that "nothing can erase" Ann's unexpected revolt. I think my little girl has *growing up* pains. I think she is very seriously in love for the first time in her life. And love is said to be akin to a sweet insanity, isn't it?

I do not mean to force myself to the foreground of this

When I met Edwin McKim I was attending a small and inexpensive private school in New York. Every Saturday afternoon we were escorted to an "arty" little theatre near New York's Harlem. The shows produced were expected to add to our cultural background. I do not know how much culture I acquired from them but I do know they instilled in me the desire to be an actress. I wanted to know all there was to learn about the theatre, a calling I had already selected as my livelihood. I was a hero-worshipping fifteen-year-old when I first met Edwin McKim who produced and directed the plays of the little theatre. He seemed the most attractive man I had ever met in my life; that he was also an actor made him practically superlative. Why in the world he ever fell in love with a fifteen-year-old child I shall never know, although I suppose youth will always be an attractive offering upon the altar of love. We were married and for a few months I enjoyed the privilege of appearing as a leading lady with my husband in a show called

When Ann Dvorak was born her mother was just sixteen. No wonder, then, that



(Left) Ann Dvorak's first screen appearance—many, many years ago. The picture was called "The Five Dollar Plate," with Herbert Rawlinson. Ann played a little kid in it. (Below) Ann at nine years. Her mother says Ann was always writing poetry and hiding it. They thought she'd be a writer instead of an actress.



"The Man of the Hour." It was all very wonderful.

A year later my career was temporarily interrupted by the arrival of Ann on the morning of August 2, 1912, at the Murray Hills Sanitarium. Until Ann's actual arrival I hadn't been particularly thrilled over the idea of motherhood. But the moment they placed her in my arms, eight pounds of the cutest baby you ever saw, I knew nothing would ever again thrill me quite so much.

When she was four weeks old I left the hospital, a skinny little sixteen-year-old girl with a bundle of baby in my arms and a keen longing to get her away to myself so I could play with her. The nurse who had attended me said something about, "It's a crime for one baby to be turned loose with another. But for heaven's sake," she added, "don't spoil her. When she yells . . . let her yell."

THE first night at home with our new toy, her father and I were petrified when Ann began to wail lustily. She was fed and dryly clothed. There was no earthly reason for her crying unless it was because we had turned out the light in her room. "Turn it on," her father said. "She'll wake the entire neighborhood. Poor baby."

But even then Ann was more of a person than a mere baby to me. I went in the room and stood over her crib. Suddenly she stopped crying and stared at me as crossly as a four-week-old baby can. "Listen here, young lady," I said, smiling at her. "Haven't you any sense of humor?" You may not believe it but I swear she smiled right back at me. A toothless but a very regular grin.

Ann was an amazingly good baby. No more trouble than a little pet pup. Very soon she learned to walk and never did she talk *baby talk*. Perhaps that is one reason she so soon in life became a separate personality to me.

Her father and I were divorced when she was but four years old; consequently Ann never really knew her real father. A year later I married my present husband, Mr. Pearson, who is the only *father* in her life. My second husband, though not an actor, was in sympathy with my career and I have been an actress throughout Ann's entire life, enjoying my work in the theatre immensely.

As a little girl of five, Ann loved to hear fairy tales. I would make up the most exaggerated stories about a little girl who was *so* well behaved and who ate vegetables, with the result that she grew up to be just like the girls in the fairy stories. Instantly, Ann would emulate that other little girl, eating every vegetable in sight and retiring promptly, hoping mother would think her even better than the girl in the story. It has always been possible to reach Ann through her imagination. I think that must have been the way Leslie Fenton won her love. He is an imaginative, colorful boy who does unexpected things like living the life of a native in the South Sea Islands. To Ann he must have seemed like a character out of a book.

When Ann was about six I was offered a road-show engagement and as it was impossible for my husband to keep his advertising job and take care of a small step-child at the same time, I made arrangements to enter Ann as a kindergarten pupil at St. Catherine's Convent. Apprehensive about her reaction to our first separation, I made all sorts of elaborate plans of how I was going to take her to the school, let one of the sisters get her interested in some child's story, and then leave without her seeing me go. This was the first, and last, time I ever planned to fool Ann. She taught me a lesson!

When we reached the top step of the convent, this solemn, yet humorous and wholly independent little girl

their relationship has always been a happy comradeship and a true friendship

of mine, turned to me and said, "Good-by, mother." Somehow I felt ashamed and silly about the ruse I had planned. She seemed so straight and strong and so very dear, standing there without sobbing or crying. I took my little pal in my arms and she gave me a *big bear hug*, just as though she understood without words why I was leaving her. "I'll be back for you soon, Ann," I promised. "All right," answered Ann. She turned, then, and walked into the convent all by herself.

Ann grew to love the convent and the sisters. Although we are not Catholics, the beauty of the surroundings, the music, the altar, the stained-glass windows, appealed deeply to her. Several times when I visited her she confided her ambition to become a nun. The sisters told me that she spent hours in deep and reverent prayer. I began to be afraid that Ann was becoming too religious for such a young child. I realized it was time for her to acquire some actual contact with the world. So I took her out of the convent.

Having returned from my show I could arrange my time to enter Ann in the Clark's School for Girls. Every



(Right) With David Manners in "The Crooner," Ann's latest picture for Warner Brothers. It is hoped that her differences with this company will be settled without any terrific fireworks. (Below) Her autographed picture of Herbert Rawlinson when that gentleman was a big star.



(Above) Ann's mother (at extreme left), Ann and a friend on the beach. Doesn't Ann's mother look exactly like the Ann of today? No wonder they've been more like two pals than mother and daughter—her mother was a mere child when Ann was born.



Saturday I made a point of taking her to some big hotel or exclusive café to lunch with me. She had delightful manners, not at all like a child of seven. She was intensely interested in her surroundings, noticing the clothes worn by the women lunchers and gossiping over them with me. One day after we had lunched and taken a long carriage ride through Central Park she suddenly threw her arms about my neck and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, we have such *good times* together!"

HER keenest delight was in surprising me with something she had thought up herself. Of course, they were always very "independent" surprises. Once around Easter time she dug up an entire bed of lilies, selling them at the corner in order to earn money for a real florist's shop Easter plant for mother.

Ann was devoted to my foreign-born family. She particularly adored my mother, regarding her as a creature from another world. After all, hadn't Grandma come over here on a boat all the way from Europe? She was intrigued by the family name (Continued on page 93)

THE ROVING CAMERA



Culver Service

Hollywood Newspictures

(Above) Lawrence Olivier sailed for Europe on the Bremen not long ago for a vacation. There he is in his cabin, reading a telegram or something. (Below, extreme left) Ah! At last! That long-awaited, much-postponed European vacation for Joan and Doug Fairbanks. They sailed on the Bremen, too. And all the newspaper and magazine folk who met them while they were going through New York are raving about the two of them.

(Above) Natalie Talmadge Keaton gave a "hen party" at her lovely Beyerly Hills home and many famous chickabiddies attended. That's Sally Eilers and Kathryn Carver Menjou. (Below, center) George O'Brien's going to train horses at his new "barn." The girl having a snack with him is Marguerite Churchill. (Below, right) The famous Amelia Earhart being shown around the Paramount Studios by Tallulah Bankhead and Gene Raymond.



Culver Service



Hollywood Newspictures

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER THE WORLD WAR
PARAMOUNT WAS ABLE TO BUY A HUNDRED
CROIX DE GUERRE FOR \$1 A PIECE

BARBARA STANWYCK
TAUGHT SUNDAY SCHOOL
IN THE BRONX BEFORE
BECOMING A "WORDLY
WOMAN" FOR THE
STAGE AND MOVIES.

JOAN CRAWFORD
IN "RAIN" EMOTED TO
THE STRAINS OF
MARLENE DIETRICH'S
PHONOGRAPH
RECORDS.

WHEN SHE GOES TO THE DENTIST'S
TALLULAH BANKHEAD HAS HER MAID TAKE
ALONG A PORTABLE WITH LOUD RECORDS
TO DROWN OUT THE BUZZ OF THE DRILL



CARY GRANT (NEW
CLARK GABLE RIVAL)
ONCE MADE A LIVING AS
A STILT WALKER AT
CONEY ISLAND.



WAKE UP HOLLYWOOD!

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

I DON'T know how many hundred million dollars Hollywood has spent in trying to entrap the public taste and the public pocketbook; and I'm not interested in knowing. Many such efforts have been shiningly successful. A few have not.

But I do know a bet which Hollywood for the most part has overlooked—a gold mine, a radium mine—beneath its very feet; whose surface has been barely scraped. (Yes, it is easy enough for a rank outsider to give advice. But what I am going to say is based on rockbottom experience; a little of it is Hollywood's own experience.)

Let's go back toward the beginning and take a running start; so I can explain clearly what I mean. Nearly thirty years ago I was watching one of the crude "chase" pictures, such as used to close vaudeville shows. The audience eyed it dully; and began to reach for its collective hat and to wriggle into its coat.

Then, at the acme of the chase, a fluffy dog bounded onto the screen and joined in the fun in a wildly excited fashion. Throughout the house arose an involuntary wordless murmur of interest and appreciation. There was a volley of friendly chuckles. The presence of that lively little dog had checked the outward drift.

How many times have I heard that same friendly welcoming murmur run through a picture audience as a dog came on the screen? I don't know how often; but it was every time a dog appeared. Everyone was glad to see the dog. Everyone was happily interested in what the dog might do. In brief, the dog stole the scene.

Why? Because a dog is as much a human emotion as are hate and love and treasure-hunting and the like. People may doubt, in the back of their minds, that the men and women on the screen are real or that they are actuated by real impulses in what the director makes them do. But the dog is real. They know that. And they warm to him.

Now that involuntary wordless murmur was a writing on the wall, too important for even the motion picture magnates to ignore wholly. But they have sensed its mighty import in only the vaguest and dullest way. For example:

A few one-reel comedies—ghastly things—were produced, in which dogs were made to play impossible rôles. Among these were at least two make-believe sketches in which dressed-up dogs were put through sorry human antics.

People grinned. People gave a faint applause to the

... Many, many writers have criticized Hollywood. But here comes one—and one of the very greatest, at that—who although criticizing, at the same time offers an invaluable suggestion that should interest all the Hollywood producers as well as you and you

wretched comedies; even as people give only faint applause to dog-acts on the vaudeville stage. They know the poor animals are being put through unnatural paces and that they are not allowed to be themselves; and that the performance is often attained through hideous cruelty. In brief, it isn't dog-nature.

Also, there were somewhat less worthless canine stunts in short screen comedies—there were pictures where the dog was shown as the chum of some child and was made to do slapstick tricks and to play the clown. A Great Dane and a bulldog were the chief dog-stars of these ventures. Their work came in for far more approval than did that of the unfortunate trick-dogs in the animal comedies. But still the goal was a million miles away.

Larry Trimble took the first—and almost the only—definite forward step along this line; when he trained the big police dog, Strongheart, into an inspired actor; and starred him in a most indifferent and non-plausible and ill-built picture. The dog was great. The picture was bad. But the dog carried the picture to glittering success.

THE public was coming closer to getting what it wanted, in the line of dog drama, than ever before. And the public made the venture pay. In an eager rush to take advantage of the new furor, Peter the Great and Rin-Tin-Tin, two other police dogs, were taught to act; and very indifferent pictures were pro-

vided as vehicles for them.

The public wants a good picture. That has been proven, past all doubt. The public wants dog-pictures even more avidly. But it won't go forever to see bad pictures which star good dogs. That has been proven, too; and also past all doubt.

Schildkraut starred in a dramatization of my book, "His Dog," in which a collie played. The picture was more or less of a success. But the dog played a subsidiary part and the dog-interest was subsidiary to the human interest. Again, the public was getting neither one thing nor the other; and again Hollywood missed a chance for a tremendous clean-up. The ideal dog-picture was still far distant.

When I began to write dog stories, editors told me the public cared nothing for that kind of fiction. I knew the public would eat it alive, if it were rightly done. When at last a magazine gave me a chance to write such stories, the public proved I had been right. In fact, the public has forced me to keep on (Continued on page 110)



TWO AGAINST THE JUNGLE

The big bull rhinoceros which charged the camera when Johnson was cranking. Tragedy was barely averted.

...Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's jungle pictures are famous. But watching their recent "Congorilla," would it occur to you what it cost in time, energy and danger to produce such a picture? This will give you an excellent idea

By LOWELL THOMAS

LAKE PARADISE lies hidden in the crater of an extinct volcano north of the Kaisoot Desert not far from the Abyssinian border. Martin Johnson discovered it on his first trip into Africa years ago. The place was ideal for filming big game; it swarmed with wild life, and the animals had yet to learn to fear man. Ensnared by its beauty Johnson built himself a permanent home on an eminence overlooking it.

The trail that led to the rainbow's end at Lake Paradise started at the island of Guadalcanar in the South Seas some twenty odd years ago. When Jack London put out of San Francisco bound around the world on his yacht, the *Snark*, young Martin Johnson was aboard. In fact, he was one of Jack London's crew.

During the months that ensued the *Snark* followed a course to Hawaii, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, Samoa, and Fiji. One by one the original members of the



A young lion cub and a half grown baboon. They were two of the Johnsons' pets—and the best of pals.



From Martin Johnson's book, "Safari."

party fell by the way until at last only three remained: Jack London, Mrs. Jack London, and Martin Johnson. Martin, a lad from Kansas, had signed up as cook.

In October, 1908, the *Snark* dropped anchor at Penduffryn, Guadalcanar. Shortly before, three Pathé Frères cameramen had arrived from Australia to film the cannibals that inhabited the upper reaches of the Balesuna River. The husky young Kansas giant joined the expedition in order to learn how to handle that box of magic known as a motion picture camera.

WHEN the party returned to Penduffryn, Johnson learned that sickness had forced the Londons to abandon the cruise temporarily. They decided to rush down to Australia for treatment. Martin accompanied them to Sydney and there ended the celebrated cruise of the *Snark*.

Martin returned to America via Ceylon, Aden, Port



From Martin Johnson's book, "Safari."

The first Johnson domicile at Lake Paradise. It was made of dung and grass and mud. Once, when the Johnsons were asleep inside, an impertinent elephant pulled the grass off the roof. The Johnsons', however, decided not to register a complaint.



An excellent specimen of the hippo, as seen in the Martin Johnsons' picture, "Congorilla." This type of beast makes a very pleasant companion. It would not be advisable, however, to keep one in a New York apartment.



An impalla, a species of beast found in Africa. This, too, you can see in the picture, "Congorilla." The picture is full of unexpected animals like this. Not very pretty lines but can he make time with those legs.

Said, Naples, Paris and Liverpool. He arrived at Boston in September, 1909, home from his first trip around the world.

Back in Independence, Kansas, he told the folks he intended to settle down. His first move in that direction was to marry a local girl. Then he opened up a movie theatre. And the next thing he did was to show his films of the Solomon Islands' cannibals. They made a sensation. In fact, knocked the home folks in Independence right out of their seats. The news reached Kansas City, and a big city theatre manager made him an offer. Martin fared forth, assisted by his now equally famous wife and before he had finished showing in Kansas City, other offers came from other cities. Money was flowing in, and almost before he knew it, Martin and Osa Johnson were troupers.

The success of the mediocre film he was showing convinced Martin that he ought to make a feature picture in the wild interior of the island of Malekula, British Solo-



(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in the days when a woman's hat was something worth supporting and no nonsense about it. The occasion was the departure for their first safari. (Above, right) The same people in slightly different garb, years later—taken in Nairobi. (Right) A scene from "Congorilla." The zebra has been killed by the lions for food.

mons. His first attempt ended in failure, but he went to Australia, re-outfitted, and returned with a better equipped party. He brought out a film of rare ethnological value. Grand stuff. But many of the scenes were too horrible for public showing.

Johnson went to Australia. While there he received a cablegram from the film company that was handling his pictures. It read:

"The public is tired of savages. Get some animal pictures."

PACKING his equipment he went to Borneo. There he found photographic conditions none too good. The jungles were impenetrable, the natives were hostile, and big game scarce. His quest carried him to the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, and British East Africa. And in East Africa he has remained nearly ever since. There he found the paradise of big game.

His first safari over plains teeming with wild life—zebras, gazelles, ostriches, giraffes, and wild beasts roamed before his eyes in uncounted numbers—was a disappointment. He couldn't get the suspicious animals within close camera range, and the distant shots were ruined by the heat waves that danced over the ground. Day after day he waited in blinds near waterholes, but none of the beasts came to drink. There were too many waterholes in the vicinity. If he went to one the animals abandoned it and went to another.

After five weeks of fruitless effort the safari returned to Nairobi. After a rest Johnson set out on a long trek to the arid lands to the north. There, where the waterholes were few and far between, the thirsty animals would be forced into camera range. But the nomadic natives had preempted the waterholes, and the party trekked into the Kaisoot Desert. At the end of the trail the expedition halted on the edge of Lake Paradise.



The lake is a mile long and about a half mile wide; its banks are covered with vegetation; and spreading away upward are miles of forest. From the trees pendent mosses hung, and the earth was covered with masses of blooming wild flowers around which hovered vari-colored butterflies. On the water floated coots and ducks; blue herons and flamingo waded in the marshes; the forest aisles resounded to the trumpeting of elephants, the grunts of rhino, and the chatter of baboons. Higher up, sheer cliffs, seemingly impassable, surrounded the lake.

THE following three months more than made up for his earlier disappointment. Johnson got all the pictures he wanted of elephants, ostriches, rhinos and baboons.

Before leaving the lake Martin and Osa had made up their minds to return and build a home right there. Business took him to New York. But after a brief visit they started back to Lake Paradise. The next Martin Johnson safari left Nairobi on the 21 of February, 1924. Six automobiles carried the equipment of the party. Straight to Lake Paradise they went. And a few

weeks later the natives of the expedition were at work putting up a civilized home on the shore of that wilderness lake deep in Africa. In a short time a regular village graced the spot. There were cottages with thatched roofs for the natives; a mess shack; and storehouses. The house itself was not so primitive. It had a great living room with an open fireplace, a modern kitchen, yes, and a bathroom—the only one within five hundred miles. A vegetable garden completed the homey atmosphere, and in due time it yielded quantities of corn, potatoes, carrots, cucumbers, watermelons and so on.

With his base established Johnson began exploring the neighborhood. Elephants were found right around the camp and at night they raided his garden for sweet potatoes. One day a native came into camp with news that a herd of elephants was feeding nearby. Five minutes later Johnson and Osa were on the way accompanied by their gunbearers and camera boys.

THE huge beasts were out in the open. There were three big cows, two bulls, and two baby elephants; and they were in position for an excellent run of film. The cameras were set up. The animals went on feed-

ing, undisturbed. To get some action in the picture Johnson took his rifle and went forward, while his wife turned the crank.

There was no cover in case the beasts charged, and he walked gingerly toward the herd. One of the bulls was a young tusker. Scenting danger he trumpeted loudly; his trunk snaked up and his ears spread out; and with a furious grunt he charged.

Johnson turned and ran. Behind him, gaining with every step, the enraged elephant pounded; and at his heels came the rest of the stampeding herd. Johnson swerved away from the camera where his wife was cranking automatically, her eyes wide with apprehension. As he did so she let go the crank, grabbed her rifle from the hands of the gunbearer and fired. Her shot did not drop the elephant, but it turned him. Kicking up a cloud of dust he swung about. The other elephants turned too, and in a few moments were out of sight.

Back at the camp Johnson found that the picture of the stampeding herd was clear and vivid. He did all of his developing right in the laboratory he had fitted up at Lake Paradise.

To help him in his developing work Martin trained a young Kikuyu tribesman. But in the warmth of the dark room he found the stink of the black boy's body particularly offensive.

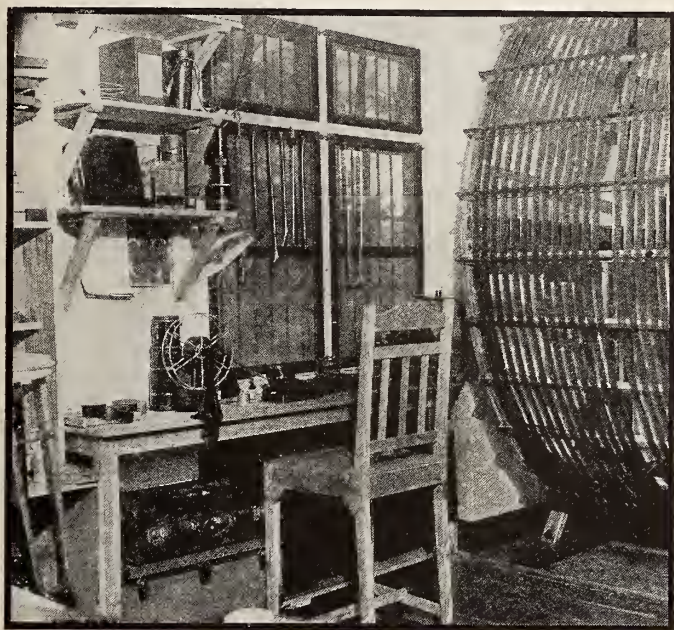
"Why don't you take a bath?" Martin grunted at him one day.

"God made water for hippo, not for black man," the Kikuyu explained.

"But you, you smell to high heaven!"

"Bwana," said the black boy, "to the black man, you smell too, and very bad. Even the elephant don't like your smell."

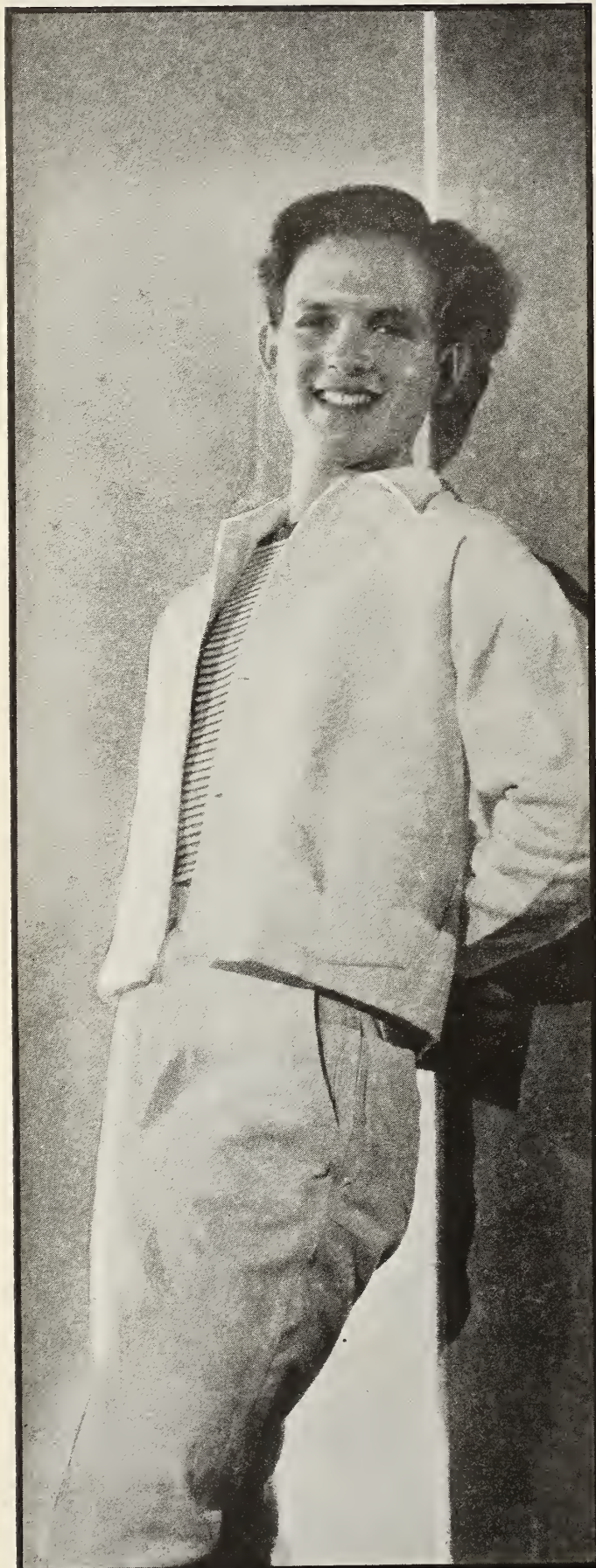
THE shores of the lake were populated with rhinoceri. They were mean customers, and when they charged there were three ways of evading sure death: shoot to kill, dive to one side (*Continued on page 97*)



(Left) The film laboratory at the Lake Paradise home of the Johnsons. Mr. Johnson does all his own developing. (Lower left) The sort of pleasant surprise the Johnsons may run into at any time they step out of the door of their African home. (Below) The one animal which is just naturally high-collar.



THE STRANGE CASE



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

... An actor who hates acting. A star who would rather not be a star. Successful in the movies as he is, Eric has only one ambition—to become a great writer. He means what he says, too

By CHARLES
GRAYSON

I WAS living in a small house on the edge of the Pacific when I became acquainted with the strange case of this young fellow who heretofore I had known merely as a pleasant acquaintance and a brilliant actor. One night, working late, there was a pounding on the door and he crashed in out of a wind-storm—his hair wild, his clothes dishevelled, his eyes excited and afraid.

"I saw your light," he said (he was living in a cottage farther down the beach); "and I don't want to be alone. Do you mind?" He was silent for a moment, then he explained: "I've just finished reading 'Savage Messiah.'"

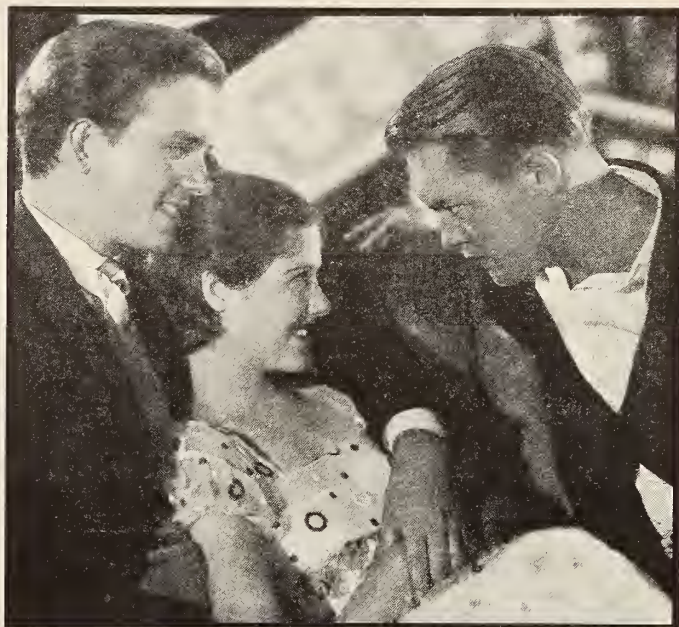
He refused a drink, a seat by the fire, to talk—merely continued to pace about the living-room. Then suddenly his restless glance fell on my typewriter. Slumping down before it he was quiet for a long time. Then slowly the keys began to rattle.

Eric Linden is affected by books like "Savage Messiah"—because he is affected by all accounts and details of the poverty and richness, the glamour and misery, the largeness and the smallness and the complicated strangeness of life. That is because at twenty-two he has more creative temperament than nine-tenths of the people in the celluloid city—and knows it. And fears that he may waste this gift before he can give expression to it.

For Eric wants to be a writer. He wants to be a writer more than any writer I know. Instead, he paints his face and drives in each day to a studio to do work he hates with the whole-souled hatred of a man who detests his job.

IF I only had myself," he once exclaimed, "God, I could get along on water and birdseed! But if I did chuck everything that has to do with acting, what about my mother and brother and sister? I've got to keep going

OF ERIC LINDEN



Because he always gives his best to his screen work, Eric is afraid that his creative talent will be wasted in this endeavor instead of being used for writing. (Upper right) With Dorothy Wilson and Richard Cromwell in "The Age of Consent."

on because I've got to keep them going—now. Nor should I mind," he continued more evenly, "if I thought that it's possible for me to hang on to that—that feeling I have for things, and that desire to get them down on paper. But I'm not certain I will be able to—not at all."

"Can't you write nights?"

He shook his head. "Too tired—not a thing left. Oh, I've managed to get some things done, at odd times. But nothing big, nothing sustained. Nothing like I want to do. Just now I'm giving the works to acting."

"But acting in the end is—just acting. There is nothing fundamentally creative about it. In twenty years someone can repeat one of my parts and do it fully as well as I. No one can repeat a writer. That's why it is so much more *important* to put things down on paper than on film. Literature is larger, more real—because it is more permanent. A picture—no matter how fine—is made, shown, and shelved . . . whereas a book may go on indefinitely."

"That's ego, basically, I suppose—the wish to make a lasting impression on the world. That seems to be the reason so many people have children. I'd love to have them. How thrilling to see your own product grow and develop, and perhaps become something that you've never dared to be yourself!"

"But I know marriage isn't for me just yet. I've always shot toward a 'younghood,' an unfettered state, as best I can. I feel that when I drop that hope my responsibilities will crystallize me, and I'll become set in a definite mold. I don't want that. Much as I would love to have children, I feel that just now I can express myself best without those little atoms of flesh running around me. They—with their added responsibilities—would keep me from the full life, the complete development, that I am going to ask myself." That's not ego—it's sincerity.

HE has worked at a variety of jobs, this Eric Linden—errand boy, selling newspapers, making deliveries, anything—all the time he was attending school. These naturally were poorly paid occupations, and at fifteen he selected the theatre as the place to make money.

"I managed to get a few small things around theatres, and some dramatic coaching," he told me. "Then I was told that the Theatre Guild was the best spot in all the game for a young actor, and so I went there. I put all the charm I could into my eyes and the corners of my mouth, and told Theresa Helburn how much I wanted to work. She believed me, I guess, for I was given *seven* small parts in 'Marco Millions.'"

"I was writing all the time. I had got my first taste of literature, and it had been developed at the time I had managed to put in at Columbia. My whole thought was for the time when I could break away—and write."

"Well, it is taking me longer than I hoped, but it looks like the end is ahead. If I can fill out my five-year contract with Radio, I'll have enough."

Just the other evening he dropped in for a few minutes and struck this off between cigarettes:

"Keeper of stars . . . why have you kept me striding
Over the lonely streets of the lonely town?
Love's in the air tonight . . . I have seen him riding
Poised on the tips of the new white moon
He was riding . . .
I must be in my bed
When the moon comes down."

Ripping the paper from the machine he wadded it into a ball and threw it at the fireplace. Because he stumbled as he threw I was able to retrieve it. "It's terrible," he said.

To which I answered then, and repeat now: "You won't lose, Eric. You have what it takes—and more."

The inside story of the Ruth Chatterton- George Brent Romance



Observers have called it "the friendliest triangle in Hollywood"—the story of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent and Ralph Forbes. That is because in this triangle are involved a civilized lady and two civilized gentlemen who never indulge in histrionics either privately or in public. But behind the scenes there are cross currents of emotion of which only a man "on the inside", such as this writer is, can know—The Editor

GEORGE BRENT, once George Nolan, a bare-foot boy of Ballinasloe, half way 'twixt Galway and Athlone; then a daring Dublin dispatch rider during "the trouble"; now a Hollywood hero and ever a gallant gentleman, has fallen captive to love. Her name is Ruth Chatterton. And she's listed in cinema society as a flower of its aristocracy.

To begin with, Fate made it necessary for George to pass two tests before it showered him with favor. One was for Warner Brothers. The other for Ruth Chatterton. Had he failed in the first, the chances are he would never have been eligible for the second. But he didn't.

"The studio liked me," grins George, "but the star had to approve her leading man. So they packed me off over to Ruth's attractive bungalow to undergo the once-over. Talk about embarrassing moments! I felt like take-me-home for \$1.98. Or even \$1.97, considering the depression!

"I made my bow and felt a little better after her gracious greeting. We talked a little, but to tell the truth the first thing I remember her saying is, 'I suppose they want me to have a look at you.'

"I tried to be nonchalant and said ha-ha I supposed so, too. The next few seconds seemed an awfully long time, but finally:

"Well, you look all right to me!"

"I felt like blurting out that she looked pretty swell to me. That's the way I felt inside. But it was scarcely the time or place, was it?"

GEORGE'S smile glistens again. You're never quite certain whether or no this Ballinasloe laddybuck is passing out the Blarney. But it's easy to believe that Ruth made his heart beat harder. The only wonder is that he didn't tell her so then and there. It would be just like him.

In any event, George was all set with the Warners. And, by the same token, he'd passed the Chatterton test,



"In Ruth I've found every single thing a man might seek in a woman," says George. "Beauty, of course. And a mentality that shines with the brilliance of a silver dollar in the sun . . . And she has real honor in the masculine sense of the word."

. . . The real truth about the love of an Irish gentleman and the Screen's First Lady—a story as romantic and as beset with thorny difficulties as any screen drama

By CRUIKSHANK

too. But before he and his heroine faced the cameras and one another in "The Rich Are Always With Us," he had to stand up and be shot. For they wanted to be sure he was just the right type.

It was a harrowing ordeal, to hear George tell it. Ruth herself read him the cue lines as he went through the first scenes of the film—that-was-to-be before forty of the studio's severest critics. But the gods were good. Particularly the fat boy with the arrows. For, looking back, George guesses that Cupid had scored a couple of bull's eyes. There were signs.

"First day on the set," Brent reminisces, "I spilled a cup of coffee, Ruth knocked a prop cordial into her lap, and between us we upset a glass of water. When a couple of troupers indulge in such shennanigans, there's something unusual afoot. This time it was love. Director Al Green was right when he told me that those first day accidents would bring luck. It was surely my luckiest day!

"By the second day, that love diagnosis was certain. You know the real thing when it hits you. And it hit me hard. I had an idea that Ruth felt a little the same way about things. A fellow can tell, somehow. During the rest of the picture we were both in the clouds. It wasn't hard to play the romantic scenes. There weren't enough of them to suit us.

"Honestly, I just can't remember how and when I

asked her to marry me. After the day's work, we'd discuss and rehearse the scenes for tomorrow. I'm afraid some personal discussions must have intruded, for we came to know one another much better. I found in Ruth everything a man might possibly desire in a woman. I made up my mind, God willing, not to lose her, and I did some tall arguing that I was specially ordained to bring her happiness. We managed to arrive at an understanding."

And in "The Rich Are Always With Us," this understanding was plainly visible in every sequence. Ruth played each scene with a new warmth, a fresh charm, a deeper sincerity. The warmth, the charm, the sincerity of a woman in love. And as for George, he was a lover playing "for keeps," not just for film fun. Moreover, aside from these romantic manifestations, there was a very practical tip-off in the fact that the footage and the close-ups were on a strictly fifty-fifty basis, with hero and heroine each trying to give the other the better of it. That doesn't happen in Hollywood—unless. . . .

NOW, Ruth has been married before. And so, indeed, has George. So they weren't just a couple of gaga kids swept away by the springtime. But nevertheless, they wanted to be sure. The course of true love is ever turbulent. And the Brent-Chatterton idyll was not en-



tirely free from a fly in its ointment. For there was Ralph Forbes—

This earlier romance had long since drifted definitely into the Dead Sea of forgotten affections. But Ruth had done nothing about trimming sail, or dropping the pilot. There had been no need—until now.

So it occurred that these charming people—Ralph, Ruth and George—found themselves webbed in adjacent corners of as perfect a triangle as any movie ever pictured. It was a Difficult Situation. And rapidly became untenable.

Cultivated, highly civilized gentlefolk, all three shrank from enmeshment in a Page One scandal. Yet there had to be a show-down. And there was. Don't be so naïve as to believe that these three were all little pals together!

A condition existed that required some confronting. It was up to George. And he didn't duck. That's not the Irish way. The two men met in an almost casual fashion. That was because they are civilized. But way down deep, cave-man lava must have seethed and bubbled threateningly.

It was a pretty tense interview. It must have been. Yet, on the surface, all that occurred was a statement of the facts by George, a complete understanding on Ralph's part, and as graceful an exit as the blond Briton ever contrived on stage or screen.

"It's not your fault," he told George, "it's not anyone's fault."

As simple as that. And Reno readied the road.

Ruth went abroad and stayed—well, too long to suit George. When she sailed away she told him:

"Maybe we'll change our minds, you and I. We'll see whether it lasts. If it doesn't, let's tell one another. If it does. . . ."

George went on a vaudeville tour with Loretta Young. Quite a test in itself. The name of the sketch was "The Honeymoon." While he played at love on the stage, his heart kept longing for the real honeymoon.

George is twenty-nine, come the March day of the good Saint Padraic. Ruth is a year or so his senior. There's not enough difference to count. What's a month here or there? But there be those who wonder why Brent failed to yield to the lure of the Malibu mermaids, those curvifol sirens among the Hollywood ingenues. No laggard in love, this lad Brent. He's been places aplenty. One isn't born possessing a way with the ladies. That's

(Above, left and right) Ruth and George in "The Rich Are Always With Us" and in "The Crash." For his rôle in the first-named, leading man Brent had to get Miss Chatterton's O. K. as well as Warners. He got it, all right. Cupid had something to do with it.

acquired. And the reasons for his final choice has many a damsel wondering.

"Of course they're charming kids, those Hollywood youngsters, every one of 'em," said George. "But for

the love of Saint Keven, what would a man do with one as a wife? She'd be in your lap—figuratively and literally—from dawn 'til dark. You'd not be able to call your soul your own. And, saving their presence, it's not to be expected that kids in their 'teens can possibly possess the worldly knowledge, experience, or any of the qualities which make a woman companionable twenty-four hours in the day. Their attractions are for the very young—or the very old. I'm not in either category.

I'VE told you once, and here it is again—in Ruth I've found every single thing a man might seek in a woman. So far as I'm concerned she has everything. Beauty, of course. And a mentality that shines with the brilliance of a silver dollar in the sun. She's not the all-possessive, clinging-vine type. And she has real honor in the masculine sense of the word. She has a code of ethics such as I never found in any woman.

"She has natural dignity and innate refinement. Her natural culture has been augmented by her faculty for surrounding herself with life's finer things. She won't tolerate anything cheap or common. There's no vulgarity, no rough stuff, on the set of a Chatterton picture.

"That, by the way, may be why some persons consider her 'difficult' to get on with. She isn't. You can get a pretty good estimate of character from those in close daily contact. Ruth is adored by every servant in the house and there's not a studio employee who doesn't swear by her.

"There's none of that 'Hi, kid' business in Ruth, but I've yet to meet anyone she hasn't treated with courtesy."

Somehow, a picture recurs of the lovely Ruth, gently sophisticate, mentally brilliant, glamorous, beautiful, presiding at a board spread with snowy linen in a perfectly appointed room, hostess to her friends and her husband's. And George, dark and flashing, trigger-quick at repartee, a genial host because he loves good company like the laird of an Irish manor.

Perhaps, from opposite ends of the long, glistening table, their eyes will meet. And all the world that sees will know that in the perfect understanding, the love that has lasted, these two have found their happy ending.

GIRLS ARE IN A "TOUGH SPOT"

Should a girl, young, pretty, hungry for life and the good things of life, jog along in an "unadventurous" rut or lose herself on the broader paths? Read this fascinating opinion



In "Skyscraper Souls," the picture based on Faith Baldwin's famous novel, "Skyscraper," Lynn (Maureen O'Sullivan) says: "If I have to pay for it later, I'll pay for it—but I'm going to enjoy myself now!" Read Faith Baldwin's views on this

FOR some time I have been looking forward with great interest to the picture "Skyscraper Souls," which has been adapted by Elmer Harris from my novel, "Skyscraper." The picture, as produced, does not adhere strictly to the original story but makes, to my mind, a more satisfactory and exciting drama than if it had. Thanks to splendid photography, the brilliant direction of Mr. Selwyn, the clever dialogue and adaptation of Mr. Harris and the fine performances by a noteworthy cast, I am awfully proud to have my name connected with it.

Basically, of course, the story is the same; and the one very pertinent question which arises in the book and which is strikingly brought out in the picture is, I think, of general interest. It is the age-old question of whether a girl, young, pretty, hungry for life, and the good things of life, shall jog along in the safe, narrow and not very—to her mind—adventurous rut, or shall step aside, detour, if you will, and lose herself on the broader paths that have so easy a beginning and so difficult an end.

For lose herself she must.

Nowadays, girls are in what is commonly known as a tough spot. Most of them have to choose between marrying a man whose job is most uncertain, and getting along on what he may earn. Unless they keep on working, too, which is equally uncertain; or, perhaps, taking the Other

By FAITH
BALDWIN

Route. For there are still some men with money left in the world, although not many of them appear to be "marrying" men.

Lynn, in "Skyscraper Souls" had that choice. She was young, she was gay-hearted, she was fed up with just "getting along." She was also in love with a young man whose prospects were not much better than her own, who was selfish as youth is always selfish, demanding and jealous. And when she met a man, older, experienced, who could offer what she pleased to consider "everything in the world," she was, quite normally, and being human, very much tempted. She herself says, in the screen play, "I want to do things, see things! If I have to pay for it later, I'll pay for it—but I'm going to enjoy myself now." And then she says, "We only live once and when I die I want to be able to say, 'Well, I didn't miss much!'"

That's one way of looking at it. Another way is to look at it as did Sarah in the story, who replies, "I'm afraid, my dear, you'll be missing a great deal."

LET'S take a girl like Lynn, any girl, an every-day girl, and look at the problem from her angle. Suppose she says to herself, given the same situation, "Why shouldn't I do as I please; I'll be hurting no one but myself?" It doesn't much matter whether what she is considering is a marriage for (Continued on page 89)



Constance Cummings and Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy."



Janet Gaynor, George Meeker and Charles Farrell in "The First Year."

REVIEWS—A TOUR

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)

A bell-ringer for the bespectacled Harold Lloyd! "Movie Crazy" is a picture that makes us comedy fans want more Lloyd pictures.

He's the movie-mad guy who comes to Hollywood, meets and falls in love with a "nice" girl who turns out to be a beeg star. You say that smacks of our old friend, "Merton of the Movies" . . . but wait a minute! You're not reckoning with a new personality-plus Lloyd and a whole projection room full of new and hilarious gags. Constance Cummings never looked or acted better than as the Hollywood girl who gets Harold all sort o' panicky. Louise Closser Hale and a swell cast round out a comedy you'd better see.

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)

Gaynor and Farrell are the young couple who find that the first year of marriage holds enough pitfalls for a lifetime. It's interesting to note that

Mrs. Farrell's son Charles is breaking out with a case of good acting, a malady he hasn't had for a long time.

The family circle is completed by the bride's father (Robert McWade), mother (Maude Eburne), uncle (Dudley Digges) and Hattie, maid by proxy, (Leila Bennett). The dinner sequence where Miss Bennett presides is among the funniest.

Janet and Charlie leap over those first year pitfalls and everything is roses and hyacinth. Take the family.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warner Bros.)

Constance Bennett plays the daughter of wealth who must sacrifice her good name to save her brother's life. Knowing that it was

her married sister who was involved with the murdered man, Connie must mount the witness stand and blacken her own character to save her brother's life on the plea of "the unwritten law."

Strangely enough, the man she loves (Neil Hamilton) must act as the prosecuting attorney at the trial. With the brother's acquittal, Miss Bennett and Mr. Hamilton get together for a happy ending.

Hamilton grabs chief acting honors, but Connie's good.



Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert in "Downstairs."

DOWNSTAIRS (M-G-M)

This is another step for John Gilbert up the ladder that leads to his former preëminence—and a new sort of rôle. John wrote this story of a ruthless chauffeur, who downstairs—in the servants' quarters—works very smoothly, acquires the cook's bankroll, and starts to make love to Virginia Bruce (you know, his real-life fiancée). Paul Lukas is in it, too. Gilbert gives a most convincing performance.

DOWN TO EARTH (Fox)

It's a sequel to but not an equal of "They Had to See Paris." The homely antics of Will Rogers are all in evidence; and Irene Rich is again his socially ambitious wife.

When all the money is gone and they move back to the old home, sonny marries the stenographer he loves, mama is reconciled, and papa is a darned sight happier.

Not Will's best. But if you like him, see it.

These write-ups tell you the details of the new pictures



Joan Crawford and Walter Huston
in "Rain."



Joel McCrea and Dolores Del Rio in
"Bird of Paradise."

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



Eric Linden and Joan Blondell in
"Big City Blues."

Country boy (Eric Linden) storms Big City (New York) and falls for hard-boiled but true-blue chorine (Joan Blondell). A girl is killed at a drinking party in the boy's room; his champagne-bottle pals desert him—all but Joan. He didn't do it and Joan didn't do it, but it's tough convincing the police.

Good comedy and fast-moving action. Linden and Blondell stack up high as a team.

In this, Marlene plays a New York housewife and mother. Her chemist husband (Herbert Marshall) is poisoned and she needs money to send him to Europe for a cure. Working in a night club, she needs still more money and accepts it from Cary Grant. This makes trouble. But there's a happy ending of course.

Marlene sings—and what clothes she wears! Dickie Moore, as her son, almost cops the prizes. Excellent.

BIG CITY BLUES
(Warner Bros.)

THE BLONDE VENUS
(Paramount)

You have probably seen Jeanne Eagels or Gloria Swanson in the dramatic rôle of Sadie Thompson. Now Joan Crawford brings this character to the talking screen, with a supporting cast that shames comparison. Walter Huston is tremendous as the fanatical reformer, and that newcomer, William Gargan, plays the hard-boiled Marine with finesse. Guy Kibbee, Walter Catlett and Beulah Bondi are excellent.

Joan Crawford tops any of her former portrayals as the society-scorned Sadie who falls in love with the Marine and proves the minister who would reform her a hypocrite. This is one of Hollywood's most pretentious offerings. Don't miss it.

RAIN
(United Artists)

Director King Vidor, Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea, an excellent supporting cast and the men behind the cameras, all deserve highest praise for contributing to the breath-taking beauty of this.

The story is old. It concerns the great love of an American boy (Joel McCrea) for a South Sea princess (Dolores Del Rio) who, the tribal laws demand, must marry a native prince. The princess and her white lover hide on an isolated island, later to be captured by the revengeful native prince who plots to offer them to the volcanic god, Peli. The lovers are rescued by the boy's companions, but not for the conventional happy ending.

BIRD OF PARADISE
(Radio)

M-G-M gave this a notable mounting and a better-than-good cast. Blondie (Marion Davies) is the innocent one who walks the straight-and-narrow path to success in the "Follies." While her chum (Billie Dove) tries to go the same place, via the path of primroses. Billie's heavy sugar, Robert Montgomery, falls in love with the sweet, square-shooting Blondie. Jealousy overcomes her girl friend and during the "Follies" routine, Billie lets go Marion's hand, and the fall seriously injures the latter.

There is finally a happy ending. Jimmy Durante, James Gleason and Zasu Pitts complete the cast.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES
(M-G-M)

Read them carefully before you decide which show to choose



Pat O'Brien and Lillian Bond in
"Airmail."



Richard Cromwell and Dorothy Wilson in "The
Age of Consent."

AIRMAIL
(Universal)

After seeing this drama of the air-mail pilots' bravery to deliver the mail in spite of hardship and disaster, you'll realize just what you are buying when you put out that next eight cents for an airmail stamp. Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien are swell as the risk-taking aviators. Gloria Stuart and Lillian Bond furnish the inspirational pulchritude. Slim Summerville, Russell Hopton and Leslie Fenton all figure in the punch-laden story.

The picture opens with a bang. Some new twists in plot, and a good cast and director.

CONGORILLA
(Fox)

The Martin Johnsons went into the Ituri forest, in the Belgian Congo, with a talking picture camera and came out with perhaps the most remarkable and authentic scene pictures of that locality.

Although you will not find awe-inspiring jungle battles in this picture, you will be able to see the Pygmy in his native haunts. There is a laugh-provoking scene in which a pair of these little folk try one of Johnson's cigars.

Fine scenes of gorillas in the midst of the forest conclude this fascinating African picture.

SKYSCRAPER SOULS
(M-G-M)

Faith Baldwin's "Skyscraper" is transferred to the talkies in gorgeous fashion.

Warren William is the big boss who built the skyscraper. A newcomer to Hollywood, Verree Teasdale, plays his assistant and mistress. She refuses to be cast aside in favor of her more youthful secretary, Maureen O'Sullivan, and plays her only card before the wholesome romance between Maureen and Norman Foster is broken up by William the unscrupulous.

M-G-M gives this a big cast, including Jean Hersholt, Wallace Ford, Anita Page and Hedda Hopper.

HORSEFEATHERS
(Paramount)

The Four Marx Brothers do it again!

This time they inherit a college . . . and what they do for the students, athletes and professors is enough to send you home talking to yourself. The comedy rips along at such a terrific pace that it almost seems as though it were one long laugh.

The football field and the once solemn classrooms afford the background for the gags—which, by the way, are all brand new stuff. The ending is very tricky and clever so you will want to see that for yourself. This is a "must" for all you fans who are Marx-conscious.

Here's that "true picture of modern college life" that you've been waiting for!

It's really to decide that age-old question of Diploma vs. Marriage . . . and what a flock of action is crowded into the answer! This will introduce to you Dorothy Wilson, the pretty stenographer on the studio lot who was given an opportunity . . . and she comes through with flying colors! Richard Cromwell is in it too.

Some good situations . . . excellent dialogue . . . and a flock of orchids for the first-timer, Dorothy Wilson.

THE AGE OF CONSENT
(Radio)

Your old friend Frankenstein goes on a drunk! As the hideous, mute servant in the old dark house, Boris Karloff conveys horror to the screen all right. Others of a splendid cast are sacrificed in an attempt to make a spine-chiller really spine-chilling. It shows you what transpires in an ill-fated house in the Welsh mountains, when five strangers must seek refuge in it from a terrific storm. And then Karloff hits the bottle and releases a madman from his prison on the top floor. . . . Lots of horror in this one.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE
(Universal)

Wheeler and Woolsey antic this time as members of a prison football team. When they aren't playing football, they're cutting up with Edna May Oliver, the warden's sister. Or, as in the case of Wheeler, falling in love with the warden's daughter, Betty Grable.

It all dates back to the prison's need for new football material and that institution's alumni framing the comics in a night club hold-up to make them eligible for the team. It's amusing, but, truthfully, the comedian-filled cast and situation really promise more laughs than are forthcoming.

HOLD 'EM JAIL
(Radio)

The glamorous Bankhead and the virile Gary Cooper are teamed together. And very wisely, too. Cooper is a naval officer stationed in North Africa. He falls hopelessly in love and is loved by Tallulah, who turns out to be the wife of an insanely jealous man (Charles Laughton, from the stage), who happens to be Gary's commander.

This trio, Bankhead, Cooper and Laughton, make for excellence. Tallulah is given the best chance of her Hollywood career, and this newcomer, Charles Laughton, is a finished actor. We hope to see him often.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP
(Paramount)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Harold Lloyd for being funnier than ever before in "Movie Crazy."



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor John Gilbert for writing, adapting and starring in "Downstairs."



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

We honor Constance Bennett for her new power in "What Price Hollywood?" and "Two Against the World."

THE LURE



By ALICE
WILLIAMSON

MARY MOORE received a small legacy from an uncle. She decided to spend it on going to Hollywood—which seemed the most alluring place in all the world to her. She didn't go there to get into the movies. All she wanted was to see the place and the stars. I met her on the train as I, too, was on my way to Hollywood which I visit every year.

At the station I was presented with the key to the city and I managed to have Mary Moore photographed with me. I knew that that would help her in being introduced to Hollywood. Through it she was invited to a party at Marion Davies' beach house. At the party Norma Shearer invited her to visit her at the studio.

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

A PLAIN card with a few words written on it by the great Norma Shearer was quite enough to get Mary by the doorman at M-G-M. In fact, the card was a magic token and Mary was looked on with respect. She was given a special guide and her first privilege was to see Norma trying on some dresses for a picture.

"Do you think it looks all right?" Norma asked as she slowly turned before a mirror. "I'm to wear it in 'Smilin'

Thru.' And I do so want it to be quite right."

"I think it's sweet," Mary said and Norma smiled delightedly.

Presently an interviewer came in, a girl from one of the movie magazines. Norma was friendly and gracious and after talking to the journalist for a short while she

OF HOLLYWOOD



Going to the fights was supremely thrilling. As Mary and Dick walked to their ringside seats Mary picked out a number of stars. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Ricardo Cortez, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were just ahead of her. Joel McCrea was already seated.

. . . You can imagine how Mary Moore felt when she—an unknown little girl from the Middle West—found herself moving in the gay social whirl of Hollywood and its glamorous stars

introduced little Mary Moore. "Well, you are the luckiest girl!" exclaimed the interviewer, who didn't look much older than Mary herself. "You must have been born under a very lucky star. Strangers don't get into the studios, you know. Not one girl out of a million would have this chance to talk with Norma. You're sort of unique."

"I guess I am," Mary said a little shyly.

After leaving Norma Shearer's bungalow Mary was conducted by the guide to Marion Davies studio home.

Marion was looking over some new photographs which had just been taken of her following the completion of "Blondie of the Follies," and thrilled Mary by giving her one. Just as Marion's Santa Monica cottage had seemed to Mary like a big castle by the sea, so did the bungalow on the lot seem a gorgeous Spanish palace oddly transported there from nowhere as if somebody had rubbed a magic lamp.

NOBODY else in movieland has anything so wonderful in the way of a dressing-room, though next to it in grandeur is the one on the Paramount lot which belonged to Pola Negri, then to Clara Bow and now belongs to Sylvia Sydney.

"I have to have quite a house," Marion explained to

Mary, "because they always expect me to entertain all the Princes and Princesses and Dukes and Duchesses who come to visit our studio. For the credit of the profession, you can't do that in a ten by twelve!"

There are two floors in Marion's grand, hacienda-looking bungalow.

"Only the upstairs part is really private to me," she said. "But you shall see the downstairs first."

There's a huge central room or hall, with a high-beamed ceiling, and the floor is of polished wood. Here and there is a beautiful old Persian rug. It was a warmish day, though cool for California, so a sweet-smelling log or two glowed in the big fireplace. There weren't any pictures on the walls except two or three portraits of friends; but as decorations, there were some beautiful candelabra.

Off this room, where Marion receives her many guests, Mary walked into a dining room that had in the centre an antique refectory table out of some old monastery. There were twenty-four carved chairs that looked as ancient as the table and any amount of lovely silver, old Sheffield, beautiful china and sparkling crystal.

"You know," Marion said, "I suppose I have as little time to myself as any girl in the world. Lots of people drop in to lunch every day—guests and directors and what not. Even to dinner as well, for, of course, I'm here at the studio almost every night when I'm working on a picture. But I don't mind. I like people!"

Mary knew that without telling; for you can't make people like you unless you like them—and Marion Davies is, perhaps, the most beloved girl in Hollywood. Whenever she finishes a picture she has a present—an individual sort of present, too—for every person who has worked with her. She has, besides, a hundred charities; and though Marion would never have told this herself, Mary had just heard from her studio guide that Miss Davies was supporting a star whom the depression had forced into idleness. "Not only that," the guide had said, "but she sends the star books and flowers and writes a letter once a week—not typed, but with her own hand." But let's get on with our tour.

NOW, come upstairs, and see the room where I can be myself," said Marion, golden-haired, fresh as a rose and dressed in a little gingham gown which she actually had made herself.

So they went up the winding stairway—sort of hurriedly, because Marion was expecting some friends in early to lunch and had to do a re-take in the afternoon. From the windows, Mary appreciated even more the charming patio below with its fountain and palms and wicker chairs.

"We don't talk about 'boudoirs' nowadays," laughed Marion, with a hint of her delightful stammer. "But here's what *would* be my boudoir if we did call it one! Anyhow, it's my rest room. And precious little time do I get to rest in it."

It *was* restful in atmosphere; pretty and dainty as all Marion's things are. But Mary was more excited about the dressing rooms and wardrobes, with a heavenly smell of perfume and expensive sachets hanging about them. The wardrobes were crammed, but neatly crammed, with gowns, little sports costumes, beach wraps and magnificent evening coats; hats, too, and tiny shoes arranged in a most fascinating way, all the same sorts and colors together.

Mary could hardly bear to tear herself away and Marion, seeing how she admired everything so, gave her a pretty choker which she must have bought in Paris.

"Do have it! It suits you better than it does me. It's to remember me by."

Mary stammered out her thanks. Then she prepared to

leave the heavenly spot for, downstairs, people were already trooping in for luncheon and there were a few in the patio. One of those few came forward as Mary appeared and said: "I was waiting for you. I knew you were on the lot, being shown the bungalow."

It was Dick Garth, who had danced with her at the Roosevelt, and had been so kind. As she saw him she suddenly realized that he was tremendously attractive.

"I've actually got a job here at M-G-M," he said. "Just a bit in a picture. But it's my first chance and I'm going to do a flying stunt that Dick Grace has been teaching me. Would you like to have lunch with me in the Cafeteria, and see the stars? I'm not important enough to eat in the section where the great ones go, but we'll see them pass through and there'll be plenty of small stars and 'near stars' around us."

Would she like it . . . ?

AFTER she had had glimpses of Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler and romantic Ramon Novarro "passing through" to the place of the great ones and had admired at least a dozen young "potential" stars—including Karen Morley and Madge Evans—seated around her while she ate alligator pear salad and ice cream, Dick could see how much she liked it. Her eyes were bright with happiness. Then, to crown all, Dick asked her if she'd like to go to the fights that night. Mary had never been to a fight, but it would never do to show that she wasn't sophisticated. So she said she'd just love to go.

Garth explained that he had just had some ringside tickets given him by someone who

had another date and couldn't go at the last minute. "You'll be in the midst of everybody who's anybody there," Dick said.

"What should I wear?" Mary asked.

"Oh, anything!" he answered, manlike. Then remembered himself, "Well, if you'd care to put on something sort of evening-like, under a coat, we could go on afterwards and dance at the Cocoanut Grove."

"That will be *wonderful*!" Mary said. And so that night she put on what in her home town would have been her best for evening wear; a (Continued on page 99)



"You must come out and have a swim on our little beach at Malibu," Lilyan Tashman said to Mary and Dick. "Yes, you'll love it," Edmund Lowe chimed in. Mary could hardly believe her ears.

The chap who SUPPORTS ME



(Above) Hardie Albright and his dog, "Tuppenny." (Left) A drawing of "Tuppenny" by her master himself.



... You can learn all about Hardie Albright in this delightful story inspired by Hardie's dog, "Tuppenny." Let Tuppenny speak for herself—

By "Tuppenny" as told to JACK JAMISON

OH, young man! Here! There's no use ringing that doorbell. Nobody's at home this afternoon. Mr. Albright has been asked to play in five pictures lately, you know, and he's very busy. I haven't seen him myself since this morning when he brought out breakfast for the children and me.

You're an interviewer, aren't you? My, my, another one. I thought so. How do I know? Oh, you all look alike. You all have such a worried look. A lot of interviewers have been coming out here to see Hardie. And if you'll pardon an elderly lady's frankness—I'm a mother myself, with boys of my own—none of you has much sense. No, not much sense, I'm afraid. "Is Hardie Al-

bright at home?" "Will Mr. Albright give me a story for my magazine?" That's all any of you ever say.

I may not know much about writing, but I know you'll never get a very good story by asking Mr. Albright to tell you about himself. In the first place, he's an awful scatterbrain, that one, and in the second place his family brought him up not to talk about himself and Hollywood hasn't changed him a bit. Being in the profession as I am, or at any rate connected with it, as you might say, I meet a great many actors, and most of them like nothing better than to talk about themselves; but Mr. Albright isn't that way. He's silly about a lot of things, I must say, but not about himself. But (Continued on page 105)

... HOLLYWOOD'S



(Left) Anita Page showed great sense in her weight-losing campaign. She had a basal metabolism test—the article tells you just what that is and where you could obtain one, too—and then adopted a scientific diet. (Above) Minna Gombell follows the Army setting-up exercises to keep slim.

... Do's and don't's for dieters in profusion—the basal metabolism test, what it is and how it should be made—exercise hints—and a scientific diet

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

LAST month in MODERN SCREEN we learned how the motion picture stars, advised by the finest physicians both here and in Europe, manage to keep at ideal weights. We found they count calories but, more than this, that they are careful to include in their lenient and varied diet fare all of the various foods which supply us with carbohydrates, proteins, fats, vitamins and minerals, all vitally important to our system. And then, so that we could make up menus for ourselves on which we, in turn, might gain or lose ten, twenty or even more pounds, we learned which foods contain these different properties. And we were given a chart showing exactly how many calories different foods contain as well as a height, weight, and age chart so that we could tell, at a glance, just how many pounds over or under weight we are.

There remain, however, some do's and don't's for those who wish to reduce and who already have begun to regulate

WEIGHT SECRETS



Sylvia Sidney takes, every morning, a glass of hot water containing the juice of a lemon as a safeguard against digestive disorders. It keeps her well.



Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Peters, are both slim, so Carole probably inherited her sveltness. Yes, weight certainly is hereditary.

their fare as the stars do. Here they are:

1. Do not eat between meals.
2. Do not drink during meals.
3. Do not oversleep.
4. Abstain from all alcoholic drinks.
5. Have massage or exercise or both in order that the fat cells, weakened by dieting, may be broken down.
6. Do not be fooled by the theory that cutting down on water will reduce you. This affects your weight temporarily by drying up your body tissues but that is all. *Fat is made from food, not from water.*
7. The juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water every morning is excellent. It is by this method Sylvia Sidney guards against digestive disturbances.

The setting-up exercises used in the United States Army are recommended by Minna Gombell. These exercises consist of arm and leg stretching and trunk turning and bending.

The Japanese insist that if your stomach muscles are hard your whole body will radiate strength. Trunk turning and bending exercises are designed to accomplish this very thing.

Army games, as a matter of fact, are also designed with the same idea in mind. There is one Army game that is a lot of fun as well as beneficial from a health and reducing standpoint. Get a group of people together

and try it some time. Six on a side would do. Divide the group into teams.

Form two lines, one line for each team.

The first person in each line, at a given signal, passes a ball between his legs to the person behind him. The second person passes the ball to the person behind him. And so on until the ball finally reaches the last person in the line, who has to pick it up and run with it to the front of the line. The team that's first to get through the whole line and back to the starter wins.

ANY Sunday afternoon you'll find members of the film colony at Malibu playing this old Army game and having a fine time with it. In Hollywood the old Greek reverence for physical perfection lives again. And so we find intelligent dieting and health and beauty building exercises and games looked upon with high favor. On the other hand, almost all of the other anti-fat practises are taboo, endangering as they do health itself.

Frequent cathartics and high colonic irrigations are undoubtedly the most common of the anti-fat practises. Both remove the food eaten before the body has had time to extract from it those properties which it needs (contrary to the general belief, it takes from three to four days for food to be properly assimilated and eliminated) and before there has been time for part of the food to be transformed into fuel and part of it into the required building materials. Both the frequent use of cathartics and high



(Above) Remember Alice Terry? If ever there was a slim princess star, she was it. But Alice gave up the screen because her constant dieting amounted to drudgery. (Right) Pearl White, too, is much, much heavier than she was in her grand old serial days.



Nita Naldi, always a voluptuous type, has now definitely given up dieting. These three former actresses decided that the glory wasn't worth being a little hungry. Perhaps some of you agree with them—now. But you probably won't when you finish this article.

irrigations, besides robbing the system of the properties it must have to function normally, impair certain organs and certain organic muscles so that eventually they lose their ability to function properly even after such practises have been discontinued.

The capacity of an adult stomach is about three pints. It can and does, however, accommodate itself to the amount of food eaten. Therefore, literally, the more you eat the more you want because once your stomach stretches, it feels empty unless you keep on giving it the excessive amount to which it is accustomed. And all of this excessive food is like so much manna to the fat cells which thrive upon it, demanding more and more.

All of which explains why the first week or the first ten days of any diet prove the most trying. People usually have previously eaten a greater amount of food than their diet allows. Therefore, until their stomach shrinks to a size sufficient only to hold the new amount of food it feels empty.

MANY of the Hollywood stars go on an exclusive orange juice diet for one or two days before starting on a prescribed diet routine. The purpose of this is to give the system a chance to eliminate *all* food stored within it. The patient gets a nice fresh start and, besides, there is a definite psychological blessing in this idea: if you make up your mind that all you can have for a day or two is orange juice, it is comparatively easy to exert your will power and *stick* to orange juice. If, however, you start right in on reduced rations, you are inclined to hedge a bit. "Oh, well," you argue, "I'm really cutting out fattening things. I guess it won't hurt to have another helping of vegetables." And, of course, two helpings of even non-fattening foods have exactly twice as many calories as one helping. Kathryn Crawford, who had gained

considerable weight before her return to the screen in "Flying High," went on an exclusive orange juice diet for a week—but she went to a hospital for the purpose and had a trained nurse in attendance the whole time.

There is the danger, always, of going on a diet so strenuous that when the doctor whom you finally are obliged to consult insists you eat more than you have been eating you find yourself unable to do so. Your stomach can shrink to a size insufficient even to hold an adequate diet.

"All of this talk about counting calories and including in your diet those properties vital to your system is all right," I can hear some of you complain. "But how is it that I gain

weight out of all proportion to what I eat? It seems to me I gain if I even look at food! I don't eat nearly as much food or nearly as rich food as my girl friend and yet she remains lovely and slim! Etc., etc."

The answer to this is also simple but, unfortunately, at the present time the remedy for this is available only to those who live in or near a large city.

An inclination to put on weight out of all proportion to what you eat has been traced to a subnormal metabolism. An inclination to lose weight out of all proportion to what you eat has been traced to an over-active metabolism. And you may as well familiarize yourself with these terms right now because they're going to become as common as hearts and lungs and brains.

LAST month when talking about iodine we learned it was important to the thyroid gland. Physicians call our thyroid gland the policeman of our system. It is this gland which controls our metabolism. Metabolism is the process whereby we incorporate into our own tissues substances obtained from our food, making these part of our own body and also transforming (Continued on page 90)

AT THE WHIPPET RACES



... See 'em go! The fastest entrants from the Culver City Kennel Club put their best paws forward, while the stars watch and cheer

These pictures by Hollywood Newspictures



(Above) Ole Man Beery looks as if he's enjoying it. (Below) Jimmie Dunn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Fay and his brilliant wife, Barbara Stanwyck.



(Above) Marian Marsh, with sister Jean at her left and her brother standing in back. Nice looking boy, isn't he? (Below) George Raft looking 'em over.



(Above) Sally Eilers, on husband Hoot Gibson's lap. Yes, they've called an armistice. (Below) Newlyweds Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn.





Edward Everett Horton's Remarkable Memory

By EDITH KENDALL

It was Edward Everett Horton's tremendously wise grandmother who really prepared him for the stage. She accomplished it in her own clever fashion. (Above) Edward with Arline Judge and Richard Dix in "Roar of the Dragon." (Right) At the sound stage door.

THIS is not the story of a famous actor. It is merely an incident in the life of a baby boy—a cut-back let's call it. The child's name is Edward Everett Horton, a long name for a little boy.

On one of Brooklyn's quiet streets is a three-story brick house, its marble stoop washed and shining. Inside, seated in a heavily-carved rosewood chair, is a Scotch grandmother. Her hair is heavy and dark and piled high and securely on top of her head. Her dark eyes are straight-browed. There is something vigorous about her hands as she weaves her darning back and forth. A baby is perched on the arm of her chair, a book open on his wobbly knee. He can't be two years old—he still wears frilly dresses.

"A is for apple, B is for boat—" Everett prattles on. So this baby child learned his alphabet at his grandmother's knee. She kept him always near her regardless of what she might be doing. That stern Scotch grandparent pushed him through his alphabet at eighteen months. She loved him passionately but she did not pet him or fondle him.

"You're too big for that book now Everett. Where's your 'Mother Goose'?" At two years he recited all those jingles. He merely kept the book open before him. He thought he was reading, but he knew them by heart.

It is his third birthday—he knows reams of verse. There are presents strewn about him on the floor. "This is from Grandmother"—a large, bulky package. He unwraps it. What a present for a child—a child of three! It is a pair of maroon plush portières with velvet fringe. The child's mother is amazed.

"To go between the front and back parlors," volunteers the grandmother. "They will draw all the way across and make a sort of stage. Then Everett can recite his verses



without the book." So up went the new portières between the trim parlors with their beautifully carved marble mantles. "Pops" drew the curtains and Everett made his first stage appearance:

The next day his grandmother put on his stiff white pleated dress and took him to a private kindergarten just around the corner.

"But he's so little! He should be five, you know," and the little spinster teacher smoothed his yellow hair.

"Just try him a day or so." The grandmother's back was very straight, her smooth black hair high on her head.

Until Edward Everett was six he went to that little kindergarten. Often he slipped away in the afternoon and his teacher was always waiting to help him with the long words. Even when there were two brothers and a sister to play with there was the lure of his books.

And so to college, writing the school play. His mother

with a troubled look in her eye. "Maybe he'll be a minister. His father's brother was—" Then one day a telegram: off to New Zealand with a theatrical company.

Did that early memory work make it possible for Actor Horton to play every night in his own theatre in Hollywood, directing the succeeding play at night after the curtain had fallen, to be at the studio the next morning by nine o'clock in make-up, his lines ready for the mike?

Most actors, good and bad, have fair memories, but Horton has the most remarkable memory I have ever yet encountered. He literally knows dozens of plays without having to refresh his memory. We see too little of this amusing actor. But those of you who saw him in "The Age for Love," in "Reaching for the Moon" and in "Holiday," will remember him and be glad that you can see him again in "Roar of the Dragon" with Richard Dix.

I once accused him of having the ability to stand in the wings and memorize a rôle while waiting for his cue.

"Such talk—" he scoffed, and I'm sure he looked just as his Scotch grandmother did in those old days.

Was it a Ghost Elissa Landi Saw?

By JACK
GRANT

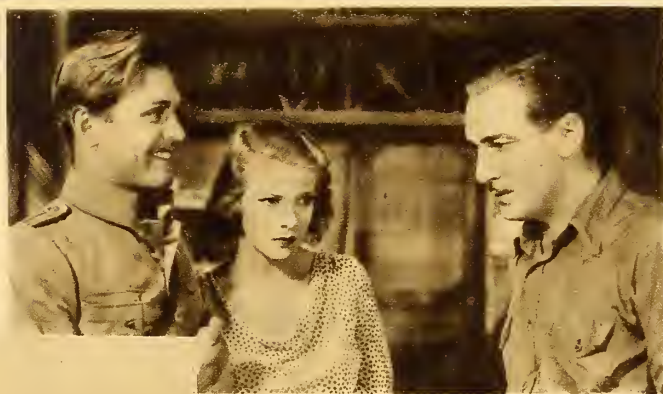
THE following story I cannot doubt. It was told to me by Elissa Landi, the Fox star. She is not an excitable person. She is imaginative—yes—but by no means hysterically so. There are too many brains in that red-gold head. Too much sense and balance which, together with the brains, have enabled her to write a successful novel in between making one picture after another for Fox, the most recent of which was, as you probably know, "A Passport to Hell." At present, she is busy working in DeMille's "Sign of the Cross," for which picture she was signed by Paramount.

"I do not believe in haunted houses," Elissa Landi says. "Yet I once had an experience near a haunted house—a weird experience that was shared by my husband. We both saw and heard the same things. There can be no doubt about it. A headless and handless figure appeared before our eyes. We described it to one another and our descriptions, mine and my husband's, tallied exactly.

"When I express disbelief in the existence of haunted houses, I do not mean to convey the impression that I am denying a belief in the supernatural. Just what I do believe is a bit difficult to explain concisely. Bear with me if I seem to digress.

"It has been proved in the development of the radio that sound waves made by the human voice can be transmitted around the world. Mechanical ingenuity has made it possible for us to turn a dial and tune in programs that originated many thousands of miles away. We are no longer amazed by such a feat.

"Stop to consider what happens to sound waves. I say certain words to you and you hear them. If I speak loud enough, I may be heard in the next room. But I cannot shout so as to be understood even a mile away unless my voice is amplified. Is this, then, the limit of the scope of sound waves or do they continue on into limitless space, too faint to be heard by human ears? We do not know and therefore can only offer a speculative answer.



Elissa Landi is undoubtedly an imaginative type—but not the sort of hysterically imaginative girl who would ever imagine the ghost story herein described. No. It actually happened to her. (Above) With Alexander Kirkland and Paul Lukas in "A Passport to Hell."



"I believe that every sound ever made exists in the ether today. We cannot hear intelligible words unaided by mechanical apparatus any more than we can listen to radio programs without turning on our radios. But I fully believe that some day we will be able literally to tune in on the infinite. I find it easy to conceive of the possibility of the development of a device similar to the radio that will enable us to listen to words spoken a thousand years ago.

FREQUENTLY we read of radio broadcasts being received in kitchen stoves, furnaces and the like. Radio engineers have logical explanations for such phenomena. Is it not feasible that haunted houses may be explained

in a similar manner? Due to some reason not understood by us at the present time, houses and other places said to be haunted may simply be natural receiving sets for words from the dead past. If we are willing to go a bit further than that and progress into the theory of television, ghostly manifestations may find explanation in the same way. But let's get on with my ghost story.

"I was in London at the time, playing in 'The Constant Nymph.' Johnny and I were engaged to be married and he called for me nearly every night after the show. This particular night was very warm and we decided to go driving for the air.

"We drove along the Thames toward Richmond on the London Road. The river bank was lined with motorcars and we encountered heavy traffic all the way. Quite apparently our method of cooling off after a warm day lacked originality. Even the streets leading to the Thames were crowded with parked cars.

"Our progress was slow. Then suddenly we sighted a lane absolutely deserted. Johnny (Continued on page 88)

Revealing the Sari Maritza Hoax



(Left) Vivian Gaye, Sari Maritza's manager and (right) Sari herself. Few young girls who've become bitten with the movie bug ever put over quite such a clever hoax as Sari did with the help of Vivian. It started in London some years ago.



IT all started as a prank—a hoax perpetrated on dear ole Lunnion by two school-girls. But it had a far-reaching effect that climaxed in Hollywood's importation of a new "foreign" star—namely, Sari Maritza. Three American studios competed for her services. Paramount won.

In the biography of Sari Maritza as prepared by Paramount, her birth in Tientsin, China, in 1910, her education in English and Continental schools and her ultimate success in pictures made in England and Germany are reported accurately and entertainingly. The biography also established Miss Vivian Gaye as the discoverer and manager of Sari (pronounced "Sorry" as in "I'm sorry").

The most interesting chapter of the life story of this young actress, however, is omitted, or at least ignored in the Paramount account—perhaps purposely. We heard the tale from a London friend and immediately sought out Vivian Gaye to ask for her version of the affair.

"I never have told the real story for publication," she said. "I can see no harm in doing so now. You seem to know a good deal about it and you might just as well have all the facts."

Vivian Gaye, it must be admitted, is not at all the sort of person one generally associates with managerial duties. She is young—only two years older than Sari—blond and quite attractive. Certainly she could seek an American screen career of her own if she were so minded.

VIVIAN GAYE has had a little over a year's experience on the English stage and a good deal more in amateur dramatics. It was a modern-dress version of "Hamlet," performed in her final year in finishing school, that led to her start in the professional theatre. Her father, however, did not approve and after a year he prevailed upon her to give up the stage to devote herself to the management of his house and the entertainment of its guests. This because of the illness of her Russian mother.

By LAURA
LOUISE
LOWRY

Toward the end of her first season of social activity, some friends told Vivian of a young girl about to be graduated from a school in Switzerland. This girl was Patricia Detring-Nathan, the daughter of Major Detring-Nathan. Since childhood, Patricia had talked of nothing except her ambition to become an actress. It was thought that, as Vivian

had had professional experience, she might be willing to help young Patricia. Permission was asked to bring the girl to call when she returned to England.

Vivian's own school days were not so far removed that she could not find ready understanding of the theatrical ambitions of Patricia. The two girls hit it off immediately. They discussed the best ways of winning quick recognition on the stage and from their discussions, a wild plan evolved. It started more or less as a prank to direct attention to the newcomer. When it worked so well, they decided to continue the hoax.

Having been educated on the Continent, Patricia was practically unknown in London. It was decided to invent an exotic and colorful history for "an actress fresh from triumphs in the capitals of Europe." A seasoning of scandal was added to flavor the tale. It was suggested that despite her youth, she was a noted figure in several intrigues that concerned (whisper) royalty! It was indeed a glamorous background, but it needed a glamorous name. Between them the girls concocted Sari Maritza. It fitted beautifully.

"We even gave Sari a heavy accent," Vivian Gaye told us. "We pretended to lease the home of Major Detring-Nathan and whenever anyone called on business, we locked the poor man in his study or got rid of him some other way."

AS sponsor and manager of the newly-created Sari, my first attempt in such a capacity, I sent glowing accounts of her "arrival" to the press. From a carefully prepared list of fifty-odd names (Continued on page 87)



Fate's Special Interest in Charles Starrett

It really does seem as if the fates want to give Charles Starrett the best possible break. They demonstrated this feeling in connection with a second trip to the Arctic for the purposes of acting in a film there. (Right) A scene from the film.



YOU remember Charles Starrett as the tall, handsome young chap in "Touchdown." You'll see him again in "Lady and Gent" with George Bancroft. If you saw the film which Frissell made of the Arctic seal hunters last year, you also remember him in that, for he was a member of the first expedition into the ice-floes where most of that film was made. The hand of Fate alone prevented him being a member of that ill-fated second expedition.

"Call it Fate, Providence, luck or anything you wish," says Starrett, "but it was only by a hair's breadth that I escaped. It proves how seemingly trivial happenings can change the entire course of a man's life."

Starrett was born in Athol, Mass., and while at Dartmouth played as an extra in Richard Dix' picture, "The Quarterback." There had been a few things of minor importance on the stage and in stock until the opportunity came to go with Frissell into the Arctic.

"I really didn't want to go," he admits, "but I was married and there were the twins and, frankly, we needed money. It meant months of separation from my family. It meant cold, hardship and danger, but as things weren't breaking so well for us, I decided to go."

IT was in May, 1930, that Varick Frissell and his company went north into the ice pack, in search of the seal herd, on the ancient steamer *Viking*, commanded by the famous Capt. Bob Bartlett. For months the little company followed the migrating herd. If you saw the film, you can realize the hazards, the difficulties and the danger they underwent to secure realism.

"I learned to walk the floes with the best of them," says Starrett, "and hairbreadth escape from drowning in the sea or being crushed between the ice cakes was almost a daily occurrence. Varick insisted on realism and kidded us into giving it to him. It was an experience for which I wouldn't take the world—now—but it wasn't any fun then."

By J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN

The epic of the seal hunt recorded on film, Frissell returned to Hollywood to dispose of his product. But producers demanded additional scenes before they would accept. As a result, Frissell once more gathered his troupe

for a return to the Arctic.

"Of course, Varick wanted me to go," says Starrett, "and as things still weren't very good with us, I had decided, after much consideration, to go. My wife didn't want me to and I'll admit that I wasn't enthused about it either, but it's difficult for a young actor, especially if he has a family to support, to get a start and the Frissell thing did offer a chance to recoup the family fortunes, even if it didn't appeal to me. Anyhow, I had told Varick that I would go. The day came when I was to meet him for lunch in a downtown café to sign the contract. Somehow, that morning I didn't want to go downtown. I kept stalling around the apartment. Finally, as the time for my appointment drew near, I got on my coat and hat and prepared to go. Just as I stepped to the door, one of the twins began to cry and in a moment the other was making it a duet.

"Run on, Charles," said my wife, 'I'll quiet them.'

"Instead, however, I took off my hat and went over and began to romp with them. My wife kept reminding me that I would be late but I was reluctant to go. I wouldn't say it was a premonition, for I suppose it was just my reluctance to sign a contract which meant months away from my family again. At last I got up and reached for my hat. At that moment the phone rang. My wife answered and called me to the phone. It was a producer with whom I had been trying to get a place, offering me a part in a play. Without waiting to consult my wife, Frissell or anyone else, I accepted. I walked away from that phone feeling for some reason that a few tons of weight had been taken from my shoulders. Had I gone on, without coming back to quiet the twins, I should have signed with Varick and gone (Continued on page 113)

YOUR



... The Hollywood stars and one of New York's ace fashion writers combine to help you plan your fall and winter clothes. With patterns! Don't miss this!

WE all know that some of the best dressed women in America—in the world really—are well known movie highlights. They buy their clothes from the very best designers, they wear them exquisitely, and their taste and smartness is above reproach.

So, what could be a better plan than to study *their* plans for autumn wardrobes and to pattern your own clothes after their general principle?

They have had, for the good of their profession and the play of their personalities, to work out the very smartest schemes. Then your task—and mine—is to scheme in the same direction and possibly to another end—that of economy.

It can be done. See, for instance, the patterns on page 69. If you make your clothes yourself or have them made, there is one simple path to an extremely smart end.

Then, see Janet Gaynor's little dinner dress on this page. You can have a pattern for this, too, if you want

By MARGERY
WELLS

it. It will serve all sorts of purposes. Without the cape, it is a formal evening dress. With the cape, it becomes a dinner gown or a Sunday night frock.

So many girls want a dress just precisely like one that is worn by a popular star herself. Here is their chance to satisfy that desire. For each month, MODERN SCREEN will offer a pattern of a dress from a Hollywood star's wardrobe.

Now for that all-around, satisfactory autumn wardrobe—one which will fill every need this year and be cleverly enough planned to carry on for at least a part of next year.

HERE is a hint toward that last essential: choose your clothes from among those that have the most advanced lines instead of those lines that are reaching the end of their style value, but avoid all "trickiness" and "novelty touches." Keep your clothes conservative and they will not only be smarter (Continued on page 103)

FALL WARDROBE

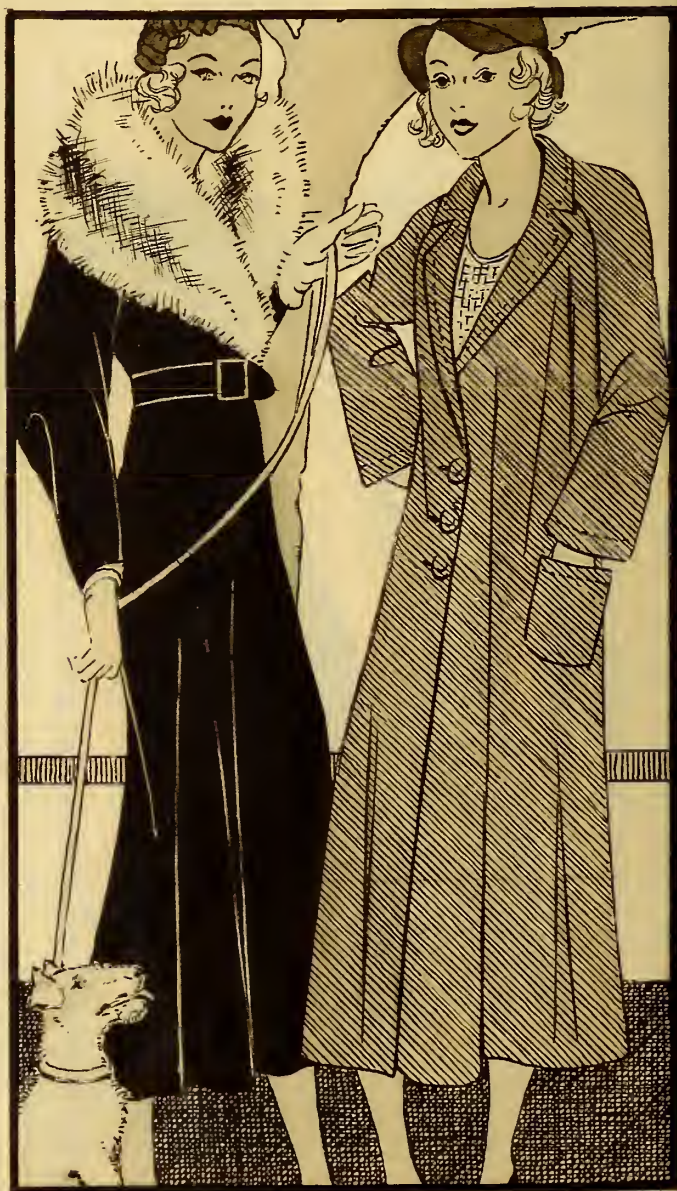
On the opposite page Janet Gaynor is wearing one of the loveliest of all the new fall evening gowns. It's made of heavy white satin. Without the cape it can be used for formal parties—with the cape, it's a perfect dinner or Sunday night frock. The accompanying sketches show detailed views of front and back. There is a pattern for this—5071—which you can have if you want it. Just follow the instructions given in the coupon on page 69. (Right) Two classic suits for the new season—one in brown tweed and one in a rough blue cloth. The one at the left is technically the street suit and the one at the right is more for sports.



(Left) A daytime dress—can you imagine anything better looking and more practical?—made of one of the new rough-surfaced woollens in mixed tones of green is trimmed very simply with white pleated frills. Then, next to it, is pictured an afternoon dress done in black velvet. It has the broad shoulder line, the full sleeves and the straight full skirt which are supremely important points in the new fashions. This is the sort of dress which would do nicely, too, as a Sunday night frock. The clothes sketched on these pages, by the way, are just to give you helpful hints in either making or buying your new fall wardrobe. Patterns of them are not obtainable—with the exception of the "First Year" evening dress on the opposite page.



(Above, left) Gloria Stuart is wearing one of the newest of felt hats along with a leopard skin coat. The hat is the palest shade of yellow and its feather is a combination of brown and orange. (Above, right) The perfect evening gown must be moulded to the figure and this white satin one of Claudette Colbert's illustrates that sheathlike line in all of its most attractive details. Notice her hair, by the way—it is the newest sort of a bob, looking just as beautiful with evening clothes as it does with daytime ones.



(Right) Two sorts of coats—both necessary for the perfect autumn wardrobe—one for sports and one for dress. This illustration shows the most simple of them, but it gives all of the essential lines that spell smartness for this season. The sport coat is of tweed and the dress coat is made of suede cloth in black with a collar of pale yellow racoon. It would be nice to have two coats like this, but if economy is of paramount importance to you, it's possible, you know, to make one do. Miss Wells tells you just how you can manage this.

A COMPLETE FALL WARDROBE

MODERN SCREEN, commencing a new service for its readers, offers the latest designs in patterns—made exclusively for this magazine

5004

5000

5054

5059

5007

5004—A most flattering frock for afternoon wear, if made from crêpe or satin. The sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 46.

5000—One of the newer fitted dresses closes under the left arm. Puffed sleeves are finished with an elastic. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40.

5054—An interesting model for an informal dinner gown or dress to be worn to afternoon parties—bridge or tea. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5059—One of the most useful of top coats, with raglan sleeves, to be made from any of the heavier woolen materials. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5056—The dress worn under the top coat is made in surplice style. There is a rever collar and long one-piece sleeves. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5007—A jacket that is very simple to make, recommended in silk for your sports frocks and in wool for street clothes. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 46.

5062—One-piece dress of the nicest sort for morning or street wear. It has long sleeves and is closed under the left arm. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

Coat 5059
Frock 5056

Jacket 5007
Frock 5062

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered, with size and number of desired pattern. Be sure to give full name and address. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Safe delivery is guaranteed





(Above, left and right) As the army official in Novarro's "Daybreak" and Lupe Velez' father in "Hell Harbor."

(Above, left and right) As Garbo's brutal uncle in "Susan Lenox" and as the Swiss mountain guide in "Private Lives."

HOW HE DOES IT



JEAN HERSHOLT does not even look like himself! And in Hollywood, where every star and would-be star strives desperately to develop a sharp individuality, to create a "type," and to win international recognition of the slightest mannerism, this is a wonderful and strange thing.

In order to catch him, it is necessary to exert the utmost in watchful sleuthing. I stalked him down once. At that time he was a heavy old man, just finishing a scene on a studio set.

He walked off the set . . . and vanished!

I traced him to his home in Beverly Hills. I rang the bell. I demanded my old man.

The charming gentleman who answered the door explained, "I am Jean Hersholt."

I smiled patiently. "But I want to see *the* Jean Hersholt. You know, the actor. The gray-haired, elderly Mr. Hersholt."

"Ah! Yes," sighed Jean, as he invited me in. "Well, even I cannot tell you where he is right now. But he'll come back," my host assured me, and hid a chuckle in the deep richness of his voice. "He'll come back."

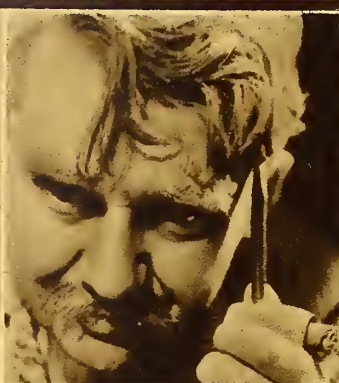
Jean Hersholt took a trip to New York recently. At Grand Central with his wife and son, Allan. Don't you think Allan looks a bit like his dad?

"I know almost all about that old man," Hersholt said when we were comfortably seated. "There are just two things about him which I cannot tell you: where he comes from and where he goes. He never comes home with me, does he?" Hersholt asked the lady in Spanish red.

And Mrs. Hersholt had to admit that she had never even suspected the aged one's presence in her home.

IT is a funny thing about him," explained Jean. "I take off his clothes, I wash his face, I stop thinking his thoughts, and he is gone. Only I am left.

"The old men, the strange men, the tough men I bring to the screen are not Jean Hersholt. Jean Hersholt becomes them for just as long as they are needed. Then he sends them away and only their pictured shadows are left." And I, of course, asked him how he does it.



(Above, left and right) In "Emma," as the successful American inventor named Smith. In "Grand Hotel," as Senf, the porter.

(Above, left and right) As the none-too-bright janitor in "Night Court." And as the wealthy merchant in "Skyscraper Souls."



... Jean Hersholt's art goes deeper than grease-paint. This article tells you how—and gives, too, a delightful picture of Hersholt himself

By GERTRUDE HILL

When Hersholt was twenty, he was the champion bicyclist of Denmark and on the Olympic team. He was something of a boxer, too.

"I do not create them from grease-paint and false noses. They come to life with a twist of a comb through my hair, with the cut of my mustache, or the lack of it, and with my mental attitude. From my attitude comes their expression. Anyone can dress up like a certain character, but how can one look like him without his expression? Expression cannot be painted on the face. It must come from within.

"A haircut and a mustache, plus the mental attitude of the actor, are worth more than a thousand pounds of grease-paint," said Hersholt, as he chewed a cigar and stroked his smooth-shaven cheek. His own hair is thick and dark. He has a mustache. His eyes are bright—set in genial crinkles.

When he sets about to become an aged doctor, such as he played in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen

Hayes, or the elderly inventor who brought romance into the life of "Emma," he deliberately ages himself. This he does, not with mask-like make-up, but with his own face.

He is to play an old man. All right. He wrinkles his forehead and, while holding it so, he pats powder lightly across it. He relaxes; the wrinkle lines marking his brow are his own. No matter what change of expression he assumes while in character, his wrinkles will not get out of order. They are natural.

He does the same for the lines around his eyes. He squints and powders. The camera shows him with natural wrinkles of age. He draws his mouth down, cruelly, or smiles kindly, as his part requires. Powder lightens the high spots, leaving the hollows dark.

"This is much better than tracings of pencil," says Hersholt.

Very few cosmetics are used by the Danish actor who learned much of his art in Copenhagen.

"The portrayal must be natural. An artificial old man is worse than no old man at all. No one will like him. No one will believe in him. (Continued on page 108)



FROM BEN LYON'S CAMERA

Yes, sir, he took them all himself.
For his own—and now your—
amusement



(Left) Laurence Olivier, very informal in sweater with no shirt, and Ernst Lubitsch. We believe this is the only picture of Lubitsch in which the cigar is not in evidence. (Below) Will Hays, czar of the movies, and Charlie Chaplin, czar of comedy.

(Above) Gilbert Roland, John Branders and Dr. Harry Martin after completing a deep sea fishing trip. (Top of page) Billie Dove at the shore. Of course you know that Billie is coming back to the screen. She's working for M-G-M in support of Marion Davies in "Blondie of the Follies." Good luck to you, Billie.



Pictures on these pages by
Ben Lyon.

Kathryn Carver, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson in foreground. Charlie Chaplin (partly hidden), Stanley Smith (with mustache) and Adolphe Menjou in background. The occasion? Oh, just one of those smart Hollywoodlawn parties.



(Right) Bebe Daniels, Lily Damita and Constance Netcher Talmadge. They do look lovely, don't they? (Below) The Reginald Denny baby. Needless to say this baby is the pet delight of its adoring father.



Over a real Hollywood back fence. Maurice Chevalier admiring the little girl next door—who happens to be Barbara Bebe Lyon. How would you like to live next door to such a cute child?

WATCHING OUT FOR THE BABIES

AN AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE EMPLOYMENT OF INFANTS UNDER THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS

This agreement is made by Mrs. L. G. Jordan a duly authorized agent of Ketco-Bildgen-Meyerson picture producers located at Wulver City herein after known as the Party of the First Part, in favor of Mrs. Betty Morrow living at 5857 Carlton Way who is the parent or guardian of Dorothy age 2 weeks birthdate 1/31/32. This child herein after to be known as the Party of the Second Part, is to be used in the production of the film play at above on or about 2/15/32 (location) (date).

No teennolity shall be used to invalidate this agreement.

The party of the first part agrees to assume liability for any eye injury which may develop at any time within a period of six months from the above date, as direct or indirect result of the subjecting of the party of the second part to the natural or artificial light used in the filming of the above named picture. This liability shall include payment for all medical attention needed and additional loss in payment of compensational damages should permanent injury result.

The party of the first part signs this agreement with full knowledge that serious eye injury has been known to follow the exposure to bright light of the immature eyes of infants.

Furthermore, the party of the first part agrees to remunerate the parent or guardian of the party of the second part at the rate of Seventy Five (\$75.00) for each day the child is before the camera, and ten dollars (\$10.00) per day for each day the party of the second part is required to "stand by".

Under no conditions shall the party of the second part be exposed to the light for more than thirty seconds at any one time. The day's work shall not exceed twenty minutes and two hours shall constitute the full length of time which the party of the second part shall be retained on the set.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Signed [Signature]
Studio Executive
Witness [Signature]
Studio Teacher or Welfare Worker
Mother [Signature]

Note: Rate of pay shall be regulated according to age as follows:
Less than 30 days old..... \$ 75.00 per day
Over 30 days and under 90 days..... \$ 50.00 " "
Over 90 days and under 180 days..... \$ 25.00 " "

Los Angeles City School System—Division of Attendance and Employment of Minors

Work Permit Section 328 Chamber of Commerce Building
Certificate of Identification and Permit To Be Employed in Motion Pictures

Name Morrow, Dorothy Address 5857 Carlton Way Sex f
School _____ Color Hair _____ Color Eyes _____ Height _____ Weight _____
Birthdate 1/31/32 Age 2 weeks Name of Parent or Guardian Mrs. Betty Morrow
If on Contract—Name of Studio Central Casting Date Issued 2/15/32 With Exp. date _____
This Certificate serves as an identification card and indicates that the bearer is eligible for employment in the production of Motion Pictures. When the minor is actually employed this certificate automatically becomes a PERMIT TO WORK, provided that notification of such employment is as file in the office of the issuing authority. This notification is to be made by casting directors or employment agents. For information call WEHman 5011, Station 165 or 169.
The four copies of this Certificate are distributed as follows: YELLOW—Board of Education, BLUE—Casting office or employing agent, PINK—School child attends (if any), WHITE—To be kept by the minor or his or her parent or guardian and must be taken to the Teacher or Welfare Supervisor as soon as the child reports for work.
This Certificate is issued with the understanding that the employer and his agents and the employee and his or her parent or guardian will abide by the rules and regulations governing the employment of minors in motion pictures. Lack of cooperation in the enforcement of these rules will be considered as sufficient cause for revoking the permit.
TO TEACHER OR WELFARE SUPERVISOR: GEP
Please fill in the following information for each new picture the child works in, as required by Child Labor Law, Sec. 7.
Date Employed From 2/15/32 To _____
Employed by M. G. M.
Name or Number of Picture [Signature]
Tutor or Welfare Supervisor [Signature]
Form 1811-B-12M Sec. 7-3-30 (Over)

INSTRUCTION TO PARENTS

- Parents are not to take children out of school for interviews or test pictures—unless the studio furnishes a tutor for the child on the day he is out. Permits and renewals must be secured after school hours, on Saturday mornings, and during vacation periods. No child is to be excused from school for the purpose of securing motion picture permits or renewals.
- Parents are to secure the application card from casting offices properly filled in and signed. Then take card to the child's school for the school record, after which the parent and child must come with the card to 328 Chamber of Commerce Building where permits are issued.
- Permits are to be renewed every three months. All permits expire September 1st.
- Parents are to instruct the child to report to the teacher or welfare worker immediately upon reaching the studio lot where employed.
- Since it is impossible for teachers to carry enough school books for all grades, children's parents are requested to require the child to bring from school the books necessary for the continuance of school work. It is suggested that the child ask the studio teacher for special help in that subject or lesson in which he or she is having difficulty in school.
- All children under eighteen years of age must be supervised while on studio lots or on location. During public school days this supervisor is a teacher whose duty it is to tutor children or school age at least three hours each day unless the child has graduated from a four year high school. At other times, including week-ends and vacations, the supervisor is known as a welfare worker whose duty it is to safeguard the child.
- The number of hours any child may work in motion pictures varies according to the age of the child. See the following table:

Ages	School or Recreation	At Work	Total On Set
Less than 2 Years	2 Hours	2 Hours	4 Hours
2 to 6 Years	2 Hours	3 Hours	6 Hours—Note: Where surgery is provided—otherwise same as 2 years of age.
Over 6 Years	4 Hours	4 Hours	8 Hours—Note: Recreation, 1 hour; school, 3 hours

8. Parents who disobey labor laws regulating the working of minors in motion pictures are subject to fine of from fifty (\$50) to two hundred (\$200) dollars and imprisonment for 60 days, or both fine and imprisonment for each offense. Cancellation of work permits or a refusal to renew permits may follow any spirit of non-cooperation on the part of parent or child in the carrying out of any rule or regulation.

Date Employed From _____ To _____
Employed by _____
Name or Number of Picture _____
Tutor or Welfare Supervisor _____

Above and at the right are the various forms which govern the hiring of children by the studios. Woe betide the parent or studio who does not live up precisely to the regulations. (Immediately right) Loretta Young and a baby in "Life Begins." Many babies were used in this picture.



By FRANC DILLON

WHEN you saw Dorothy Jordan holding a tiny baby in a scene in "The Wet Parade," did you wonder whose baby it was; how its mother happened to let it out; how much money it received for its appearance in the picture and all about it?

That particular baby was little Dorothy Morrow. She inherits her beauty from her parents, both of whom appear in pictures. She was two weeks old the day that scene was made and she received a check for \$75 for her work, which took exactly one minute before the camera. The California Child Labor Law was approved in 1919,

and amended in 1925. It concerns all children up to the age of eighteen years, and operates under the State Labor Commission. The enforcement and proper regulation of this law in regard to moving picture work is such an immense undertaking that the permit department has been turned over to the Board of Education.

The law itself is brief and indefinite, but as amplified by the Board, it covers every phase of child labor in motion pictures.

J. Harold Thomas, Supervisor of Working Children's Interests, is in charge of this (Continued on page 106)

Seeing that screen infants do not suffer from their labors is a big job

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



A crank about dust and dirt
... careless of her teeth and gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't

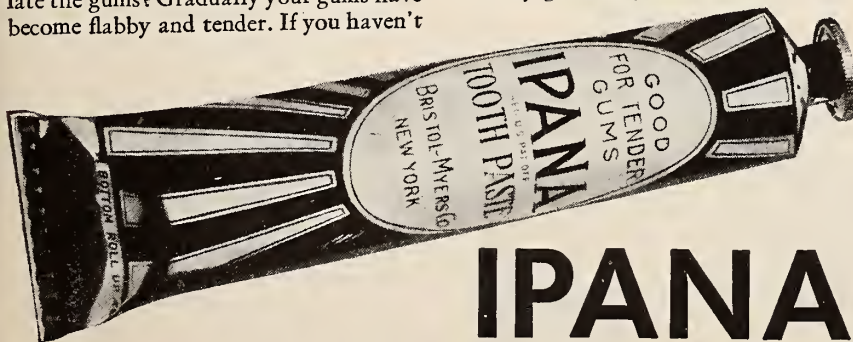
"pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziraton, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-102
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.....

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

HE STARRED IN HIS OWN L I F E S T O R Y



Stuart Erwin's early movie leanings and his efforts to get on the screen almost duplicate those of Merton Gill, the chief character of "Make Me a Star." The parallel of their lives is absolutely striking.



(Above) With ZaSu Pitts in "Make Me a Star." (Left) With Bing Crosby in "The Big Broadcast." Paramount—after the success of "Make Me a Star"—wanted to star Stu. He refused.

"Make Me a Star" was almost the true story of Stuart Erwin himself

ONCE there was a rather ridiculous, rather heart-breaking boy who lived in a small town, and clerked in a grocery store run by an old man, and dreamed of the day when he would be a world-famous movie star. His dream was all he lived for. And he was so pitifully, pitifully sure of it!

"But I know that story!" you object. "That's 'Make Me A Star,' with Stu Erwin as Merton."

You're wrong. That is the story of Stu Erwin himself, who is Merton.

Not once in a hundred years could Fate play such a queer trick. Merton really is Merton. Stu, playing the movie-struck lad on the screen, really is playing Stu Erwin. For Stu has lived, in real life, exactly the same comi-tragic struggle of the shadowy Merton of the screen.

Merton's home town was called Simsbury. Stu's was called Squaw Valley. Outside of their names one town might be the other. Squaw Valley has a general store, like the one in which Merton worked, and a church, and a school, and a few houses. "It's just a wide place in the

By JACK
JAMISON

road," Stu says. As he grew up he lived in half a dozen other towns in California, Sanger and Del Rey and Modesto and Porterville, and any one of them, still, might have been Simsbury. A small-town boy is

Merton, and a small-town boy is Stu.

MERTON acted, acted, acted, whether he was parceling out prunes or sweeping out the store. And Simsbury cast a rather dubious eye on actors, wondering if they were quite sane, quite moral; to try to be someone other than yourself seemed a bit too much like black magic, or at least like plain lying. Porterville, where Stu reached his late 'teens, Merton's age, felt much the same way about them. Simsbury offered few opportunities to aspiring young actors, unless you counted recitations at church socials. Porterville offered no more, unless you counted the Dramatic Club of the old-fashioned granite high school, with its small auditorium and its cramped, poorly lighted stage. The club put on all the old standbys, "Officer 666," "Pinafore," and "The Fire Prince," and Stu acted in them. He—without any question—

was every bit as bad an actor as Merton was on the stage he imagined for himself behind the counter of the grocery store. He knew nothing about acting—nothing except that he longed with all his heart to be an actor! Merton dreamed of himself as a masterful, debonair leading man. The tragedy there was that he simply could never be one; he was so gawky, so young, with a homely face that would always be that of a little boy. He did not know his face was like that. Neither, in his heart of hearts, did Stu, one is sure. None of us does . . .

MERTON arrived in Hollywood with one small, old-fashioned trunk. So did Stu.

In his trunk Merton had a dress suit, for use when he played millionaire clubmen, romantic society lovers, and European noblemen. He had, too, a set of chaps, boots, bandannas, and ten-gallon hats, against the great day when he would be a rough, tough Western star. Merton was a long way ahead of his real-life counterpart there! Stu, in his absurd little trunk, had only an extra suit and some shirts and underwear.

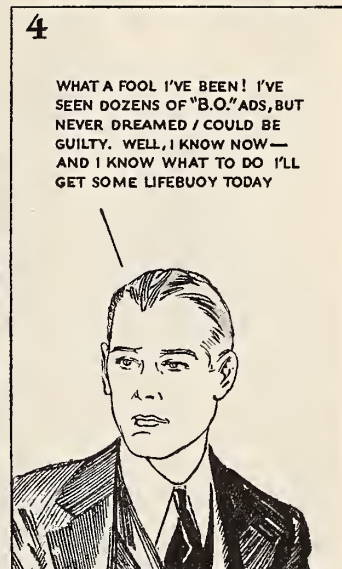
Merton had an idol, a guiding-star, in Hollywood—Buck Benson, a Western hero. Stu had an idol too—Wally Beery.

Merton had not a single friend in the town of talkies. Neither had Stu.

Merton set out confidently to conquer Hollywood. He had a diploma from his correspondence school, and therefore was a finished actor, and he would play no small parts—nothing smaller than starring parts would do. It was weeks and weeks before it dawned upon him that no studio wanted him, was even faintly interested in him. Eventually he found himself at the point of starvation, and still he was too proud to quit trying. Stu Erwin set out every bit as confidently. Leaving his dramatic-school, he started to make the rounds of the theatrical agents' offices. One look at his homely face, one earful of his halting voice, and the wise agents knew he was no actor, and laughed at the tall tales he told them of previous experience on the stage. Undaunted, day after day Stu made the rounds of the offices, until the endlessly repeated, "Nothing today. Come back tomorrow," sounded in his ears even in his dreams.

Merton met a girl who had been in Hollywood a long, long time and who had lost all her dreams. She looked at his funny face and knew that he was a born comedian, and she looked into his heart and saw that he would die rather than be one. She bought him a square meal and tricked him into playing in a comedy by telling him that it was a serious part. Merton finally got a break. After five years Stu, too, got a break, in a fashion equally ironic. A casting director called him for a good comedy part—and, before he could report for work, the casting-director was fired, and when he arrived at the studio nobody knew him or anything about the call. Another director saw him, however, when he was playing in "White Collars" on the stage in Los Angeles, and the break became a real one.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — *by Timmins*



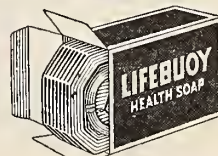
Don't let "B.O." (body odor) bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4510, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)



LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

More news, chit-chat, and this-and-that from the film city



How Ted gained Seven Pounds in two months

through a delicious new food drink

THE more Ted grew, the more frail and puny he looked. His mother gave him the best of everything—the most nourishing foods—and still he didn't gain. At last she went to see the school nurse.

"Give him Cocomalt," the nurse advised. "It's accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. You see, it's far more than a milk flavoring; it's a scientific food-drink, containing food elements every growing child needs."

So Ted's mother began giving him Cocomalt, mixed with milk, regularly. In two months he showed a gain of 7 pounds! Now she'll never leave it out of his diet—it has improved him so noticeably in every way.

Prepared according to directions, Cocomalt adds more than 70% nourishment (food-energy) to milk—almost doubling the food value of every glass! It contains a rich supply of SUNSHINE VITAMIN D and is licensed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. This sunshine vitamin converts the calcium and phosphorus—so richly furnished by Cocomalt and milk—into strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

High in food-value—low in cost. At all grocers in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size.

Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. That is your guarantee of its trustworthiness.

Cocomalt

"Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of barley malt extract, selected cocoa, skimmed milk, sugar, whole eggs, flavoring and added sunshine Vitamin D."

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 39S, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City State

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT (FOOD-ENERGY) TO MILK
(Mixed according to directions)

ROLAND YOUNG'S hobby—besides collecting penguins—is writing humorous poetry. His book, "Not for Children," contains many of the best of his amusing lyrics. Here are a couple of examples:

And here's the happy, bounding flea—

You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see;
But she can tell and so can he!

The Billy Goat's a handsome gent
But has a most far-reaching scent;
The Nanny Goat is quite a belle—
Let's hope she has no sense of smell!

SOME thirty years ago, a Philadelphia telegram messenger boy delivered a wire to a vaudeville actor only slightly older than himself. The latter, George M. Cohan, already famed, although just a youth, gave the messenger a fifty-cent tip. The messenger's eyes widened. Through his thanks, he stumbled over information that he'd give almost anything if he could only be an actor. Cohan replied: "Well, look me up if you ever come to New York." The young man did and played in several Cohan musicals, finally leaving to take a chance in Hollywood. Today, George Bancroft, the ex-messenger boy, and George Cohan, the man from Broadway, are working side by side at the same studio, Paramount.

DIXIE LEE (Mrs. Bing Crosby, to you and me) is prouder than proud. Her best friend, Sue Carol Stuart, named new baby daughter, Carol Lee . . . the Lee for Dixie.

Sue and Nick Stuart are awfully happy about the baby . . . and Sue's mother came all the way from Chicago to be here when she arrived. Dixie and Bing had been staying at Sue's home—she and Nick Stuart insisted on that so that mama Sue would have plenty of companionship while waiting for the stork.

Wonder what Gloria Swanson will have to say (in private) about Connie Bennett's performance in "Rockabye"? Mr. Bennett's eldest will do the part originally slated for the ex-Marquise de la Falaise!

FROM Edwin Maurice comes the story that tells of Mitzi Green's dinner engagement with Caryl Frink, Chicago newspaper woman. It seems that everything went along nicely until Miss Frink asked Mitzi who her favorite screen actress is.

"I think Helen Hayes is just grand. There isn't anybody even in the same

class with her," confessed Mrs. Green's little girl. Miss Frink grew a little pale.

Miss Frink was the first Mrs. Charles MacArthur and has been suing Helen Hayes for alienation of affection!

FOR the present we'll have to pooh-pooh all those separation rumors going about anent Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Since her marriage, Carole hasn't been the same girl. Gone is that one-time Lombard buoyancy. She has been seen rarely at social functions, with or without Bill. She looked and seemed unhappy. And only natural that Hollywood should conjecture these symptoms as trouble in the Powell family.

Carole has something to say on the subject—and we'll vouch for her sincerity. "As a matter of fact, I've been quite ill. And one can't appear hilarious under those circumstances, even if she does love her husband." She goes on to say that "I can't predict the future of my or anyone else's marriage, but right now everything is smooth sailing between Bill and myself."

To add to her blueness, Carole has been having some trouble about stories at the studio. Oh, the life of a movie star ain't no bed of roses.

Hollywood is going to have its own Sardi's. Eddie Brandstatter, formerly of the Montmartre and the Embassy Club, will be in charge. Okay, New York?

MORE than a month ago, we spotted Thelma Todd at the Brown Derby. With her was a handsome young fellow—very much the Latin type. Later we asked Thelma who that gentleman was we saw her with. "That's my husband," she informed us. "Quit your kidding," we informed her right back, always quick on the repartee. Just the other day we read that Thelma had been married in Arizona to Pasquale de Cicco—the same guy we'd seen at the Brown Derby.

Thelma's marriage sort of makes us newshounds cry in our beer. She was always good for a romance rumor . . . at least twice a month. There's a picture of the happy couple on page 16.

LUPE VELEZ is back in town! And I guess what she brought with her. A brand new Duesenberg car, a super-gorgeous new sable coat, and lots and lots of bee-oo-tiful rubies.

Lupe says that no man in Hollywood interests her. In fact, she's pining for Bert Taylor whom she had to leave back in New York while she came to Hollywood to do that picture for Mack Sennett. So it's Lupe loves Bertie now!

ONE of the major studios insists that their writers punch the time clock each morning and every evening. One of the writers got a story assignment with the finished product due in three days. In order to get his script ready to meet the deadline, he locked himself in his office for three days and two nights. When he appeared with the story, he found that he had been reported A. W. O. L. for three days!

Groucho Marx was asked his opinion of a new show on its opening night.

"It's rotten," he decided.

"Yes, but Groucho, it should be seen in a small house," argued its producer.

"Well, tomorrow night will take care of that, all right," quipped Groucho.

JOHN MILJAN succeeded in his attempt to adopt the two sons of his wife by her first husband, Creighton Hale. John has always treated the two boys as his own, and for the last several years has been supporting them, with no help from their real father, from whom Mrs. Miljan was divorced in 1925.

The two boys, Patrick, 13, and Robert, 11, have been referred to as John Miljan's boys for at least five years. But when John wanted the "fathership" legal, Mr. Hale was on hand to upset the procedure.

Jimmy Dunn better look to that old devil waistline. He isn't looking as sparse and fit, as when he was in training to keep the poundage down just after hitting Hollywood!

ALL the rumpus over the Von Sternberg-Marlene Dietrich picture, "The Blonde Venus," isn't over. Not if the technical crew has anything to say about it. And it has.

Von Sternberg is noted as a hard-working director. Working far into the night on a scene has dubbed him "Midnight Jo." The officials of the cameramen's union stepped in when a member complained that the director had worked from noon 'til 9:30 p. m. without time off for dinner. The union threatened to take all the cameramen off the set, but that was averted by giving them time out for a bite of lunch. Then they continued working until nearly midnight.

The extras, too, we hear, have been complaining of the Von Sternberg "slave-driving." In fact, Dietrich is about the only one on the set that hasn't been heard from.

THE Hollywood socialites have switched their allegiance. Week-ends at Malibu aren't the thing any longer. Now it's Santa Barbara. And the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel draws a crowd of the picture elite every week-end. Over the 4th of July, the hotel looked as if a New Year's celebration was in progress. Frolicking about were Tallulah Bankhead, the Clark Gables, the Edmund Gouldings, Ina Claire, Marilyn Miller, Don Alvarado (with Marilyn, of course), Eleanor Boardman, Mae Clarke and others and others of Hollywood's elite.

A SURPRISE FOR FRED

SO FRED ASKED HIS OUT-OF-TOWN FRIENDS TO DINNER?

YES—I'M JUST WILD. THESE OLD FADED CURTAINS ARE A SIGHT—AND WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES.

I JUST GOT THIS FRENCH ECRU RIT TO TINT MY OWN CURTAINS. YOU TAKE IT AND I'LL GET MORE.

MY DEAR, THIS IS WONDERFUL! IT DISSOLVES SO QUICKLY AND NOT A SPECK TO LEAVE STREAKS OR SPOTS.

NOW, THEY'RE THE REAL FRENCH ECRU SHADE THAT INTERIOR DECORATORS USE.

WON'T I SURPRISE FRED, THOUGH? HE SURELY WILL THINK THEY'RE NEW. YOU'RE A PEACH FOR HELPING ME OUT, DEAR!

YOU'LL WANT YOUR HOUSE FRESH LOOKING AS WELL AS CLEAN—AND RIT IS ALL YOU NEED. FRENCH ECRU RIT WILL LAST 20 WASHINGS—100 DAYS OF SUNSHINE. I'VE DISCOVERED THAT NEW INSTANT RIT IS THE QUICKEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL WAY TO TINT CHAIR COVERS AND LINENS AS WELL AS CURTAINS.

USE RIT BECAUSE IT'S SO LITTLE TROUBLE, WON'T HURT YOUR HANDS, AND GETS PERFECT RESULTS.

At all drug and notion counters—



Takes Old Color Out



Puts New Color In

33 smart Paris shades that last like fast dyes. Also WHITE RIT—the original color remover.

NO LONGER A SOAP—RIT NOW DISSOLVES COMPLETELY

*Awaken
the sleeping beauty
in your eyes*



*with the
New Maybelline*

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

The New Maybelline eyelash darkener is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

Be sure you get the genuine NEW Maybelline. 75c at all leading drug and department stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Purse Size 10c
at 10c Stores

MORE THAN
A MASCARA . . .



BETWEEN YOU and ME

If you've got something to say—in your very own words—here's the place to say it. You'll find these letters fascinating reading material

Dear Friends:

Right now Hollywood is making more effort to win your approval than ever before. Just as you can buy bargains in any line at the present time so you can buy bargains in your movie shopping. It's up to you to take advantage of these bargains. And the others—which are coming out of Hollywood now.

Hollywood is ripe for new ideas. On page 36, Albert Payson Terhune, ace writer of American fiction, offers an idea to Hollywood. It is a splendid idea. But there must be other ideas just as good. Perhaps you have thought of it. Perhaps you have hit on the type of picture which would be a tremendous success and which you would like above all others. It may be a new type of story. Or a new treatment of an old type of story. Whatever it is I'd be glad to have your ideas.

Come on, now, drop me a line and pour out your ideas. It'll be fun to compare them.

The Editor

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

From BEATRICE RAITZ, DETROIT:

"Please give a Holt admirer a surprise and have a picture of him and his family in one of your future issues. Remember every person isn't a Clark Gable fan. Although I have seen more handsome and younger actors than Jack Holt there is something about the twinkle in his eyes that just thrills you." (*The owner of those twinkling eyes got a full page break on page 27 of our May issue, Beatrice. We'll try and give you another picture of him soon.*)

ETHEL M. MURRAY, of ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, has discovered a movie flaw:

"I certainly enjoyed seeing the picture 'Beauty and the Boss' with Marian Marsh and Warren William, but when Warren William entered his office after consummating the very important merger, why didn't Marian Marsh—his high-powered secretary—immediately typewrite the telegram which he dictated, as all efficient secretaries would do, instead of putting her notebook in the desk drawer?" (*Oh well, Miss Murray, you can't expect the movies to be accurate all the time.*)

GOODRICH BENNETT of MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, has a rave for a well-deserving player:

"It has occurred to me, often, that some of the stars who 'pull in' all the ballyhoo and hurrahs are buoyed up in the reflection

of the favorable impression made by their respective supporting casts. Roland Young (for instance) is to my mind one hundred per cent more of an actor than a good many stars he supports." (*True, Mr. Bennett. But you must remember that Mr. Young's type of talent is that which only appeals to the discriminating few like yourself. Consequently he does not achieve the grander ballyhoo splash of some of the other players whose personality is more apt to appeal to the multitudes.*)

VIRGINIA L. BINA, of CHICAGO, has this to say of Johnny Weissmuller:

"He stands in a class all by himself—at the very top. Johnny did wonders in Tarzan but in the future he'll climb still higher." (*M-G-M agrees with you. They're planning to make him one of their ace players.*)

PAM LEIGHTON, of VANCOUVER, B. C., has an interesting criticism of Joan Crawford:

"... In Letty Lynton she did not seem so pretty—her new mouth make-up is far from attractive to her, I think. I do hope she does not continue to do this." Miss Leighton then goes on to say that, in spite of her remarks, she still thinks Joan the most fascinating actress on the screen. (*Many people agree with you, Pam Leighton. Is it possible that Joan is overdoing the mouth make-up?*)

FLORA VIEZZALI, of LOS ANGELES, gives these interesting reasons for her liking of Janet Gaynor:

"Because she is not common. Because her name is not loaned to advertise cig-

arette ads and her picture is not printed all over the newspapers and magazines with a cigarette between her lips. Because you do not hear of her getting a divorce every month or so and quarreling with her husband every minute. Because she's the sweetest, most unspoiled actress of the screen—and because she is *Just Janet Gaynor*." (*May we add an opinion, too, Miss Viezzali? We like Janet for all your reasons and also because she has never tried to go grand.*)

GENEVIEVE GILLEN, of NEW YORK CITY, sends us this interesting and unusual letter:

"Will we always continue to think we own our cinema actresses and actors body and soul? Or will we educate ourselves and become more charitable in our judgments of them?"

"It is pleasant to watch our favorites on the screen. They seem to lift us out of our moods and transplant us to another world.

"They study and work very hard to please us, 'their public.' If they, on the other hand, attempt to change their mode of living, Heaven help them.

"What a stir Miss Ann Harding's divorce started. Now Miss Chatterton seems to have the front page.

"I have always been interested in Miss Chatterton. Duty toward others seems to be the guiding principle of her life.

"I hope whatever she decides to do will bring her the love and happiness she so richly deserves."

(*We quite agree, Miss Gillen. We do think that some people are too prone to criticize the stars' private lives.*)

MARTHA LA NEVE, of BROOKLYN, N. Y., says:

"I'm only fourteen, so that insignificant age will account for anything in this letter which you deem foolish. Here I go:

"1. Modern Screen—you've gone and done it. In your August issue you spoiled the lovely Stanwyck head by putting the letters of your title over her hair. Of course that title is one to be proud of, but like Dorothy Ryan of Missouri, I like to collect the Modern Screen Cover Portraits, but can I cut off the tops of the heads? It's the first time you've done it but please don't do it again.

"2. I think the drawing-room film is out. You know, the gay husband, the beautiful siren, and the neglected wife at home. Let's have more (and more) Gaynor-Farrells.

"3. Can't you have that peachy writer of yours, initialed A. W. F., do a nice article on, no—not Gable—but Fredric March?"

(*Interesting, Martha. Are you really only fourteen? Your letter's a whole lot better written than many letters we get from adults. Sorry about the Stanwyck cover. A. W. F. did a story on March. It was in our November, 1931, issue.*)

GEROMINO V. AUSAN, of the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, has something to say about Greta Garbo:

"Nearly all the writers of Modern Screen Magazine are saying such and such; that Greta Garbo is the leader of them all in Hollywood. In every issue of the Modern Screen, I seldom find someone knocking Miss Garbo down. Perhaps they mean that, because of her character and beauty but there is one more thing very important which they have omitted. Of course I don't mean to hurt the feelings of Miss Garbo's admirers nor spoil the career of Miss Garbo, too. Even I myself, rain or shine, I can't afford to miss any of her picture when it comes in town. But, may I have the privilege to remark?

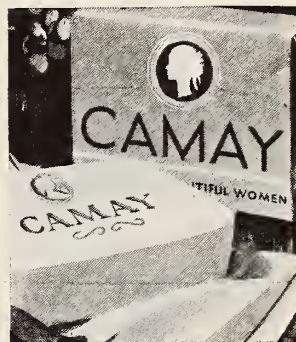
(Continued on page 111)

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!



Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Please, Dear . . .



take that **PAINT**
off your **LIPS!**"

"**T**ED had never spoken to me like that before! But after I'd looked in my mirror I knew he was right. My lips did look **PAINTED**—COMMON!"

Do you have that painted look—perhaps without knowing it? It's all too common—and it's one thing men simply cannot stand! So forget ordinary lipsticks! From now on—always Tangee your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It's not paint. It *looks* orange. But put it on! It changes on your lips to the one color best for you! Tangee lasts, too—it's waterproof. And its special cold cream base prevents parching and caking.

Try Tangee—today! It costs no more than ordinary lipstick. At any drug-gist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.



TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

—Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set—
containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LUFT CO. MM 5-10
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

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Address

City State

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE;
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION;
CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—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-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.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charlevoix, Pa., December 16. First National player. Featured in "Jewel Robbery," "The Purchase Price," "The Grish," and "Three on a Match." Next is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride," "Paramount," "Tiger Shark," "First National," "Guilty As Hell," "Paramount." Working in "Hot Saturday," "Paramount."

ARLISS GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Next is "Our Depression."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Universal," "Is My Face Red?" "The Most Dangerous Game," and "Kong." Radio. Working in "Madison Square Garden," "Paramount."

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," "M-G-M," "Bitter Tea of General Yen," "Columbia."

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," "Warner Bros." Working in "Those We Love," "Tiffany."

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio studio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder" and "Hold 'Em Jail," "Radio."

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

AYRES LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay, U. S. A." Next is "Red Knight of Germany."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cheaters at Play" and "White Eyes Sleeps," "Fox," "Black Street," "Universal." Vacationing in Europe.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount star. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent."

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Hunt, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder" and "Devil and the Deep."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "M-G-M," "State's Attorney," and "Bill of Divorcement." Radio. Working in "Rasputin" with Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, "M-G-M."

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Washington Masquerade." Working in "Rasputin."

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Serezeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Vacationing in Europe.

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

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Divers" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Flesh."

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." Fox; "Airmail." Universal. Working in "Solomy Jane," "Fox."

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio studio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood?" "Radio: 'Two Against the World.'" First National. Working in "Rockabye," "Radio."

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Pasadena, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Week Ends Only." Working in "Solomy Jane."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "No Greater Love," "Columbia," "Madame Racketeer," "Paramount," "All the Evidence," "Radio."

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal for Sale," "Universal," "Thunder Below," "Paramount." Working in "The 13th Man," "Columbia."

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Adventure Lady."

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Big City Blues," "Warners." "Make Me a Star," "Paramount," "Three on a Match," "Warners." Working in "Central Park," "Warners."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dubs; born in Breckenridge, Ohio, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Careless Lady," "Fox," "Back Street," "Universal."

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

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Carnival Boat," "Radio." Starting in series of Westerns for Darnour.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "State's Attorney," "Radio," "The Painted Woman," "Fox." Working in "Madison Square Garden," "Paramount."

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "The Little Teacher."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 30. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," "Columbia."

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "The Crash" and "They Call It Sin." Appearing in vaudeville.

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

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount star. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "Night of June 13," "Paramount." Next is "Sherlock Holmes," "Fox."

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said a Mouthful."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Fatal Alarm," "Monogram," "Vanishing Frontier," "Darnour," "70,000 Witnesses," "Paramount."

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal star. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "Brown of Culver," "Universal," "Liberty Road," "Radio."

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sky Bride," "Paramount," "Son of Russia," "First National," "Downstairs," "M-G-M." Working in "Kid From Spain."

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," "Paramount."

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," "Paramount," "Society Girl" and "Week Ends Only." Fox; "Exposure," "Premier," "Decency," "Hoffman."

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. starring contract suspended. Starred in "Winner Take All." Traveling in Europe.

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

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Broken Wing," "Paramount."

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Son of Russia," "First National," Working in "Night After Night." Next is "Island of Lost Souls," "Paramount."

(Continued on page 86)

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

a particularly good one to introduce to the family. Choose some night when the rest of the dinner may be a little sketchy, for it is filling as well as delicious.

And since we were talking about ice cream, we wonder if you understand the difference between ice cream and parfaits—or do you, like our young sister, think that a parfait is simply ice cream served in a tall glass with a dash of whipped cream and a cherry on top? There is really a great difference between these frozen delicacies. The principal difference is that parfaits require no stirring. You mix them and freeze them, either in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator or in a mould or a baking powder tin with a tight fitting top. The mould should be buried in a mixture of crushed ice and salt, allowing three parts ice to one part salt. Furthermore, ice creams depend for their smooth texture upon the churning action of the freezer whereas parfaits depend for their smoothness upon the richness of the mixture and upon the air beaten into them when the beaten egg and sugar mixture, which forms their base, is combined with whipped cream.

ON one of this month's Modern Hostess recipe cards we give you an ice cream recipe with a tapioca base which, though originated for those fortunate women who have a mechanical refrigerator, can also be used by those who employ a more old fashioned freezing method. There is also a recipe for a Mock Chocolate Parfait which is also a Fairbanks favorite and which is quite a lot easier to make than a real honest to goodness parfait as it requires no freezing at all. The other two Modern Hostess recipe cards in this month's Star Folder are for the Apple Pudding and the California Sunshine Pie, already mentioned in this article. You can get a set of these cards free simply by filling in and mailing to us the coupon on page 8. We have tested out each and every one of these recipes and they are sent you with assurances of our utmost enthusiasm.

As for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, first love, vanilla ice cream—well, there are as many vanilla ice cream recipes as there are cook books, but here is the one which we think has them all beaten for the way in which it combines simplicity, economy and excellence of results. Incidentally, we feel that it is very important for any dessert which is to bid for a permanent place on the family menu to combine those three qualities of simplicity, economy and excellence of results. Nowadays most women budget both their time and their money and any dish which is extravagant of either must be reserved for very special occasions.

HERE is the vanilla ice cream recipe.

(Continued on page 85)

You're not the only one who likes to read!

THIS evening, when you are comfortably hidden in the softest chair you can find, ready for an enjoyable session with MODERN SCREEN, give a thought to another individual who lives in your home—a little one, to be sure, but someone who wants to be entertained just as much as you do! And someone who likes to imitate mother in everything she does.

If you've been looking for something to fill the gap when toys are tiresome and bedtime has not yet arrived, your prayers are answered!

There's a new magazine, issued exclusively for little boys and girls—one that children can call their very own.

It's crammed full with juvenile stories and illustrations. And there are things to do as well as look at: cut-outs, and puzzles to solve, and games to play, and pictures to color. It's exactly what your little child has needed—something which not only entertains her, but gently encourages the development of her mind.



Think of that
little girl or boy
next time you're in a

KRESGE or KRESS Store

AND ASK FOR

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

It's only 10c

I Cried Like a Baby

My Hands Were So Red . .
Rough . . and Old Looking



So Soft . . . White and Lovely Now . . .

An Utterly Different Lotion Did It

"I WAS ashamed of my poor hands. Nothing seemed to help. But what a difference now!" Just YOU try this new type lotion—so different from ordinary preparations. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even fruit, vegetable, nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chaps, soreness, windburn and annoying skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and naturally lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking.

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Des Moines, Iowa

Chamberlain's Lotion

The 37 Second
Beauty Treatment

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . It means money wasted and a boring time when you pick the wrong picture. Let these short reviews help you choose the right ones

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)—Dorothy Wilson (a most talented young newcomer), Eric Linden, Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge in a college story. **Good**—but see it yourself before deciding whether or not your youngsters should see it. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

AIRMAIL (Universal)—Ralph Bellamy, Slim Sumner, Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart in a thrilling action film. **Good**—great for the small folks. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—A very true-to-life story about these hard times—with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings. **Good**—parts of it will be entertaining for the children.

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—Of course, if you're a Garbo fan you've already seen this. But in case you've missed it at your local theatre, our advice is to hunt for it in a nearby town because it's a glamorous, romantic tale and Garbo's more alluring than ever. **Excellent**—but not particularly exciting for very young children.

BACK STREET (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's story of true love that never ran smooth. John Boles and Irene Dunne are in it. **Good**—parts of it may amuse the children.

BIG CITY BLUES (Warners)—Eric Linden and Joan Blondell in a story about an innocent country boy and a wise but true-blue chorine. **Good**—all right for children. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)—Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea—some of the most beautiful photography you ever saw. **Good**—children may like it. Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BLESSED EVENT (Warners)—A story based on the life and works of a man who's very much like that columnist chap—what's his name? Lee Tracy's in it and he's very amusing. **Good**—but maybe the kids won't comprehend all the jokes.

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Dickie Moore in a story about a woman's sacrifice. **Excellent**—but not the right type of talkie for children. Reviewed on page 49.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES (M-G-M)—Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Billie Dove and a superb supporting cast in a story about two chorus girls. **Good**—and it will amuse the young people. Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio)—Don't miss this! It's the film story of Frank Buck's adventures in the jungles of Asia. Authentic, exciting and exceedingly well done. **Excellent**—and splendid for children.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH (First Division)—An English-made mystery thriller with an all-English cast. Very well done. **Good**—and children will find it exciting.

CONGORILLA (Fox)—The film record of the Martin Johnson's adventures in the African jungles. **Excellent**—and by all means take the children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

CONGRESS DANCES (United Artists)—A costume comedy, filmed in Europe with a European cast which includes a bewitching young lady named Lilian Harvey. The story isn't much, but the music is rather nice. **Very good**—not very entertaining for the children, however.

THE DARK HORSE (First National)—An entertaining and decidedly amusing political story with Warren William, Guy Kibbe and Bette Davis. **Very good**—but too "satirical" for children.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Gary Cooper and a splendid character named Charles Laughton. **Good**—but not for children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—A war story, but with a different locale—the snow-covered Alps between Italy and Austria. The fighting scenes are very thrilling. **Good**—and children should like the grand ski scenes.

DOWN TO EARTH (Fox)—You'll want to see it because Will Rogers is in it and he's almost as funny as ever. **Very good**—splendid for the youngsters. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

DOWNSTAIRS (M-G-M)—We're glad to say that this latest John Gilbert talkie is better than any of his others. John plays a rather different

sort of rôle. **Good**—not, however, particularly exciting for children. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

DR. X (First National)—Another horror epic. Lionel Atwill, Lee Tracy and Fay Wray are in it. **Good**—but a bit too gruesome for children.

EMMA (M-G-M)—If you haven't already done so, you must be sure to see Marie Dressler in this. **Excellent**—most suitable for children.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warners)—Joe E. Brown is very funny in this story about a fire chief who has a weakness for blondes and baseball. **Very good**—and be sure to take the youngsters.

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again. It's a lovely story, too. **Excellent**—take the whole family. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount)—They thought they could put in a number of scenes from the silent picture, "The Ten Commandments," and that nobody would notice it. The story's pretty thin—the locale is Russia and the players are Gene Raymond, Sari Maritza and Marguerite Churchill. Marguerite's excellent but the picture is—**Poor**.

FREAKS (M-G-M)—It's well done. It's well acted. And it's amazingly authentic. But somehow we couldn't quite sit through to the end to see all the horror. **Good**—but don't even let the children know that it's playing in town.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (Pathé)—Tom Keene in a rip-roaring Western. **Very good** for Western fans. Take the kids, of course.

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—We repeat, it's one of the best pictures ever made and its cast includes Garbo, Crawford, both Barrymores, Beery, Hersholt and Lewis Stone. **Excellent**—but the children probably won't care for it.

HIS ROYAL SHYNESS (Educational)—In this amusing short comedy, Andy Clyde has a nightmare and dreams he's a king. **Good**—the children will adore it.

HOLD 'EM, JAIL (Radio)—Wheeler, Woolsey and Edna May Oliver in a lot of hilarious nonsense about a prison football team. **Good**—couldn't be better for children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—The Marx Brothers. They inherit a college this time. And we're still laughing over what they did for dear old Alma Mater. **Excellent**—and the only excuse for not taking the children would be six months' concentrated bad behavior on their parts. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

IGLOO (Universal)—An Arctic picture, beautifully filmed. Native cast. **Excellent**—and the children will be both entertained and informed by it.

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—Lew Ayres as a young interne and Mae Clarke as his sweet heart in a hospital story. **Good**—take the children if you don't think the operation scenes will upset them.

IS MY FACE RED? (Radio)—Another Broadway columnist story. Ricardo Cortez is the columnist and Helen Twelvetrees and Jill Esmond are the women in his life. **Good**—but a bit snappy for the kids.

LADIES OF THE JURY (Radio)—Edna May Oliver sniffs at the law in her own inimitable way. She plays a jury-woman and keeps the court in convulsions. **Good**—youngsters will be amused a part of it.

LADY AND GENT (Paramount)—George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson as pig-headed prize-fighters and a noble night club lady. **Good**—not for children.

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Nils Asther are all excellent in this story of a girl who went her own head strong way into almost tragic consequences. **Very good**—but much too sophisticated for the kids.

MAKE ME A STAR (Paramount)—This is "Merto of the Movies" in talkie form, with Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell. **Very good**—fine for the children.

THE MAN CALLED BACK (Tiffany)—Conrad Nagel and Doris Kenyon in a story about down-and-out surgeon who fought his way back to fame and respectability. **Good**—not much for the children, however.

(Continued on page 114)

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 83)

IDEAL VANILLA ICE CREAM

1½ teaspoons flour
½ cup sugar
1 cup scalded milk
1 egg
a few grains of salt
2 cups thin cream
2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Mix together the flour and sugar. Add egg slightly beaten. Mix well and pour the scalded milk onto the mixture, gradually, while stirring constantly. Place mixture in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water for twenty minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened and afterwards occasionally. Remove from fire and cool. When cool add salt, cream and vanilla. Strain into freezer-can. (This amount is for a quart freezer-can.) Freeze, turning crank slowly until cream is frozen and dasher is moved with difficulty. (The freezing mixture is the same as for parfaits—one part salt to three parts ice, and be sure to use rock salt, sold in bags for this purpose, as ordinary cooking salt will not do the trick at all.) After freezing, remove dasher, replace top of can carefully, draw off water from tub, repack can in ice and salt and place tub on old newspapers until serving time.

And as an extra attraction, serve this butterscotch sauce over your vanilla ice cream—the kind of sauce Doug, Jr., ordered.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup white sugar
¾ cup white corn syrup
½ cup boiling water
10 marshmallows

Mix together the brown sugar, white sugar and corn syrup. Add the water slowly, and stir well. Place over low heat, bring to a boil and continue boiling gently for eight minutes without stirring. Remove from fire, add marshmallows immediately and beat well. This can be cooled slightly and used at once, or stored in the refrigerator and reheated in a double boiler when wanted.

When planning your dessert course remember that besides being good to eat your dessert should be good to look at, too. For, by the time the dessert course has been reached, the first fine frenzy of hunger has been appeased and it is essential to intrigue the eye as well as to please the palate. For this very purpose there are any number of attractive moulds, both large and small, to be found in the Kress and Kresge stores. You will find that what these moulds can do to add to the charm of even the simplest dessert is something which will exceed your fondest fancies. And we want to exhort you to tear out the coupon and send it in *right now*,

(Continued on page 97)

I WAS SKINNY AS
YOU ARE UNTIL A FEW
WEEKS AGO

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO
PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU
HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY
ADMIRE

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

*Sensational discovery—richest
yeast known, imported beer yeast,
now concentrated seven times.
Gives thousands of skinny folks
5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!*

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—quick!

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late*.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast

should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.



You'll take
your hat off
to . . .



Sweet Marian Nixon
Fox star.

.. FILM FUN
the only humor magazine
of the screen!

Because it's intimate and interesting; because it's funny and factual; because it's fast and furious; because —if you must have it concisely— it's one swell magazine!

If you're susceptible to mirthitis (pains in the side from laughing), or if your doctor has advised you against eyestrain from looking at the beauties of Hollywood, or if your heart is too weak to stand the surprising news and gossip of the screen colony, then by all means, don't buy a copy of

FILM FUN

Hundreds of Hollywood Howls!

(Continued from page 82)

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

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Rejlander; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Reisch star. Starred in "Young Man with a Camera," "Girl Grief," and "Now We'll Tell One." Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; separated from Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Starred in "Rich Man's Wives," "Rich Are Always With Us," and "The Crash." Vacationing in Europe.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Fox star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Vacationing in France.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 23. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments." Paramount.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World."

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," and "Back Street." Universal. Working in "Modern Madness," Chesterfield.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mahel Norman; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Parisian Romance," Hoffman.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Missed the Lady" and "Man From Yesterday." Working in "Sign of the Cross" and "The Phantom President."

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; "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." Working in "The Venus." Paramount. Working in "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 29. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride."

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Warren," Fox. Working in "Washington Merry-Go-Round," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "Devil and the Deep." Working in "Farewell Arms."

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Champ" and "When a Fellow Needs a Friend." Working in "Father and Sons."

CORTIZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Symphony of Six Million." "Is My Face Red?" and "Thirteen Women." Working in "Phantom of Crestwood."

CRAWFORD, ROAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists. Vacationing in Europe.

CROWWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal. Working in "Radio." Next is "The Night of the Living Dead."

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Iron Mask," Sennet.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Movie Crazy," Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense," "American Madness," and "The 13th Man," Columbia. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "This Is the Night," Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Next is "Radio Girl," Warner.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Folly of the Circus" and "Blonde of the Follies."

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Day Before Tomorrow," "The Cotton," and "Three on a Match." Working in "Silver Dollar."

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, September 2. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Is A Racket," First National; "Night of June 13," Paramount. Working in "11th Avenue," Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLores; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Selzer; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "The Blue Bird." Working in "Night of the Living Dead."

DILLON, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M. Working in "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Cox; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio studio star. Starred in "Lost Squadron," "The Conquerors," and "Liberty Road," Working in "The Conquerors."

DORSAY, GUY; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 15. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl from Calgary," Hoffman.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Galagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Waller; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blonde of the Follies," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 8. 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."

DUNNE, HENRY; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Symphony of Six Million," Radio; "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Next is vacationing in the South Seas. United Artists.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Speak Easily" and "Madame of the Follies," M-G-M. Working in "Phantom President," Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Love Is a Racket," "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner," and "Three on a Match," Vacationing in Europe.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Foot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Hat Check Girl."

ERWIN, STUART; married to John Collier; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Make Me a Star" and "The Big Broadcast." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

ESMOND, JILL; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, January 26. Radio player. Featured in "State's Attorney," and "Thirteen Women," visiting in London.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., and July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You From New York?" and "Hush," M-G-M. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Love Is a Racket" and "Son of Russia." Next is "Some Call It Love."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas," United Artists.

FARBRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in "Afternoon of the First Year," Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice." Halworth; born in England.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England, December 13. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Week-End Update," First National; "Skyscraper Souls," and "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "All the Souls," Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "Two Seconds," "Dr. X," and "Life Begins," First National; "The Last Mile," Titan.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a While." Next is "Merry-Go-Round." Fox.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery," "One Way Passage," First National; "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Stranger in Paradise," started in "China Seas," M-G-M. Next is "No Bed of Her Own," Paramount.

GARBO, GRETA; married to Lyndel Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Vacationing in Sweden.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Sully Cleary; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Delicious," and "The First Year." Next is "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

GIBSON, HOPE; married to Sully Cleary; born in Takamah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "Spirit of the West," "A Man's Land" and "The Boiling Point."

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Lady and Gent." Working in "Night After Night."

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs." Working in "Red Dust."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, December 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal; "Lady and Gent," Paramount; "Blonde of the Follies," M-G-M; "Crooked Circle," Wide World; "Romance of the Three Castles," Fox.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Careless Lady" and "Bachelor's Affair," Fox. Featured in "Dance of the Hours," Fox.

GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," "Devil and the Deep," and "The Venus." Paramount. Working in "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

GRAVES, RALPH; separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, December 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M; "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Featured in "The Little Girl in the Big Car," Fox.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Loving Arms," Fox.

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Woman Room," Fox. Featured in "Farewell Arms," Fox.

HARLING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Prestige" and "Westward Passage." Working in "The Conquerors."

HARLOW, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach Co.; married to Jean Laurel in "Freaky Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy. Making personal appearances in England, without Laurel.

HARLOW, JEAN; married to Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City" and "Red Headed Woman." Working in "The Sign of the Cross."

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Arrowsmith," United Artists. Working in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed," and "Skyscraper Souls." Making personal appearances.

HOLMES, PHILIP; married; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Night Court," M-G-M; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

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HOLMES, PHILIP; married; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Night Court," M-G-M; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from Dewolf Hopper; born in Hollywood, Calif., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Skyscraper Souls," and "The Sign of the Cross."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio. Working in "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

HOVEY, LEON; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "Rockabye," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 16. Radio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail," and "Liberty Road," Radio.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Born in Syracuse, N. Y. M-G-M. "American Madness," Columbia; "Rain," United Artists. Next is "Harbor Master," M-G-M.

HYAMS, GIL; married to Phil Bower; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Freaks," and "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL; married to Helen Gahagan; born in New York City, May 26. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "McKenna of the Mounted" and "White Eagle." Working in "Rustlers' War."

JORDAN, DOROTHY; married to James F. Racketeer; born in Tennessee, August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," M-G-M; "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox; "Cabin in the Woods," "The Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio studio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" "Roar of the Dragon," and "Age of Consent." Working in "Three Came Unarmed."

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, November 23. Universal player. Starred in "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Old Dark House." Next is "Cagliostro."

KEATON, BUSTER; separated from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickerington, Ohio, August 17. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily."

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, Tenn., May 1. Write her at Radio studio. Starred in "Gun Law" and "The Law Rides." Working in "Come On Dancer."

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. National player. Featured in "First National. Free lance. Featured in "Young America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

RIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First Blues "Young America," "Rain," United Artists. Working in "The Conquerors," Radio.

RICKS, AL, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," Fox. Working in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, July 17. Columbia player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Frontier," Paramount; "Night Mayor," Columbia. Working in "Polo," Columbia.

LANDI, ELSA; married to John Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Woman in Room 13," and "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy. Making personal appearances with Hardy in England.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Appearing in a musical comedy.

LEIGH, JILL; divorced from James Fidler; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Allied. Working in "Exposure," Premier.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "First Blues," "Radio Blues," "Life Begins," First National; "Age of Consent," Radio. Next is "Three Came Unarmed," Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burghard, N. Y., December 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Indiana, October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," Working in "Hot Saturday."

LOUISE, ANITA; married; born in Kansas, January 9. Radio

(Continued on page 96)

The Sari Maritza Hoax

(Continued from page 64)

of theatrical managers and newspapermen, invitations were extended to tea.

"As the hour drew near, we began to be frightfully concerned about that first tea. Our own impudence amazed us. Fear of immediate discovery nearly caused us to abandon the hoax. The appointed time was what the zero hour must have been in the trenches. We were suddenly convinced that the thing was much too fantastic to deceive anyone. Undoubtedly some chap would be suspicious, check our story and then expose us. How our friends would laugh!

"I will never know how we escaped or how we found the courage to face our invited guests. About half of those invited came. I must say Sari proved herself a splendid actress right from the start. If she was nervous, no one suspected. And she was hampered, too, with an unfamiliar accent.

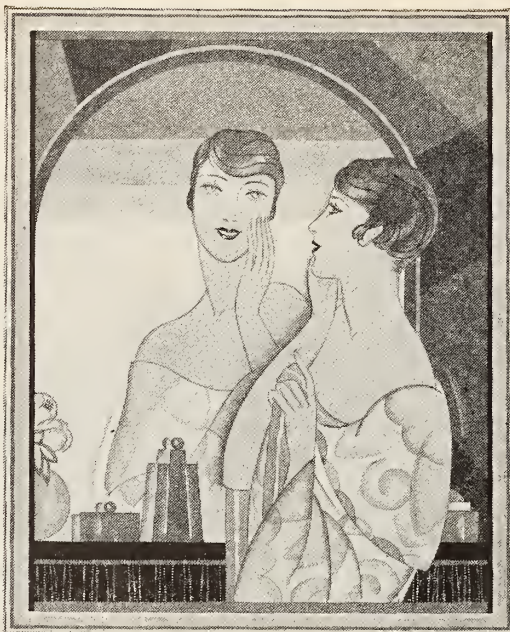
"That accent came near to spoiling our final chances for success even after we had survived the fear of discovery. Sari had several offers from the film people who attended our tea. We hadn't thought of crashing the cinema where an accent is a handicap rather than a help. The accent was therefore modified gradually and as time went on was lost completely. Sari Maritza, it was stated, had been studying English."

The Gaumont Company outbid its rivals for Sari's services. She was featured in her initial acting part. She made three pictures in succession for Gaumont—"Greek Street," "Bed and Breakfast" and "No Lady."

Vivian Gaye did not discuss the trials and tribulations of Sari in facing the camera for the first time. Our admiration for this school-girl must be expressed, however. Imagine being an inexperienced youngster, having an important rôle assigned you and being confronted by the difficult task of giving a good performance complicated by the necessity of acting as though you knew what you were doing. You would be aided, of course, by your pretended unfamiliarity with the English language and customs. But you must differentiate between customs and technique. After all, an actress would be expected to show familiarity with technique.

SOMEHOW or other, Sari withstood the ordeal her impersonation imposed. She came through like a veteran with colors flying. Her manager says she learned so quickly it was amazing. Before she finished her Gaumont picture, she was a veteran.

There followed a co-starring engagement with UFA in Berlin. Sari contributed the madness to "Monte Carlo Madness" with Hans Albers. Then, competing with a hundred other girls of whom tests had been made, she won the star rôle of Lily in Basil Dean's production of "Water Gypsies." One



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other picture preceded her Paramount contract, "Two Way Street," made by United Artists in London.

Asked about rumors of Charlie Chaplin's interest in Sari as reported in the papers last year, Vivian Gaye replied, "That was something over which we had no control. Because Mr. Chaplin and Sari were seen dancing frequently, the talk of their 'secret' engagement reached print. They were not engaged nor did Mr. Chaplin offer Sari the leading rôle in his next picture. He did advise her to come to Hollywood if an advantageous contract was arranged. That was all.

"A hoax is a hoax. But I hope Mr. Chaplin does not believe that we would stoop to using his acquaintance with Sari as a stepping-stone to publicity. During the entire time Patricia Detring-Nathan has been Sari Maritza, never once has she allowed her impersonation to harm or embarrass another person. If we had been exposed before Sari had had a chance to prove herself an excellent actress, we, and we alone, would

have borne the brunt of our prank. Even Sari's father was protected by not being in on our secret."

Although Paramount was quick to sign Sari Maritza to a contract, the studio wasn't so fast in finding a place for her on its production schedule. She remained in Hollywood several months before she was assigned her rôle in "Forgotten Commandments."

The delay was discouraging but it did result in several typical Hollywood gags, the most popular of which is one attributed to Jack Oakie.

"They can't fool me," Oakie is rumored to have said. "I know who this Sari Maritza is. She's really Carman Barnes, repainted, redecorated and re-shipped to Hollywood."

Sari Maritza may be an English girl with a Viennese mother, born in China, educated in Switzerland and named like a League of Nations but her methods of getting what she wants are distinctly American.

And I say more power to her. Don't you, too?

Was It a Ghost?

(Continued from page 63)

turned off the main highway and stopped near a large house seemingly as deserted as the road which led to it.

"We sat in the car, dreading the ordeal that traffic would impose on our homeward trip. We were preparing to drive on, however, when an eerie half-light swept across our faces and a voice said, 'Didn't hear me come up, did you? No, I thought not. You seem to be nice young people and I won't disturb you. But you mustn't stay here.'

"Darkness fell again as though the man had turned off his flashlight. We could see him plainly in the moonlight with a shining badge on his coat.

"'Sorry if we have intruded, officer,' said Johnny.

"The bobby continued talking. He seemed not to have heard. 'They are selling for three and six tonight,' he said. 'They ought to be five.'

"'What should be five?' asked Johnny.

"'Bodies,' replied our strange policeman. 'Over the river, you know. They are five here.'

"There was more in a like vein, some of it we understood, some sounded like the gibberish of a maniac. Neither Johnny nor I interrupted again. Finally the man stopped talking. Then as suddenly as he had appeared, he vanished. One moment he was there—the next, he was gone. We did not realize until later that he stood in the underbrush at the side of the lane and had he been human, he would have made a good deal of noise in walking through it.

you. Tell me what you see.'

"I glanced in the direction he indicated. A large tree stood about ten feet from the car. Its trunk seemed lighted from within and apparently imprisoned in the heart of the tree was a tall headless and handless figure. From its long flowing robes, I judged it might be feminine.

"I described the thing I saw and Johnny asked specific questions about details. There could be no doubt that we both witnessed an identical sight. As we talked, the light faded and left us in pitch blackness. The moon was gone. Yet the sky was cloudless.

"Johnny lost no time in starting his motor and switching on the headlights. He drove down the lane and as we reached the London Road, we came again into the light of the moon. The air, too, became warmer, not gradually but with a rush. The sensation was like stepping out of a butcher's icebox into a heated room. That air around the house had been chilled with a clammy dampness. It wasn't fog. You can see fog.

"The following day, Johnny made several inquiries. He discovered that we had chosen to park in front of the famous 'H house,' noted for a series of horrible murders and widely regarded as haunted. Being a barrister, Johnny also thought to look up our strange policeman. He was informed that the officer detailed to that section had not been near the house all evening. Whatever we had mistaken for a badge of the law must have been something else.

"Had we visited the 'H house' with the knowledge that it was reputed to be haunted, our imaginations might have played us queer tricks. But we had

FOR a second, we were incapable of saying a word. We merely gazed at one another. Then Johnny whispered, 'Turn slowly and look behind

no such knowledge and we both saw and heard the same things. Ghosts were the farthest things from our minds.

"I am convinced that Johnny and I heard words that night in London which had once been uttered by a human voice. We saw manifestations of forms that had once lived. There must be a logical reason for what we experienced. Merely to say the house was haunted is a lazy-minded method of evading the facts. Some day we shall know the complete truth. Until then one conjecture is as good as another."

Girls Are in a "Tough Spot"

(Continued from page 47)

money or something less than marriage, with all the background of money to give it glamor. For money has glamor.

But though money may make life easy and pleasant, it cannot promise happiness.

This girl we are considering may not feel that way. She may think as many of us, most of us, think at sometime or other, "If only I had all the money I want. If only I need never worry again about roof, shelter, food, rainy days, illness. If only I had all the clothes I want, people to take care of me, I'd be perfectly happy."

But she wouldn't be, if that was all there was to it, just comfort; freedom from financial worry.

There is a path absurdly called primrose. Although on second thought I recall that primroses poison some people. If our girl chooses to take this path, she may be contented enough for a time; excitement, newness, learning a new vocabulary of life may help. But it won't last. For this greed for easy living, whether or not it includes a wedding ring, must wear out. There must come a time of satiety. There must come a day when one, grown accustomed to luxury, wonders what it's all about and if it is worth it. And if the wedding ring is not included—and, sometimes, even if it is—there is always the little nagging worry, how long will it last, how soon will he tire? What will happen to me?

THE other side of the picture is not enticing at first. It includes perhaps marrying a boy about one's own age, keeping house for him, bearing and rearing his children, struggling up with him, fighting every step of the way, yourself and your man, backs against the world's wall—partners, comrades, soldiering together. That is what marriage may be. But it is rarely that if the bargain made between two people is made with the eyes of one person on the material advantages of that bargain. For then, the only advantages are material.

In a marriage of young and rather

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careless hearts, in the marriage which nature has dictated, there can be other advantages which far outweigh the material. These are emotional and spiritual advantages; they are advantages which do not stand still, they grow. Growth is a part of real marriage. Growing out of wild glamor and dear romance into something less thrilling, perhaps, but more enduring and, even, more adventurous.

I still believe in taking chances. I think the girl who chooses what is known as the safe and dull way takes a very big chance, just as does the girl who chooses the exciting and dangerous way. But her chance is taken for happiness, satisfaction, peace; and the other girl's chance is taken for regret and grief and uncertainty.

Life has such a funny way of evening things up, of taking away with one hand and of giving with the other hand. If, to the girl to whom good times and money in her purse count most, it gives those "good" times, and that money and tremendous excitement, it also takes away a real sense of values, the ability to mature, the opportunity to become a useful and important citizen of this world. If from the girl who selects as her life one which never makes the front pages, one which plays itself out in an atmosphere of house-keeping and baby tending, it takes the glamorous things, the things once dreamed of, yachts and automobiles, opera boxes, frocks from Paris, lovers, admiration, youth held fast, beauty fixed and almost permanent, it gives her also so many things so much more worth

while in the long run. It gives her the gratitude of the man to whom she has been a blessing, an encouragement and a working partner, and the gratitude of children who, without her, would never have existed and who, with her, have been able to make the most of that existence. It gives her, at the end, if ever she has had time to think about it, the satisfaction of a job well done. Not a job that will ever bring her publicity or laurel wreaths, but one of which she can be proud, one which those to whom, and for whom, she is responsible will recognize for what it is worth.

SOMEHOW today, in times less prosperous, money is beginning to matter more than ever to people. It seems to be the goal of most of us, this elusive thing, this currency which can buy and feed and clothe and make things so very comfortable. But there are some who are beginning to realize that save for the purposes of decent living it isn't so important after all. It isn't, really, a fundamental. Love counts more; and work counts more—much, much more.

So when other little Lynns of this world choose between the walkups or the penthouses I hope that they'll choose the walkups, if at the top of that long, hard climb, love is waiting for them. Just as Lynn said, you live only once. You might as well make that once as full and thrilling and marvelous with the enduring things of life as you can. It's up to you to make of it what you will. That's the lovely thing about life . . . *It's entirely up to you.*

Hollywood's Weight Secrets

(Continued from page 60)

some of them into various forms of energy like heat and motion.

If our glands are not active enough we do not turn our food into these forms quickly enough and it becomes fat. This means, often enough, that we derive less energy from our food than we should. Naturally, because, before a sufficient amount of it has been turned into energy, it has instead gone to feed our greedy fat cells.

However, if on the other hand our glands work too quickly, the food we eat is likely to be changed into other forms—among them nervous energy—before even a proper amount of it has time to make fat.

And so some of us say, with truth, "No matter what I eat or don't eat I gain." And others among us say, with equal truth, "No matter what I eat, I can't gain."

In our large cities doctors are now giving people excessively underweight and excessively overweight (in spite of the fact that they eat normally) what is called a basal metabolism test. This test studies the rate at which the food we take as nourishment is built up into tissues or utilized for the purpose of

heating our body and, after this is done, the rate at which whatever remains is broken down and eliminated as waste.

Such tests are excellent and practical for all those who gain or lose out of all proportion to what they eat. After such a test a physician is able to put his patient on a diet and, besides, give him gland medicine towards correcting whatever glandular condition he has found existent.

I have in mind a motion picture actress—she is not a star—who in spite of dieting could not get down to her proper weight. She took a basal metabolism test and when the results found her metabolism subnormal, she was immediately given treatment. Today she is able to maintain a desirable weight for her age and height by dieting only in moderation.

HOWEVER, this is a fitting place for a warning, a warning I cannot make important enough. There are on the market numerous anti-fat medicines many of which have in them the dried thyroid gland of animals. These medicines are supposed to stimulate the thyroid gland and, in turn, correct a

subnormal metabolism. There are also frank thyroid gland tablets for sale. Only under the direction of a physician in whom you have reason to place the greatest confidence should any such medicine be taken. The thyroid gland is a particularly sensitive mechanism and it is extremely dangerous to toy with it. Innumerable people have done themselves grave and, in some cases, permanent injury by taking these medicines and the glandular injections some quacks are only too eager to administer in order to fill their pockets.

Those who wish to consult a physician regarding their metabolism, feeling they gain or lose weight out of proportion to what they eat, and who live in or near a big city would do well to go to the finest hospital in that city and ask there to be recommended to a physician for this treatment. The advice given by such a physician can then be followed with as much confidence as though you were being treated for any organic disturbance or any disease.

It is, after all, not healthy to be excessively underweight or overweight and for more reasons than vanity such conditions should be corrected as speedily as they can be with safety.

While we are talking about glands—before we go on to the diet given Anita Page at a famous sanitarium—it is interesting to know that a tendency towards obesity in certain spots invariably is caused by some manner of glandular deficiency. If you are overweight in spots a skilled physician can pretty nearly tell, simply by looking at you, even before he gives you a basal metabolism test, where your particular glandular deficiency lies.

And now we come to the question, "Is weight hereditary?" So many people say to me "I can't understand how so many of the stars manage to keep lovely and slim." (People always seem entirely convinced that Hollywood is possessed of magic secrets of beauty!) "Photographs I've seen of the different parents of the stars, the mothers especially, often show them to be heavy. And no one can tell me weight isn't hereditary."

Two stars come to my mind in this connection—Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. Last month, I cited Joan as an example of the girl who has to "train down" to her proper weight. I mentioned that Joan, when she first came to Hollywood, weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. It wasn't flabby flesh, by any means, for Joan is a dancer and her body was firm and well modelled—but decidedly too heavy. Now, Joan's mother, Mrs. Le Sueur, while not a heavy or big woman, is "on the plump side." Carole Lombard's mother, Mrs. Peters, is slim. And Carole is on a diet to gain, you'll remember.

Weight, true enough, is likely to be hereditary. But it is, after all, fitting and proper that a movie star's mother at, say, fifty years of age should weigh more than the star in her early twenties. As you'll see by consulting the height, weight, and age tables printed in this magazine last month (Copies of the September issue may be secured from MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue,



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New York, N. Y., on the payment of ten cents) the ideal weight for a girl twenty-two years of age, five feet, five inches tall is one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. The ideal weight for a woman five feet, five inches tall at fifty years of age is one hundred and forty-nine pounds or, taking advantage of only part of the ten percent latitude allowable either way, a movie star's mother might weigh one hundred and fifty-eight pounds or be thirty pounds heavier than her daughter and still not be overweight for her age and height.

A movie star, on the other hand, might very well "take after" the paternal side of her family and even though her mother was extremely heavy, manage without any difficulty to achieve and retain an ideal weight.

That weight is hereditary most physicians agree. Undoubtedly racial backgrounds influence weight quite the same as they influence height, temperament, and coloring. People who come of southeastern European stock, for example, are likely to be heavier than those whose grandparents and great-grandparents were Scotch.

IN other words, different races, like different breeds of dogs, have different normal weights. What is slimness in a collie or in a St. Bernard always has been and always will be obesity in a greyhound. It is important, however, that we watch our weight so that, whatever our background, we do not become overweight or underweight for what we are, that we do not, so to speak, become an obese greyhound or an obese collie. The principle thing for everyone to do is to keep at the weight best for them. That is to say, the goddess type never should attempt to be the very slim type. And vice versa.

As I've said in these pages before, it is only by determining exactly what we are, making the most of this, and not for one minute seeking to be anything else that we ever achieve our greatest beauty and charm.

Many people, it is true, are fated to make a continual, life-long fight against encroaching fat. Several movie stars of former years have decided that the fame was not worth the struggle and are now living plump, comfortable lives in retirement. Pearl White, it is rumored, weighs over two hundred pounds. She always was rather the heroic type, you'll remember. Nita Naldi, too, they say has gone over the two hundred mark. Alice Terry, wife of Rex Ingram and heroine of so many of his pictures, gave up the screen because constant dieting became too wearying. She is still beautiful, but much too heavy for the screen. Evalyn Laye, the beautiful English actress who made just one American film, "One Heavenly Night," has gained forty pounds since she played in that picture. There are many others, too, who have become a great deal or a little too heavy for pictures, where shadow-slimness is much more essential than true beauty.

It was with the desire of attaining the weight best for her age and height that Anita Page visited the famous clinic at Santa Barbara where, after

undergoing many health and diet tests, she was given the most expert dietetic advice. Anita says that in spite of the fact that her present weight was attained through this diet, it allows her more food at each meal than she can eat. Furthermore, she insists she never has felt better in her life.

Here is a sample Anita Page menu:

BREAKFAST

Food	Properties Contained
Fruit juice	Carbohydrates, Vitamins, Carbonates, Phosphates
Crisp toast lightly spread with butter	Carbohydrates, Fat, Vitamins
Coffee, black with skimmed milk and saccharine
1 soft-boiled or poached egg	Calcium, Proteins
Very little salt	Proteins, Fat, Vitamins and Iron
	Sodium Chloride

LUNCHEON

Fresh vegetable salad	Carbohydrates, Vitamins, Calcium, Carbonates, Iodine, Sulphur, Phosphates
Dressing made with mineral oil, or lemon juice
Dressing made with olive oil	Fats, Vitamins
Bran muffin Half 1/2" pat of butter	Carbohydrates, Proteins
Tea with lemon, or black coffee	Fats, Vitamins
Unsweetened cooked fruit dessert
	Carbohydrates, Carbonates, Iron, Vitamins, Phosphates

DINNER

Clear soup	Very little Proteins
Lean meat	Proteins, very little Fat, Iron
Two vegetables (Cooked without butter)	Phosphates, Calcium, Carbonates, Iron, Iodine, Sulphur, Vitamins and Carbohydrates
Salad, made with mineral oil and lemon	Carbohydrates, Carbonates, Calcium, Phosphates, Iodine, Sulphur, Vitamins
Custard, made with skimmed milk and saccharine
Black coffee	Carbohydrates, Calcium, Proteins

ANITA, you see, is getting all of the properties about which we have learned and which are as important to our bodies as gasoline, oil, grease and water are to automobiles. Yet you'll see by analyzing Anita's sample menu in connection with the calorie table published last month that she is not eating any more food than she requires for an adequate maintenance of her system. On this selective diet, provided you are healthy and your glands normal, it is quite practical to increase or decrease your daily consumption of calories to a number where you gain weight or lose weight or keep at the same weight.

And so we find that Hollywood's diet secrets amount to calorie counting—and including in one's fare all the properties needed by the body in order to carry on in a healthy manner.

And I repeat, if the stars, advised as they are by the finest specialists here and in Europe, find this method the best for controlling their weight I, for one, am satisfied it cannot be improved upon.

What I Know About Ann

(Continued from page 33)

and long before assuming it for her career, often referred to herself as Ann Dvorak because, as she explained, it sounded so exciting.

It was just shortly after she became a pupil at the Clark school that Ann's life turned, for the moment, into a sort of Utopian dream world existence. She became a motion picture actress! When the school offered no objection to Ann's working a part of each day before a camera, could I?

She was a supremely happy child as she left the exclusive school house each morning in company with a chaperon. I couldn't accompany her as my work at another studio kept me occupied. The first day, in a costume of rags and tatters, Ann washed clothes all morning for a scene in a picture called "The Five Dollar Plate."

When she wasn't needed on the set, Ann could always be found in front of the studio (which was located in a tenement section of the city) playing with children whose clothes were as ragged and unkempt as her costume. Her "career," however, came to an abrupt ending when that one picture was completed and she resumed her happy enough but unexciting existence as a school-girl.

When she was nine years old I received an offer from Thomas Ince, the movie magnate, to come to the West Coast on an optional contract for motion picture work.

As I was not sure the engagement would be permanent I did not bring Ann with me. She begged to be left with her Grandmother until my return. Fortunately the contract was not so op-



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tional as I had expected and I did not return to New York. Instead, I wired Ann to join me.

I remember writing explicit directions to my bewildered little mother—Ann's Granny. She was to put Ann on the train with the money I had wired pinned in her purse. She was to be placed under the protection of the Travelers' Aid. She was immediately to tell the conductor that she was traveling alone and she was to mind what he told her. If Ann hadn't been the particular child she was I should never have risked her taking this trip alone. But Ann was an adventurer.

At that, I guess, the trip was just a little too much of an adventure. When she arrived in Los Angeles five days later she was laughing, but she was the dirtiest, most bedraggled little creature I have ever seen. I don't think she had been near a washbowl since leaving New York. She had eaten nothing but dill pickles and cookies. Most of the money I had sent had been lost. She looked as though she had slept in her clothes. I wailed, "Oh, Ann!"

She hopped about on the station platform like a little witch, her black, curly, dirty hair flying, her blue eyes dancing with excitement. "Gee, it was fun!" she cried.

"What happened to your money?" I asked, feeling I should be stern but hardly able to control my laughter.

"The porter stole it," yelled Ann with keen delight. I know I should have scolded. Instead we both stood there laughing—Ann and I.

ANN liked Los Angeles from the first and she was far more excited about my career than I was. She plied me with a running fire of questions about the movie stars, she wanted to know all about the operations of the camera. "Some day," she prophesied, "I'm going to be in pictures."

I looked at my little friend who was growing so tall and thin and ungainly. She had an arresting face but I didn't think she was pretty. She seemed to have no flair for wearing clothes. Even children of nine can give promise of coming style. Ann had none of it.

She was vivid and colorful but she certainly did not look like prospective starring material to me. There was no need to argue with her; she would probably outgrow the idea before she was through school.

Only a few months passed and she was in pictures! Ann appeared as the child "Ramona" in a picture by that name, receiving \$150 a week for her work. Again I was robbed of seeing my daughter at work as an actress for I was working at another studio. That was the last of her "career" for some years—but the memory of it lingered during the intervening period.

Our first visit to Hollywood lasted a year. With the completion of the last picture of my contract (with Tom Moore) we returned to New York. It was after our return home that Ann's creative efforts turned to writing. She really did write well, with imagination and style.

She had a particular flair for poetry. Mr. Pearson, whose profession is com-

mercial writing for advertising agencies, was delighted with Ann's talent. "You stick to writing, Ann," he advised. "That's your line. Forget about being an actress."

Ann did write; reams and reams of paper were filled with her childish scrawl which she promptly hid until at some unsolicited moment she would bring it out and read it for my exclusive benefit, with gestures.

Sometimes she read with such fervor and voice-beauty that I began to wonder if Ann were not really beautiful after all. When she was in one of her inspired moods she was like some heady red wine. But another day would bring another mood—and Ann was just Ann.

When she was twelve a picture engagement for myself brought us to Hollywood again. The very atmosphere of the town seemed to stir Ann's actress ambitions, but I prevailed upon her to wait just a little longer and she consented to enroll in the Page School for Girls.

After she had been there about a year the school called me to babble that Ann and another girl had "run away." "I don't think you need worry," I assured them. "Ann isn't the running away kind."

At six o'clock that night Ann came home. I made no mention of the call from her school. For an hour or two she said nothing. Then, "Mother, I ran away today. Another girl and I got as far as Eagle Rock—and then—well, I just came home."

"Why did you run away?" I asked as though she had told me she had missed an arithmetic problem.

"Just to see what it felt like—I never really intended to go very far."

Ann, the adventurous, had merely tested another adventure. She had found it a foolish one. At the time I believed she would remember for the rest of her life that adventure which failed.

"Running away is no good," she decided aloud.

I wonder now if Ann will re-discover that "running away is no good"?

We had a long talk that night, not only about Ann's run-out but also about a problem I had been trying to keep from her for some weeks. "We aren't as flush as we were, Ann," I confided to her. "It is going to be a little tough going for a while."

"I had an idea there was something like that," Ann said. "That's why I feel so foolish about running away at the very time you are worried."

I can remember saying: "Mistakes aren't so important, Ann. That is, if we don't get in the habit of making them. Let's not talk about it any more."

Instead we talked about how we were going to economize on the "extras" of Ann's schooling.

Strangely enough I think my friend, Ann, was enjoying the idea of this new, very real adventure in life! We both agreed that it would be the best thing for Ann to finish school. "Don't worry about how that is going to be done," she said in that woman-to-woman manner of hers. "I can attend to that."

FROM that time until she finished school Ann arose each morning at

4:30 a. m., worked for the school until 7:45 answering the telephone and substituting for teachers, to help pay her tuition. In her spare time (heaven knows where she found it) she ran the school newspaper, wrote and produced a play and worked on her poetry. Once I tried to tell her what a very swell person I thought she was. "Bosh," answered Ann characteristically. "I like it."

What makes her an even grander person is that she really did!

A year passed. And then another. And another. With the passing of each I had lost contact with the studios and my professional life. Ann was growing into a tall, slim girl. She was interesting but still she did not impress me as a type that would catch on in pictures.

Her face was not orthodox. That is, it was not the sort of pretty-pretty face that has been typed the ideal camera face. And her clothes-wearing ability hadn't improved any. In fact, her dresses usually looked as if she had stood on one side of the room and someone on the other side had thrown them on her. Her hair was long and she wore it in two thick braids. I thought her eyes and her mouth lovely. But Ann needed polish.

Before she actually told me I knew she had her mind set on pictures again. I didn't try to discourage her, but I hadn't the heart to encourage her.

One day she heard that the M-G-M studio was casting twenty girls for the chorus of "The Hollywood Revue." Ann was just barely sixteen when she begged me to write a letter to Harry Rapf, whom I had known during my own career. I knew the letter "introducing her" wouldn't do any good. It didn't. But in spite of its failure, Ann managed to get in the chorus line-up.

She came home that night and told me the whole adventure.

"Mr. Rapf said I wouldn't do. But I wasn't going to be put off by one man's opinion. He put me out of the line three times—but I always went back. Finally he yelled, 'I've put that girl out of the line three times—and here she is again.' It was the assistant director who heard him. I guess he must have admired my spunk because when Mr. Rapf left he called me aside and said I could stay on as one of the chorus."

"You know, Mother, I guess there must be something wrong with my clothes." She glanced down at her long, dark, frumpy skirt that reached far below her knees, and her thick-soled shoes. She roared with laughter. "When we lined up none of the other girls were dressed like Dvorak. I was dreadfully embarrassed but I stuck it out. If those girls can dance—then I can, too!"

"I think—I hope—I almost *know* that I can get somewhere in pictures!"

Suddenly I felt sad—and a little sorry for Ann McKim.

(To be continued)

● Don't fail to follow Ann's adventures—as told by her charming and delightful mother—in our next issue. Ann, the "little witch," grows up—and meets romance. And her mother watches on.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)

studio player. Featured in "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach
LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose,
Calif., M-G-M. Working in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.
"Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Guilty as Hell," Para-
mount; "Chandu," Fox.
LOY, LEO, RAYMOND; 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
and the Ladies," Paramount; "The Big Shot," Radio.
LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lucas, Hungary, October 20.
Universal player. Featured in "Chandu," Fox.
LURAK, LEO; married to Helen Madagassy; born in Hungary. 25. Uni-
versal player. Featured in "Thunder Blow," Paramount;
"Passport to Hell," Fox; "Downstairs," M-G-M. Next is "Ad-
vance to the Moon," Universal.
LUDY, LEO; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., Febru-
ary 6. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred
in "The House of the Living Dead," "The Endless Show," Fox. Work-
ing in "Crooked Circle," Wide World.
MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa.
"You" and "Love Me Tonight."
MACRAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng-
land. 17. Fox player. Working in "The Sign of the Cross,"
in "Love Affairs," Columbia.
MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Hall-
am, England, August 30. First National. Free lance. Starred
in "The Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "They Call It
Sin," First National. Working in "Bill of Divorcement,"
Radio.
MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine,
Wis., August 31. Paramount. Working in "The Sign of the Cross,"
"Go to Hell," Paramount; "Smiling Through," M-G-M. Work-
ing in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.
MARITZA, SARI; unmarried; born in Chicago, March 17. Paramout.
Featured in "The Forgotten Commandments," Working
in "Manhattan Rhythm."
MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 19.
M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "The
Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.
MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West India.
Working in "All the Evidence," Radio.
MARSHALL, HERBERT; married to Edna Best; born in London,
England, 1902. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus,"
Working in "The Honest Finder."
MARSH, MAE; married to Lela Arnold; born in Madrid, Mexico, No-
vember 15. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Re-
becca of Sunnybrook Farm."
MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Riney; born in Pittsburgh,
Pa., April 17. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in
"Cheaters at Play," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Lela Arnold; born in London, En-
gland, February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance.
Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Murder of the Night Club
Lady," Columbia.
MEMLAND, ALFRED; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky.,
December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Huddle" and "Red-
Headed Woman," Paramount. Next is "They Call It Sin," First
National. Working in "The Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.
MILJAN, JOHN; married to Thelma Miller, Creighton Hale; born in
Leeds, S. D., November 1. Fox player. Featured in "The
Night Owl" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Rich As Kings
With Us," Fox. First National. Working in "Kid From Spain,"
United Artists.
MILK, JIM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, Janu-
ary 6. Universal star. Starred in "Texas Bad Man," "My Pal
the King" and "The Kid," Fox.
MONROE, KERRY; ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in
Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty
Fitzpatrick," Fox.
MONROE, COLLEEN; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron,
Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.
MOORE, DICKIE; married to George Wallace; born in Los Angeles, Calif., Septem-
ber 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Winner Take All,"
"All" First National; "No Greater Love," Columbia; "Million
Dollar Legs" and "Bachelor's Affairs," Paramount.
MORA, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28.
M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Mumber" and "Prosper-
ity," M-G-M.
MORSE, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December
12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M;
"Working About," Fox; "Waltzing Matilda," M-G-M;
"Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.
MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York.
Featured in "Miracle Man," Fox; "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount;
"Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.
MURRAY, FRED; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Vienna, Austria, Se-
ptember 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred
in "Scarface," United Artists. Working in "I'm a Fugitive," First
National.
MCCRE, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., Novem-
ber 5. Radio player. Featured in "Bird of Paradise," Fox;
"The Lost Girl," Fox; "The Gambler," Fox; "The Page,"
MCLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, En-
gland, October 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured
in "The Lady's Love," Fox.
MURRAY, CHARLES; married; born in Ireland, June 22. Univers-
al player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys."
NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk Iowa,
March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back,"
Fox; "The Working Girl," Fox.
NISEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Nor-
way, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery,"
NIXON, ALAN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in London, En-
gland, October 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Working in
Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Winner Take All,"
First National; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Madison
Square Garden," Paramount; "Working Girl," "Walking Down
Broadway," Fox.
NOVARIO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Orlando, Mexico, Febru-
ary 12. Fox player. Working in "The Sign of the Cross,"
OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Para-
mount player. Featured in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount;
"The Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Madison Square Garden,"
Paramount. Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."
OLAND, WARREN; married to Edith Shearn; born in Sweden, Feb-
ruary 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Pass-
port to Hell," Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January
10. Radio star. Featured in "Empty Mail," Working in
"The Conquerors."
OLIVER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Emond; born in London,
England, 1902. Fox player. Featured in "Westward Passage,"
Radio. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in London.
OSBORNE, VIVienne; unmarried; born in London, England, 1902.
Dubber Player. Featured in "The Dark Horse," Fox.
"Week-End Marriage" and "Life Begins."
O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., Sep-
tember 19. Fox player. Working in "The Gay Caballero"

and "Mystic Ranch," Working in "Golden West."
O'BRIEN, PATI; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount Pictures, P.O. Box 769, Columbia, Md., U.S.A.
O'SULLIVAN, AIRMALIN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Companions, Universal." "Strange Interlude" and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M.
PAGE, OKAY, U.S.; married to George Uggall.
PACIFIC, NITA; married to Sam Flushing, N.Y. August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Prosperity" and "The Love Game," Fox.
PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Returns to screen in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Boar of the Nation" and "Mr. Moto," Warner Bros. and "Rhythm and Orbits in Lifetime," Universal; "Vanishing Frontier" and "Make Me a Star," Paramount; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox.
POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery," "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer" and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox star. Working in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Mo., February 1. Paramount player. Fre lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "The 13th Guest," Hoffman.
ROGERS, BILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Down to Earth," Working in "Public."
RUGLIE, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 10. Paramount player. Featured in "This Is the Night," "Love Me Tonight," "70,000 Witnesses" and "Night of June 13," Warner Bros. The "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Fre lance. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
SHANNON, PEGGY; separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Desire," "Girl" and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M. Next in "Salute," Strange Interlude.
SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 10. Write him and Edna Lewis at Radio, starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Starring in "Miracle Man" and "Merrily We Go to Hell," working in "Madame Butterfly."
STANWICK, BARBARA; married to John H. Johnson, Jr., Brooklyn, N.Y. M-G-M. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "So Big" and "The Purchase Price," Warners. Working in "Bitter Tea of General Sun," Paramount.
STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "The Sign of the Cross," Fox and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox for Old, "Red Headed Woman," Working in "Father and Son," Fox.
STUART, GLORIA; unmarried; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox and "Old Dark House" and "Airmail," Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 15. Universal player. Will co-star with Zasu Pitts in "Auto Cam," Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 1. Never. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.
TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 1. Fox player. Working in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
TOLSON, BENEDICT; married to Helen Tashman; born in New York City, 29. Columbia player. Featured in "Hollywood Scandal," Columbia. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.
TOOLE, HELEN; married to Robert Lee; born in Framingham, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "The Big Time," Columbia; "Speak Easily," M-G-M; "Horse Feathers," Fox.
TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Went That-a-Way Back," Tec-Arty. Working in "Wind Whirl," Superior.
TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Columbia player. Starred in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox and "Blessed Event," First National. Working in "Night Mayor," Columbia.
TREMPER, FRED; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Young America," "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman," Fox. Working in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
TWELVEFIFTEEN, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "Steel Dawn" and "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
VELZEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Paramount. Fre lance. Working in "Broken Wings," Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY; married to Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 1. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan," Fox.
WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitkin, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
WING, BOBBE; married to Dan Rogers; born in Alberta, Can. M-G-M. Working in "The Match King," Warners.
WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National; "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kondor," Lorain.
YOUKE, LOUISE; divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Week-End Marriage," Life Magazine.
YOON, ROBERT; married to Mary Jane Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Vet Parade," New Morals for Women, "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Fre lance. Working in "The Sign of the Cross," Fox.
YOUNG, ELEANOR; married to Fred C. Fisher. First National. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER
WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Richard Arlen	September 1	Buster Keaton	October 4
John Mack Brown	September 1	Carole Lombard	October 6
George O'Brien	September 1	Helen Hayes	October 10
Neil Hamilton	September 9	Lowell Sherman	October 11
Maurice Chevalier	September 12	Marian Marsh	October 17
Claudette Colbert	September 13	Miriam Hopkins	October 18
Greta Garbo	September 18	Marian Nixon	October 20
Paul Muni	September 22	Constance Bennett	October 22
George Bancroft	September 30	John Boles	October 27

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 85)

before you forget it. We're so enthusiastic over these desserts ourself that we can hardly wait to have you, every single one of you, try them out yourselves.

Next month the Modern Hostess will tell you what Wallace Ford thinks about Sunday Morning Breakfasts—and what he likes to have served at them. Don't miss this story of Hollywood's breakfast ideas—and meanwhile be sure to send for the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Recipes—they are sent free to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Jungle

(Continued from page 41)

just before his horn plowed into you, or climb a tree. The viciousness of the rhino is due to his laziness; he is usually half asleep and when disturbed he wakes up full of resentment, peeved with the world.

One day Martin Johnson and his petite wife, Osa, were watching a rhino mother and her half-ton infant. The wee one was not over a week old; it was still unsteady on its feet. As the mother drank the baby rhino ran under her belly and butted her playfully. It made a pretty family picture, baby butting mama—and the ever alert Martin had risen from the ferns and was cranking away.

Osa gave him a nudge. He turned, and as he did his heart leaped into his mouth. A big *bull* rhino was thundering down upon him like a runaway locomotive. His heart was pounding but his hands were steady. He spun the camera on its swivel and he began cranking methodically, his eyes glued to the eyepiece.

"Don't kill him," he cried to his wife, who was drawing a bead on the brute with her .405 Winchester. "Try to turn him with a shot."

But she fired even as he spoke. The rhino was about thirty feet away when she sent the shot crashing into its brain, killing it instantly; but the force of his charge carried it to within its own length of the tripod.

LAKE PARADISE also turned out to be an excellent place to get pictures of the prowlers of the night. Some of Johnson's best photographs were taken with a flashlight. For days he had been hearing elephants trumpeting on the opposite side of the lake. He decided to get them in the dark.

With his black boys carrying the equipment he set off for a spot he had selected for his experiment. Usually he set the apparatus with two flashlight cartridges, but as he wanted to catch the whole herd he set up sixteen of

(Continued on page 110)



The gripping story of "RAIN," Joan Crawford's tremendous cinema achievement, appears in the new issue of

SCREEN ROMANCES

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{
 In the same issue: the complete stories of nine other new Hollywood productions. Discover "the old-screen-fiction" magazine; it's fascinating reading! Ask for it today at any newsstand. You'll love it!
 }

It Might Have Been You

(Continued from page 27)

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Unknown Girl of the Films," so that some mothers throughout the world might think that, perhaps, their lost daughter is buried there. Just as the tomb of The Unknown Soldier brings a ray of hope to many maternal hearts.

A report of the Los Angeles police department shows that one hundred and eighty runaway girls were picked up during last year and held for investigation. Thirty-eight of these were only fifteen years of age; fifty-six were sixteen and thirty-seven were seventeen. Included in the list were innumerable film-struck urchins who believed they had only to show themselves to casting directors and the studio gates would be joyfully opened. Some arrived in homespun dresses, possessing little money and unmindful of the outcome of their "great adventure." When, in time, their funds were exhausted and they found themselves hungry and alone on the streets they resorted to many wayward acts in their desperation.

There is the case of Ruth Hudson, one of the most startling on the Los Angeles court records. Ruth was a college girl, born of good family. Her father and mother gave her three years in the University of California and were prepared to give her the fourth when she suddenly decided that the bright lights of Hollywood beckoned. She wanted to make a name for herself in art and in motion pictures. So, she broke away and plunged into a careless, care-free existence in the City of Films.

In the Los Angeles County Jail not long ago, Ruth tidied up her quarters, packed her few belongings, then sat down to wait for the deputy who was to take her to "the big house up north"—San Quentin prison. The judge had fixed her sentence at one to five years and had denied probation.

"If I could only wipe it all out," she sobbed through blinding tears. "If I only had it all to do over again! And if I had only listened to my father and mother!"

The police said that Ruth rented a costly home, purchased an automobile, bought pretty lingerie, sheer hose and visited downtown stores like a "movie" star on shopping bent—all on bad checks. Eventually, of course, the officers got her and she poured out the whole tale.

"Day after day, I looked for my chance, looked for jobs," she said. "I wasn't wanted. But I never worried. I guess I was careless about money. I met a girl friend and we rented a beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood. I bought a car. I always had fine clothes and I kept on buying them. And there were lots of parties, you know. I never knew I was overdrawn at the bank until they arrested me. My girl friend and I had a joint account and I guess we wrote a lot of checks without realizing. Now, it's all over."

Hers was not a new story. It was just another of those sad lessons. Not

vastly different, was it, from the tale told by Mary Roberts, twenty-one.

"It takes money to put up a front in Hollywood," she said. "And a first-class 'front' is necessary if one expects to crash into the cinema."

Mary delivered this bit of philosophy in the County Jail, too, where she was being held on suspicion of forgery. The police said she signed the name of Pat Harmon, actor, to a check which netted her a coat and seizure by a "cop." The check was for \$56. Mary pleaded guilty and was sentenced to jail for six months. She had dreamed of money, servants, automobiles—the adulation of millions. The wrong dream.

NOT long ago, Nena Carr Flader, eighteen-year-old Tacoma girl, stood before Judge Bowron Fletcher in Superior Court and admitted that she, too, had passed bad checks when "up against it, hard." Testimony showed that a Los Angeles man attending a convention in Tacoma had told her he could make her famous in pictures and gave her money for her train fare. Soon thereafter she was arrested on a moral charge, given a suspended sentence and returned to the north. But the lure of Hollywood had gotten into her blood and she came back only, in time, to be arrested on the bad check charge.

Judge Fletcher looked down upon the frightened little blonde who appeared to feel she was before the final bar of judgment. The pleading of an eternity was in her eyes. She had told the truth frankly, unreservedly, knowing she was confessing to a crime. She had no excuses to make, no claim to extenuating circumstances save that she had found herself without funds. During her stay of almost a year she had obtained only three days' employment at the studios as an "extra."

"You are banished from Hollywood and ordered to return to your home in Tacoma and to stay there!" the Judge snapped. "You are released on five years' probation—very strict probation. If you come back here, you will be sent to the penitentiary. Do you understand this order?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Nena, weakly.

Then the Judge turned to Nena's father who had come down from Tacoma. His cheeks blazed.

"You are a fine father," he lashed forth, "to let your daughter leave home under such conditions!"

There is still another class of girls who arrive in Hollywood destitute, trusting purely to luck for subsistence. These are the ones who really suffer. For example, Ruth Brice, eighteen, and Georgia Hinton, seventeen, of Middleton, Mich., both as pretty as cameos, decided that the films were calling. They had their hair cropped, boyish style. They clad themselves in overalls and set out upon a hitch-hike journey to Southern California. They found lifts extremely plentiful but few motorists offered to buy them anything to eat.

The girls reached Los Angeles last September and were trudging into town suffering from hunger and weariness when Ruth's strength began wavering. At Beverly Boulevard and Union Avenue she staggered and presently slumped down in a heap. Georgia was trying to revive her as a crowd gathered.

A radio patrol car drew up and the officers saw the prostrate figure on the paving.

"To the Receiving Hospital!" a policeman ordered.

Food revived Ruth Brice. Policewoman Mona Rehling set about getting in touch with the girls' parents with a view of promptly starting them right back to the community from whence they came. Los Angeles does not want runaways.

There was Mary Kinny, a Cincinnati girl who took up residence in San Clemente, Cal., preparatory to storming the gates of Hollywood. In Cincinnati, she weighed one hundred and nine pounds. A few weeks in California and the scales registered her at one hundred and twenty. Whereupon, Mary hitched the wagon of her ambition to a diet and started making the rounds of the studios. At Paramount, she passed a set where a banquet scene was in the making. Her stomach registered hunger and promptly her voice rose in hysterics and she collapsed. Buddy Leyton, a supervisor who saw her fall, gathered her into his car and rushed her to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital.

"After a diet of honey and tomato juice for two weeks, that banquet scene was too much for me," Miss Kinny explained. "But no more diets. I'll keep the weight down, somehow, and when I'm stronger I'll try again for a place in the films."

She went back to San Clemente.

THE saddest thing about all these girls is that they are far above the average in looks. Beneath the dirt and grime accumulated in cross-country hikes, are soft skins and prettily moulded features. Told repeatedly in their home towns how attractive they are and how they "ought to be in the movies," they feel positive of it.

There was Ruby McDaniels of Denver, only fifteen years old, to whom the lights of Hollywood and a movie career

beckoned. She talked it over with Mary Butterworth, her girl friend, and together they set out for California via the hitch-hike route. There were rides a-plenty but a lot of walking, too. At El Paso, Mary Butterworth chose a career in a restaurant in preference to one in the films and went to work. Ruby McDaniels started out from that point alone.

At Alhambra, suburban to Los Angeles, Ruby came to the end of the trail. With her white sport shoes badly scuffed and presenting altogether a bedraggled appearance, she was picked up by the police at Garfield Avenue and Main Street in an exhausted condition, and taken to police headquarters. After she had been given a warm bath and food she was put to bed and juvenile officers placed in charge of her case. The movies thereby lost a recruit.

THERE is no short cut to fame in movies. It takes money and perseverance even to make the start. Many persons in the film colony recall that beautiful Gladys White, double for Pola Negri, took poison nearly two years ago, after Pola returned to Europe. And Gladys had already made a start and a very good one, too. After the doctors had saved her life at the Receiving Hospital, she told why she had tried to die.

"I had been just an 'extra' before Pola came here," she explained. "Then they found that I resembled her so closely I could double for her in the pictures in which she starred. Life was pleasant, then. I thought even that I might be able some day to have a double of my own. Then she went away and things began to become bad for me. For a time I succeeded in obtaining steady employment at the studios, but gradually this became only daywork and after a time I could get no work at all. So, I became a waitress at a lunch counter.

"But even as a waitress I finally failed to find work. It seemed impossible to go on—and so, well, you know the rest."

"The lost battalion!" The girls come—and go. Few want to admit defeat and from Hollywood they drift on into the world—some into oblivion. The film capital is a melting pot that takes its heavy toll of beauty and loveliness.

The Lure of Hollywood

(Continued from page 56)

ruffled primrose-yellow georgette. Over it she slipped a beige coat of soft Japanese silk and pulled on a small hat made of primroses that matched her dress.

"You look like a million dollars!" exclaimed Garth when he called for Mary in his new Ford. It was marvelous to be admired by a young man who had seen all the Hollywood beauties and who knew a number of them.

At the Stadium, Garth, taking the girl's arm, began to steer her towards their seats in the great round building and she found that she needn't wait to reach her seat before being surrounded by stars. They, too, were steering towards their seats; Doug Fairbanks, brown, handsome and rather formidable looking, in the crush, was bent on getting Mary through the throng, without a hair of her bright head being

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ruffled. Close behind them came "young Doug," bringing Joan. "Young Doug" when concentrating hard, as now, had a look of his father about his forehead, despite his light brown hair and boyishness of face and figure. As for Joan, Mary decided that she looked like no one else in the world, and saw that she was even younger and prettier than on the screen. Not far off followed Ben Lyon, tall and protecting over beautiful Bebe Daniels. Ben with very bright blue eyes and a disarming smile, Bebe with her clear, straight profile.

BY and by Mary and Garth reached their "ringside seats." Just in front of the three sat Ricardo Cortez, who had made such an immense hit in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Is My Face Red?" and who was then, Mary knew, busy acting in "Thirteen Women." He was bigger and handsomer than Mary had imagined, but she thought she had seldom seen a fortunate, successful man with so sad a face.

The fight began; Mary didn't understand five words out of six of the fight announcer, but the audience seemed immensely excited. Even the lovely girl stars who had come with their husbands, their fiancés, or just the boy friend of the moment, applauded wildly with their little ringed hands. Though the boxing was good and the fighters gave plenty of action—judging by the way they drizzled sweat and spouted blood—Mary couldn't help turning from the ring even while the audience yelled to glance at the famous faces she had read of and seen photographed so many times.

Could that be Ronald Colman? Was that fair man Clive Brook? And didn't that one look like Reginald Denny with his pretty little wife, Bubbles? Oh, surely there was Sidney Fox, the wonderful girl with the midnight eyes and pretty, dark hair! If that fascinating face in the distance, under sleek black hair, wasn't Richard Dix's face, Mary'd be willing to eat her hat—though it had cost so much! And actually, there were Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli.

When the last fight was over, with applause and boos, Dick, being nimble on land as in air, managed to extricate little Mary Moore from the crowd, as if she were a feather blowing in the breeze. They were somehow, Mary never knew just exactly how, among the first out of the huge building, and then came a rush for Garth's car. When he found it, he almost flung Mary into it; and it shot out from the solid mass of parked cars.

They drove to the Ambassador Hotel, which stands among all its lawns and gardens and bungalows, about halfway between Hollywood and Los Angeles. It looked like a large, clustered village of light; illuminated for some fête, against the star-spangled darkness where searchlights played like silver sticks of a broken fan.

The girl had conjured up vivid mind-pictures of the famous Cocoanut Grove, one of the few places which remain fashionable through Hollywood years of changing stars. But it was actually on

a grander scale than her imagination and the Grove itself seemed more real than she had expected. It was like dancing in an actual forest of beautiful tall trees that had sprouted miraculously from a perfect floor. The lighting was just right; a little mysterious; not too bright, yet bright enough to show off the beauty of lovely forms, gold, brown and auburn heads, exquisite faces and frocks.

FORTUNATELY for Mary Moore's vanity, a number of girls with their partners had come on to the Ambassador after the boxing, so that they were not in their most dazzling costumes. Many, Mary noticed, wore white, contrasting strongly with their deeply tanned backs and shoulders. The floor was crowded and as Dick was pointing out celebrities to Mary while dancing, they actually bumped into Lilyan Tashman.

"Hello, Dick Garth!" laughed Miss Tashman, who was dancing with one of the handsomest men in the Grove that night.

"It's nice of you to remember me, Miss Tashman," said Dick, who had met Hollywood's famous vamp and priceless comedienne at one or two parties.

"I shall certainly not forget you after tonight!" laughed the fair Lilyan. "I only hope you haven't broken a rib with your athletic elbow. But you're forgiven! You've met my husband, Edmund Lowe?"

And then Mary Moore found herself being introduced to the hero of so many movies she had seen.

"Didn't I see your photograph in the paper the other day?" asked Miss Tashman. And the three of them had to smile when Mary blushed as few girls do blush in Hollywood. She was almost too shy to speak of her own photograph to this couple of world-photographed celebrities, but Garth spoke for her, telling something of the girl's adventures since she arrived in Hollywood, so short a time ago.

"She's been lucky," he said with a smile at Mary which seemed to say, to her alone, "So far."

"We must keep up the good luck," said Lilyan. "You must both come out to my cottage and see Malibu. Now, let me see," Miss Tashman paused and looked up with that amusing little three-cornered smile which is one of her individual charms. "I'm working all tomorrow morning on some retakes and I expect I shall have to lunch at the studio." She was working for First National at the moment. "Can you bring Miss Moore about four o'clock? If you and she like to have a swim from our little beach you can. And, oh, I say, if Miss Moore would enjoy it, I'll phone Mrs. Lasky and ask if we may bring her to the wonderful party tomorrow night at Santa Monica. I suppose you're invited, aren't you, Dick?"

"Yes," said Garth. "Gary Cooper asked for an invitation for me. You see, I don't really know many of you swell people here yet; only you're all being darned kind to me. I'm in the

same boat with Miss Moore, more or less."

Mary listened with great interest, yet wondered how she could motor out to Malibu Beach and then go on to a grand party at Santa Monica in the evening. Of course, it *would* be a grand party, since Mrs. Jesse Lasky was giving it and Mr. Lasky was an important figure in the movie industry—having been for years a high executive of Paramount. Every important star, every director and every producer was sure to be there. She couldn't get back to Hollywood in time to change after visiting Malibu even if Dick Garth wanted to be her escort. He had done so much for her already, more than any girl had a right to expect from a young man who must know dozens of girls prettier than she! But it was as if Garth read her mind.

"I wanted to ask Mrs. Lasky if I might bring Miss Moore," he said to Lilyan, "for I know it would be a unique experience for her which might never happen again. But, you see, I didn't get my own invitation direct, so I—"

BUT we got *ours* direct," Miss Tashman cut him short. "And Mrs. Lasky is such a generous person I know it will be all right for Miss Moore. I'll simply telephone and that will be that! As for clothes—well, I know Miss Moore is thinking about them. But not

you, Dick. You've been in Hollywood too long. There'll be some girls in the most dazzling dresses, and men in evening things, of course. But Mrs. Lasky wired all her invitations and said it was to be informal. That means—why, there'll be lots of girls and boys in sports clothes. In other words, 'Wear what you like,' is the watchword. You two will come out to Malibu tomorrow afternoon. You needn't even bring your swimming suits. We have plenty of them. Then—well, I can't invite you to dinner because we're dining out ourselves. But our servants will love to give you something to eat and drink to keep you going till the party begins."

Mary had heard various stories about the Hollywood "crowd"; that they were "cliquey"; that they didn't want outsiders butting in. Also, on the contrary, she had heard that the one thing you mustn't be in Hollywood, even if you're a grand star, is high hat, and that in reality, the better the star the kinder the heart.

Now she began to see that the last story was the true one.

(To be Continued)

(Next month Mary has some more delightful adventures. You must go with her to the Breakfast Club. And you'll want to see what happens to her when she takes an unexpected test at one of the big studios.)

Going to Give Fatty a Break?

(Continued from page 29)

help her. These failing, they asked Arbuckle to call a doctor.

Now, here is the absolute proof of Arbuckle's innocence.

The first doctor called found Virginia Rappé in a room down the corridor. She was in the custody of a woman named Delmont. This doctor testified at each of the four Arbuckle trials that he made a thorough examination of the poor girl and found only that she was suffering from alcoholism.

"Doctor, did you percuss her stomach?" he was asked many times by lawyers for defense and prosecution.

"I did," he answered every time.

"And did you especially percuss her stomach?"

"I did. And I found nothing out of the way."

That is the sworn testimony of a reputable doctor, a physician called in from an office building because the hotel doctor was not available.

An hour later, the girl beginning to scream with pain, Arbuckle called for the doctor again—but could not get him. He then called in a second physician.

This doctor found that Virginia's stomach was rigid and sensitive to pain. He gave her a hypodermic and went his way, according to his own testimony.

The third medical man to attend the

patient, the hotel physician, found the young woman was seriously injured. And it was he who ordered an immediate operation for a ruptured bladder.

It was the rupture that caused the death of this girl.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane individual that whatever caused that rupture, happened between the visit of the first doctor and the calling of the second—hours after the patient had been carried out of Arbuckle's room, hours after Fatty had found her.

It is ridiculous to say that Fatty Arbuckle attacked Miss Rappé at any time. Fatty hadn't invited her to his party. He had never met her until that afternoon. He had a date with May Taube at three o'clock, and was preparing to keep it when he found the girl in her wretched condition on the bathroom floor.

Remember that at this time Fatty was the king of comedians. He was paid \$5,000 a week. He was the funniest man in the world—and Charlie Chaplin was just beginning to shine in that world, too. Fatty had more women thrust upon him than most of us will ever have. He was doing his best to stay away from women. Fatty make conquests? You might say that General Pershing at the height of the war was hoping for trouble with Iceland.

BABY STARVED.. CRIED INCESSANTLY FOR TWO MONTHS

Then came a change!



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● (Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)

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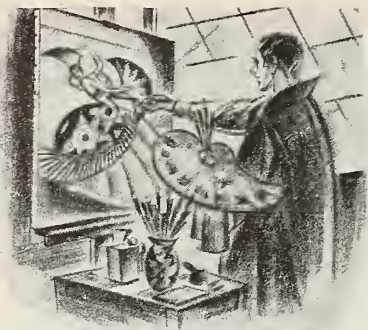
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Why, then, was Fatty so persecuted? Why did it take him so long to establish his innocence? And when he had established it, why was it that he was thrown out of the paradise that he loved, the world of the movies?

The reason is simple, and absurd.

He never said he was innocent until he first took the stand in his own defense.

HE kept his mouth shut—and killed himself with the fans.

Oh, I know there are a million and one proverbs about the wisdom of the closed mouth. But there is a time for speaking as well as for playing dumb. And Arbuckle didn't know it.

No, I assure you, he didn't know it. He took the advice of his lawyer, Frank Dominguez. He sat in the dark little iron-barred cell in the Hall of Justice, and obeyed Dominguez. He wouldn't even comment on the day. He literally developed a severe case of "lock-jaw."

There has always been bitter rivalry between Los Angeles and San Francisco. There has always been warfare between the lawyers of these two cities. Dominguez, finding himself in San Francisco, was frightened. He believed that all San Francisco was trying to frame him and his client. He believed that District Attorney Brady wanted to hang Arbuckle and make himself Governor of California. He believed that no matter what Fatty said, newspapermen representing San Francisco papers would misquote him, lie about him deliberately—and deliver him into Brady's hands.

I was covering Hollywood for the Chicago Tribune in those days, Hollywood and all the western seaboard. I visited Arbuckle in his cell a day or two after he had been locked up, charged with murder. All he would do was smile. He wouldn't even say he was Fatty Arbuckle.

The whole country was ablaze with indignation at the crime—the country believed it was a crime, and that Arbuckle was guilty. If he wasn't guilty, why didn't he say he wasn't? The newspapermen, unable to get a word out of the supposed criminal, went to the district attorney for their news, and to a man and a woman who had tried to blackmail Arbuckle—and who might have succeeded had not Virginia Rappé died. They had taken her clothes to Hollywood—and wanted to sell them to Arbuckle. If they weren't both dead, I'd tell you their names.

There wasn't any Arbuckle side to print. So the newspapers printed only the other side—the prosecution side.

Like every other newspaperman on the story, I firmly believed Arbuckle guilty. But when the evidence began to be presented I was convinced that I was wrong.

"You boob!" I said to Fatty—long after my first meeting. "Why didn't you say you didn't do it?"

Fatty looked abashed.

"When your doctor tells you not to stand on your leg or you'll have to have it cut off, you don't stand on it, do you? Dominguez was my doctor. He saved my life."

Dominguez was a good lawyer. But an excitable one—and in this instance over-excited. Had Fatty been able to reach his pet lawyer, Milton Cohen, he might never have felt the hatred, the loathing, and the abhorrence of the entire country. Cohen has always insisted that if he had been called in time he would have insisted that Fatty make a statement to the press.

I was present when Fatty took the stand and told his story. I was present a little later, in the corridor outside the courtroom when Fatty caught sight of his wife, Minta Durfee.

Minta had come across the country to stand at Fatty's side. She believed firmly in his innocence. She was talking to me when Fatty drifted up, rolling a brown paper cigarette in his hand, a shy light in his mild blue eyes.

"He's really very sweet," she was saying, "spoiled, wilful, but sweet, actually sweet all the way through his great hulk of a body."

"Minta," Fatty said, "I've told the truth. I told my story for the first time. I've got it off my chest. I feel clean—clean enough to kiss you on the mouth."

IT came to me suddenly that they had never given up the habit of giving each other a kiss of greeting—but since Fatty's indictment he had not kissed his wife on the mouth. I saw them kiss now, and—against my will—sudden tears started from my eyes. It was so damned irregular—this man I thought such a brutal and shameful murderer turning out to be just an overgrown sentimental child! And it was so damned beautiful—and the Irish cry at beauty and laugh at everything else.

The jury found Fatty innocent. That is, the last jury did. And they took but a minute to do it. The minute was used up in writing a document of praise for Fatty's conduct. It should have been all over then. Fatty should have gone back to his job. Will Hays lifted the ban, but it was near Christmas. And that was unfortunate too, for the great American public believed that Hays was actuated, not by justice, but by mercy—the Christmas spirit. They would have none of Fatty.

And so, for ten long years he's been an exile.

Now he sees the gates of his heaven reopen. He's glad. He's happy. But do you know the one thing he can't forget? It's a little incident he told me about not long ago. It hurt him worse than anything that happened to him since his arrest.

"You know, Eddie," he said, "I went to Japan after Will Hays lifted the ban, trying to have a good time, trying to forget, trying to nerve myself to come back on the screen."

"It was a nice trip, and most of the people were nice to me. I was beginning to feel that I was a regular guy again when—when this thing happened."

"We were sailing home. People were actually friendly to me. I believed there was a job waiting. I was in the best physical shape of my life—balloon shape, you know—and I'd forgotten what it was to be a pariah."

"I saw a little girl, the prettiest little thing in the world. You know how kids affect me. I couldn't resist slipping into the ship's barber shop and buying her the finest doll in the place. They sell dolls in ships' barber shops, you know."

"The child was so happy she screamed. She ran to her mother, hugging the doll to her, and her mother hugged her and exclaimed over the treasure, 'What gentleman gave you that?' she asked. The child pointed to me."

"Eddie, I never saw such a change come over a woman's face as I saw on that mother's. She looked at me, recognized me, and then, without a word to me or to the little girl, she went to the rail and threw the doll overboard."

"That killed me."

The American moving picture fan has done the same thing. She has taken Arbuckle's magnificent sense of fun, his clean and enjoyable and rollicking talent, and tossed it overboard. For no reason other than stupid prejudice.

"If he didn't kill a woman," she has said, "at least he defiled one."

Few outside myself know that Dominguez wanted to tell the truth about poor Virginia Rappé—to paint her in her natural colors so that the jury would know her as she was—to save his client from prison or from the scaffold. And few outside myself know that Fatty said he would rather go to the hangman than blacken that woman's name.

I told you he was a sentimental idiot!

Your Fall Wardrobe

(Continued from page 66)

today, but their style lives will be immeasurably lengthened.

The complete fall and winter wardrobe should include:

- Dressy coat
- Sport or storm coat
- Street suit or dress
- Sport suit or dress
- Day dress
- Afternoon dress
- Dinner or Sunday night frock
- Evening or dance dress
- Evening wrap

Now, there is many a well dressed girl in the movies and out of them who appears to have all of these necessary clothes when, really, she has been wise enough to combine and adjust them so that she has not nearly so many actual items to buy and take care of.

For instance, the dressy coat and the sport coat can be only one coat if you make it a black or even a brown homespun or tweed. Then, when you use it for dress, tie a fur scarf about your throat or attach a wide fur cape collar. When you wear it for street or sport, use a bright colored wool scarf knotted in a chic manner under your chin.

The sport suit can also be the street suit if it is a conservative enough rough tweed, worn with a fur animal for street and, again, with a scarf for sportier occasions.

Dinner dress, Sunday night frock and evening dress can all be one if they are done something in the manner of Janet Gaynor's simple though perfectly smart little gown on page 66.

You can do without either suit if you have one sport dress and one dressier dress to wear with your coat or coats.

FASHIONS for this fall and winter are, speaking on broad lines, these:

- Broad shoulders
- Wide sleeves
- Natural waistlines
- Straight though full skirts
- Narrow hips

You will see that all of the illustrations in this article carry out this gen-

eral idea. And when you are buying your new clothes or making over your old ones, keep these general principles always in the forefront of your mind and stick to them, no matter what any silver-tongued salesgirl has to say about the matter.

Then remember that necklines are high, that accessories follow a contrasting rather than a matching principle, that stockings are the darker tones of tans and grays, that gloves are smarter when plain than when trimmed up with cuffs and stitchings.

About hats—one great piece of good news is that the beret still holds front rank. It is becoming to so many faces.

Then there are hats with square crowns, as for example, the smart little felt one worn by Gloria Stuart on page 68. There are the ever so faithful little felt and cloth ones made ever so simply with turned down brims. There are turbans, trimmed with bunches of flowers of velvet or ribbon lying flat on the left side of the coiffure.

All of these hats tip just a bit over the right eye, but not nearly at so exaggerated an angle as they did last season. They are tilted just enough to take away the deadliness of a hard and fast straight line.

Colors are important and it is promised that black will be the favorite foundation color this season—black, brightened when necessary by brilliant strokes of color. Then the deep red shades—those called ruby—are very good. And brown with yellow or white trimmings and accessories will be much worn.

All fabrics are rough with the one exception of a stiff satin that will be used for formal evening gowns. This is the satin that "stands by itself"—very elegant looking and rich. But there are rough crêpes and rough wools of all sorts and characters, worn for evening, afternoon, daytimes and sports. There is more of fashion interest in the fabric of a costume than ever there has been before and because of this, more of an opportunity for individuality in dressing.

9 A.M. *Freshness*
AT
5 P.M.



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THIS afternoon around 3 o'clock, take a look at your complexion. What does your mirror say? . . . Have you that "early morning" look of fresh, natural beauty? Or is your make-up streaked and blotchy—your nose unpowdered and shiny?

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Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way: First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to "pep up" your face. Then, for your powder base, smooth on a bit of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of color, using either the Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, or with *Lightex*, if your skin is naturally oily.

You'll be amazed to see how *lasting* this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night.

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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)



JEANNETTE 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 beauty—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!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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I would advise you to use the almond meal treatment on your face if the skin there is scaly looking or if you were much exposed to sun and wind during the summer. Its faintly pebbly texture livens the skin and wears away dead tissues. It won't cure blackheads, however. For that purpose, you need a medicated grainy cleanser or a special paste.

If tiny lines and wrinkles have appeared over the summer months as a result of squinting at ships out at sea or something, use that tissue cream religiously. Put a lot of it on the spots where the wrinkles are and iron over the ugly things with your thumb—always upward and outward, remember. Leave a thin film of it on overnight whether you have incipient wrinkles or not. Wrinkly folks could well use, too, a mask once a week or every ten days—there's a fairly reasonable one available now, as I told you last month.

Enlist the aid of your sister or a handy girl friend, too, to give your sunburned back the cream and almond meal treatment. You'll be glad that you took the trouble when you climb into that new evening gown.

AND, of course, your hair should be given the same systematic treatment as your skin for a month or six weeks after the summer carelessness. I don't mean that you should wash it overmuch, but do brush it every day and give it an herbal or tonic shampoo alternately with regular shampoos. And if you're sick and tired of the way it looks and are just dying for some new way to wear it, I can think of no better stunt than to indulge in those little feather curls around the ears or at the forehead the way the movie stars do. Do you know how to make them? It won't do, you know, just to gather up the short ends exactly as they are and try to curl them. You'll get a very weird assortment of different length wisps if you do that. Part the hair in a shallow half moon just above your ears and comb that strand of hair flat down against your cheek. Decide how long you want the little curls to be. Cut the hair neatly, with the lower end a little longer than the top. Allow about three-quarters of an inch to be taken up when you curl the hair. Then wet the hair with waveset lotion and paste the curl in a small circle against your skin. Pin it securely with invisibles. For the first few days, it may be a bit unmanageable because the ends will be stubby. But make it behave with an extra dose of the lotion and then, in a day or two, it will be easy to arrange. Let the curl dry thoroughly—don't get fidgety to "see how it looks." It's absolutely essential to let the waveset lotion dry.

These little curls are becoming to almost every type. They permit you to pull the rest of your hair back rather severely, if you want to, and to maintain that sleek line which is so fashion-

able. They look pretty with hats, too.

Here's a stunt I want to tell long-haired girls about. It concerns the hair-and-hat problem. You know how those cute shallow-crowned bonnets just *won't* stay on sometimes? Even when you can get them big enough, they pop up over one's hair at the back. And nothing makes a girl feel so silly as to go walking along the street with her hat sitting up on top of her head. Well, she doesn't need to feel silly. Get some fine, round silk elastic. Sew it to the under-brim or inside of the hat at a point just behind the ears. Have it snug enough so that it will loop under the coil of your hair. It works beautifully—and will never show.

NOW here's a thing I want to impress on all of you for the new season. *Try to be two people!* I don't mean that you shouldn't "be yourself" always and everywhere. But I do mean that you should try to develop the "different" side to your nature. If you're naturally a serious person, on occasions be very gay. And if you're a life-of-the-party sort of person, just try once in a while being very quiet and demure. You see, most of us have some sort of job or other which keeps us busy and sedate and sensible from nine to five. For the rest of our waking hours, it's most refreshing to ourselves and most charming to other people—particularly men—to be another sort of girl. And one of the best aids in changing our personalities is to change our clothes and our make-up. And this applies just as much to practical married ladies of forty or so who have given up the habit of being "fixy" and particular about their looks.

At the turning point of the day, when you get home from work or just after your work in the house is finished, take time out for a bath or at least a complete cleansing of the face and re-doing of the hair. Put on all clean clothes and a fresh dress—even if it's only another house-dress or house pajamas. Fuss over your make-up just as if you were going out to a party. By the way, it's a great help to keep a big, powerful electric light bulb handy in your dresser to put into the light socket before you make-up. Naturally you don't want to burn a whole lot of electricity all the time, but you *do* need a strong light to make up under. Don't just flap your powder puff at your nose and dab on a bit of rouge and lipstick. Pat the powder on heavily and use a different shade for evening wear, even if you're not going any place. (Have you seen the new combination box a certain company is putting out? It contains day and evening powder in the same odor and there are combination boxes for blondes, brunettes and redheads.) Brush off the excess powder with a baby's camel's hair brush or a clean puff. Blend your rouge carefully. Use a brighter lipstick and

more of it. Mascara and eye-shadow, too, even if you haven't been in the habit of utilizing these aids to glamor. And then, even if you are a sedate married lady and it's only your husband and the kids you're doing all this for, when that husband comes home he'll probably take one look at you and say, "Well, I see we're having company tonight." That's the idea—fix up just as if you were expecting company. Sure—it takes a little time; but it's worth it.

In closing, let me mention that I've been using every day the cuticle preparation I mentioned last month. And, believe it or not, I've been able to give up cutting the cuticle entirely. This stuff—whatever the funny little old secret ingredient it contains may be—actually does rub away rough, shaggy cuticle, cleans and bleaches the nails and leaves the tips shining and white. I'm rather daffy about it, myself. You will be, too.

The Chap Who Supports Me

(Continued from page 57)

you interviewers! Why, one of my pups would have sense enough to know that the way to find out about a man is to go to his best friend! Why don't any of you ask me to tell you about Hardie? I don't wish to intrude, but they do say a man's best friend is his dog, you know. I presume even you have heard that.

NOT that I want my name in print! Heavens, I'm kept busy enough keeping things in order around here, without worrying about seeing my name in the magazines. I'm in charge of the Peddler and Agent Chasing Department, and the Welcome Committee. I'm on the go from morning until night. I have to wake Mr. Albright up in the morning, by going into his room and licking his face, and then we go for a long walk in the hills, and at night he's not happy if I don't sit on his lap in front of the fire for a couple of hours until it's time for bed. Heavens, he's more trouble than one of my pups, that Hardie is! Rather nice, though, when you get to know him. He certainly knows a lot about dogs. I love the walks in the hills, too. Charming spot, this little canyon, don't you think? I don't like cities, because they're too noisy; so we moved up here into the canyon where you can breathe clean air and get some sleep at night without listening to police sirens. Those sirens drive me wild. My nerves aren't what they used to be. Let's see, what was I saying? Oh, yes, about an interview. I don't see why you writers don't ask me about Hardie. I certainly know him better than anybody else.

Oh, well, if you insist. Tuppenny, the name is. Yes. Double 'p' and double 'n.' Be sure to spell it right. Of course, that's really only my nickname. I have a kennel name, but I don't like to boast of my family. I really have excellent blood. Mr. Albright and I both come of good stock. My father cost nine thousand dollars; I'm told it was the highest price ever paid for a wire-haired terrier at the time. I don't know what Mr. Albright's father cost, but I'm sure Hardie wouldn't have anything but the best. I'm not a champion myself; I'm what's called a good brood matron; but one of my pups is going to be a champion, and several of them

are going to get blue ribbons. Children, come here and let the gentleman see you. Aren't they precious? Very naughty, though.

Let's see, what would you like me to tell you? I suppose you know that my friend has been an actor for some years, even if he is so young? Yes, he played in New York and on the road. He's told me the names of some of the plays. "The Greeks Had a Word for It," is that it? Maybe it's "They Had a Word for the Greeks," I'm not sure. It doesn't make any difference, if you ask me. I heard Hardie say some of his lines once, and they sounded awfully foolish, not that I'm any critic of course. Then some gentleman from Hollywood saw him and asked him to come out here, out West. Oh, yes, they do have gentlemen in Hollywood, you know. I've met several. They're the ones that don't wear camel's-hair polo coats. You can tell right away whether a man is a gentleman by the way he treats a lady and I must admit Hardie's callers have been very nice about scratching my ears.

WHERE was I? Whenever I get to thinking about having my ears scratched I forget everything else. Oh, I know—we came out West. Well, I don't think Mr. Albright was happy here at first. He didn't say anything, of course, but anyone who knows him as well as I do could tell. I did hear him say once to Lespith—that's his niece—that the movies were trying to make a lady-killer out of him. I laughed and laughed. To myself, of course. We dogs are too polite to laugh at people to their faces. But he really was unhappy, so I snuggled up to him and made him feel better. I know he was unhappy, because he quit his job. He was getting more fan mail than any other actor at the studio, but he walked out just the same. My, my, when that boy makes up his mind there's no stopping him. You should see him give the pups their castor-oil when they have tummy-aches. They howl and wiggle, but he gives it to them just the same.

But now he's at another studio—Warners, is that it?—yes, it's Warners, I'm sure—where they let him be himself, and he likes it. I often wonder whether he misses the stage, but he says no, he

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likes Hollywood better. On the stage, you know, at the same time every night you have to say the same thing to the same actors. Out here you do a thing once and it's done. He likes that. It's not so monotonous. Oh, he has sense about a few things, Hardie has. I'm sure you agree with me that he's one of the smartest and nicest young men in town. You'd better. I can say anything I like about him, being as close to him as I am, but nobody else had better say anything against him in my hearing. A lady I am, and a mother I am, but I still have my teeth, and don't you forget that for a minute, young man, if you know what's good for you. . . . Excuse me a moment. Children! Children, do you hear me? Put down that shoe. You know what Hardie said to you the last time you ate one of his shoes. There. Spare the rod and spoil the child, you know. Mr. Albright really is terrible when he loses his temper. He swears at the children and lets them hear words I'd just as soon they didn't know. He has lots of shoes and for the life of me I don't see why he can't let the children have their fun, but—oh, well.

As a matter of fact I don't think Hardie cares much about his shoes or his clothes, either. He's always wandering around the house without much on, especially while he's smearing that white stuff on his face and scraping it off. What do they call it? Plucking? No, shaving.

And he goes to a gymnasium on top of an office building down on Hollywood Boulevard and runs around without a stitch on. I've been there with him. Oh, yes, I get out with Mr. Albright quite a good deal, now that the pups are old enough to take care of themselves. I'm really a much better handball player than he is, between you and me and the gatepost. I have my own rules for the game and he doesn't agree with me about them. He thinks the ball ought to stay in the court. Can you imagine anything more uninteresting? My dear! When I get hold of it, you ought to see me tear!

I SUPPOSE you'd rather hear about his career, though. I'm really not much interested in that, except for his sake. The truth is, I think Hardie ought to have been a dog-breeder. He knows more about it than most professional kennel men and it interests him more than anything else in the world. And anyway it's a more genteel occupation than that of a motion picture actor. I don't often get to the theatre,

on account of this ridiculous race restriction they make, about not letting dogs in. I guess the theatre managers have never met any well-behaved dogs. Of course, one needs rules like that for the vulgar, but I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I am able to conduct myself properly in any society. As a matter of fact I wouldn't bark anyway, because I'd be altogether too bored. Hardie has sneaked me into a theatre once or twice under his coat and I yawned and yawned. All the pictures seem alike to me. What happens? You sit there for an hour, just to see a man marry a girl. We dogs go about it much more sensibly, if you ask me. Far be it from me to think well of myself, but I must say dogs are better mothers, too, for not spending their time in theatres when they ought to be home teaching children their manners.

WELL, that's about all. I suppose you'd like me to tell you about his love life. That seems to be the first question you writers ask. I haven't any false modesty about such things, but there really isn't much to tell. He isn't in love with anybody right now. He just goes out with a lot of girls. Women are crazy about him. For the life of me I can't see why, except that he has a very interesting smell, but they are, and that's all there is to it. One of my pups is a girl, and she's quite silly at times, but human girls are a lot sillier than she ever thinks of being. They'll get over it when they grow up and have children of their own. I was quite a cut-up in my time, too, but motherhood takes the nonsense out of you. Especially when you have to mother your pups and a man, too. I really don't know what Mr. Albright would do without me. Why, he can't even bring in the newspaper for himself, he's that helpless. I have to go and fetch it for him.

Well, young man, I'm afraid that's about all I can tell you. Hardie is very happy out here, nowadays, and the studio must like him or they wouldn't have given him a contract. He's very serious about his work. He loves acting.

If only he'd been a dog-breeder—but there's no use crying over spilled milk. Men will be men. I wouldn't care to be on the screen myself, but if he likes it I'm glad he's doing it. He just built a lovely new wire run for the puppies, to give them plenty of room to play in, so far be it from me to complain.

Acting brings home the bacon, I can say that for it.

And do I love bacon!

Watching Out for the Babies

(Continued from page 74)

department for the Board of Education and to him go the mothers or guardians of working children for permission to allow them to work.

"The Board has made regulations but

it would have neither time nor facilities to enforce them if the producers were not willing to coöperate," Mr. Thomas said.

"It is only during the past few years

that the interpretation of the law has been extended to include children under six months of age, because the carbon lights, which were in general use until recently, were considered injurious to the eyes. Since the incandescent lamps are being used at all studios, we allow very young children to work under them. We believe that a child will suffer no injury from them in the brief time that it is allowed to work."

Mr. Thomas told of the first child to work under the new law. The baby was but a few weeks old and the company went, with its players and equipment, to the child's home to make the scenes.

"I went along," Mr. Thomas said, "to see that the law was observed to the letter. The director wanted the baby to reach out for a sword and was quite upset when it refused to take direction."

When William Wellman was making Barbara Stanwyck's "Night Nurse" for Warner Brothers, he needed a hospital nursery with many tiny babies. Remember the scene—where Barbara was on duty in the maternity ward? Real nurses were engaged to work in the scenes with the babies. The scene was set, cameras and lights arranged, and the actors rehearsed with dolls while tests were made. When everything was ready the real babies were put into the baskets. Several cameras recorded the scenes from different angles and scenes were secured that can be used for many pictures in the future. By doing this the studio saved money and the Board of Education was made very happy.

A STANDARD wage scale, made by the Board, is paid to babies under six months of age.

A baby less than thirty days old receives \$75 for a day's work; between the ages of one and two months, the baby is paid \$50 a day and babies from two to six months of age receive \$25 a day.

"We purposely made the price high for the very young babies to discourage the producers from using them," Mr. Thomas told me. "But if they want them badly enough they seem to be willing to pay any price."

But don't let this easy-sounding money encourage you mothers with small children to bring them to Hollywood. The Central Casting Bureau, through which all children are engaged for screen work, reports that out of thousands of children registered with it, very few are ever called for work.

Rarely is a child genius found in the extra ranks. Jackie Searl made his way up from them. He was registered for extra work when he was four years old. But he is one out of thousands and he has exceptional talent.

A tiny baby in a recent Carole Lombard picture was really two babies. The director ordered two babies so that he could rehearse with one and photograph the other. They both appeared in the finished picture, although you thought it was the same baby all the time.

Lloyd Corrigan, the director, insisted upon having boy babies because he said girl babies embarrassed him. Rachel Smith, the Paramount school teacher, and Mel Ballerino, one of the casting

directors, had a difficult time finding two boy babies the same age and size and who looked enough alike to double for each other. They were five weeks old, so they received \$50 a day. Their names were Ray Stockton and Robert Claybaugh.

IN "Life Begins," with Loretta Young and Eric Linden, fifteen or twenty babies appear. Some of these babies were just forty-eight hours old when they were brought to the studio and every precaution was taken to see that nothing happened to any of them. Five trained nurses accompanied them from the hospital to the studio, a special nursery was built on the stage and the correct temperature maintained while the babies were there.

Two babies were used in "A Woman Commands," to make the scenes with Pola Negri. Only one appeared in the picture. They were dressed alike and when one cried they used the other one. They both cried so much, however, that Paul Stein, the director, declared his assistant very inefficient to have hired babies that cried!

The day before a baby is needed the studio sends a limousine with a nurse and studio official (usually one of the casting directors) to the baby's home. They take the baby and its mother or nurse to the Board of Education offices, where the baby is given a thorough physical examination by a doctor. If the doctor pronounces the baby physically fit, Mr. Thomas then issues a permit for it to work. This permit is good for only forty-eight hours. After the examination the baby is taken home.

The following morning, after being notified by telephone that the studio car is on the way, the mother and baby are called for and taken to the studio—always by a nurse and studio official. The baby is placed in the studio nursery and prepared for its work. It must be dressed according to the part it is to play and a drop of castor oil is placed in each of its eyes. This oil forms a film over the baby's eyes and prevents any possibility of injury from the bright lights.

This nursery, where the baby is cared for, is completely equipped and the studio school teacher, who is also a welfare worker, remains with the baby every minute that it is inside the studio gates. If the teacher is busy with other children, or engaged in the schoolroom, the Board sends out an extra welfare worker or a nurse.

THE baby is allowed, under its permit, to remain in the studio only two hours in one day, and is allowed to work only twenty minutes in one day, in two ten-minute periods. It may remain under the lights only thirty seconds at one time.

Everything is made ready on the set before the baby is called and every precaution is taken to protect the child from noise, lights, draughts or other injury. No visitors and only the actors who actually appear in the scene are allowed on a set where a tiny baby is working. The minute its work is finished, the baby is taken home, accom-



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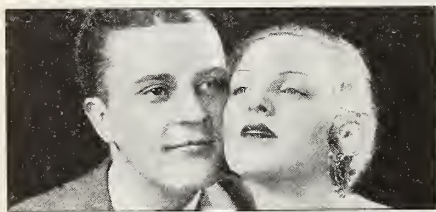
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panied by the nurse and official.

Within forty-eight hours after a child has appeared in a picture, it must be taken again to the Board for another physical examination. This is to make sure that no harm has been done the child. The studio again provides the car and chaperons.

"If a child shows any ill effects after it has appeared in a picture, the Board has the right to withhold future permits," Mr. Thomas explained. "But to date no child has ever received a physical injury.

"To my mind the greatest harm that can be done a child is to allow it to become spoiled. If the studios would coöperate with us to the extent of not asking for children when they begin to show tendencies that way, we could

save a lot of them. A child may gain fame and fortune but nothing can make up for the loss of naturalness and sweetness of character.

IT is too bad that children have to appear in pictures," continued Mr. Thomas. "It is a pity that they must lose their play time, become self-conscious and unnatural.

"In some countries I understand there are laws prohibiting the appearance of small children in pictures. But as long as pictures are as real as producers can make them—as long as they try to show a slice of life, it seems necessary for children to be a part of them. So we allow it, we pass laws for their protection and do everything in our power to safeguard them while working."

How He Does It

(Continued from page 71)

If he is a villain, no one will hate him. That would be bad."

IN such rôles as that of the gangster chief of Chicago, which Hersholt played in "The Beast of the City," with Walter Huston, the Dane plays the part straight.

He was supposed to be Al Capone, although that notable's name did not appear in the picture. In order to be Al Capone, Hersholt left his face as it is, smooth-shaven, and sans the mustache he usually wears. He used no make-up.

"Al Capone is not an old man. He has no deep wrinkles—no marks of great age. There was no need to dress my face for this part," the actor told me. "The expression I assumed had to make me Capone. Only the hair was arranged just so. I parted it sharply on one side, brushed it back, and glossed it with brilliantine.

"A cigar between my teeth, a loose fitting suit, a gangster's insolent swagger, and Jean Hersholt existed no more. In his place was a man Walter Huston did very well to keep his eye upon.

"For a part such as that of the Swiss mountaineer in "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, I called upon false hair to help me out—and the mountaineer in. My own hair is curled into ringlets, my mustache was augmented and I added a curly beard to my façade. Four inches extra height were cleverly added in my boots, and my shoulders were squared and padded beyond their normal size. When I looked so big and so rough and I wore such boots and such clothes, how could I help being a mountaineer? What is an Alp to me, a giant of a man? I swaggered and I strutted, I held myself straight because I was proud of my strength and my size. I showed myself to be the hero that I looked." His throaty chuckle rumbled into a laugh. "Any damn fool can do that," said Hersholt.

(You'll remember, doubtless, that

Hersholt spoke not one word of English in "Private Lives." There were a few lines of guttural German—and the rest was sheer pantomime and brilliant character acting.)

OLD men haunt the kindly Dane. "Pardon me," a stranger said to him in the studio restaurant, "pardon me, but do you realize how much you resemble Jean Hersholt?"

"Yes, people have often told me that," replied the actor.

"Of course, Hersholt is a much older man," continued the stranger, "but even your voice sounds like his."

"People often think I am Hersholt," drawled Jean.

That little anecdote may sound exaggerated. Truly, though, Jean Hersholt, himself, does not resemble *any* of his screen characters—even those he has played almost straight. He has played character parts so long that his own personality is almost unknown to the majority of his fans. In Hersholt, the man, there is no trace of the many Hersholts who have added pathos or menace or genialty to screen dramas. No trace of Hersholt the tutor in "The Student Prince," of the army official in Novarro's "Daybreak," of the shopkeeper of "Phantom of Paris," of Greta Garbo's brutal uncle in "Susan Lenox," of the crooked politician (such a very small part, but how important he made it!) in "Are You Listening?"; nor of Senf, the porter, in "Grand Hotel," of the author in "New Morals for Old," of the grocer in "Unashamed" nor the silk merchant in "Skyscraper Souls."

"Nothing changes a person so much as the style of his hair and the cut of his whiskers," the actor declares. "In 'Delicatessen' my hair was cropped. In 'Susan Lenox' it was rough and shaggy. In 'Emma' it was combed with an eye to respectability. These different haircuts made different men of me. They were all subconscious imitations of men I have known or have observed.

"Most of my characters I get from life. In order to portray many kinds of men, one must observe all kinds. Street-sweepers and kings—both have equal value to an actor.

"If you have seen a street-sweeper at work, if you are repeating a street-sweeper's conversation and doing a street-sweeper's job, it is not hard to be a street-sweeper. And if you look like a king, act like a king, dress like a king, talk like a king, why then—you are a king!"

HERSHOLT keeps a most peculiar scrap-book. On the front page is written: "Portraits of famous men and unknown men, who, because of a strange form of head, funny looking mustache, or silly looking whiskers, have been found interesting enough to be pasted in this book as a guide and reference in make-up for future screen work."

This is probably the most hirsute book on earth. Bewhiskered kings and bristling bandits flaunt their foliage on every page.

"But playing various characters is, after all, mental and not physical," according to Hersholt. "I can no more help feeling old and a little tired and walking with a slow, bent step when I am an old man, than I can keep from promenading when I am an officer of the guard. I always have someone in mind when I play a rôle. I become that someone. Because I have watched him with interest, I remember little mannerisms that fit the part. But frankly, I cannot tell you why I change from myself to the character I play. My whole outlook becomes his. His whole nature fills me. Am I myself, playing a part, or am I really that other man for the moment? I do not know."

Hersholt is one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood. And one of the most versatile men.

In an alcove of his home there is a delicate Japanese mural painting. The softest, most fleeting of colors, sensitive tracery of flowers, economical use of brush strokes. Fragile and lovely, it glows like a bit of rare porcelain from the magic island of Cipango. Hersholt painted it.

In his drawing room, on either side of the fireplace, hang two oil paintings, rich and dark with vigor of the Renaissance. He painted those, too.

On another wall is an etching—of a house. Utterly unrelated in feeling, in atmosphere, in technique, in subject or in media to the Oriental fantasy or to the oils, it shares with them their creator, artist Hersholt.

The Dane walks from room to room in his beautiful house, pointing out this, explaining that, with the deep interest of an appreciative collector. His home would resemble a museum were it not for the warmth of hospitality that em-

braces each guest. Something very nice seems always to be expected in the Hersholt house. The whole atmosphere is that of the day before Christmas.

Original paintings by Nicolai Fachin, by William Wendt, and Edgar Payne are there. A great canvas by Lauritz Tuxen, purchased by Hersholt from the Danish government, tells the story of Canute's "Conquest of Arcona," which happened in 1153.

Original statues of porcelain and burnt clay by the Danish sculptor, Kyhn, squat on low tables. These statues are curious figures of monkeys, who writhe and coil their long arms about themselves, hiding forever dusky dreams of forgotten jungles in their peering, sightless eyes.

Royal Copenhagen china curves itself into seals and pussy cats, owls and little dogs.

IN the Danish room are sketches by Hersholt of his friends, Eric von Stroheim, whom he has known fifteen years, Adolphe Menjou, David W. Griffith, and many others.

From the windows of the Danish room, which is several steps below the rest of the house, one can see Mrs. Hersholt's Kai Wu and Fifi San playing on the garden lawn. These are Chow dogs with so many blue ribbons and silver cups that everybody has lost count.

The library, on the second floor, shelters first editions of Shakespeare's plays and original pamphlets by Dickens, which were later printed in the novel form we know today.

In the books, each of which is a treasure to the student, are plates designed by Hersholt—flags of Denmark and America crossed over a Viking kneeling in a wreath of roses, while an ancient Greek mask stares into space above him.

On a desk are copies of the stamps sold in America to raise funds for Danish athletes wishing to compete in the Olympic Games of 1932. The stamps, glorifying the Norse god Thor and his thunderous hammer, were designed by Hersholt, governmental representative of Denmark for the Games.

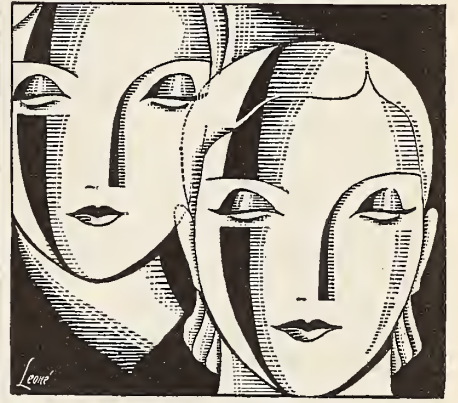
Scattered about are small statues modeled by Hersholt. Everything is original, genuine. There are no imitations—no second bests. Hersholt is essentially sincere.

In spite of Hersholt's great diversity of interest and expression, in one thing he remains constant.

"Credit for everything we have, for everything I have done," he says in a voice infinitely soothing with its slow richness and creamy vowels, "must be shared by Mrs. Hersholt. Eighteen years we have been married, and a love that has endured that long brings more to a man than he can say."

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Two Against the Jungle

(Continued from page 97)

them in hidden nests of two each.

Suddenly there was a roar and a tremendous flare of light. The flash had gone off prematurely. Johnson was blinded, and the air reeked with the stink of burning flesh. As he grovelled on the ground in agony the boys, who had been frightened away by the explosion, came back. Together they carried him to the camp.

His wife was out on the trail and there was no one in camp who had any knowledge of medicine. One of the boys tried to give him a sip of water, but his lips were so swollen that he could not swallow. His face was powder blackened, he hadn't a hair left on his head, and through burns in his clothes patches of seared flesh showed.

For an eternity it seemed he lay groaning on his blankets. And then he heard footsteps outside. His wife had heard the rumble of the explosion in the distance and, becoming worried, had hastened back to the camp. She doctored him during the weeks that followed. Gradually his sight came back; the singed skin sloughed off, and in a month he was up and about as well as ever.

THERE were many lions prowling around the lake, but Johnson got his best pictures of them while on safari far to the south on the Serengeti Plain.

In the open country he traveled by automobile. One day he was out looking for lions in company with his wife and a gunbearer. As the car was creeping up the side of a little valley he sighted a grandmotherly old lioness watching them. She didn't seem angry at the intrusion, merely curious.

At the approach of the car she got up leisurely and moved away, glancing from time to time over her shoulder, while Mrs. Johnson, who was at the wheel, followed at a discreet distance.

At the top of the ridge a small herd of zebras were grazing and at sight of

the car they stampeded. The lioness turned and glared at the car, as though she suspected it of chasing an appetizing meal away.

Martin motioned to the black boy to get the rifle ready in case she took it into her head to charge, for all members of the lion family are temperamental and their moods change in split seconds. But the lioness was not hungry enough to do more than glare. With regal dignity she turned and climbed an ant hill. There she crouched.

It seemed to Johnson that she had posed herself for a picture. A professional photographer could not have placed her in a better position for light, height, or background.

"Let's see how close we can get," Johnson whispered to his wife.

Slowly the car crept toward the ant hill for a few yards; then it halted while Johnson cranked away. Time after time the car crept up closer and paused briefly while he ground out film. The old lioness held her place with a placid dignity. At last the front wheels were at the base of the ant hill, and Johnson switched to a two inch lens with the shortest focus he had. But the old girl just sat for her closeups with all the poise of a movie queen. Finally she got up slowly, stretched, yawned, and stalked away.

Martin Johnson and Osa have taken many pictures of big game, in many places and under strange circumstances, but none gave them the thrill they got when the queen of the African plains posed for a closeup on the giant ant hill, then yawned, and walked off.

AND now Martin Johnson has another unusual achievement to add to his record. On his last safari into the wilds of Central Africa, he went to the elaborate trouble and the immense expense of taking along equipment for the making of sound pictures of animals and natives. He is the first to make an

all-sound film in Africa. The name of that new production is "Congorilla." And in my opinion it walks off with greatest honors.

In fact the last three years were devoted to building up "Congorilla." From Nairobi across the Serengeti Plain the expedition journeyed with a motor caravan. One priceless shot is of wild dogs in action, another is of a wobbly baby giraffe hardly half an hour old. On the way to the Kaisoot Desert the way was blocked by a herd of rhinos. You see—and hear—Martin and Osa in action when the rhinos charge.

But the high spot came when they took their sound equipment into the depths of the Belgian Congo, among the Little People, the pygmies. For the first time in all history we are able to visit the Ituri Forest and see and hear the pygmies. That part of the film is worth traveling a hundred miles to see. To reach the pygmy country the Johnsons had to travel deep into the gloomy recesses of Ituri. The village was so dark that decent pictures could not be obtained even with flares; so the whole tribe migrated to a lighter part of the forest. In the days that followed, the music, songs, and dances of the pygmies were recorded for the first time.

And then for the climax to the expedition the Johnsons journeyed to the remote Alumbongo Mountains to try and find the "Giant Men," as the natives call them—the gorillas. On many occasions he had discussed the habits of the gorilla with Carl Akeley, who had made a life study of the greatest of apes. Now he was to attempt to film them and record sounds that are not to be heard anywhere else in the world—the woman-like screeches of the giant apes and, most amazing of all the drumming of the beasts as they beat their huge breasts in sudden bursts of anger. It's a truly remarkable achievement—this film of the unknown animal and human life of the Congo.

Wake Up, Hollywood!

(Continued from page 37)

writing them, ever since that time.

When I wrote my first dog book ("Lad: A Dog"), I had to peddle it far and wide before I could find a publisher for it. The publishers told me the public was not interested in dog-books and would not buy them. "Lad: A Dog" has run into sixty-odd editions and, after thirteen years, is still a steady seller. The public has compelled me to keep on, ever since, turning out successful dog-books.

These personal instances can be of no interest to anyone but myself;

except as they help to prove my point. And my point is that there is a mighty fortune awaiting the motion picture company which shall produce a really lifelike and dramatic and logical feature picture in which a dog is the chief character and in which the whole interest and action shall revolve about the dog; keeping the human characters subservient to him, as in all successful dog stories.

Perhaps you don't agree with me. The publishers and the editors didn't agree with me, either. But they do,

now. Some screen genius, one day, will launch such a picture—God knows when—and he will make a killing with it. Here you have your "human interest stuff"—your human emotion, if you prefer—and here you will have a truly great picture revolving wholly about that same emotion.

It must be written and directed by someone who knows dogs as they really are and not as most writers and directors think they ought to be—and it must not only be plausible and logical and tell a real story; but it must depict the dog,

as the chief character, in such way as to grip the heart of every dog-lover in the audience. (When I say "dog-lover," I refer to ninety-five per cent of every audience.)

THE thing can be done. I am not the man to do it; as I know nothing about writing for the screen. But there are many who can do it; writers who can depict dog-nature without faking; and who can make every member of the audience think, happily or in keenly sad retrospect, of his or her own loved dog's actions and ways of thought. Remember always, a good story must go with it. The story is the backbone of every truly successful picture as of every truly successful opera or play.

To illustrate both my contentions: If George Arliss or John Barrymore were cast for a tiny "Me-Lord-A-Letter" part in some picture, would his presence and his acting carry that picture to success? Or if either of them were to be starred in a tenth-rate unconvincing and uninteresting picture, could his

work put that sloppy feature across to triumph?

The answer in each case is "No." The same applies to a dog that is on the screen for only a minute or so in perhaps two reels of an eight-reeler; and to the dog that does magnificent work starring in a worthless picture. What is called for is a star canine performance in a star vehicle.

Well, there's your gold-mine, your radium-mine. It is waiting to be realized on; to be cashed in. It is not a dream. It is a common sense possibility. And, in such a picture and in its successors along the same line, there is a fortune.

If you care to laugh at me for making the foregoing statements, do your laughing *now*. For some of these days, your laughter is going to be drowned in applause. The picture can be written. And, sooner or later, it is bound to be written.

The idea is there; waiting for any of a dozen people to avail themselves of it; and to cash in.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 81)

"Since the talkies came to it's occasions, I can determine why the producers never grant Miss Garbo a rôle that has a part of song? For if they do, the public will no doubt accuse them. Can you folks guess why? Because such a great star they maintained whose voice is too poor. Can't any of these Hollywood best singers lend her their medicines in order that her voice will be recovered?"

(A good idea, Geronimo, but Garbo's voice is not a singing one. Not all the singers' "medicines" in the world could change it.)

MRS. ELSIE MOOG, of BALTIMORE, has some constructive criticism to say about Ramon Novarro and his picture, "Huddle."

"His acting was splendid, but he is not the type for such a picture. I am musical myself, a pianist and also a lover of good singing and I know whereof I speak. I think it is a pity, a shame, that a wonderful voice like Ramon has should go to waste.

"... You have starred (referring to M-G-M) a wonderful singer like Ramon in a football picture, why not star Lawrence Tibbett... in a baseball picture and why not star Maurice Chevalier as a prize-fighter? It would be the same thing."

(True, Mrs. Moog, but do you remember Ramon did a series of singing parts a year or so ago? Who knows? Perhaps those pictures didn't do so well and so they put him back in straight rôles.)

A MISSOURI FAN of HANNIBAL, MO., lists the following as the future stars:

Bette Davis, to take the place of Constance Bennett. Ann Dvorak for Joan Crawford. Gene Raymond for Phillips Holmes. Rochelle Hudson for Mary Brian. Arline Judge for Clara Bow. Robert Young for Robert Montgomery. No one, however, can take the place of Garbo.

(It'll be fun to see how many come true, Missouri Fan.)

Says MARIE BRINGLE, of SALISBURY, N. C., of Lowell Sherman:

"... Why should his divorce hold him back? He's not the only one who has a divorce in Hollywood. No! But he's as good an actor as any and it's really refreshing to see someone who can be funny without acting all over the scene." (Have you seen "What Price Hollywood?")

Says ALICE ANNE SHUE of PROVIDENCE, R. I., about talkie revivals of silent pictures:

"Why should we try to live the past when today is so thrilling? There is so much to do, so much to see that it really seems like overdoing our sentiments to live in the past—remake silent pictures. Dress them up in sound. There are, of course exceptions to this rule. 'Ben Hur' would always be worthy of consideration. So is 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and, even perhaps 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' (We agree, Anne. Some revivals are fine, but those others—oh well, as you say, 'Where is the crocheting?')"

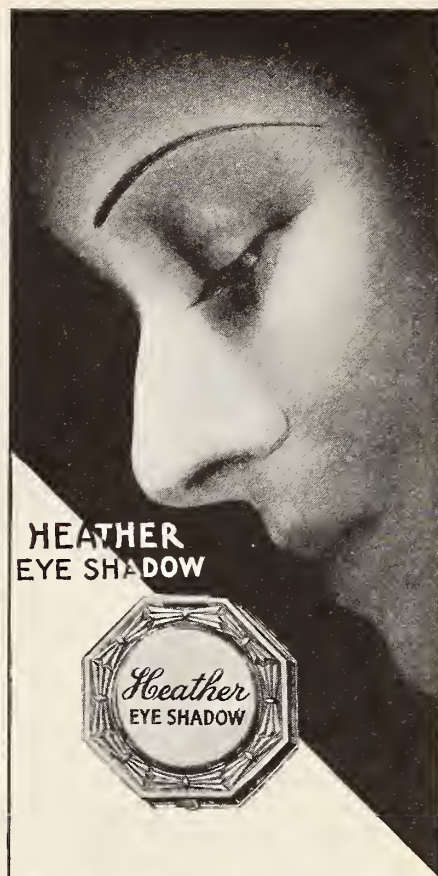
Opinions In Brief

E. S. of BROOKLYN, N. Y., thinks that Gary Cooper hasn't been given a proper break.

A TORONTO CHATTERTON FAN thinks that Ruth's "The Rich Are Always With Us" was as good a picture as Chatterton has done. And praises Ruth's work in it to the skies.

M. and H. of DALTON, PA., wants more pictures of Janet Gaynor and Chollie Farrell. (See page 64, September issue, M. and H.)

I. STEWARD of WEST HAM, ENGLAND, wants more pictures of Anthony Bushell. (Judging by the name, I. Steward, was an actor buried in your town?)



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BETTY HOOPER of OAKLAND, CAL., has a peeve against Clark Gable and thinks Warner Baxter much better. (But those ears of his are fascinating, Betty. Didn't you know?)

ETHEL MEYER, of NEW YORK CITY, wants more pictures by the same author who wrote "Lena Rivers." She includes a cast for the production of "English Orphans." (But think what that cast would cost the producer, Ethel.)

OLIVE BROWN of TORONTO, ONT., writes to say that Clark Gable and Wallace Beery are the two best actors on the screen. (Very true, lady, but, let's see—where have we heard that before?)

R. L. WALL of CHARLOTTE, N. C., thinks Ricardo Cortez is a marvelous actor and enjoyed Mr. Ramsey's story on him in Modern Screen.

ANNA GAYLORD of BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, thanks us for the picture of Garbo in our August issue. (We aimed to please you, Anna.)

M. LOHDEN of the good old BRONX, NEW YORK, wants more pictures of ye goode actor Paul Muni. (We'll try.)

MARGUERITE JOYCE of ST. PAUL, MINN., sends in a rave about Ann Dvorak and Spencer Tracy. (We second your sentiments, Miss Joyce.)

"ME" of SCARSDALE, N. Y., wants to know why someone hasn't filmed James Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy." (Now listen, "Me", we're not mind readers.)

DOLORES MOLITOR of CHICAGO is annoyed because she didn't like Clark Gable in "The Woman in Room 13." (That wasn't Clark Gable, lady, it was actually Ralph Bellamy.)

AN ARLEDGE ADMIRER from MONTREAL wants to know why we don't give more space to John Arledge. (Give us time, Montreal, give us time.)

C. M. K. of FLINT, MICH., thinks there's no comparison between Garbo and Crawford. She chooses Garbo every time. (Well, C. M. K. of Flint, Michigan, we like 'em both, so there!)

RUTH RICE of BROOKLYN, N. Y., wants a story on Ralph Graves. (As soon as we can, lady.)

A TRACY FAN of FLORENCE, S. C., is annoyed because Spencer Tracy doesn't play enough in pictures. (Don't get mad at us, we're a magazine, not a producing firm.)

HARRY of WATERVLIET, N. Y., insists on having stories in our October or December issues on Leon Janney, Tom Mix, Richard Talmadge, Edmund Lowe, William Haines, Tommy Conlon, James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy, Walter Miller and Fredric March. (Whew! Harry, don't you think you're—well, a little bit demanding?)

BEE CROW of PANHANDLE, TEXAS, sends in a tragic story of how she couldn't find a Modern Screen in town. (That's very encouraging for us, Bee. Of course we're sorry you had so much trouble, still, it's nice to realize we sell out quickly.)

A LOYAL ARLEN FAN wants more about Richard Arlen.

CHESTER C. CHMURA of CLEVELAND, OHIO, wants Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon in more pictures together.

RICHARD B. WEBSTER of MAIDENHEAD, ENGLAND, politely asks us to hand a bouquet to Peggy Shannon for her beauty and talent. (We'll call up the florist right away, Monsieur Webster.)

HARRIET RULE of MT. PULASKI, ILLINOIS, wants to know who is going to be Leslie Howard's leading lady in "The Animal Kingdom." (At present, plans are for Ann Harding.)

DOLORES WARTBURY writes to say she enjoyed Jack Jamison's stories on

Richard Cromwell and Marie Dressler. MARJORIE SNYDER of CHICAGO, sends in a rave for Novarro. (Quite, oh, quite, Marjorie.)

KENTUCKY KID informs us that she is anxious to see Clara Bow on the screen again. (You will, Keed.)

CECIL DE LA PERRECHON of NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., confesses that he admires deeply Garbo's character. And adds that Garbo is his ideal. (You've got a lot of competition, Cecil de la P.)

MARJORIE L. of WILKES-BARRE, PA., wants to see Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Richard Cromwell. (You may at that, M., in these days of all-star casts.)

A LOYAL ADMIRER of BROOKLYN, N. Y., wants more stories of Phillips Holmes.

BARBARA SPELT of PHILADELPHIA, wants more pictures of Ginger Rogers and Joe E. Brown together. (We'll see Jack Warner about it, ma'am.)

MISS ZARA MAGNANI sends in a dignified rave about Ricardo Cortez's acting ability. (Quite so, Zara.)

HELEN ANDERSON of MINNEAPOLIS, wants James Dunn and Sally Eilers in another picture together. She also doesn't like Norma Shearer. And wants more of Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Spencer Tracy and Dot Mackaill. (Sorry we couldn't put it in your own words, Helen, but we hadn't room.)

MRS. FRANK KAWAS of DETROIT sends in a pleasant laurel wreath for Gregory Ratoff. (Grand, isn't he?)

MADELINE V. TRAVERS of TAUNTON, MASS., thinks William Powell is more interesting than Clark Gable—because Bill is a better screen lover.

"SERENA BLANDISH" of MONTGOMERY, ALA., wants a story on Bing Crosby.

ISABELLE TURRIFF of VANCOUVER, has a peeve at Garbo and wants to see Joan Crawford's and Bebe Daniels' wardrobes. (We ran Joan's wardrobe last summer, Isabelle. Issue was dated October, 1931.)

MRS. ANNA FLICE of PORT CHESTER, N. Y., is glad that Joan Crawford is using Garbo as an ideal as she thinks that such an ideal is bound to improve Joan's acting.

GLADYS GILL of TORONTO, ONT., has a nice rave about Barbara Stanwyck. (We think so, too, Glad.)

A CONSTANT READER of GLEN COVE, N. J., sends in a bouquet for John Garrick. (John has another fan in Glencove, Garrick fan. Someone who prints his letters. Or is it possible you were responsible for both the raves?)

ROBIN MOORE and JUDY GERARD of WEST HARTFORD, sends in a couple of knocks for Garbo. (How could you, you two?)

DOROTHY DE JAGER of HAWTHORNE, N. J., wants more praise for Jimmie Dunn.

MISS M. HIGGINS of BROOKLYN, N. Y., thinks we make Hollywood sound too glamorous. And points out that many people there are out of work. (Read the story on page 26, Miss Higgins. It's plain, unglamorous truth.)

Remember, don't just knock those stars you don't like. Write letters which can be helpful. If you criticize, have some reason for your criticism—or else some suggestion which might be a help to the star. Address your letters to The Editor, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped (three-cent) self-addressed envelope, if it's a personal reply you'll be wanting.

The Chevalier Divorce

(Continued from page 18)

Maurice if his Sunday visits to her home, his openly expressed admiration for her, has caused Marlene any unhappiness through the notoriety."

At the Paramount studios they are getting quite a chuckle out of the linking of Genevieve Tobin's name with Chevalier's. It is an actual fact that, two days after starting production on "One Hour With You," Maurice complained to a studio executive that he wanted another girl in Miss Tobin's part. Of course his point of view changed in regard to her work as the picture progressed. Does that spell an emotional interest?

Another good reason to believe Maurice's plea of "incompatibility" is the fact that Yvonne Vallée never liked Hollywood and Maurice has grown to love living here. His wife was always lonesome and homesick for her native Paris where she figured she had true friends, not merely people who tolerated her because of Maurice's film fame. Chevalier said: "My wife and I part good friends—now. Had we lived together two years longer we would have been enemies!"

Chevalier is parting from his wife

just as he came to her—as a good friend. Friendship, and not passionate love, is said to have been the basis of their marriage. They met following a very torrid romance of Maurice's with Mistinguette, beloved dancer of Paris. When that love affair went on the rocks Maurice met a new dancing partner and a new kind of lover—quieter, saner—in Yvonne Vallée. They were married Oct. 10, 1927, in a little church near St. Cloud. At the time of the marriage both Maurice and Yvonne were well known in Paris for their performances at the Casino de Paris and at the Palace Theatre.

Two days after Maurice filed suit for divorce, Yvonne Chevalier filed counter suit. The charges were not made public. So your conjecture is just as good as mine.

Interviewed by the press, Mrs. Chevalier insisted that she was the only woman Chevalier had ever—or would ever—love. She also said that they were divorcing because they found the marriage bonds irksome and thought they would be happier and more in love if they were not bound. So—you can figure it out for yourself!

Fate and Charles Starrett

(Continued from page 65)

to my death certain with the *Viking*!"

The second Frissell expedition sailed away into the north. On March 15, 1931, the world was shocked to hear of the explosion which sent the staunch old ship and twenty of her crew, including the leader, Varick Frissell, to the bottom of the north Atlantic off Labrador.

"I was playing in 'Something Borrowed' in Atlantic City," says Starrett, "when it happened. I had not seen the papers when the author of the play mentioned to me that a motion picture company had been lost in the Arctic. Sensing disaster to Varick, I rushed out and bought the papers. Then I learned how narrowly I had escaped death. It was incredible.

"It was necessary," continued Starrett, "for the sealing ships to carry a large supply of dynamite and powder to use in blasting their way through the ice. On the *Viking* this was stored in the stern exactly over the spot where my bunk had been. At the time of the

explosion, Varick was painting a danger sign to place on the powder magazine when Carter, the bos'n, went into that room with a lighted cigarette. The explosion blew the entire stern off the *Viking*. Varick was never seen again and the survivors escaped by walking nine miles over the ice to Horse Island, a terrible trip during which some of the injured died. There was not one chance in ten thousand but what I would have been among those to die in the blast, had I gone along. When the twins cry now, you can bet that it's always papa who reaches them first!

"I don't think I'm a coward," says Starrett, smiling sadly, "but when I think of Varick and the rest of those boys, all pals of mine, going down in that cold green water between the ice cakes and of myself here in the sunshine and warm breezes of Hollywood, I shudder. No matter what ever happens to me, I'll always have something—Fate, probably—to be thankful for!"

YOU'LL WANT TO READ THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF ANN DVORAK'S LIFE—AND LOVE STORY. AND YOU'LL WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE MARY MOORE, TOO, IN THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF "THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD." BOTH THESE STORIES IN THE NOVEMBER MODERN SCREEN

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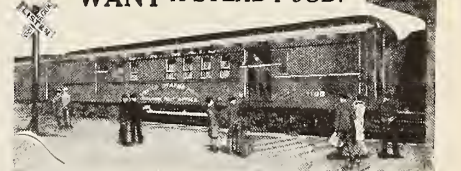
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Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 84)

THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY (Paramount)—It's that rather familiar story about the husband who was believed dead and who comes back after his wife has fallen in love with someone else. Clive Brook and Claudette Colbert are good. Fair—children would be bored.

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL (Paramount)—The story is none too original, but Sylvia Sydney, Fredric March and Adrienne Ames are very good as the husband and wife who almost go on the rocks and the other woman who almost sends them there. Good—but take the children to see something else.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, W. C. Fields and Lydia Roberts (an amusing platinum blonde from the stage) get together in a nonsensical piece that will be sure to make you laugh. Good—children will like it.

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—The famous silent remake as a talkie with Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, Hobart Bosworth and John Wray. Good—all right for the young folks.

MISS PINKERTON (Warners)—Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery thriller with Joan Blondell and George Brent in the leading roles. Good—exciting for children.

MONTE CARLO MADNESS (First Division)—One of those mythical kingdom stories. Sari Maritza's in it. Good—and children will like parts of it.

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warners)—Warren William plays a crook-defending lawyer. Sidney Fox is an innocent little trypist in his office and that amusing Aline McMahon is his devoted secretary. Very good—but too advanced except for older children.

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd. And very funny he is, too. Constance Cummings is his leading lady. Excellent—children will love it, of course. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M)—That troublesome younger generation again. Robert Young and Margaret Perry are the leading players. Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crewes give fine character portrayals. Good—and it teaches young people a profitable lesson.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)—An excellent cast, which include Boris Karloff playing another horror rôle, make this a fairly exciting—if somewhat gruesome—talkie. Good—but better consider before taking the children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin in a frothy, sophisticated romance. Charles Ruggles and Roland Young are in it, too. Excellent—but too sophisticated for children.

PLAY GIRL (Warners)—Loretta Young, Winnie Lightner and Norman Foster in a nicely done little story that is, however, faintly reminiscent of "Bad Girl." Good—parts of it may prove entertaining for the kids.

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—Marion Davies as a circus performer and Clark Gable as a "regular guy" minister who falls in love with her. Good—not ideal for youngsters, but they may like parts of it.

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are at it again. Marie gets all full of civic pride in this one and bustles about setting the town to rights. Excellent—just the thing to take the children to see.

THE PURCHASE PRICE (First National) Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent are splendid in this story of a night club dancer who marries a silent son of the soil. Good—some of it may entertain the young folks.

RADIO PATROL (Universal)—An exciting story of the cops who chase crime in their little cars. Robert Armstrong, James Gleason and Lila Lee are in it. Good—very good talkie entertainment for the kids.

RAIN (United Artists)—Don't fail to see Joan Crawford, Walter Huston and William Gargen in this splendid talkie. Excellent—but send the children to see a Western. Reviewed in detail on page 49.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Fox)—You'll love Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy in this old favorite. Louise Closser Hale and Mae Marsh are also in it. Excellent—children, especially little girls, will like it immensely.

RED HEADED WOMAN (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow really does an amazingly good piece of work in this story of an unmitigated minx who makes up her mind to marry the town's richest man. Chester Morris is the man. Excellent—but it's too advanced for the children.

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, John Miljan and a strong supporting cast are splendid in this story about the very wealthy folk, who, it seems, have their troubles, too. Good—but boring for children.

ROADHOUSE MURDER (Radio)—Eric Linden, and Dorothy Jordan in an exciting story about a young newspaperman who pretends to have committed a murder in order to get a front page story. Thrilling—if not entirely convincing. Good—children will like it.

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio)—Richard Dix and the new beauty, Gwili Andre, in a story the scene of which is laid in China. Good—boys will find the fighting scenes pretty thrilling.

SCARFACE (United Artists)—This last of the gangster films is a brutally frank denunciation of our underworld. Paul Muni, George Raft and Ann Dvorak are excellent. Very good—but decidedly unsuitable for children.

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—It's hokum, but it's very well done. All the action takes place on an express train running through bandit-infested China. Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, Anna May Wong and Eugene Pallette are in it. Very good—and exciting enough to amuse the children.

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—The story of a stunt aviator who turns yellow after he accidentally causes the death of his pal. Richard Arlen is the aviator and Jack Oakie is his friend. Very good—and suitable for the kids.

SKYSCRAPER SOULS (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's story is very well produced. And a big cast, which includes Warren William, Maureen O'Sullivan, Anita Page and Norman Foster give some good acting. Very good—though not particularly suitable for children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)—James Dunn as the prize-fighter who almost has his heart broken by a pretty miss out of the social register. Peggy Shannon is the girl. Spencer Tracy is great as Dunn's trainer. Good—fine for the kids.

SPEAK EASILY (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Schnozzle Durante in a lot of hilarious nonsense. Very funny. Good—be sure to take the young folks.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE
A story on "What's Really Happened to Garbo," by Rilla Page Palmborg. . . . Jean Harlow's Wardrobe—perfectly gorgeous clothes! And a pattern page again, with some stunning winter suggestions . . . Lowell Thomas writing about Cooper and Schoedsack who made "Chang," "Grass," "Rango," and who are now making "The Most Dangerous Game"
AND WATCH FOR A
BOOTH TARKINGTON STORY
IN MODERN SCREEN—SOON!

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—It reminds one of the good old Wally Reid movies. A race-track story with Frank Albertson, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda. Good—the children will love it.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—It's a bit too much like "Madelon Claudet," without the gripping pathos of that story. But Wynne Gibson is very good. Good—perhaps a hit sad for the children.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—The story of a modern girl (Ann Dvorak) who almost suffered grave tragedy in her modern struggle for good times and good things. Richard Cromwell and Leslie Fenton are in the cast. Good—parts of it may amuse the children.

STRANGER IN TOWN (Warners)—An over-sentimental little story about a small town grocer and what happened when a big chain store came to town. Chic Sale, Ann Dvorak and David Manners are in it. Good if you like sentimental movies—okay for the kids.

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warners)—George Arliss being very delightful in a story about a millionaire who decided to turn "poor" for the good of his family. Mary Astor, Evelyn Knapp and William Janney are the family. Good—very suitable for children.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (Radio)—Richardo Cortez is splendid as the Jewish doctor of Fannie Hurst's story. Excellent, if somewhat sentimental—very good for the children.

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—If you haven't

already seen this talkie version of Edgar Rice Burroughs's famous book, by all means do so. The photography is beautiful and Johnnie Weissmuller does splendid work. Very good—couldn't be better for children.

THE TENDERFOOT (First National)—Joe E. Brown is very funny as the cowboy who comes to the big city and gets all mixed up with the show business. Ginger Rogers is his leading lady. Good—just the thing for the kids.

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Very amusing sophisticated farce about a man who employed a girl to help him out of a mix-up with another man's wife. The only trouble with his scheme was that the girl he employed happened to be Lily Damita. Good—but dull for children.

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)—The usual sex triangle, set in the usual tropical setting. Talulah Bankhead, Charles Bickford and Paul Lukas are good and their acting makes an otherwise dull picture interesting. Good—boring for kids.

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal)—You'll like this story of a boy's school. It's intelligent and different. Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell are in it. Excellent—splendid for children, especially boys.

THE THRILL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—A thrilling and fast-moving courtroom talkie, with Joan Bennett, ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. Good—you can take the kids.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warners)—Connie Bennett, Neil Hamilton and a good supporting cast in a story of a girl who sacrifices her reputation to save her brother. Good—not very suitable for children. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson, sentenced to the electric chair for the murder of his vicious wife, reviews his whole unhappy existence in the two seconds before the current kills him. Excellent—but much too harrowing for the children.

UNASHAMED (M-G-M)—Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young and Monroe Owsley are very good in this murder trial story. Good—not exactly suitable for children.

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in one of those mistaken identity comedies. Very good—children will like it.

THE VANISHING FRONTIER (Paramount)—Your old favorite, John Mack Brown, in an historical romance. Very good—and just the type of talkie for the kids.

WAR CORRESPONDENT (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves as friendly enemies in a story about the recent Chinese trouble. Good—fine for the youngsters.

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore being his inimitable self in a story about national politics. Good—but the children won't care for it.

WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Warners)—Faith Baldwin's story about the problems of married life is well acted by Loretta Young and Norman Foster. Good—some of it may appeal to the children.

WESTWARD PASSAGE (Pathé)—Ann Harding, Lawrence Olivier and Irving Pichel in a sophisticated triangle story about a couple who divorce even though they love each other. It seems that continual poverty can kill love and that a comfortable, secure existence is to be preferred to high romance and no money. Good—but it wouldn't interest the children.

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Every angle to the prohibition question is presented in this splendid talkie version of Upton Sinclair's novel. Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Jordan, Robert Young and others are in it. Very good—some of it will entertain the children.

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD? (Pathé)—The best talkie to date about Hollywood as it really is. Constance Bennett, Neil Hamilton and Lowell Sherman are splendid. Excellent—and the young people will like it, too.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M)—Rather sentimental but very appealing story about a little cripple who has only one real pal in the world. The pal is played by Chic Sale and the little cripple by Jackie Cooper. Very good—couldn't be improved upon for the children.

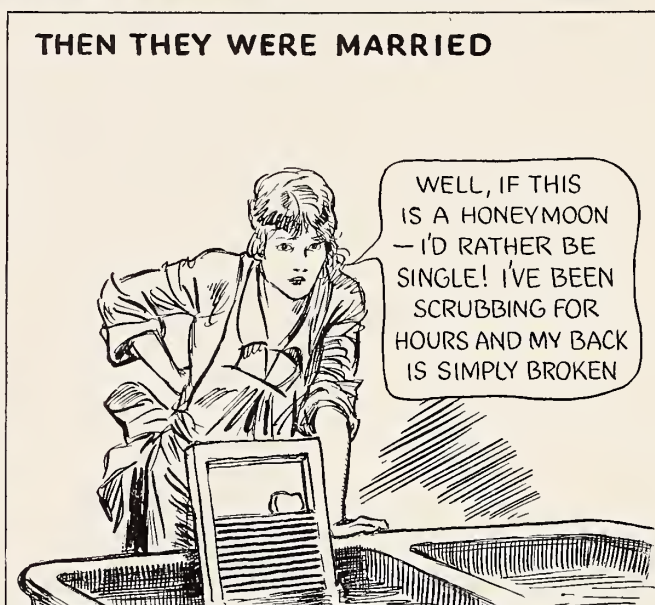
WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners)—Prize-fight stuff. Jimmie Cagney is splendid. Marian Nixon is his true love and Virginia Bruce is the wicked city blonde. Good—fine for children.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—A not-very-convincing story about the Russian Revolution. It's exciting, however. George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins are in it. Good—children will like it.

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Very entertaining and appealing little story about boys. Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon and Ralph Bellamy play the grown-up rôles. Good—be sure to let the children see it.

YOUNG BRIDE (Pathé)—A story about a very young married couple and their many trials and tribulations. Eric Linden is the husband—Helen Twelvetrees is the wife. Fair—children wouldn't care for it.

SHE WON'T DREAD WASHDAY NOW _____ by C.A.Voight



NEXT MONDAY MORNING



"One box does a lot of work," says Cleveland woman

"RINSO gets my clothes clean and white *easily*. I don't even have to scrub or boil them. And it's so safe for the clothes. I've found that one big box does a lot of work. Besides mopping up the floors 3 times, washing the dishes 3 times a day for 6 days, I laundered these clothes—all with only one big box of Rinso.

1 bedspread
1 bureau scarf
4 face cloths
9 napkins
5 pillow cases
3 sheets
2 table-cloths

13 towels
8 dish towels
28 handkerchiefs
5 pairs children's stockings
4 pieces children's underwear
5 children's nightclothes
2 house-dresses

1 nightgown
2 aprons
2 pieces underwear
4 nightclothes
13 shirts
4 rag rugs"

Mrs. W. F. Allen, Cleveland, Ohio

A little Rinso gives thick suds *even in hardest water*. Try it. See how much work one BIG box will do for you.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

DO YOU INHALE?



... wonder why
cigarette advertising generally
avoids this question?

ONE of the mysteries in cigarette advertising has been the apparent fear of the word "inhale." It seems rather foolish—for *everybody* inhales—whether they realize it or not... every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean—to be sure that you *don't* inhale certain impurities.

Do you inhale? Lucky Strike

has dared to raise this vital question... because when you smoke Luckies your delicate membranes get the protection no other cigarette affords. All other methods have been made old-fashioned by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? Of course you do! So truly this message is for you.

"It's toasted"
Your Protection—against irritation—against cough

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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